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HOME WORDS

FOR

HEART AND HEARTH.

CONDUCTED BY THE

REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER;

EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

Home—
Sweet word that spans all space, that knows no bound,
Yet dwells in narrowest compass; welcome word!
* * * * Our years are stored
With memories of thee; each spot adored
By youth, in age becometh holy ground.
Thou clingest in the handgrip of the Sire!
Thou meltest in the Mother's tender kiss;
The wanderer longs to reach thee—guiding star
Of all his thoughts: like Israel's Pillared Fire
By night thou leadest him through childhood's bliss,
To that loved Home he pictures from afar.

ROSSLYN.

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THINKING. [See Page 267.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

"Thinking!"



IT is sometimes—not very politely—said that woman is a great talker. "Only once set her a-going and she can never, never stop!" It is of course true of some women: but is it not equally true of some men? At any rate we have not yet come to a great house of talking women, while, as all the world knows, we have a great assembly of talking men—a Parliament at Westminster.

The fact is, that one of the defects of our time is overmuch talk, and overlittle thought. Very few think, but everybody talks. So our artist has used his genius to some purpose by giving us a picture of a thinking woman—a good homely kind-hearted loving spirit, calmly sitting down in the quietude of her own room to do a little honest thinking.

Oh, what a wholesome refreshment for body and mind! If we had all thought more, and talked less, what a world of trouble and worry we might have saved ourselves, and other people too, during the year 1886! It is a wise rule to think twice before you speak once. It is indeed a goodly, yea, a godly, habit to set apart some portion of every day for a quiet "think" about ourselves—whose we are: whence we came: whither going! David said: "I thought on my ways." Let us all "think" too, as we cross the border of the departing Year. Our thoughts will humble us, and bring us to the Cross for pardon for the past and grace for the coming Year. THE EDITOR.

A Christmas Greeting.

NOW, while friend with friend is meeting,
While the glistering boughs they wreathe,
Send I forth for thee my greeting,—
Loving prayers for thee I breathe:
May thy Christmas come with a song,
With the light of the Christmas star;
May visions bright o'er thy pathway throng,
And joys from a Land afar!

Such hopes for thee I weave,
While the bells chime full and clear;
And oh, may the light of thy Christmas Eve
Shine soft o'er a glad New Year!

—*The Author of "Copsley Annals."*

"All for the best that God sends."

BY EMILY S. HOLT, AUTHOR OF "STEPHEN MAINWARING'S WOOING," ETC.



CHAPTER IV.

WHAT GOD MEANT.

THE Sheriff's party, with Bernard Gilpin in their charge, were clear of Houghton-le-Spring, and at some miles' distance, before the people discovered what had happened. They only knew it when one of Roger Skerne's boys, who had gone to the Rectory for skim milk, came rushing into the village (having forgotten his jug) with the cry of —"Bad folks has ta'en our Parson!" For a few minutes the boy was stared at; then he was laughed at; then he was questioned: and lastly, a crowd of weeping women and angry men trooped up to the Rectory, and besieged the back door. The Rector's servants were ready enough to tell the sad story. It was too true what Austin Skerne had told them. Bernard Gilpin was gone. Then there were loud wails, and low bitter threats, and clenched fists — ay, and curses too. There was sorrow that night at Houghton-le-Spring.

Nor was Bernard Gilpin himself without his searchings of heart, as he journeyed along beside his captors, riding on a little brown nag. It was not for himself that he feared. His own fate he saw clearly standing out before him; a trial before the Bishop, imprisonment—which might be either short or long—and, at last, death by fire. Well! the God who had fed him all his life long was not likely to forsake him at the last. He would "either lift him over it or sustain him through it." Be it so! he was ready. The Master whom Bernard Gilpin had served for nearly twenty years asked him for a gift—only what He had first given to him—only what He had first given for him. And His servant looked up serenely to the winter sky, and said, "Even so, Father!"

Yet Bernard Gilpin was sorely tried, and that in a very tender part. What would become of his flock? Were those sheep in the wilderness to be handed over shepherdless to the wolves? He could not say "even so" to that. And he forgot that God loved them better than he did—that God had bought them at the heaviest price which even He could give. Does a man yield lightly to his enemy what has cost his heart's blood?

The Rector was very tired, and sorely disheartened. The Sheriff was not unkind to his prisoner, though careful to prevent his escape, but the company of Brabourne was exceedingly irksome. His cynical nature had been much amused by the prisoner's quotation of his favourite saying—"All that God sends is for the best"; and he kept applying it in a manner more ingenious than agreeable. Whatever little untoward event happened on the journey, Brabourne was sure to remind him that "it was all for the best."

"Ay, Master Brabourne," the weary prisoner would respond: "it is all for the best, since God sends it."

He became rather tired of being asked it, whenever the night was cold, or the fire gone out, or the beds hard, or the cooking bad. It required some self-control to answer meekly, over and over again, the same sneering question. And every day brought him nearer to that fiery trial which was at hand; every mile he journeyed was a mile less between him and death. It was no wonder if the prisoner found it hard work. Yet his faith never wavered. The incense of his "Even so!" rose up day and night.

They had left Northampton, and were riding down a hillock, made very slippery by the sharp frost, when the Rector's nag suddenly stumbled and fell. He had not time to extricate himself. The horse had fallen upon him, and he lay on the frosty ground with a broken leg. Happily, there was a little wayside inn not far behind, to which they retraced their steps, the Sheriff's servants carrying the maimed prisoner. He was put to bed and his leg set, as well as those about him knew how to do it.

"Well, Master Gilpin! what say you now?"

demanded his tormentor, Brabourne. "You are apt to teach that nought befalleth the righteous but for their good. Is this broken leg of yours a Godsend?"

"I doubt it not, Master Brabourne," was the meek reply. "And maybe, you shall yourself own it in the end."

"I own that you shall not warm you in Smithfield just as soon as my Lord of London thought for; but elsewise I see no good therein," contemptuously answered Brabourne. "I never yet reckoned a broken leg among a man's blessings."

"The mercies of God be not alway gilded on the outside," said Gilpin quietly.

"Verily, I see no gilding on this, neither outside nor inside, Master Gilpin. You must go forth and up to London so soon as your leg be set. What have you then gained save a few days' more pain and careful thought?"

"I have not gained it yet, Master Brabourne. My Master knoweth better than I what I am to gain hereby; and I can trust Him to see that I do gain it. I have but to lie and await His pleasure. Maybe He means to grant me a few days' peaceful communion with Himself, to fit me the better to bear witness for Him. Any way, whatso He would have, be His will done! It is better for me than mine."

Brabourne's only answer was a contemptuous snort.

A week passed, and Gilpin still lay on his bed in the wayside inn. The Sheriff was uneasy at the delay, and afraid that he might suffer for it at the hands of superiors who were not always ready to make sufficient allowance for things turning out impracticable. But as matters stood, he could only wait. Another week passed; and Gilpin's gaolers began to say that he ought to be fit to go on in a few days more. The 14th of November had come. Fit or unfit, they would not wait beyond the twentieth.

"Methinks," said the Sheriff on the morning of the nineteenth, "I shall ride this morrow as far as Bedford, to buy me some gear that I lack (some things I want)—I counted not on these three se'nnights (weeks) waiting—and you, Master Brabourne, can see to our prisoner while I am hence."

"He scarce needeth me, for he cannot run away," was Brabourne's answer.

"Be not too sure," said the Sheriff. "Men too sick to journey have ere this found means to escape custody."

"I'll look after him, never fear!" returned Brabourne.

The Sheriff departed, and Brabourne established himself in Gilpin's sick-room. His conversation was not much to the prisoner's taste, for it was chiefly upon hunting—the only thing in which Brabourne took any interest—but Gilpin heard what he had to say, and answered as he best could, trying to lead the thoughts of his companion to better subjects so far as he was able.

"Ay, this were a brave day for an hunt!" said Brabourne, leaning his arms on the window-sill, and looking down into the road. It was drawing towards afternoon. "Truly, I marvel what Master Sheriff doth, that he is not yet come. Folks say, Master Gilpin, that without she have a care, the Lady Elizabeth shall shortly find her in evil case."

"God keep her!" was Gilpin's answer.

The Lady Elizabeth—or the Princess, as we should now call her—was the Queen's young sister, the next heir to the crown, who had long been in danger on account of her Protestantism.

"Ay, you heretics would fain have her kept safe till a thing we wot (know) of!" said Brabourne, with an unpleasant laugh. In those days, people never dared to hint at the death of the reigning Sovereign as even a thing that might possibly happen: men were sometimes hanged for doing so. They put their allusions to it in some misty form of words which might mean anything. So, when Brabourne said, "till a thing we wot of," Gilpin understood well enough that he meant, "till Queen Mary dies." "Nay, not so, Master Gilpin; she shall be wed in a few weeks' time at furthest, to some good Catholic prince that shall see to her well, and rule this kingdom in her right. Your hopes be wind, as you shall soon find."

"Ay, it oft is so when we set our hopes in men," he answered. "Only they that trust in the Lord shall stand fast for ever."

"The Lord's not like to favour heretics,"

responded Brabourne. "Lack-a-day, but this is dry work! I'll hie me down and get me a mug of ale. Clarke! look thou to Master Gilpin while I am gone."

Clarke, who was one of the Sheriff's men, came in and took Brabourne's place. He was a very silent man, and Gilpin being more inclined to think than talk, the room was quiet for a while; so quiet, that Gilpin after a time dropped asleep, and was only roused by the return of the Sheriff. He dreamily heard the outside noises and the sound of footsteps, and opened his eyes to see the Sheriff standing by his bed.

"Ay, take your rest in peace, Master Gilpin," were the words with which his gaoler greeted him, "for in very deed you were wiser than we all."

"What mean you, Master Sheriff?" asked the puzzled prisoner.

"Only, Master Gilpin, that all *is* for the best that God hath sent you, and you be my prisoner no more."

Bernard Gilpin sat up in bed without a thought of his injured leg. "I am free? What means it?"

"It means," said the Sheriff gravely, "that the Queen is dead, and the Lady Elizabeth is Queen of England. You may go whither you will, Master Gilpin, so soon as you are able. I dare not keep you prisoner any longer, since the new Queen is not she that should thank me."

Bernard Gilpin turned to Brabourne, standing behind the Sheriff. "You see now, Master Brabourne, what I was to gain by this broken leg?"

"I see," growled Brabourne, "that you are uncommon lucky."

"May the Lord be praised for His mercies!" responded Gilpin fervently. "Master Brabourne, trust me, there is no such thing as luck. But 'verily there is a reward for the righteous: verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth.'"

"Have it any way you will," answered Brabourne. "You and your sort be top o' the tree now. Much good may it do you!"

About ten days later, the valley of Houghton-le-Spring was filled with a crowd of people. And they were not by any means silent people. They were waiting for something, and while they waited they every now and then sent up a shout of joy, which re-echoed among the hills. A few late comers were descending the hill to join them.

"Softly, lad,—softly, George!" said Mrs. Hunsdon, leaning on her son's arm. "Dunna pull an old body along so fast. I'm out o' breath, lad."

"Eh, Mother, I can't stop," cried George. "I wouldn't be late for forty shillings. But I'll not leave thee behind, neither. See thou, I'll just nip thee up and run on."

No sooner said than done. Mrs. Hunsdon had scarcely understood her son's intentions, when she found herself picked up and tucked under George's arm as if she had been a parcel, and George running down the hill as fast as he could pelt. The widow felt extremely thankful when she reached the bottom of the hill without any further injury than loss of breath and dignity.

Foremost in the crowd stood old Adam Crewdson, and slightly behind him were Christy Milbourne and Rowley Whelpden. George made his way to the front, leaving his mother with friends behind. Considering that, as George had rather contemptuously said in the foregoing April, they did not make much account of parsons in those parts, it was a little odd that this enthusiastic gathering should have assembled for the very purpose of welcoming home one of these obnoxious individuals. But not even Roger Skerne, who was credited with a disposition for running after them, was more eager to welcome the Rector than was George Hunsdon, who would not be tied to them, or Rowley Whelpden, who had been more than once heard to declare that none of them should ever dictate to him. It was not, in truth, that they liked "parsons" any better in general; but that this one man had won all their hearts. Roger Skerne was behind in the crowd, looking very narrow-chested and white-faced. He was not a strong man at the best of times, and he certainly was no stronger for having been out of work for seven weeks. To be out of work was poor Roger's general state; and men who were out of work were not tenderly used in those times. They are pitied and helped now;

they were treated as criminals then. We are a good deal better off than our fathers were, though we are very clever at forgetting it. There was a gleam of wintry joy in Roger's face, and a cheerful shine in the eyes of his good-tempered wife Dorothy. The Rector was coming home! And to Roger Skerne and Dorothy, and their twelve children, that meant not only counsel and comforting, but sundry jugs of skim milk and bowls of broth, and half-loaves of bread, and now and then a few yards of flannel, or a large log of wood for a fire. It was natural enough they should be glad.

"There's room here, Mally," said Dorothy Skerne, as Mrs. Hunsdon feebly tried to get a little further than where George had left her. "Eh, but it's a bonnie day, this, for Houghton."

"Thou may say so, Doll," was the response. "How art thou getting on?"

"Oh, fine. Our Austin's got ta'en on at th' quarry."

"I'm fain to hear it. He's a good lad, is yon."

"Ay, he's nigh as good a son as your George. Is it true, Mally, as there's to be three on you soon?"

Mrs. Hunsdon's smile was one of decided satisfaction.

"Ay, he's made up his mind, has George. It's to be Elizabeth Park. They'll be wed after Christmas."

Well, he's lucky; for she's got good plenishing,"* said Barbara Milbourne, Christy's wife.

"She's got better nor plenishing, Bab; and that's a warm honest heart, and a right spirit, thank God for 'em!"

"She'll be pretty company for thee when George is i' th' pit. Thou mun be tired o' living all alone, Mally."

"I'm ne'er alone, Bab."

"Artn't thou? I thought thou dwelt by thysen."

"Ay, I dwell by mysen when George is i' th' pit; but the Lord always comes and bides with me, so I'm never alone."

"Oh!—ah! Some folks can talk mighty fine."

"So they can, Bab; more than can live well."

The crowd was getting a little impatient now, and some of the younger lads showed an inclination to turn the occasion to their own purposes by beginning a sort of rough horseplay.

"Come, this willn't do, lads," said Adam to those near him. "Can't one on ye tune up a psalm? It 'd be better nor this make o' stuff."

Without a minute's hesitation, George Hunsdon's fine deep voice rose in answer, and a hundred others instantly took up the chant.

"We praise Thee, O God! we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

Right through the grand old chant they sang, the stream of voices becoming richer and fuller at every versicle. Every man and woman in the great mass had joined in by the time they came to the most heart-touching portion.

"Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!

"Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

"When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

"When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

"Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father."

They had just reached this versicle, which they sang to a joyful ringing tune—not, as some of us strangely do, to a minor key, as though that state of things were a misfortune—when a little shaggy brown nag, with a single rider, was descried coming in sight from the knoll below. Instantly the chant ceased, and a perfect roar of hurrahs went up from every voice. Then the crowd surged forwards, and threw itself upon the brown nag and its rider, kissing his hands, his cassock,† and his very horse and saddle, as

* Furnishing. The word was used not only of furniture, but of clothes and necessary things of all sorts.

† At that date, a clergyman always wore his cassock, even in the house. If he went about without it, he was looked upon as being in disguise, and it was thought strange and improper.

if they scarcely knew how to contain themselves. The brown nag stood still, as indeed it could not help doing. It would have been as possible to ride through a stone wall as through that tightly-packed, cheering, enthusiastic crowd.

Christy Milbourne was the first of our four friends to reach the Rector.

"Eh, Parson, God bless thee!" said he, with a grasp of Mr. Gilpin's hand, which was pleasant enough to his heart, but exceedingly painful to his bones. "We thought we'd seen th' last of thee; eh, we did, so! Thank the Lord, He's spared thee to us! I say"—this was in a lower tone than the rest—"I've ne'er set up yon hurdle since thou went."

"Welcome home, Father," said George Hunsdon, with as warm a hand-clasp.

"Thou'rt a rare sight for sore e'en, Parson," said Rowley Whelpden. "See thou, I pulled Christy's calf out o' th' brook last week; we're right good friends now."

Last came old Adam Crewdson. His grasp was not nearly so tight as those which had come before, but it was longer and more clinging.

"Nobody thanks God as I do," was all he said; and then he turned aside, quite choked by his feelings.

Mr. Gilpin himself was much in the same condition. Twice he tried to speak, and twice he broke down, unable to utter a word. And before he had tried a third time, there was a little commotion on one side of him.

"Let me through," cried a girl's voice. "Let me through, I tell ye. I mun get up to Parson, even if he willn't say a word o' pardon to me when I come. Father Gilpin, hearken to me but one minute. It were me as told them rascals how to find your house. I never meant you no harm!—God knows I never did! but all the same, I told 'em—I was foolish, and my head was all a-running upon foolishness, and I never tarried to think what they wanted, and I told 'em! And now I dunna know whether you'll ever forgive me, but I mun tell you truth, and I've done it, to my own shame. Oh dear! oh dear!"

And Grace Crewdson hid her burning face in her hands, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Th' lass is none so bad as I thought she were," said old Mrs. Hunsdon to her next neighbour. "She has a bit o' feeling, after all."

Bernard Gilpin spoke at last. And he turned first, not to the thousand friends who were rejoicing for him, but to the one penitent offender who was grieving for her sin.

"My dear maid," said he, taking Grace's hand, "sorrow no more, I pray thee, for I do forgive thee with all mine heart. Verily, it was not thou which sent me thither, but God; and He sent me"—the Rector raised his voice now, and spoke so as to be heard by all the crowd—"He sent me that I might learn a lesson which methinks I had never learned truly aforetime, and never could have learned so well had my Master not despatched me on this errand. And this is the lesson that I have taught you afore, and will yet again,—that all is for the best that God sends to His own—that 'all things work for the best to them that love God, which also are called of His purpose.'* Dear friends, kind friends, I thank you from my heart for your love, and for your endeavours to show me that my love for you and mine efforts for your good have not been in vain. I pray you all to learn my lesson, for it is good for all. God spendeth much pains to learn His children patience; but His own patience who can fathom? David saith of the righteous man that he shall not be afeared of evil tidings, and that because he trusteth in the Lord. Brethren, let us trust God more in time to come. And now let us all set forth together for the church, and give God thanks in His house before we depart to our own. O Lord, Thou art very great! 'Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known.'† 'Yea, Thou hast done wonderful things! Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth.'"‡

* Rom. viii. 28. This is how Gilpin read the verse in his Bible. Our present translation was not made until 1611, more than fifty years after the time of our story.

† Ps. lxxvii. 19.

‡ Isa. xxv. 1.

Christmas Warmth.

(*See Illustration, Page* 274.)

COLD Christmas? No!
Our Christmas is not cold;
Although the north winds blow,
And pile the drifting snow;
And the beech-trees on the freezing wold
Rock sadly to and fro.
Our Christmas bears a warm true heart,
He was never unkind to me, I trow:
May he never be cold to thee!
Cold Christmas? No!
He is warm and bright,
And he brings delight
To the hearts both of high and low.

CHARLES MACKAY.

"Tender Mercy:"

A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION.

BY THE REV. CANON WYNNE, M.A., VICAR OF ST. MATTHIAS', DUBLIN.

"Through the tender mercy of our God."—*St. Luke* i. 78.

WE use the word "tender" in a twofold sense. We apply it to that which is weak, and we apply it also to that which deals gently with weakness. The petals that are folded in the rosebud are tender; tender also is the dew that steals down upon them so softly, and nourishes them so sweetly. The new-born babe that lies in its cradle is tender, and tender are the arms of the nurse that lifts it and clasps it to her bosom.

In this latter sense the word is used here. God's "tender mercy" is drawn out by man's weakness.

It is hard to translate the word in the original into our language. It is the same word that is rendered in other places "bowels of mercies." It is kindred with the expression used with regard to Joseph when it is said that "His bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there." Inexpressible pity and longing of affectionate love is the idea brought before us by the "tender mercy of our God."

Through this the Messiah comes. He is the Great Helper of the human race in its weakness. He comes through the sympathising compassion of our God. He comes as "the Dayspring from on high"—as the morning light stealing up into the sky with such quiet calm, with such tender hues of exquisitely blended colour, yet bringing with it such glory, such power of awakening life.

All through Scripture from the very first there runs this line of teaching. The revelation of God's glory given to Moses is the proclamation of His Name:—"The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." Brightly and more brightly as time goes by, Psalmist and Prophet tell of the "tender mercy of our God," and



CHRISTMAS WARMTH.

[See Page 273.

point us to the Great Deliverer who is to bind up the broken in heart, to gather the lambs in His bosom, and to rise as the Sun of Righteousness "with healing in His wings."

All this teaching culminates in the event we celebrate to-day. A little Babe was born, born in all the weakness of human infancy. He grew up strong with a strength that has elevated the whole human race; but the leading feature of His character was its tenderness. He was touched with the feeling of our infirmities. The little acts of His daily life, weeping with the mourners, sighing with the sorrowful, taking the little children in His arms, leading poor blind beggars by the hand, all tell of that same tender mercy through which He at last voluntarily died to save sinners.

I want you and myself, dear reader, then, on this Christmas Day to keep very prominent in our minds "the tender mercy of our God." I ask you to repeat to yourself as a truth which you know is true whether you can feel it or not, "God's tender mercy is over *me*." He knows my state, both of mind and body. He knows my faults, my difficulties, my troubles; and His tender mercy watches over me through all.

Gentle as is this idea, I believe that it has the strongest possible power to rouse and stir the conscience as well as to comfort the heart. The dayspring in the sky visits many and various objects,—hard rocks, cold, sullen waters, mountain peaks covered with snow, as well as opening flowers and glistening dewdrops; but each, as it is touched by the morning light, becomes beautified. The cold, flowing waters sparkle and smile, and over their hard nakedness the rocks and mountains seem to put on glorious apparel. So all kinds of characters are transfigured by the knowledge of "the tender mercy of our God." No one can really think upon it and rest upon it without being changed by it.

Perhaps there is some reader of these pages who has to say of himself, "There is not much of religion in me: I am not much influenced by spiritual ideas; I generally think and act very much as I would if there were no God and no eternity." Now suppose that on this Christmas Day the thought comes strongly home to such a man: "God's tender mercy is upon me. That story people are talking about and singing about to-day: that story of God coming as a Child into the world to save and help each individual in it: coming to save the irreligious people, the busy, the thoughtless, the careless people: coming to win every human being that will let himself be won to goodness and eternal life—that story is really true—true for my own self as well as any one else. God has tender mercy for me."

As thus he thinks and ponders, what change is that which is stealing upon him? What is that strange swelling in his heart? What is that moisture that is dimming his sight?

Ah! the Dayspring from on high is visiting him. "God's tender mercy," his heart sobs out, "is on me. Here I am, so long forgetting all about Him, living the kind of life that I know well is dishonouring to Him; and yet His 'tender mercy' is upon me; He loves me with gentle pity; He has come to help and save me, and waits still to be gracious unto me."

You are right. What you are saying to yourself is God's teaching to your heart. In His Name I repeat it to you. His "tender mercy" for you has never failed. He has loved you and borne with you. He has cared for you while you cared nothing for Him. Now His tender mercy is conquering. Oh! if you fall at His feet now and cast yourself upon His pity, your Christmas joy on earth will be

echoed in heaven by the joy among the angels over a sinner that repenteth—echoed by the glad cry of the Good Shepherd Himself, "Rejoice with Me, for I have found My sheep that was lost!"

"The tender mercy of our God." There are many servants of the Lord, I am sure, who are weak in His service and need very tender handling. They believe, but have often to cry out, "Help my unbelief." They are trying to be holy, but find themselves often cross, discontented, and lazy. They are trying to take a decided stand for God, and yet are ashamed to find how often they seem swept along by the current of ordinary society into cowardly compromise and hiding of their colours. Back and back come upon them their old faults. When they wish to do good evil is present with them, and wearily their hearts sigh, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

"The tender mercy of our God,"—that is your message of good news to-day. He who was a little Babe, He who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," He who carries the lambs in His bosom,—He has pity upon you. Take home your Christmas Gospel. His tender mercy is on you. As the mother lifts the weak infant and stills its wail and dries its tears, so tender is the mercy that deals with you and bears you up through the temptations and difficulties of your life.

"His tender mercy,"—as we think of it our hearts are happier, and our wills are stronger and braver for the work of life. "His tender mercy,"—surely some of my readers need that mercy. People meet each other with cheerful greetings at Christmas; but there are always those to whom the season is a season of special trial. The Christmas gatherings suggest the partings that have left the heart lonely. No garlands of evergreen can conceal the vacant place. No Christmas carol can suppress the sigh for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." And there are those whose homes are cold and dull through poverty, and whose lives are dreary through sickness, loneliness, or disappointment.

I bid you one and all to-day, remember the "tender mercy of our God." Tender it is indeed, and very pitiful. The human friend knows your human grief. The world may seem a cold place. But "the tender mercy of our God" is very sweet. Surely that mercy will not forsake you. That Dayspring from on high has some soft glow for your shadowed life. That mercy would in some way cheer and gladden you now. That hand of love will at all events wipe the tear very gently from your face by-and-by, and lead you into the place He is preparing for you in the Father's Home.

"The tender mercy of our God." Sorrowing people, rest upon it. "Happy people," rejoice the more to-day because of that mercy. From God has come all your gladness. That makes it sweet. Let us kneel at His Table to-day, and celebrate His greatest mercy, and then let us go out among our poor and troubled brethren, like our Lord, full of "tender mercy."

Christmas Morning.

WITH grateful hearts salute the morn,
And swell the streams of song,
That laden with great joy are borne
The willing air along:
The tidings thrill
With right good-will,
For this is Christmas morning.

So now, God bless us one and all,
With hearts and hearthstones warm;
And may He prosper great and small,
And keep us out of harm;
And teach us still
His sweet good-will,
This merry Christmas morning!

EDWIN WAUGH.

Brave Jerry.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.



IT was past closing time for the mills and factories, and except for an occasional light in some of the shops the windows along the business streets of the town were dark, and the rain beat unheeded against their black panes. Few people were abroad, and even those few seemed to have been forced upon unwelcome journeys: for they hastened through the sloppy streets with bent heads, shivering as the sharp wind tore at their wrappings or the gusts of rain beat upon them. One such man, clad in a heavy oil-cloth coat, was walking rapidly up the street, when, just at a particularly windy corner, he came in sudden contact with a lad who was crouching in front of a baker's window, where a single lamp still burned, eyeing with hungry gaze the dainties within.

"Hullo!" cried the man, starting back. "I almost ran over you, my boy." Then, looking more sharply at the dripping figure before him, he continued: "Why, Jerry, is that you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other, half pulling his tattered cap from his head. "If you please, sir, it's me."

"What's wrong?" said Mr. Allerton, the proprietor of the great mills that skirted the river, for it was he. "What's wrong? Why are you not at home? The mills closed two hours ago."

"I know it, sir; but I haven't worked this week, sir, for sister Nellie's sick, an' I've been a nursin' of her. You see, sir, since mother died, an' our house was sold, Nellie an' me has stopped at Miss Crawford's lodging-house; but my money's give out, an' Miss Crawford she told me this mornin'—she said, sir, this mornin'—she said, sir, this mornin'" —the boy stopped abruptly.

"What? Come, Jerry, speak out. You're not afraid of me. Tell me what she said."

"Well, sir, she did say as how I must pay our board in advance every week now; for if Nellie was goin' to be sick an' I was agoin' to quit work to nurse her, she didn't see how she'd get her money. An' our week ran out to-day, sir, an' my money, too, all but tuppence, an' that I spent for oranges for Nellie. An' Miss Crawford, she said as how I couldn't eat at her table, 'thout I paid first. So I just slips out into the street at meal times, for fear Nellie'd know I wasn't eatin,' an' 'twould worry her, she bein' sick. An' that's how I came here, sir."

The boy finished, half frightened at his long speech to "the master," and again pulled at his ragged cap, while the wind tossed his yellow hair about his wet face, and the cold rain beat upon his scantily-clad shoulders. Mr. Allerton stood for a moment in deep thought. It was hard for him to realize such poverty as this, and among his own hands, too. Jerry was a "bobbin-boy" in the mills, whom he had known for a year or more by sight, the only support of a widowed mother and sister—now of the sister only. It seemed that the lad had always been bright-faced and cheery, and the happiest among his boys. That this child could actually suffer for food while striving to care for his charge—the orphan Nellie—seemed to the gentleman too terrible to be true. Mr. Allerton forgot the rising flood, which even now was threatening his mills—he forgot the urgent errand which had driven him out into the storm—and seizing the boy by the arm, he pushed open the door of the little bakery before which they stood, and fairly dragged him within.

"Here!" he cried to the baker's wife, who came, bowing and smiling, to execute the great man's commands—"See! Give this lad the best supper you can cook and all the provisions he can carry, and send the bill to me." Then hurriedly drawing some money from his pocket-book, he thrust it into Jerry's hand, and said:—

"When you have eaten, go back to Miss Crawford, and pay her for a month in advance. Then find a doctor for Nellie, and stay with her yourself until she is well. After that, come back to me at the mills. If they are standing, you shall have work——no; not a

word!" he continued, as the astonished boy would have spoken. "The money is a present to you and Nellie from me." And before Jerry could recover from his surprise Mr. Allerton had gone.

As he ate the bountiful meal prepared for him by the baker's good wife, the bobbin-boy pictured Nellie's delight when he should return and tell her of what had happened to him; and, later, when he faced the dreary storm, homeward bound, with a great basket, heaped with buns and bread and oranges from the baker's shelves, upon his arm, his heart was light, and his laugh rang merrily out across the darkness and rain, as he thought how boldly he would meet Miss Crawford, and how astonished and puzzled she would be when he paid her—not a week, but a month in advance!

"It's just like a fairy story!" said he, half aloud, as he climbed the sloppy steps of his lodgings: "Just like a fairy story with a great big, splendid, rich man fairy!

* * * * *

Since the sun had gone down the wild storm had continued, and even now the rain, driven by the mighty wind, fell in long, slanting lances upon the town and the frothing river, that, filled with great masses of broken ice and *débris* from all the up-country, roared and plunged between its banks, and shook with giant hands the foundation of the mills beneath which it ran. At the head of the dam, where the channel was the narrowest, and directly opposite the Allerton mills, was an ice jam. Piled block upon block, until it towered high in the air, pressing with terrific force against the mills upon the one hand and the natural wall of rock upon the other, the broken ice had formed a great white barricade, growing each moment, which checked the mad rush of the water, and sent it swirling backward in eddying waves, which beat furiously upon the mills and threatened each instant to engulf them. Along the higher shore the townspeople gathered, powerless to aid, but simply awaiting the catastrophe, and among them, pale and haggard, was the proprietor himself, as if a ruined man. As he passed to and fro, intent upon the scene before him, hoping against hope that the jam might even yet give away in time to save his buildings, many a watcher turned aside with pitying word and look, for Mr. Allerton was a man beloved by all his employés. Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd, a hastening towards the common centre, and, with eager faces, both men and women gathered about a new comer, who was speaking earnestly.

"Yes. If that timber could be cut it would break the jam. It lies just so that it holds ——"

"What timber? Where? Quick, tell me; can the jam be broken?"

"Yes, sir," returned the other, respectfully touching his hat; "it can, but it's dangerous work. I have just been below, and from there I saw that a great log which has lodged at the very crown of the dam is all that holds the ice. If that could be cut the jam would be broken."

"But how can it be reached?" queried Mr Allerton anxiously. "Can any one get at it to cut it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man; "in one way."

"And that is——"

"Over the ice itself."

A shudder ran through the listeners, and even the proprietor's face grew more pale. Who would venture upon such a bridge on such an errand? With a common impulse the crowd, led by the workman who first discovered the log, turned hurriedly away from the river's brink, ran through a side street, and gained a position lower down the stream, from whence the dam could be plainly seen The report was true. The ice was held in place by a single square log, doubtless torn by the angry waters from some bridge far up the country. If that could be cut the blockade would be broken, the ice would no longer clog the stream, and the mills would be saved. For a moment silence fell upon all; then, suddenly, Mr. Allerton's voice, hoarse and thin, rang out above the noise of the storm and the war of the waters,—

"£100 to the man who will cut that timber!"

The women in the little group looked at each other and shuddered; the men fixed their eyes upon the dam; but no one replied. The roar of the angry stream increased, and the waters deepened beneath the mill walls.

"£200!"

The proprietor's voice was hoarser than before; but the women closed their lips firmly and shook their heads. The men moved a little uneasily, and one drew his hand across his mouth as if he would have spoken: but still no one replied, and the white foam from the imprisoned river was tossed by the wind against the lower windows of the mills, while the corners of the buildings were already beginning to crumble and waste away before the grinding ice.

"Three hun——"

"I will go!"

The two voices sounded so closely together that it was not until the crowd turned their eyes upward, and saw the one who had answered, that they fairly understood the reply. Running from a third-story window of the lower mill across the river, above the dam, was a long chain, used to convey power from the mighty water-wheel of the mills to the machinery of a little box factory located on the opposite bluff. The chain was at rest now, and there appeared at the window near it the figure of a boy in a blue blouse, carrying in his hands an axe. He it was who had said, "I will go!" When the people saw him and realized what he was about to attempt—for already he had fastened a rope round his body and was passing the other end over the chain, evidently with the intention of sliding along the same until he found a point from which he could lower himself within reach of the timber—when they realized this, a great murmur went up from the crowd, and the women cried out in terror, while many turned to Mr. Allerton and urged him to order the boy back.

"Who is he?" said the proprietor in a dazed manner.

"It's Jerry, sir. Jerry, the bobbin boy," said a man, stepping forward. "An orphan, sir, an' strivin' to care for his sick sister."

"Jerry! Is it Jerry?" cried Mr. Allerton, turning quickly. "Then he shall not go;" and he waved his hand, and shouted toward the window: "Go back! Go back!"

But already it was too late, for the boy dropped from his perch and hung above the roaring grinding ice, the rope which supported him sliding slowly downward along the chain towards the centre of the dam.

The breathless crowd, the terror-stricken proprietor, could only watch and wait now. Slowly and unevenly the looped rope from which Jerry was suspended slipped, link by link, down the sagging chain; slowly his feet neared the great mass of ragged ice beneath. At length, when he was directly over the centre of the dam, and just above the long beam which held the jam, allowing the rope to slide quickly through his hands, he dropped lightly upon the timber he had come to cut. At the sight, the sympathetic crowd broke into a wild cheer, both men and women. But Jerry wasted no time listening: a moment, half a moment lost might mean destruction to the mills; and before the echo of the shouting had ceased he was plying his axe with vigorous strokes, that rang sharp and clear above the voice of crumbling ice and gathering waters. It was not a long task. The strain upon the timber already was enormous, and ere the lad had dealt half a score of blows, an ominous crackling sound warned him that his errand was accomplished, and that he must be gone. Dropping the axe, he turned, seized the dangling rope, and began to climb toward the chain above—when, with a shock like the report of a cannon, the beam gave way, and in an instant the air was filled with a horrible roaring, and the imprisoned waters burst the bounds which had confined them, and in one impetuous, boiling flood, rushed over the dam, tossing the great cakes of ice that had formed the barrier high on the frothing waves, so high that they hid from sight the form of poor Jerry, and there went up from all the people a single cry: "The boy is lost!"

But the jam was broken! The mills were saved!

* * * * *

And Jerry was saved too! Bruised and stunned and bleeding, hanging half-insensible above the black waters that swept with a swift curve toward the fall, when the ice that had buffeted him had passed away, the watchers saw that the boy still lived; and quicker than it can be told a boat was procured and manned, a long line made fast to it, and dropping down the stream until they

were close to him, tender hands were upraised, loving voices called, and with a long sobbing cry the little hero loosed his grasp upon the rope and dropped, fainting, into the waiting arms below.

* * * * *

Christmases have come and gone since then. The great mills stand by the river's brink, and the rumble of the machinery is heard all day long as of yore; but it does not reach the ears of the "bobbin-boy," nor yet those of Sister Nellie. They have been gratefully watched over and trained and educated by that most pleasant of old bachelors, the proprietor himself. Mr. Allerton's days are now brightened by the presence of them both: and often his memory turns back to that Christmas-tide long gone by, when Jerry, in simple soulful gratitude, risked his life to save the mills.

RETRO.

"The First Sweet Christmas Day."

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, B.A., AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN SUNSHINE," ETC.

"Ye have done it unto Me."—*St. Matt.* xxv. 40.

"AH, to kneel as they who knelt
On that first sweet Christmas Day!
Oh, to feel as Mary felt,
At whose blissful breast He lay!
To grace His feet, like her in later years,
With costliest ointment and with deepest tears!"

Though the heavens hold Him now,
Whom the manger held of yore,
Breaking heart and aching brow,
Earth shall bear for evermore.
Bring one faint smile to weary eyes and dim—
Brother, thou, too, hast *ministered to Him!*

"On Earth Peace, Good-will toward Men."

BY THE LATE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE HOMES OF SCRIPTURE."

IT is the aim and tendency of the Gospel to fill men's hearts with love wherever it meets them; to bring them into peace and amity with God, and with all their fellow-beings. The Christmas holiday is a fitting season for reconciling family disputes and feuds with neighbours. No bitter quarrel should survive this solemn season. Nature is now cold enough in the world without; let there be lit up the flame of brotherly love and charity within.

If there be any of our readers who are at enmity and uncharitable distance from each other, let it die on Christmas Day. Let one whisper the other, as they pass from the sanctuary—and do not delay it till the insensibility of the morrow, but *to-day* whisper to each other the text of Jehu to Jehonadab—"Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart? If it be, give me thy hand!"

Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken;
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the Holly Bough.

Oh! do it, and the flavour of that fruit shall be grateful at thy Christmas festival. The news of that reconciliation shall rise like a prayer to the gates of heaven, and set the angels to their old song again of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Homely Talks on Homely Topics.

XI. "ON KEEPING CHRISTMAS."

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "MORE THAN CONQUERORS," "A LADY OF PROPERTY," ETC., HON. EDITORIAL SEC. OF THE C.E.T.S.



NEARLY everybody likes to keep Christmas; but, alas! how many lose it. They lose its joys, delights, and blessed influence, because they set about keeping it in the wrong fashion. Christmas is a great feast, and should be kept as such. Some folk spell feast in this way—F-U-D-D-L-E. A Christmas kept as a fuddle is never a feast; and what is more, is never kept, but always lost.

The gaols, the "accident" wards of the hospitals, the chemists—ah, me! what tales they can tell of poor people who have lost their all in keeping Christmas! The black list published by the *United Kingdom Alliance* for one year, showed the following crop of Christmas crimes committed by people who, in keeping Christmas, lost Christmas. A total of 407 persons were dealt with, of whom 321 were men, 82 women, and 4 children. The actual death roll stood at 144, namely, 14 homicides, manslaughters, murders, 15 suicides, and 115 premature, sudden, or violent deaths.

Assaults on the police stood at 74; general rowdyism and violent assaults, 70; assaults on women, 67; women inebriates, 21; cruelty to children, 10; public perils (such as drunken car drivers, etc.), 6.

The information was all collected from the newspaper reports, and represented our own country alone. It may be said with confidence, that in no single instance did the unhappy persons concerned deliberately plan to destroy their Christmas joy. They fell into the temptation unwittingly, and before they were half through with their keeping of Christmas, alas! they had lost Christmas entirely.

The same will no doubt be the case in numberless instances this year too, unless we all do our part at once in warning those over whom we have any influence that there are only two ways of keeping Christmas, namely, a right way and a wrong way.

What difference of opinion there may be as to the advisability of joining the Total Abstinence Section of the C.E.T.S., there can be no doubt whatever, that if we determine to keep the coming Christmas well, a means to the end will be a pledge to abstain for the week before and the week after Christmas Day. Haply, some who make the experiment will be led to continue the experience. There is nothing like a personal trial in this matter. Keep Christmas "godly, righteously, and soberly," and the remembrance of the day will be a sunshiny spot all through the gloom of winter. Kept in this way, one will be able thoroughly to enter into the spirit of the old rhyme,—

> "Christmas comes but once a year,
> And when it comes it brings good cheer."

"Home Words" Christmas Reading.

A HAPPY Christmas-tide depends a good deal upon Christmas reading. Our "bill of"—mental—"fare' for Christmas, 1886, will, we hope, prove an attractive one. We think we may safely say, no one can eat too much at this table.

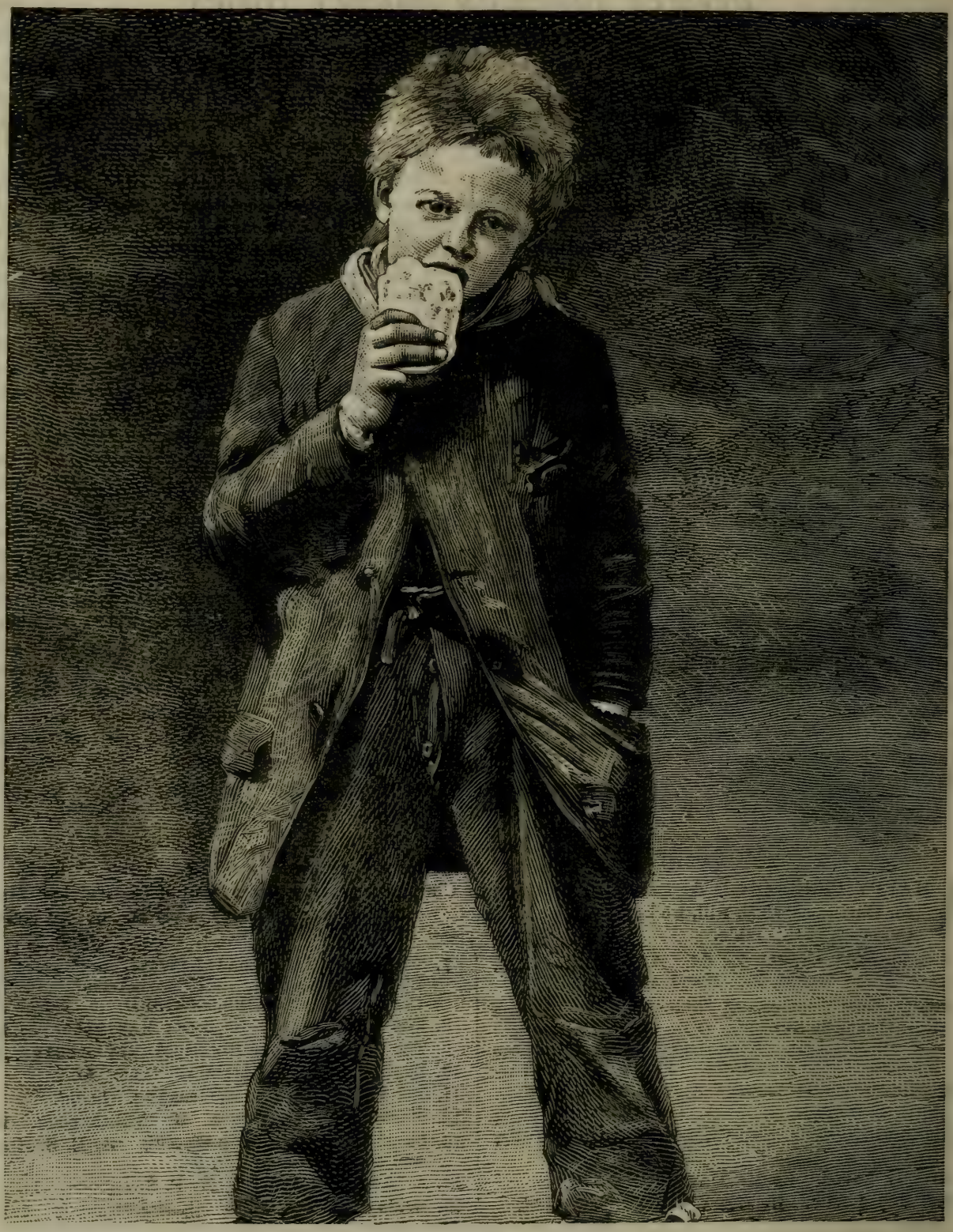
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"Home Words" and "The Day of Days" for 1887.

New Tales by AGNES GIBERNE, R. M. BALLANTYNE, and EMMA MARSHALL will commence in the January Numbers, 1887. These are Twin Magazines, alike in size and price (1*d.* each). We want our readers to take both; and then each reader to gain another.

"The Fireside News."

A Newspaper is a home necessity. *The Derby Mercury* says of *The Fireside News*:—"We are more pleased than ever with its thorough manliness of tone, its outspoken comments on passing events, and the admirable summary of events of the day contained in its columns." 1*d.* every Friday. All Booksellers.



THE "ROBINS" AGAIN!

Yes: the "Robins" again, and "human and hungry Robins too!" *Robin's Carol and What Came of It* is a story which we hope will never grow old. In London alone, more than twenty thousand "human Robins" are now, every year, "made happy for an evening." "Robin" wants to have a "*Robin Dinner*" in every town and village in the land. Send a penny stamp addressed to "Robin," 7, The Paragon, Blackheath, S.E., and he will tell you how it is to be done.

"Now raise the song and roll along
One chorus through the land;
With a kind 'God speed' for the sons of need,
And a cheer for the helping hand."

The Young Folks' Page.

XLVI. "AT HOLY CHRISTMAS TIDE."



H, happy children, with bright Christmas faces—
We greet you far and wide,
And lovingly we bid you take your places
About the glad fireside:
While in hushed tones we tell the wondrous story
Of that first Christmas night,
When all around poured floods of beaming glory,
From some celestial height—
When angel hosts hung poised on shining pinions
Above the fold—and then
Told how their King from His own fair dominions
Was come to reign o'er men—
The Saviour of the world in manger lying—
A hapless new-born child:
Redemption thus for all creation buying—
And peace and mercy mild:
So for His sake we bless the children's faces
And greet them far and wide,
Where'er they cluster in their fireside places
At holy Christmas tide.

H. M. Burnside.

XLVII. JOHN RUSKIN.

John Ruskin thus speaks of his early training:—"My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learnt, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed anything to disturb me when my task was set. If it was not said rightly by twelve o'clock, I was kept in till I knew it: and in general, even when Latin grammar came to supplement the Psalms, I was my own master for at least an hour before dinner at half-past one, and for the rest of the afternoon. My mother herself, finding her chief personal pleasure in her flowers, was often planting or pruning beside me—at least if I chose to stay beside *her*. I never thought of doing anything behind her back which I would not have done before her face."

XLVIII. TRUE TO HIS WORD.

John, king of France, left in England two of his sons as hostages for the payment of his ransom. One of them, the Duke of Anjou, tired of his confinement in the Tower of London, escaped to France. His father, more generous, proposed instantly to take his place; and, when the principal officers of his court remonstrated against his taking that honourable but dangerous measure, he replied, "Why, I myself was permitted to come out of the same prison in which my son was, in consequence of the treaty of Bretagne, which he has violated by his flight. I hold myself not a free man at present. I fly to my prison. I am engaged to do it by my word; and if honour were banished from all the world it should have an asylum in the breasts of kings."

The magnanimous monarch accordingly proceeded to England, and became a second time a prisoner in the Tower of London, where he died in 1384.

YLIX. THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW;

OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When the New Years come and the Old Years go,
How little by little all things grow!
All things grow—and all decay—
Little by little passing away.

Little by little, on fertile plain,
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the summer at last is done.
Little by little they ripen so
As the New Years come and the Old Years go.

Low on the ground an acorn lies.
Little by little it mounts to the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded—why so—
The New Years come and the Old Years go.

Little by little our tasks are done:
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
And so is heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laughter and play:
Little by little the longest day
And the longest life are passing away,
Passing without return—while so
The New Years come and the Old Years go.

Anon.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. H. THOMPSON, M.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT biscuit of modern use is mentioned in the Bible?

2. By what two persons was Jesus spoken of as the "*Just One*"?

3. Who asked the question, "How should man be just with God?"

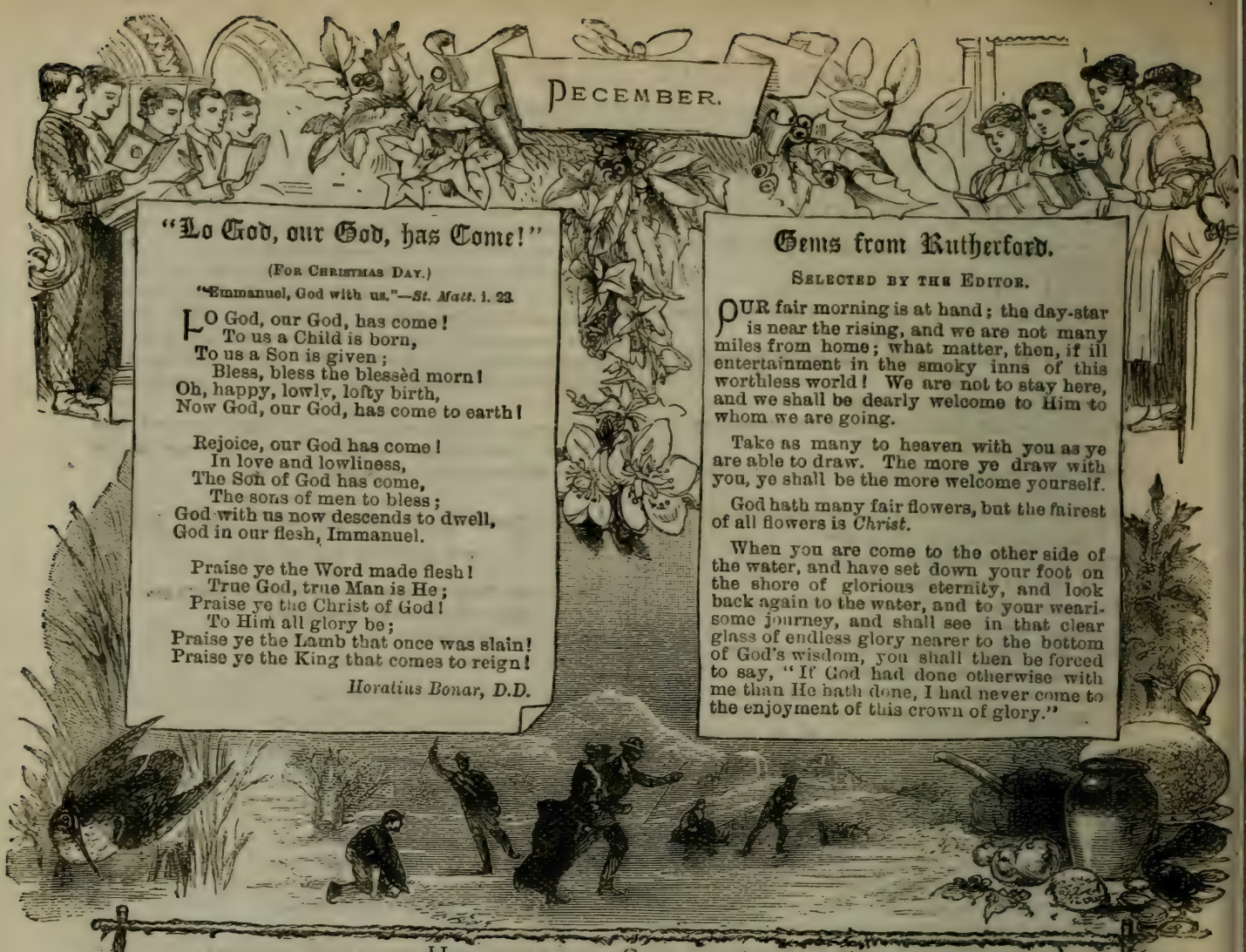
4. What two men declared that they would cling to God: the one though he lost his life, the other his property?

5. What ground had Elijah for praying to God that it might not rain, and for telling the king that it should not rain?

6. Where is the doctrine of justification by faith explained in one verse?

ANSWERS (See Oct. No., p. 239).

1. Ezekiel and Daniel: Ezek. i. 3, 4.
2. At Jerusalem after the transgression of the people: Ezra x. 9.
3. Yes: Exod. xxiii. 4, 5.
4. Gen. xix. 21; Acts xxvii. 23, 24, 37.
5. 1 Sam. iii. 2–15; 2 Chron. i. 7.
6. Jer. xix. 1, 10, 11.



"Lo God, our God, has Come!"

(For Christmas Day.)

"Emmanuel, God with us."—*St. Matt.* i. 23.

LO God, our God, has come!
To us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
Bless, bless the blessèd morn!
Oh, happy, lowly, lofty birth,
Now God, our God, has come to earth!

Rejoice, our God has come!
In love and lowliness,
The Son of God has come,
The sons of men to bless;
God with us now descends to dwell,
God in our flesh, Immanuel.

Praise ye the Word made flesh!
True God, true Man is He;
Praise ye the Christ of God!
To Him all glory be;
Praise ye the Lamb that once was slain!
Praise ye the King that comes to reign!

Horatius Bonar, D.D.

Gems from Rutherford.

Selected by the Editor.

OUR fair morning is at hand; the day-star is near the rising, and we are not many miles from home; what matter, then, if ill entertainment in the smoky inns of this worthless world! We are not to stay here, and we shall be dearly welcome to Him to whom we are going.

Take as many to heaven with you as ye are able to draw. The more ye draw with you, ye shall be the more welcome yourself.

God hath many fair flowers, but the fairest of all flowers is *Christ*.

When you are come to the other side of the water, and have set down your foot on the shore of glorious eternity, and look back again to the water, and to your wearisome journey, and shall see in that clear glass of endless glory nearer to the bottom of God's wisdom, you shall then be forced to say, "If God had done otherwise with me than He hath done, I had never come to the enjoyment of this crown of glory."

"He shall Come Again."

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. xxii. 20.

1	W	A King shall reign and prosper. Jer. xxiii. 5.
2	Th	With righteousness shall He judge the poor.
3	F	Neither shall they learn war any more. Mic. iv.
4	S	He maketh wars to cease. Ps. xlvi. 9. [3.
5	S	**2nd S. in Advent.** *Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.* 1 Cor. xi. 26. [i. 10.
6	M	To wait for His Son from heaven. 1 Thess.
7	Tu	Here no continuing city...we seek one to come.
8	W	The name of the city . . . the Lord is there.
9	Th	They need no candle, neither light of the sun.
10	F	Behold your God! Isa. xl. 9.
11	S	Be ye patient...stablish your hearts. Jas. v. 8.
12	S	**3 S. in Ad.** *The coming of the Lord draweth nigh.*
13	M	He shall reign for ever and ever. Rev. xi. 15.
14	Tu	At that time Thy people shall be delivered.
15	W	Blessed is he that waiteth. Dan. xii. 12.
16	Th	They shall be Mine in that day. Mal. iii. 17.
17	F	Gather My saints together unto Me. Ps. l. 5.
18	S	He hath visited and redeemed His people.
19	S	**4th S. in Ad.** *My Redeemer liveth.* Job xix. 25.
20	M	Yet a little while and He...will come. Heb. x. 37.
21	Tu	St. Thomas. *Increase our faith.* Luke xvii. 5.
22	W	Unto them that look for Him shall He appear.
23	Th	Without sin unto salvation. Heb. ix. 28.
24	F	What hath God wrought. Num. xxiii. 23. [tion.
25	S	Christ. Day. *To-day the Lord hath wrought salva-*
26	S	**1st S. aft. Christ.** St. Steph. *To die is gain.*
27	M	St. John. *One of His disciples whom Jesus loved.*
28	Tu	Innocents' Day. *Precious shall their blood be.*
29	W	He shall save the children of the needy. Ps.
30	Th	Hold fast till I come. Rev. ii. 25. [lxxii. 4.
31	F	The end of all things is at hand. 1 Pet. iv. 7.

Sun.—1st day.
Rises 7.46. Sets 3.53.
Nearly half the children in England die under five years of age.

Moon.—Full, 11th, m. 9.30.
,, New, 25th, m. 9.55.

Population.—There are upon an average, in England and Wales, 389 persons to every square mile, though, of course, the density of the population greatly varies according to the locality. There are, on the average, 5·3 persons to every inhabited house.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper. 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.





Two Home Birds.

Our little children, they are found
In palace, cot, and hall:
The little ones that God has given,
A blessing sweet for all;

They brighten all our homes with love,
And innocence and glee!
God bless the little children,
Wherever they may be!

Anon.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Wayside Chimes.

I. The Dayspring: a Watchword for the New Year.

BY THE REV. CANON WYNNE, M.A., VICAR OF ST. MATTHIAS', DUBLIN.

The Heart's Perplexity:—"How can we know the way?"—*St. John* xiv. 5.
Heavenly Light:—"The Day-spring from on high hath visited us."—*St. Luke* i. 78.
Safe Leading:—"To guide our feet into the way of peace."—*St. Luke* i. 79.

OVER the mountains the shadows brood,
In cloudy gloom;
Over the mountains with bleeding feet,
The pilgrims come.
Over the mountains the daylight breaks,
Gentle and sweet,
And through roughest paths are guided safe
The wandering feet.

Sorrow and sin o'er our earthly path—
Dark shadows—lower;
Danger and pain and temptation haunt
Each passing hour.

Jesus! as Day-spring in darkness gleams
Thy Human Life—
From Thy thorn-crowned brow shine hope and strength,
To aid our strife.

And through mists and clouds of changing time
Boldly we tread;
Our steepest path is a path of peace,
While Thou dost lead.
Each shadow melts into heavenly hues
Touched by Thy smile;
And lightly journey the pilgrim feet
So tired erewhile.

Sprays from the River of Time.

ONWARD thou flowest, silent stream of years:
Say, to what ocean dost thou bear my bark?

So, in Thy Hand I place my hand this day;
Lead me, my Father, lead me through the Year.

He gives us all—our life, our health, our hopes;
Come, brother, let us give this Year to Him.

A new coined Year fresh from the mint of God:
Spend it, O heart, in service of thy King.

Take unto this New Year the New-born Child,
And He shall make thy heart and all things new.

Another Year begins for thee to-day;
Pray that it bring thee twelve months nearer Home.

F. L.

Ready, aye Ready!

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW;" "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A TOWN COTTAGE.



"AND they call this 'Woodbine Cottage'!" said Susan Dunn, gazing out upon a paved street, where several unwashed children were disporting themselves in a gutter.

She looked dusty and unhappy, and she spoke disconsolately,—all three things rare with Susan Dunn, for a neater and brighter and more smiling little roundabout of a woman could in general be nowhere found.

The cottage wore an air of confusion. A damp floor told of recent scrubbing, as also did pail and soap, not to speak of Mrs. Dunn's own rolled-up sleeves and bare arms.

In one corner stood a pile of chairs: in another a small wooden cupboard. An empty book-case lay on the table, and through the open door might be seen a folded carpet, waiting for admission.

Side by side with the book-case, on the round table, sat cross-legged a little girl, about seven years old, contemplating the scene with sober eyes. She had plainly climbed there to be out of the way.

There had been a family flitting from an old home to a new. No unusual event this, in the lives of many men and women, but very unusual in the lives of Richard and Susan Dunn.

For during more than fifteen years Dunn had worked as a regularly attached labourer, under Messrs. Horry, Builders, etc.; and not merely as a labourer, but as a clever and skilful "handy man," though, unhappily for himself, not as a skilled artisan. A widowed mother had been unable to afford the seven years' apprenticeship; and Richard Dunn's abilities were thereby handicapped through his after-life.

For fifteen years they had known no change; and now suddenly a change had become necessary. Times were bad for business-men, and Dunn's employers had failed. Thereby many working-men were cast adrift, and compelled to flit elsewhere in search of employment.

Dunn found what he needed, with less difficulty than he had expected. But he had to quit the pretty cottage and well-cultivated garden-slip which had so long been the pride of his heart; to say good-bye to friends of many years' standing; and to find himself fresh quarters at Littleburgh.

"Woodbine Cottage" had sounded hopeful, when first he was advised to take a look at it. Dunn soon found, however, that dreams of country prettiness and twining creepers must be put aside.

Littleburgh was a bustling little manufacturing town, of perhaps some nine or ten thousand inhabitants, and viewed from a money point of view, it might be regarded as a very thriving place. There were cloth-factories and other factories, some of the former being worked almost entirely by women. Fresh houses and streets were being run up in all directions: so the builders were just then having a fairly good time of it. Of course rents were proportionately dear.

The town lay in a flat and unbeautiful neighbourhood; very different from the fair and hilly landscape the Dunns were used to look upon. Long rows of small red or white houses, as much alike one to another as a supply of pill-boxes, stretched away to the east and south; and beyond them lay wide brick-fields, with a kiln here and there.

"Woodbine Cottage" stood exactly in the middle of one such row. It was flanked by "Rose Cottage" and "Myrtle Cottage." But no roses, myrtles, or woodbine grew anywhere near.

The cottage contained four rooms, two below and two above; so it did well enough for a small family as to space. It opened straight upon the pavement, without an inch of garden in front, and with only a minute yard behind. No doubt the Dunns were well off to have so much. Some cottages in Littleburgh could boast no back yard at all. Still—when they should think of the garden they had left, the pinks and sweet-williams, the roses and geraniums, cannot we imagine how they would feel?

They had arrived quite early that morning,

and Dunn had immediately gone straight off to his new work. He was not a man to waste one day without necessity.

For hours since, Susan and her eldest girl, Nancy, had been scrubbing and scouring. The bedrooms and the kitchen were now almost in order. Only the little parlour remained. Susan was quite bent upon getting that straight too, before her husband should come in.

"Just to make him feel home-like," she said once or twice.

But Susan was very tired, and her back ached. They had started early by train, and she had been up late the night before. So at length she stood still for a minute to rest, gazing out upon the street, and then it was that the words escaped her lips,—

"They call *this* 'Woodbine Cottage'!"

"It isn't so pretty as home, mother," a sedate small voice said, and the little maiden on the table folded her hands.

"Pretty! There isn't a scrap of woodbine anywhere," said Susan.

"Won't father get some, mother?"

"It wouldn't grow here, if he did, I expect."

"Won't father get some nice garden-mould, mother?"

Susan shook her head. "I don't know what he'll do yet, child. We've got to make the best of things—somehow."

Then she fell to her work anew. The boards were getting dry, and soon it was time to lay the carpet down. The elder girl, Nancy, was upstairs, finishing the bedrooms; and the boy, Dick, had gone to assist. So Susie climbed off the table, and offered her tiny help. It was little if anything that she could really do; yet Susan would not spurn that little or nothing. For the child wanted to be useful, and that was good both for child and mother. So Susan had often said.

"Pull harder, Susie. It is not straight yet," Susan said encouragingly.

All at once a stronger hand grasped Susie's corner, and in a trice the matter was accomplished. Susan said, "Why, Richard!" and looked up.

No, not Richard Dunn. A stout motherly woman was raising herself erect.

"That was what you wanted, wasn't it?" she said. "So you've only just come?"

Susan answered civilly but coldly. She did not wish to plunge into fresh acquaintances, without knowing something first of the people around. Like a wise mother, she had a great notion of choosing good and desirable companions for her children.

But the new-comer, smiling good-humouredly, seemed unconscious of her coldness.

"Now, I suppose, you'll put the cupboard into that recess. It'll just fit there, if I'm not mistaken. What a handsome bit of furniture it is! And that clock has the look of something uncommon. Old, isn't it?"

"Yes,—it came from Holland. It's more than a hundred years old," said Susan.

"Wouldn't Mr. Rawdon give something to have it! He's a wonderful fancier of old furniture and the like!"

Mr. Rawdon was Richard Dunn's new employer; but Susan said nothing. She could hardly refuse, however, the kindly offered help, and for a few minutes the two worked hard.

"That looks well!" the other said presently. "Is this little one your only child? Pretty," was murmured in a lower key.

"No, I've two others."

"Older or younger?"

"Dick is one year older; and Nancy is sixteen."

"Sixteen!"

The stout woman paused, looked at Susan, looked out of the window, and then once more looked back at Susan.

"I don't know you yet, my dear," she said. "I don't know whether you're one that minds a word of advice. I shouldn't wonder if you'll count it an impertinent interference. Maybe I should in your place. For I'm a stranger to you,—and if I say I'm Mrs. Mason from over the way, you'll not be much the wiser. But there's one thing I *should* like to say to you, now you've just come here, and don't know the ways of the place nor the people,—if you'll not take it ill, that's to say?"

Susan simply answered,—"No."

Mrs. Mason's face broke into a smile.

"I like that," she said. "I like a woman that don't pour out a rush of words, like water gallopading out of a spout. 'No' was enough: and you're right to say just that, and not a word more."

Susan privately thought that Mrs. Mason was admiring a virtue to which she had not herself attained.

"Well, but what I was going to say,"

resumed the other,—"what I was going to say to you, was this:—If you can help it, don't you let that girl of yours work in the factories!"

"My Nancy work in a factory!" Susan's comely face lighted up with a hot flush. "My Nancy! Thank you, Mrs. Mason. No, I'm not angry, indeed,—but it's such an idea as never came into my head before!"

Susan stopped, and suddenly cooled down.

"But there!—you don't know my Nannie yet," she said quietly.

"No, I don't, Mrs. Dunn."

"Nor her father—nor me!"

Mrs. Mason's face broke into a genial smile.

"I think I'm getting to know you fast, Mrs. Dunn," she said, "and the faster the better. I'm sorry I said a word about the factories, as it seems to put you out,—but, dear me, if you knew what I know! The young mothers that are out all day, working, and leaving their little ones with none to care for them! And the girls of fifteen and sixteen, who do for themselves, and won't brook a word of control from father nor mother nor anybody! Not but what there's good girls among them, and good women too. But I always do say there's a lot of temptation, specially for young things. And if I was a mother—which I'm not—I wouldn't send a girl of mine, without I was downright obliged. I wouldn't, Mrs. Dunn!"

CHAPTER II.

DANGEROUS.

Richard Dunn was walking briskly homeward, half an hour later, with a young man by his side.

He did not look depressed, though the change in his home and circumstances had been to him, as to Susan, no slight trouble. Dunn was a man of cheerful spirit; and the cheerfulness could be seen in his very air. He carried himself with an alert vigour, usually more characteristic of the artisan than of the labourer. In truth Dunn occupied a position decidedly superior to that of the ordinary labourer, though of course inferior to that of the journeyman. He had a peculiar knack of picking up knowledge in all directions, and was actually capable of "handling the tools" in an emergency, though not usually permitted to exercise this feat in the trade.

Besides being thoroughly "handy" in his ordinary work, Dunn was something of a scholar. He read much, and thought over what he read. But Dunn was the last man ever to make a boast of these acquirements. People were often long in finding out his intelligence and capabilities.

Not always, however. For the young fellow by his side, Archibald Stuart by name, a last-year apprentice in the workshop of Mr. Rawdon, had already scented out "something uncommon" in the new workman. Dunn had known Archibald Stuart's father many years before, and this fact drew the two together. Moreover, Archibald's homeward road lay past Woodbine Cottage. Half-way thither he overtook Dunn, and remained with him.

"You'll tell your mother we're here," Dunn said, as they drew near the end of their walk. "Dear me, I remember her well as a fine tall lass! There wasn't a handsomer girl about, nor one that held her head higher. Your father did think a deal of her, to be sure."

"She has been a good mother to me," Archibald said. He was a fine tall young fellow himself, doubtless taking after his mother.

"And you're her only one? No brothers nor sisters?"

"None," Archibald said. "Only mother and me."

Dunn stood still. "I won't ask you in to-day," he said. "We're all in a mess—only come this morning. But we shall see you here soon; and your mother too."

"I hope so," Archibald answered. He did not speak quite with certainty, and a slight shade crossed his face.

Almost instantly the shadow passed, and was replaced by a look of admiration. For the door opened, and a voice said, "Father!" as a young girl came out to welcome him.

The young girl was not alone. A plump little woman, all smiles, stood close behind, and two children also.

Archibald saw only Nancy, however. He was quite oblivious to the presence of anything or anybody else; and he stood stock-still, gazing hard, with never a thought of how his conduct might seem to others.

I do not think his admiration of Nancy could be wondered at,—she was such a very pretty girl: not only young and fresh-complexioned, but really pretty, almost beautiful. Her features were quite regular, and her rosy

mouth and blue eyes seemed only made to smile. Besides all this, Nancy had a nice figure, and a soft winning manner, and hair and dress and hands all most daintily neat. She wore a print dress, made by herself; but the dress fitted like a glove; and her linen collar and cuffs were just spotless. So it was not surprising that young Stuart stood as if he had been moonstruck, almost forgetting where he was.

"Father," Nancy said again, "it's all so nice! Come in and see how we've put things. I am sure you are tired."

Archibald thought he had never in his life heard so kind and sweet a voice before. But nobody noticed him. Dunn had responded to the petition, going straight in. Archibald could see two children clinging to him, and the wife's hand on his arm. He saw all that without caring particularly. What did strike him was the upturned girlish face, with loving eyes and rosy lips, and the voice which he could still hear repeating,—

"Come and see it all, father! We have been so hard at work all day, and now things do really look like home."

Then Archibald suddenly woke up to the fact that he had no business there. He strode fast off to his own home; and all the way thither he could not get Nancy Dunn's face out of his mind.

Mrs. Stuart lived two streets farther on. The cottages here were rather smaller than Woodbine Cottage. It was now nearly eight years since the death of Archibald's father, and the widow had had a hard time of it since. The wish of Mrs. Stuart's heart had been that her boy Archie should be in his father's trade. All her powers were bent to this aim. Through the long years of his apprenticeship she had pinched and denied herself in every possible way for his sake. She could not endure that her boy should be one whit less respectably dressed than his fellow-apprentices. He always had his best and second best as well as his working suits. Nay, even in the matter of his pocket-money, she would not keep him shorter than others.

It may be doubted whether Mrs. Stuart was quite wise here. Archie would have been none the worse for some necessary self-denial in daily life.

But Mrs. Stuart held her head high still, as she had done in younger days. She held it high for her boy even more than for herself. She was very particular as to whom she would know, and very anxious about Archie's acquaintances.

Six years and a half of the apprenticeship were over. Six months more, and Archie would be a full-blown artisan, receiving man's pay. Mrs. Stuart's hope and expectation were that then he would repay her long toil and self-denial. She did not intend him to marry early; and when he did marry, her daughter-in-law was to be unexceptionable in character and position. Mrs. Stuart, daughter of a farmer, widow of an artisan, would be content with nothing lower in the social scale than her own standing for this only son.

Yes, certainly Mrs. Stuart held her head high; everybody said so. She held it high literally as well as figuratively, being very tall and thin and upright. A greater contrast could hardly have been found than between this cold-mannered handsome erect woman and bright little roundabout Susan Dunn.

Even towards Archibald Mrs. Stuart was not gentle or warm in manner. Dearly, even passionately, as she loved her boy, he seldom had from her a look or word of tenderness. She indulged him in many ways, but she expected him always to conform to her will. As yet they had seldom had collisions. Archie was a good-humoured kind-hearted fellow.

"Mother," said he, about an hour after his return, "there's a family of Dunns come here to live. Dunn spoke to me to-day, and said he used to know you and father."

Mrs. Stuart did not seem very much interested. Archibald had to make the remark over again before it brought a response.

"Dunn!" she said indifferently. "Yes, I remember a man of that name. He used to work under your father about the time we were married."

"He seems a nice sort of fellow," Archie observed.

"I never cared much about him. He never came in my way," said Mrs. Stuart.

"But I think they are people we shall like," persisted Archie. "And they don't know anybody here; you might befriend them, I should think. Couldn't you?"

"I dare say I could if I chose," said Mrs Stuart stiffly.

"And you'll choose, won't you—if I ask it?" Archie put on a coaxing air, sometimes effectual.

"What makes you so keen after them, all in a hurry?" demanded Mrs. Stuart. "That isn't your fashion commonly."

Archie reddened, feeling conscious. He did not want to speak about Nancy.

"I like Dunn," he said. "We walked home together, part of the way. He's a scholar, and no mistake. Got lots of books, and read them all. I found out by asking—something he said about father started me off. And he wouldn't mind lending me a volume now and then. I should like that! Why, I should think he reads more books in a year than all the other men in our works put together."

"Mayn't be any better man for that," said Mrs. Stuart snappishly. "I don't hold with such a lot of reading. Has he got any family?"

Archie could only answer, "Yes."

"How many children?"

"Three, I believe."

"Any grown-up girls?"

"Only one," said Archie.

"You've not seen her?"

"Only just a glimpse in passing," said Archie, with a careless air.

Mrs. Stuart's mouth fell into a grim set, and she worked fast.

"I didn't speak to any of them except Dunn," pursued Archie. "He's a first-rate fellow, mother, really. I wish you'd get to know them."

No answer. Mrs. Stuart sewed on resolutely, clicking her needle fiercely at every stitch, in a manner peculiar to herself. It boded temper.

Archie felt irritated, but he knew well that it was wiser to say no more just then. Silence reigned for some minutes.

"I'm going out for a turn," he announced presently. Mrs. Stuart paid no attention. Once thoroughly annoyed, she did not soon recover herself. Archie gave her a look, then strolled out of the front door, instinctively bending his steps in the direction of Woodbine Cottage.

He was not without hopes that Nancy might catch a glimpse of him. Archie, of course, knew himself to be a good-looking young fellow, especially in the tidy "second-best" suit which he donned every evening. As he passed he shot a side-glance at the window. But no pretty blue-eyed face was visible; and he wandered on, feeling aggrieved. Nancy really ought to have been looking out just then!

It was a quiet spring evening, the quietness being broken only by the subdued mixture of human and other sounds belonging to life in a town; absolute stillness cannot be found there. Now and then a shrill laugh, a child's cry, or a vociferous utterance became prominent.

Suddenly a wild chorus of shouts and yells broke out, coming nearer. Archie came to a standstill, listening. What could it mean?

Somebody hurt! a horse running away! These thoughts occurred to him first. He would have rushed forward to help, but for a moment he could not tell whence the outcries proceeded, so full was the air of uproar.

The uproar swelled, drawing closer, shrieks mingling with deeper-toned shouts: and all at once Archie could distinguish words: "A MAD DOG! A MAD DOG!"

For a single instant Archie's impulse was to flee before so gruesome a peril. But he resisted the coward-thought, knowing that women and children might be in danger, and went in the direction whence the volume of sound proceeded—cautiously, and keeping a look-out.

Had he guessed who, a few seconds later, would claim the help of his strong young arm, he would have sped to her rescue at his utmost speed.

Not far from the neighbourhood of Woodbine Cottage stood the large red-brick District Church, belonging to this part of Littleburgh. It was a handsome building, free-seated, intended mainly for working men and their families.

Beyond the Church was the Parsonage, surrounded by a neat garden. In this garden, near the gate, the Rev. Arthur Wilmot stood, carefully examining a young sapling which seemed to have suffered a good deal from the spring breezes.

He was a remarkably tall man, fully six feet four inches in height, upright, vigorous, and strongly built, with a fine thoughtful face, guiltless of whiskers or beard. It was a genial face too, full of kindness. In age he could hardly have passed forty, yet he had been for ten years a widower, and the gentle girl of sixteen by his side was his only child.

"That poor little tree is quite done for, father, I am afraid," she said.

"Yes; not much hope of its recovery. But we will give it a good dose of water, dear."

"My watering-can is nearly empty; I'll fill it again."

"No; wait, Annie. You have been often enough, my child. Give it to me."

Mr. Wilmot moved towards her, and at the same instant the loud chorus of cries and yells which had startled Archie broke upon him and Annie.

"Something must be the matter," Annie said.

Mr. Wilmot listened intently, moving closer to the gate. Annie followed him. Suddenly words were distinguishable. Mr. Wilmot turned to his daughter.

"Annie, go indoors at once."

He spoke in a quiet voice, but resolutely. Annie hesitated. She had not caught the words which had reached his ear; yet something in his look, combined with those wild shouts, alarmed her.

"What is it?" she began to say.

"You hear me, Annie! Go indoors this instant, and close the door. This instant: go!"

Never in his life had he spoken so sternly to his darling. Annie turned at once to obey. She believed that he knew something to be drawing near which he did not deem it right or proper for her to see.

Mr. Wilmot looked after her till she had passed into the house. Then he stepped out into the road.

Along that road, coming straight towards him, was a black dog. The poor creature seemed exhausted, and ran unsteadily, with drooping tail and lowered head, and bluish foam-flecked tongue hanging from the open mouth; yet it ran fast. A crowd of hallooing men rushed in its rear, some little way behind.

(To be continued.)

The Home Songster.

I. BLACK AND WHITE.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN SUNSHINE," ETC.

"A GLOOMY world," says Neighbour Black,
"Where clouds of dreary dun,
In masses rolled, the sky enfold,
And blot the noonday sun."
"Ay, so it is," says Neighbour White;
"But haply you and I
Might shed a ray to cheer the way—
Come, Neighbour, let us try."

"A vale of tears," says Neighbour Black,
"A vale of weary breath,
Of soul-wrung sighs and hopeless eyes
From birth to early death."
"Ay, so it is," says Neighbour White;
"But haply you and I
Just there and here might dry a tear—
Come, Neighbour, let us try."

"A wilderness," says Neighbour Black,
"A desert waste and wide,
Where rank weeds choke, and ravens croak,
And noisome reptiles hide."
"Ay, so it is," says Neighbour White,
But haply you and I
Might clear the ground our homes around—
Come, Neighbour, let us try."

"MY MASTER IS ALWAYS IN."

"JOHN," said a man, winking slily to a clerk of his acquaintance in a shop, "you must give me extra measure; your master is not in." John looked up in the man's face very seriously, and said, "My Master is always in." John's Master was the all-seeing God. Let us all, when we are tempted to do wrong, adopt John's motto, "My Master is always in." It will save us from many a sin, and so from much sorrow.

SEVEN HOUSEHOLD WANTS.

THE seven great wants of a healthy house, small or large, are:—

1. Freedom from damp. 2. Freedom from all impurities. 3. Abundance of light. 4. A supply of pure water. 5. A supply of pure air. 6. An equable temperature, and convenience for personal cleanliness. 7. Means for good cooking, and for washing up cooking utensils.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S.



THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF SEVEN.
AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. FÖRN.

The Queen's Jubilee Year.*

BY THE EDITOR.

WE shall have much to say about our noble Queen this year—"a Queen of many prayers" abundantly answered. All English fathers and mothers honour and revere Her Majesty as head of the Family, as well as head of the State—as a model of upright living in the Home, and many are the "Home Words" she has spoken which endear her to the hearts of her people.

We give a fine engraving of the Queen at the age of seven, from a famous painting by J. Förn. No wonder the "Princess Victoria" was described in the newspapers of the day as "remarkably beautiful, with

* During the Jubilee Year we hope to give a series of papers on "*Old Times*," throwing light upon epochs of English history. The first will appear in our February Number.

a gay and animated countenance, complexion exceedingly fair, eyes large and expressive, and her cheeks blooming."

Lord Albemarle says in his autobiography: "One of my occupations of a morning was to watch from the windows the movements of a bright, pretty little girl, seven years of age. She was in the habit of watering the plants immediately under the window. It was amusing to see how impartially she divided the contents of the watering-pot between the flowers and her own little feet. Her simple but becoming dress contrasted favourably with the gorgeous apparel now worn by the little damsels of the rising generation—a large straw hat and a suit of white cotton: a coloured fichu round the neck was the only ornament she wore. The young lady I am describing was the Princess Victoria, now our gracious Sovereign, whom may God long preserve."

The Queen happily enjoyed that most precious of gifts, a good mother. The Duchess of Kent said once, when the Princess was old enough to understand her, "I am anxious to bring you up as a good woman, and then you will be a good Queen also."

Could a higher tribute be rendered to Her Majesty than the nation's grateful recognition in the Jubilee Year, that in the fullest sense of the word she has been

A Good Queen.*

A New Year's Wish.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER.

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His Face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His Countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."—*Num.* vi. 24–26.



NEW Year is the very time for kindly wishes. Parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbours—heart answering to heart—"one touch of Nature" seems to make us all "akin."

And assuredly kindly wishes, interest in each other's welfare, the outgoings of the hearts' affections towards all around us, are signs or fruits of practical Christianity which we cannot cultivate too diligently.

But good and kind wishes want to be moulded on a Divine and Scriptural model. We all know the real meaning of a wish depends entirely upon the spirit in which it is uttered, and the estimate of happiness which the well-wisher has formed.

As our Lord and Master once said to His disciples, "Not as the world giveth give I unto you"—meaning that His gifts are very different from those of the world,—so it becomes Christians to say to one another, on the occasion of a New Year, "Not as the world wisheth wish I unto you"—meaning that the happiness we wish for others is something very different from what the world commonly esteems such.

The world, when it wishes a man happiness, means a long life, and strong health, and plenty of money, and a good name, and a thriving family. The Christian, on the other hand, means something far *beyond* this. He may indeed include in his wish—what Godliness indeed secures, so far as it is well for us—"the promise of the life that now is," a sound body, and the full provision of all those earthly "good things" of which we truly stand in "need" for ourselves and for our families; but by a long

* In "The Early Days of Queen Victoria," price 1*d.* (Fiftieth Thousand), numerous anecdotes are given, as well as illustrations. "The Queen's Resolve: 'I will be good'" (Twenty-fifth Thousand), contains a Life of Her Majesty, with 18 Illustrations. A People's Edition is now ready, cloth gilt, 1*s.* 6*d.*, limp cloth, 1*s.* (London: *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.)

life he means a life without end, and by wealth and possessions he means an inheritance more to be desired than gold, a crown "eternal in the heavens."

Such is the difference between the good wishes of the world and the good wishes of the Christian. The world's good wishes look chiefly to the body; they reach not beyond earth, and the things of earth. But the Christian's good wishes are chiefly for the soul. They rest upon the conclusion that the greatest happiness which we can any of us enjoy, is a peaceful mind, a quiet conscience, the feeling that God is reconciled to us, and loves us, and cares for us, and watches over us, and will so order and arrange whatever may befall us, that all things shall "work together" for our "good" here, and work for us "an eternal weight of glory" hereafter.

As a Scriptural New Year's wish, then, adapted to the circumstances of all in whom we feel an interest, and including all those things which God in His wisdom and love knows to be best for us, let me commend the form of solemn blessing Divinely appointed to be used at seasons of special joy and privilege in God's Israel of old: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His Face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His Countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Let us try to drink in the spirit of this Divine and multiform blessing: so that our hearts' best affections may be rightly guided and controlled in every wish and desire entertained and expressed by us for others at this happy season.

"*The Lord bless thee!*" That is, the Lord give thee every good gift, and pour down on thee in due abundance whatever is wholesome and profitable, for thy soul first, and also for thy body.

"*The Lord keep thee!*" That is, the Lord watch over thee for good, and shield thee from every kind of evil.

Almost we might feel disposed to pause here, and ask, Is not this enough? Does not this include the bestowal of all good, and protection from all evil? What more can be desired? But, as in loving intercourse of friend with friend, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and closeness of sympathy gives added interest to minuteness of detail, so this fountain of Divine blessing seems to overflow and divide itself, as it were, into separate streams of grace and bounty. Or, to take the emblem which the succeeding words themselves suggest, the Sun, the central source of light, displays itself to the eye as the distributor of varied gifts; and the soul, in sympathy with the Divine Benefactor, the Spring of the Fountain, and the Creator of Light, is privileged to track each stream to its source, and rejoice as the recipient of each several gift dispensed by the open hand of him who "filleth all things living with plenteousness." Hence we read on,—

"*The Lord make His Face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee!*"

The "Face" of the Lord is to the soul what the sun in the heavens is to the natural world. A sunshiny and a cloudy day are great contrasts. The heat may be the same; nay, the cloudy day may be the warmest: for we often have bright sunshine in the clear frosty days of winter, and heavy clouds in the middle of summer. But beside this there is something so enlivening in the sunshine, that, coming in from a walk on a bright winter's day, we speak of it as pleasant; while on a damp cloudy evening in summer we shiver and wish for a fire. The difference which the shining of the sun thus makes to man's body, represents the difference it makes to his soul whether God's Face is shining on him or no.

And this accounts for what we often meet with in the world. We see some disquieted and ill at ease in the midst of riches and luxuries, and others looking cheerful and contented, although they are poor in circumstances and exposed to great privations. There are rich poor men, and poor rich men

in every part of the land. Not that *all* rich men are discontented, and *all* poor men contented; but in spite of wealth and earthly good on the one hand, and poverty and trial on the other, there are some of *both* classes who are ever grumbling, and some who are ever patiently bearing trial and even finding out something in it to thank God for.

The explanation is found in the fact that God's Face shines on the one, and is veiled from the other. The one has turned from sin, which is darkness, and now walks in the light of God's forgiving love and sustaining grace. "Godly sorrow" has been exchanged for Godly joy: and the spirit of discontent for the comforting assurance that although trial and chastening *are* "grievous," there must nevertheless be *good* in whatever God, who is THE GOOD, appoints.

What a New Year's Wish, then, is this for our dear ones—"The Lord make His Face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee!" May there be no chilling and discomforting seasons of loneliness and darkness on the fresh stage of life's journey we have yet to tread: but the sunlight of God's blessing ever shining, giving its charm to prosperity, and its unfailing solace to adversity, whichever may be the earthly portion. In health or sickness, wealth or poverty, "The Lord be gracious unto thee, and satisfy thy soul with spiritual good!"

The next clause introduces another thought equally full of encouragement: "*The Lord lift up His Countenance upon thee!*"

The "Countenance" of the Lord indicates His goodwill and favour. As a king, sitting on his throne, by a single glance conveys to the petitioners who come before him the conviction that they will be heard and accepted—so "the Countenance of the Lord lifted up" is like the golden sceptre of the King of kings extended to His waiting, expecting subjects. If a subject had the king's "countenance," if the king had looked favourably upon him and assured him of his friendship, he would expect to receive some honour or preferment; or at least he would feel certain that, so far as the sovereign could hinder it, he would not suffer any one to hurt him. So it is with those who have God's Countenance lifted up upon them, but in a far, far higher degree. For a king, however great, is only a man. His power is cut short in a thousand ways. But God's kingly power has no bounds, except His own wisdom and goodness; and whatever He pleases to do He can do.

The friendship and protection of "the King of kings" is surely well worth having. Let this then be included in our New Year's wish for one another,—the Lord "give thee everlasting felicity, and make thee glad with the joy of His Countenance" (Ps. xxi. 6).

But how are we to know whether God's "Countenance" has indeed been "lifted up on us"? The last blessing mentioned will furnish an answer to this question—"*The Lord give thee Peace!*"

When God's favour is realized, when we see Him to be our Friend, when we have access to Him as our Father, then we must have peace. "Acquaint thyself with God and be at peace." This acquaintance with God, this friendship with God, this happy consciousness of adoption into His family, whereby we cry, "Abba, Father," is the result of the provisions of grace in the Gospel of His dear Son. What the Law and the Prophets typified and predicted, "the fulness of time" has clearly revealed to us. The Incarnation, the doctrine of our Christmas festival, proclaims, "God *with* us;" and the Mount of Calvary beheld the consummation of Divine love, Atonement *for* us. There "Peace" was made "by the Blood of the Cross." "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." "Now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the Blood of Christ."

The Gospel embraced brings "Peace," true peace, to the heart and conscience. It draws the wandering, erring, alienated, apostate child Home to God, to the spot of hallowed privilege where none can live *in* sin; where,

therefore, the light of the Father's Countenance ever shines, and peace is a constant guest. "The Lord," then, "give thee Peace,"—the peace "which passeth all understanding," which the world cannot give, which the world cannot take away!

So full, so gracious, is this model Bible wish. It includes the blessing of the Lord in the bestowal of all good, and His watchfulness in shielding from all evil: the light of His Countenance cheering and brightening every step on the pilgrimage road: a gracious ear to hearken to every petition, a ready hand to supply every need: the sweet sense of His Kingly favour, as the pledge of Justifying Righteousness and Sanctifying Grace; and the abiding consciousness of Peace and joy in believing, as the children of grace in this world, and the expectants of glory in the better world to come!

All this is not too much for God to grant, and therefore all this is not too much for man to desire. And although it be true that we can never even approach the level of the Divine beneficence and grace, thus heaping blessing upon blessing, we may at least try to rise towards it; and then we shall not fail to add to our wishes the aim to be ourselves "imitators of God as dear children"—blessed ourselves, and therefore aiming to be blessings to others—the pledge indeed of *A Happy New Year.*

The Real Life.

BY A. L. HILDEBRAND, AUTHOR OF "LAYS FROM THE LAND OF THE GAEL."

"He liveth best who loveth best."

GO forth! the path of duty
Is free for all to tread:
True kindness is true beauty
From loving faces shed.
Go forth! be ever ready
The joys of life to share
With brethren poor and needy
Around us everywhere.

The kindly word soft spoken
A saddened life may cheer,
Revive a spirit broken
And dry a falling tear.
Earth is the time for sowing,
The harvest is above,
Hearken! 'tis worth the knowing,
The life of lives is—Love.

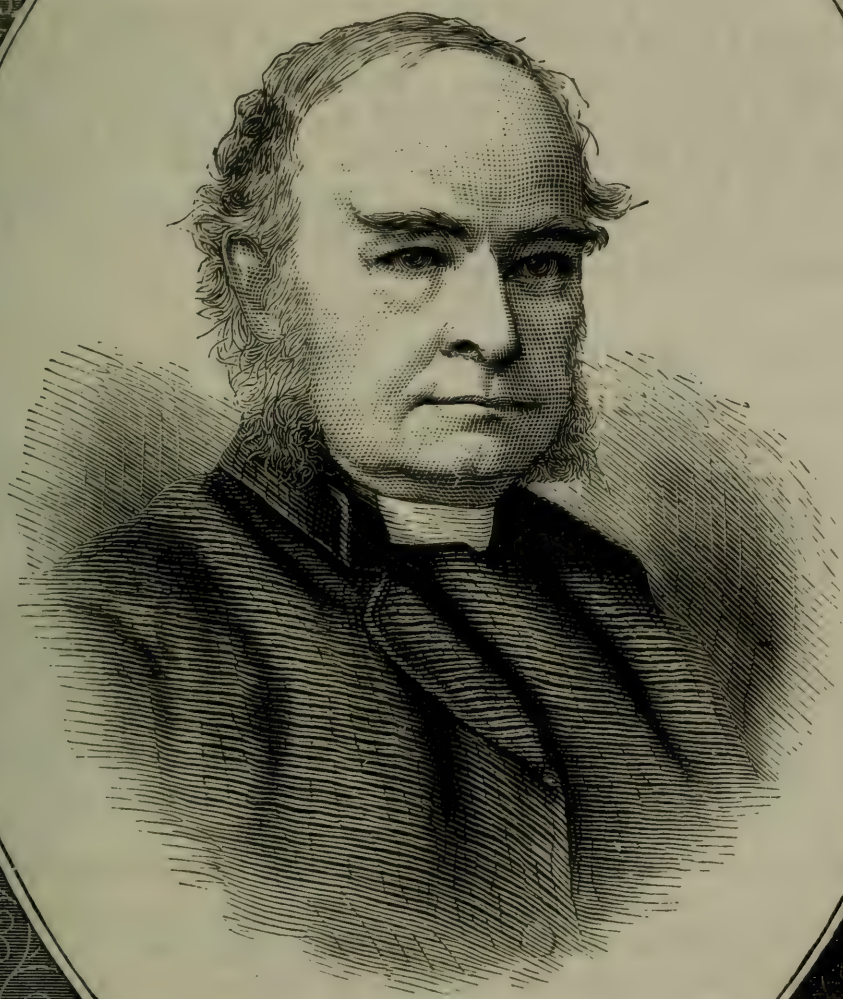
Our Church Portrait Gallery.

I. THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

DR. WILLIAM CONNOR MAGEE, Bishop of Peterborough, was born at Cork in 1821. His grandfather was Archbishop of Dublin previous to Archbishop Whately. The future Bishop distinguished himself at Trinity College, Dublin, and gained a scholarship there. After holding a curacy in Dublin he removed to Bath, where he was long known as the earnest and eloquent minister of the Octagon Chapel.

In 1859 Mr. Magee received the degree of D.D., and was appointed to the charge of Quebec Chapel, Portman Square. Shortly after he became Rector of Enniskillen, and in 1864 Dean of Cork. Two years later he was made Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin: and in 1868 he was elevated to the Bishopric of Peterborough.

It is needless to say that in all the posts he has filled the Bishop has devoted himself with unsparing diligence to the duties of his high office. About two years ago his serious illness called forth an universal display of sympathy in the diocese. Happily he has since been restored to health.



THE RIGHT REV.
WILLIAM CONNOR MAGEE, D.D.,
LORD BISHOP OF
PETERBOROUGH.

From a Photograph by S. A. WALKER, *Regent Street.*

Bishop Magee is undoubtedly the most eloquent Bishop of our Church. His sermons in Norwich Cathedral, on "The Defence and Confirmation of the Faith," have been widely circulated, and translated into several continental languages. We quote a paragraph which, referring as it does to "the glorious power of making our life *real*," will suggest lessons truly in season for the opening Year.

"A man may so live, that day by day, and hour by hour, and year by year, as he grows in knowledge and grows in grace, the words of knowledge and the words of grace grow more and more familiar to him; he understands them better; he enters into them. The son, as he grows son-like, better knows the meaning of the word Father. The Christian, as he grows more Christ-like, better knows the meaning of the word Christ; the spiritual man, as he grows more spiritual, better knows the meaning of the word Holy Spirit. As we pray, as we repent, as we believe, as we grow holy, do we understand better and better the words Prayer, Belief, Holiness The soul grows in wisdom as it grows in stature. As the man grows more and more conformed to the image of Christ, old passages, old texts of Scripture, that for him once were parables, become for him living and familiar and dearly precious words, as all the memories of his life and all the hopes of his future gather themselves into these words, and he draws out of them again into his inmost soul the quiet and the peace and the rest of heaven and of God."

Courtship and Marriage:

SIDELIGHTS OF HOME LIFE.

BY A BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

BENEDICTS AND BACHELORS.—THE PROS AND CONS OF MATRIMONY. — FINDING A WIFE.—FALLING IN LOVE.



"THERE'S no place like Home!" So we have all said hundreds, and some of us thousands of times. As a "Benedict," with a fair number of "olive branches" round about my table, I am saying so just now: and a Benedict ought to know.

I remember when I was young, the refrain of some light-hearted, and I must add lighter-headed, verses:—

"Oh, great are the joys of a Benedict's life,
Children a-squalling, a termagant wife:
Always some cause to excite his vexation;
Tempest and sunshine in sweet variation.
Very good, I don't doubt, but 'twill never suit me,
I'm still a young Bachelor, careless and free."

That isn't anyhow my idea of married life, and assuredly it has not been my experience. I think "young bachelors" will do well to wait till they are "old bachelors" before they thus talk of "freedom," or indulge in "carelessness." They may be disposed to sing another song then.

Meanwhile, as a true Benedict—a "happy man"—I wish, in these pages, to do my best to induce my bachelor friends, at the right time and under right circumstances, to act like wise men, and prove for themseves that marriage really "halves our troubles and doubles our blessings."

"Sidelights" are all I am going to offer: pleasant peeps at the domestic circle; sunny glimpses, incident, and anecdote gathered from many sources, which, without much comment of my own, may convey "Home Words" of counsel and cheer that will do the heart good, and tend to make happy homes, and some homes, it may be, happier than they are.

A word first as to the pros and cons of matrimony. That most famous personage, Panurge, on one occasion took counsel of his lord and master, Pantagruel, whether or not he should marry.

"My lord," quoth Panurge, "you have heard that it is my design to marry; I therefore humbly beg your Royal Highness's best advice on the subject."

"Seeing," quoth Pantagruel, that you have resolved to do so, the sooner you put your resolve into execution the better."

"Yea," saith Panurge, "but I should be loth to act therein without counsel taken of your wisdom."

"Then," saith Pantagruel, "I advise you to it."

"Nevertheless," quoth Panurge, "if I understand the position aright, it is much better to remain a bachelor, than to run headlong upon harebrained undertakings of conjugal adventures."

"Then," quoth Pantagruel, "do not marry."

"Yea," quoth Panurge, "would you have me solitary, to drag out the whole course of my life without the comfort of a good wife? A single man is never known to reap the joy of married life."

"Then marry," quoth Pantagruel.

"But if my wife," quoth Panurge, "prove faithless and untrue, I would fly off the hinges in no time."

"Then I recommend you," saith Pantagruel, "to remain on your present hinges; you might go farther and fare worse."

"But if I should be happy enough to meet some honest, worthy, and noble-minded woman—?"

"Then marry her at once," quoth Pantagruel.

"But if this honest, noble-minded woman were to prove to be a scold? It hath been told me, that exceedingly honest women have sharp nails and wicked headpieces, and that they never lack for vinegar. Such a woman would turn all the milk of human nature in my bosom to curds and green whey more speedily than a thunderstorm on a hot day in June."

"Then do not attempt to marry," said Pantagruel.

"But if it were to happen that I should fall sick, who would bear with me, and take the same care in nursing me, as a tender and loving wife?"

"Seeing," quoth Pantagruel, "that you view things in that way, I should advise you to marry."

"I know not," saith Panurge, "which of all your answers to lay hold on."

"Good reason why," quoth Pantagruel; "for your proposals are so full of "ifs" and "buts" that I can ground nothing on them, nor are you assured in yourself what you have a mind to do. Go, make up your mind, and come to me again."

Setting aside Panurge's "ifs" and "buts," and assuming, as I will do, that the mind of my bachelor friend is actually "made up—" so far as a general decision that, whatever celibacy may be, marriage is better—the next and infinitely important step to be taken, is finding a wife.

In order to do this, our friend must "fall in love." Canon Miller, in an admirable lecture given in Birmingham nearly twenty years ago, made a just distinction between "falling into love *properly* and *improperly*,—not morally, but philosophically speaking." The first—"falling in love properly"—he thought as a rule implies love at first sight. As Shakespeare puts it:—

> "The very instant that I saw you, did
> My heart fly to your service."

"It is a different thing when a man 'wants to settle.' The one man wants to marry because he has fallen in love; the other wants to fall in love because he wants to marry." Without undervaluing the due exercise of the rational and deliberative faculty, I should say the less "business-like," and the less "calculating" the proceedings are in "falling in love," the better for both parties. If "matrimony" is made a "matter of money," it is no wonder, "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

Instead of calculating and reckoning upon this or that selfish advantage, in "falling in love," as throughout the married life, *self* should be nowhere. Each, from first to



THE OLD HARRY ROCK, SWANAGE, DORSET.

From the Drawing by HARRY FENN.

[*See Page* 19.

last, should at least think most of the happiness of the other. The better plan—the only wise plan in contemplating marriage—is to begin by honestly and truly seeking God's guidance. If it be a step of such importance—and Jeremy Taylor says, "They that enter into a state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity"—it is clear that a man should (as in all other steps in life, if he would insure happiness and blessing) make his marriage a matter of earnest prayer to God, not only for *sanction* but for *guidance;* not making up our minds first, but asking Him to guide us in *His* way.

Remember then—

"If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living on the earth;
Therefore think of her, and pray for her weal;
yea, though thou hast not seen her."

God will bring her, as a "helpmeet" to thy side in His own good time—the best time for thee.

Only begin with "looking up," and you will go safely forward in your quest. You will be guarded from a mistake that is irretrievable, and helped to a choice, of which you will never "repent at leisure."

"Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing;" only seek *so* to find that you may also "obtain favour of the Lord."

(To be continued.)

Pictures at Home and Abroad.

BY A TRAVELLER.

I. THE OLD HARRY ROCK, SWANAGE, DORSET.



FRIEND we met last year in Scotland, who had travelled nearly over the world, remarked to us that of all the rivers he had seen, none could compare with the beautiful Clyde. The most beautiful things are often nearest home. We need not go abroad to see the wonderful works of God. The picture gallery of Nature is often just over the doorstep; and we only need "the observing eye" to admire the open volume.

Dorsetshire folk never tire of the lovely coast scenery around Swanage. We give a peep at the Old Harry Rock off Hanfast Point. It is a square, detached pillar, and has been for many a year separated by a narrow channel from the half-destroyed neck of chalk which formerly united it with the mainland. This neck, and perhaps the rock also, once formed the site, or part of the site, on which stood a blockhouse, for the mere grace called "Studland Castle," of which no traces now exist. "Old Harry" is clearly accompanied by his wife and daughter, personages unknown to history, sacred or profane, not to mention his haystack in the shape of other outlying rocks in the vicinity.

The serrated ridge of the neck is curiously styled on an old map "Lucas leap." Perilous and objectless as the passage and the end of the ridge appears, it has more than once been traversed by foolhardy persons on their hands and knees. Adventurous tourists should remember that, when danger is needless, "discretion is the better part of valour." A truly brave man, two or three months since, incurred great danger in an open boat, by his successful efforts to warn a passenger steamer which, in the fog, was bearing straight upon the Old Harry Rocks. "Ready, aye Ready," should always be our motto when peril to others is really at hand.

TWO BLESSINGS.

LORD of all things—below, around, above—
I ask of Thee two blessings while I live,
Blessings which Thou, O Lord, alone canst give:
A hand to labour and a heart to love!

S. C. H.

A LIFE OF PRAISE.

HE is with thee! With thee always,
All the nights and all the days:
Never failing, never frowning,
With His lovingkindness crowning,
Tuning all thy life to praise.

F. R. H.

England's Church.

I. THE WORTH OF A LITURGY.

A NONCONFORMIST'S TESTIMONY.



A RECENT paper in a leading Dissenting organ, deals with the question,—"Is a Liturgy desirable for Dissenters?" Some of the remarks made are so much to the point, that we give them to our readers, as well worthy of preservation.

The writer starts by expressing his belief that "The popularity of the Church of England with the masses, is, without doubt, largely attributable to the use of its beautiful Liturgy." He then notes the strong wish apparent in many quarters, especially among the Wesleyans, for a Liturgy in chapel services; and draws the conclusion:—"If Congregational ministers will read the signs of the times, they will do their best to bring into use some form of Liturgy."

Our quotation gives his answer to the question which next arises—"*What* form shall be used?—

"For my part, I know of no service so simple, so exquisitely beautiful, so harmonious, and so comprehensive, as the Liturgy of the Church of England. The use of the Communion Service along with the order of Morning Prayer, and of the Litany along with that of Evening Prayer, would form a series of devotional exercises such as would embody the feelings and express the wants of the worshippers on each occasion far more adequately than they are now expressed in the loose, vague, extempore prayers in use amongst ourselves. The responsive features of the Liturgy are as admirable as anything connected with it. The response turns the listener into a worshipper; it gives a reality to the whole thing; and it keeps the mind intent on what is being said.

"Many evils not yet mentioned would be remedied if the Liturgy were used. The minister would be kept somewhat within the bounds of moderation as regards time. He would not forget many things he meant to say and ought to have said. He would avoid 'vain repetitions.' If he happened to be mournful, his prayer would not be a dirge; or, if he were rejoicing, it would not simply be one continuous psalm—*i.e.*, the interpretation of the feelings of the people would not be made altogether dependent upon the minister's frame of mind, as it now is. Nor would he ever be 'restrained' in prayer—his whole nervous system racked by a painful sense of a want of fluency. Saved from this wearing process, he would preach with twice the amount of freedom and power. I am constantly meeting with ministers who undisguisedly express their preference for a Liturgy. Here and there it is being tried; and when tried *as used in the Established Church*, is almost always successful."

This testimony deserves to be weighed by those who are apt to forget that forms of worship may not be "formal."

We are reminded of a remark made by the Rev. Charles Simeon, to the effect, that "Until all ministers can pray at all times as some ministers can sometimes, the advantages of a Scriptural Liturgy would lead him infinitely to prefer it to what is termed (wrongly so unless absence of previous thought and preparation is implied) *extemporary* prayer."

Only let us see to it that our Church prayers are "heart prayers," and we shall duly understand and feel the value of a Liturgy.

C. B.

"The Fireside News."

WE are glad to say *The Fireside News* is gaining hosts of friends as a National Church Home Newspaper. It is full of short, crisp paragraphs, treating on social subjects, bright gossip about the events of the day, and personal, yet pleasant chats about people in whom every one is interested. It gives 16 pages, size of the *Graphic*, for 1*d.*, and is published at *Home Words* Office.

Books for the Home Library.

"Books are a substantial world both pure and good,
Round which our pastime and our happiness may grow."—WORDSWORTH.

EVERY Home should have its Library. A few shelves can easily be put up, and the cost of "a pint of beer daily" would fill them by the end of the year. To start such Libraries, we again offer this month **500 Ten Shillings New Year's "Book Packets" for Five Shillings each.** The packets contain:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Home Words, or the Day of Days, Annual for 1885	2	0	for 1	0	
Fireside Tales. by Mrs. MARSHALL, AGNES GIBERNE, Rev. C. W. BARDSLEY, etc. ...	2	6	,, 1	3	
A Lady of Property. By F. SHERLOCK ...	1	0	,, 0	6	
Faith's Rock of Rest. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.	1	0	for 0	6	
Who Gave us "the Book"? Same Author	1	0	,, 0	6	
Footprints. FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL ...	1	0	,, 0	6	
Our Folks. By AGNES GIBERNE	1	6	,, 0	9	
	10	0	for 5	0	

Other Books, if preferred, can be selected from *Home Words Catalogue*, which will be forwarded on application to Mr. C. MURRAY, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London; to whom Post Orders should be sent.

OUR "TWIN" MAGAZINES.

Home Words and *The Day of Days* are twin magazines, alike in size and price (1*d.* each). We hope our readers will not separate them in 1887. Sunday should have *its own* magazine.

Homely Talks on Homely Topics.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "MORE THAN CONQUERORS," ETC.,
HON. EDITORIAL SEC. OF THE C.E.T.S.

I. "FOR BABY'S SAKE."



IT was a cold clammy night. A thick white fog had settled over the city, and the pavements were slushy with the remains of a heavy snowfall. Turning into a narrow thoroughfare leading from the Whitechapel High Street, as a near cut to a Stepney schoolroom whither I was bound, I passed a thriving public-house. It was clearly doing what is called "a roaring trade." The centre door was half open, and the noisy chatter of many voices could be plainly heard; but clear above the din arose the wailing cry of a little child: and I thought that this was the most piteously pathetic sound that ear had ever heard. An infant's sorrowful cry in a public tavern! What wonder that I stopped? In a moment a young man came out followed by a young woman, who carried a little child wrapped up under her shawl, and the wailing cry still continued, although not quite so strongly as before.

"Come home, Jack! Come along home, Jack!" said she. He made no reply; but with head hanging down, and his hands thrust to the bottom of his pockets, lurched moodily forward, the wife meanwhile keeping close to his side.

"Come along home, Jack! Come along, do!" repeated the woman, very gently.

Still there was no response, and the baby's voice kept up the pitiful cry.

"Come, Jack, do. Won't you *for baby's sake?*" This was said so tenderly and so pleadingly that it found its way straight to the heart of the father, who stammered back the reply:—"For baby's sake! Did you say, 'for baby's sake'? Well, Mary, I will."

He turned round and giving his wife his arm, the couple were soon hidden in the fog, and I was free to make my way to the meeting, thankful for having learnt a lesson by the way—that a man can sometimes be led to retrace his steps and make a fresh start, by the tender plea of "FOR BABY'S SAKE!"

There are many homes in old England to-day, in which it would make a happy change indeed if fathers,—and in some cases, sad to say, if mothers—would give up the "drink" *for baby's sake.* Sent by God as a gleam of living sunshine in the dwelling, dear little baby needs from the very first a mother's love and a father's care. Hard indeed is the lot of the children when either father or mother get to love the "drink." Better give it up, "for baby's sake." Give it up this glad New Year, and put the money by in the Post Office Savings Bank; and at the end of 1887, if you have only saved sixpence a day, you will have £9 2*s.* 6*d.* to your credit with Her Majesty, whose representative will add something thereto in the shape of interest, as an acknowledgment of your having given the Queen something to take care of "for baby's sake."

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

"ONE of the 'Old Boys,'" who was once a "young boy," and knows full well that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," hopes the realm of "Puzzledom" may afford to young and old a monthly fireside hour of refreshing Recreation.

CHARADES.

I. It's a wonder you ask for—yet who would suppose
That the more you take from it the larger it grows?

II. My *first*, though small, much work performs,
All for my *second's* sake;
It pauses oft, but never tires,
Nor seeks a rest to take.

My *third* is a large, well-known thing,
Which for my *second* toils;
Unwearied, it e'er labours on,
Nor from its task recoils.

My *whole* my *second* doth attain;
I am by all required;
And when of goodly quality,
Am much to be admired.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why do short men always rise early?
2. Which travels faster, heat or cold? And why?
3. What is that which no one wishes to have, and no one wishes to lose?
4. What is it you double by taking away half?
5. What English county is most natural to dogs?
6. When may a chair be said to dislike you?
7. Why is a sailor never really a sailor?
8. What is that which goes up the hill and down the hill, and yet never moves?
9. Why is a lobster a most intelligent shell-fish?
10. What is a useful thing in the long run?
11. What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton?
12. When is a carving-knife on its travels?
13. When is a man thinner, and when thicker, than a lath?
14. Why should we never sleep in a railway carriage?
15. What is yours, and is used by everybody more than yourself?

(*Answers will be given in February.*)



HOW IT WAS DONE; OR, BIT BY BIT. [See Page 23.

The Young Folks' Page.

I. "HOW IT WAS DONE; OR, BIT BY BIT."

BY UNCLE CHEERFUL.

(See Illustration, Page 22.)

IT was New Year's Day! Grandmother had finished her cup of tea, and was ready for a quiet nap in her high-backed chair; but to-day she had to forego the pleasure, as she had promised to show little Polly "how it was done." How what was done? Listen.

The day before Polly had asked Granny a dozen or more questions about stockings, to all of which questions Granny only nodded her head, and said, "Stockings grow."

"Grow! grow! but they don't grow like cherries on a cherry-tree; they don't grow like mushrooms in the meadow; and I have never, never seen any stockings growing anywhere, I am quite, quite sure," said Polly with confidence.

So when Granny ended the dispute by saying, "You come to me to-morrow afternoon and I'll show you how stockings grow," Polly was delighted.

What a picture they make! Our artist has caught them just at the moment when Polly has been convinced that stockings really do grow, "little by little." For a long time she could not see how, bit by bit, the tiny thread of worsted lapping over the bright knitting needles was making the stocking grow longer and longer. But at last the patient perseverance of the teacher was rewarded, and Polly exclaimed, "I see it all now, Granny. You can't nohow make a stocking all at once: you *must* do it bit by bit: and it really is just like growing."

Granny was very wise, as most Grannies are. Quicker than I can write it, she dropped the knitting needles and unravelled the stocking all at once. To Polly's great dismay there was nothing left on the floor but a crumpled, tumbled-about pile of worsted.

"Oh, Granny! It is a shame! However could you!" And poor Polly was ready to burst into tears.

"I've done it on purpose, child," said Granny, gravely. "It is quite true, as you have seen, that we can only make a stocking bit by bit; but look there, and learn that we can spoil it all in a moment. So it is with our *characters*. We make them bit by bit every day, and we can spoil them in a moment. Granny is an old woman, and she has often seen the work of a lifetime ruined in a few minutes. 'Watch and Pray.'

'Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that Help may be sent down—
Watch and Pray!'"

And so Polly learnt two lessons at one time, on that New Year's Day. She is now a full-grown woman, and is busy teaching others. Here is a bright bit from one of the little songs which she has taught her own children,—a little bit which I think goes to prove that she has never forgotten the afternoon when Granny showed her "how stockings grow":—

"One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

"Then do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavour day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you fear
Will prove to be a plain."

II. JESUS LOVED THE CHILDREN

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

Jesus loved the children:
"Let them come," He said;
Placed His arms around them,
Blessed each shining head.
"To My Father's kingdom
Entrance would ye win?
Lo, as little children
Ye must enter in."

Jesus loved the children—
Brothers, far and wide,
Tell how Holy Jesus
Lived for them and died.
Lead the lambs of Jesus
To His sheltering breast;
Ye, in blessing children,
Shall yourselves be blest.

Jesus loves you, children,
As He loved of old;
Still His kind hands bless you,
Still His arms enfold.
May His mercy keep you
Till your locks are white,
Trustful little children,
In His holy sight.

III. EARLY PRAYER AND PRAISE.

THERE is nothing like "telling God everything." We want to help our young friends to do this. Every month this year we hope to insert in our "Calendar" on the next page, a Prayer and a Hymn—one for the Morning and the other for the Evening. In our February Number we shall have something to say about "Early Prayer and Praise." Meantime we give as a motto for the whole year our Heavenly Father's loving promise—"They that seek me *early* shall find *Me*."

THE EDITOR.

The Bible Mine Searched.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. HOW does Solomon describe the comforts of a peaceful home?
2. Give three examples from the New Testament of the power of conscience.
3. What miracles did St. Paul perform at Ephesus?
4. What prophet foretold that Christ should dwell in Egypt?
5. What is the first occasion on which we read of fire coming down from heaven?
6. What counsel about Divine worship is given in Ecclesiastes?
7. Give two passages, one the words of Christ, the other the words of Isaiah, showing the sufficiency of the Scriptures.
8. Who were Crispus and Gaius, named by St. Paul as having been baptized by him?

ANSWERS (See Nov. No., p. 263).

1. Ruth iv. 14–17; 2 Tim. i. 5.
2. Gen. xvii. 18.
3. John xxi. 21, 22.
4. The Lord: Amos iii. 1, 3.
5. Galatians: Gal. i. 1, 2; vi. 11.
6. "It is more blessed to give than to receive": Acts xx. 35.

JANUARY.

Early Prayer: Morning.

By the Editor.

HEAVENLY Father! with the morning light I thank Thee for Thy watchful care. Take me now into the arms of Thy mercy, and bless me through the day, as Jesus blessed the children who were brought to Him when He was upon earth.

I know I am weak and sinful: but Thou hast said, the Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Let His Blood cleanse me from sin.

I need, too, the gift of the Holy Spirit, which Jesus promised to them that ask. Give me, O Heavenly Father, the Holy Spirit to-day, to make me more humble, gentle, obedient, and watchful. When I am tempted to do wrong, put in my mind holy thoughts, and help me to do right.

May I hate sin, because Thou hatest it, and it grieves Thee. May I love holiness, because Thou lovest it, and it pleases Thee.

Bless my dear parents, my brothers and sisters: and give them everything they need: for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"My Kindest Friend."

(For Evening Prayer.)

NOW the daylight goes away,
Saviour, listen while I pray,
Asking Thee to watch and keep,
And to send me quiet sleep.

Jesus, Saviour, wash away
All that has been wrong to-day;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle—more like Thee.

Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee;
Oh! bring me and all I love
To Thy happy home above.

Now my evening praise I give:
Thou didst die that I might live;
All my blessings come from Thee:
Oh, how good Thou art to me!

Thou, my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end;
Let me love Thee more and more,
Always better than before.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

"Thou Art the Same Lord."

"I am the Lord, I change not."—Mal. iii. 6.

1	S	Circum. *Jesus Christ the Same—for ever.*
2	S	2nd S. af. Christ. *We are but of yesterday.*
3	M	I must work while it is day. St. John ix. 4.
4	Tu	Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.
5	W	My way is hid from the Lord. Isa. xl. 27.
6	Th	Epiph. *In Thy light shall we see light.*
7	F	What is your life? It is even a vapour.
8	S	We spend our years as a tale that is told.
9	S	1st S. af. Epip. *But Thou remainest.* Heb. i.
10	M	Thy years shall not fail. Heb. i. 12. [11.
11	Tu	If the Lord will, we shall live. St. Jas. iv. 15.
12	W	He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight. Hos. vi. 2.
13	Th	Thou hast been our dwelling-place. Ps. xc. 1.
14	F	Thou art my Rock and my Fortress. Ps. lxxi. 3.
15	S	He shall hide me in His pavilion. Ps. xxvii. 5.
16	S	2nd S. aft. Epip. *His compassions fail not.*
17	M	Make me to know the measure of my days.
18	Tu	My days are like a shadow that declineth.
19	W	With Whom is no shadow of turning.
20	Th	Thou gavest length of days for ever and ever.
21	F	Put your trust in the Lord. Ps. iv. 5. [Ps. xxi. 4.
22	S	Let those that put their trust in Thee rejoice.
23	S	3rd S. aft. Epip. *Behold thy salvation cometh.*
24	M	Let him glory that he knoweth Me. Jer. ix. 24.
25	Tu	Convn. of St. Paul. *That I may know Him.*
26	W	Life eternal that they might know Thee.
27	Th	The gift of God is eternal life. Rom. vi. 23.
28	F	The gifts . . . of God are without repentance.
29	S	Faithful is He that calleth you. 1 Thess. v. 24.
30	S	4th S. aft. Epip. *I exercise lovingkindness.*
31	M	In these things I delight, saith the Lord.

Sun.—1st day. Moon.—Full, 9th, A. 10.32.
Rises 8.8. Sets 3.59. ,, New, 24th, M. 3.1.
The population of Great Britain, April 4, 1881, was 35,246,562; of London, 3,814,571.

Post Office Savings Bank: Deposits from 1s. upwards. Interest, 6d. a year on each £1 deposited.
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THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.





THE NEW HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

An exile from Home, splendour dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
There's no place like Home,
Oh, there's no place like Home.

J. Howard Payne.

AS·FOR·ME & MY·HOUSE WE·WILL·SERVE THE·LORD.

HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Home Songster.

II. LOVE AT HOME.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

THE farmer's days may be full of care,
And his home may be brown and old;
Yet, for all, the dews of heaven fall,
The sunshine pours its gold;
So turn the furrow, and sow the seed,
And you'll harvest the yellow grain;
And toil will be sweet, if those you love
Are to share your golden gain:
Oh, the love at home,
The love at home,
How rich the heart and hearth will be,
If there's only love at home!

Within the home, the mother toils
For her loved ones, day by day;
Yet we know, by the light of her kindly eyes,
She has walked a pleasant way;
She gives her all—youth, health, and strength,
For the good of her girls and boys,
Yet richer grows, in growing old,
As she numbers her household joys.
Oh, the love at home,
The love at home,
We can brave life's storms and meet its snows,
If there's only love at home!

Their lads may be tossed on the sea of life,
But never a boat goes down,
Whose beacon-light is the mother-love,
In the farmhouse, old and brown;
Though scarred and buffeted, still they yearn
For a sight of the dear old place:
And like a glimpse of heaven would seem
Their mother's loving face!
Oh, the love at home,
The love at home,
How many a wanderer backward turns,
Remembering the love at home!

And they are rich without silver or gold,
Who are blest by love at home;
Who have learned to enjoy, with thankful hearts,
Life's blessings as they come;
Whose wealth is in golden memories;
And whose journey of life is bright,
By the peace and plenty of honest toil,
And the fireside's holy light.
Oh, the love at home,
The love at home,
The best of earth is always theirs,
Who are blest in the love at home!

The Fireside Almanack.—Three hundred and sixty-five texts hidden in the hearts of all who really *use* this Almanack would be the surest possible pledge of a revival of true Religion in every parish where it finds a place.

Ready, aye Ready!

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW;" "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEIGHBOURS.



"WELL, Sue, you've made things look uncommon comfortable, and that I must say!" Dunn observed cheerfully, after supper. "You and Nannie must have worked uncommon hard too."

"There's one comfort in working hard for you, that you don't pass it all over as if it was nothing," said Susan.

"Nice sort of chap I should be, if I did! Why, it's as clean!—and the dishes as shiny!—it's almost like the old home kitchen, Sue!" Richard Dunn could not resist one sigh. "And I'm sure you've made the parlour look beautiful. Curtains up, and all!"

"Only there's no garden, father," Susie said plaintively.

"No more there is, Susie. But I'll make some good big window-boxes, as soon as ever I can get time, and we'll fill them quite full. And a lot of plants can stand inside the window of the parlour too."

"Mayn't we have some mignonette?" asked Susie.

"To be sure we will. You and Nannie shall have a box of it, all to yourselves, up at your bedroom window. Won't that be nice? Why, Nannie,—haven't you done enough yet to-day?" as she came in, with her neat little brown hat on.

"Dick and I are just going round into the next street, father, for some stout thread. It'll be wanted in the morning, and I don't want to have to go out then."

"Got lots more to do indoors, eh? But you mustn't toil too hard, my girl."

Nancy smiled and said,—"There's no fear, father." She did not seem overdone by the day's work, standing there in her quiet print dress, with a pretty colour on her cheeks. "I'm much more afraid for mother. She always will do so much."

"Well, you're a good girl, Nannie,—always trying to save her trouble."

"I should just hope so," Nancy answered. "I don't see much goodness in that, father."

Richard Dunn took her hand, and pulled her down for a hearty kiss. He was a very affectionate father, and he never seemed ashamed to show his affection.

"I'm sure of one thing," he said,—"and that is, that God's blessing is on such a daughter as Nannie!"

Nancy's bright blue eyes grew moist with feeling. "It's nice to hear you say so, father," she whispered; and then she stood up. "Come, Dick,—I don't want to be out late," she said.

Dick was eight years old—a rosy merry boy. He ran off beside his sister, chattering.

"I've had a warning about Nannie, to-day," said Susan. Dunn pricked up his ears. "Mrs. Mason came to see us,—walked straight in through our open door, without a 'with your leave,' or 'by your leave.' I didn't quite like it, but I do believe she meant kindly. She lives over the way, and she seems a nice sort of body, only such a talker. And she begged me not to let Nancy work in a factory. She did really!"

Susan flushed up at the recollection. Dunn burst out laughing.

"Our Nancy work in a factory! Not if I can help it, Sue!"

"She did really," repeated Susan.

Dunn seemed quite to enjoy the idea as a capital joke. He laughed heartily. "Our Nannie! I should think so. Not but what they may be good girls enough,—factory girls, I mean! But our Nannie! As if we'd ever let her!"

"Well, I'm glad you can think it funny, Richard, for I declare I couldn't at first. But of course Mrs. Mason meant it kindly. And oh, the things she told me! There's mothers here, with little ones, away all day at the factories, and not a soul at home to see after the poor mites. Even when the men get good wages, the wives will often go out to work, just because they don't like the dulness of home. Dulness, indeed! I wonder what women were made for! And there's young girls too, our Nancy's age, getting their ten

or twelve shillings a week, and setting up independent for themselves, and won't hear a word from anybody, Mrs. Mason says. Not but what there's good girls among them, as you say,—good honest steady girls, I don't doubt, who make a fight against what's wrong. But there's too many of the other sort among them as well,—some who won't live with their parents at all, but go off and board with strangers. Think of that. Our Nannie's age, —and girls younger than her too,—and the fathers and mothers without a scrap of control over them! Why, if I had a child like that, it would just break my heart."

"Bad! very bad!" Dunn said musingly. "It's just what was written long ago in the Bible,—'disobedient to parents,' you know,— that's to be on the earth in the last days. Seems to me there's a vast deal of 'disobedience to parents' in our days."

"And a lot of blame lies with the parents themselves," said Susan. "If fathers and mothers are both away from their children all day long, it passes *me* how the children are to be trained. Just toss 'em out into the world, and let 'em sink or swim. That's all the training many of them have at all, poor little things."

"True enough, I'm afraid," said Dunn.

"Mrs. Mason was telling me about the Gardiners next door," resumed Susan. "The eldest girl is in one of the factories; and her parents daren't ever say one word of blame to her for anything, lest she should go straight off and board with somebody else. That's a nice state of things, isn't it? And the Handcocks on our other side,—Mrs. Handcock is out all day long at the factory, and her husband and children may just fare as they can,— she don't care."

"I say, Sue,—seems to me Mrs. Mason *is* something of a gossip," remonstrated Dunn.

Susan blushed. "Yes; only you see we've got to find out a little about the neighbours, Richard, or we shall get dragged in to know a lot of people that we hadn't ought to know."

"I don't see that. Nobody can drag us into acquaintances against our will," said Dunn. "We had best be careful, that's all, and not get intimate with anybody in a hurry."

"What's all that noise about?" Susan exclaimed.

The noise swelled; and both Dunn and his wife left the kitchen, going to the front door.

People had done the same in neighbouring cottages. "What can be the matter?" one and another was asking.

Shouts and yells seemed to sweep past near at hand, and people could be seen running fast along a cross-road at the end. None came past Woodbine Cottage.

"I wish Nancy and Dick were at home," Susan said uneasily; "I don't like this."

"Which way did they go? I'd better find them," said Dunn.

Susan pointed out what she believed to be the right direction. She could not feel quite sure, but Nancy had spoken of shops in the next street.

Dunn started off immediately at a brisk pace, and Susan stood in the doorway, watching and listening anxiously. The shouts continued, but lessened somewhat, as if from increased distance.

"Mother, do you think Nannie will be frightened?" asked Susie, holding her mother's hand.

"I don't know, dear. I hope not. Perhaps it wasn't really near her,—but father will see."

"Can't think whatever in the world it's all about!" a woman remarked, lounging listlessly at the door of "Rose Cottage," to Susan's left. She was a careworn slatternly unhappy-looking woman: and the smudged faces and dirty frocks of the children by her side were unpleasant to see.

"Mother!" wailed one dismally, "Mother, —Jacky's pinched me!"

"I didn't," screamed Jacky's shrill tones.

"He did, mother!"

"Have done with your quarrelling, will you! I declare, you're all the plague of my life!" And two or three sounding slaps were administered round with great impartiality, producing a burst of shrieking sobs.

"Be quiet, now,—will you! If you don't hold your tongues, I'll slap you both again, that I will!" cried Mrs. Gardiner. "There's no peace in life with your squabbling."

The children certainly did not hold their tongues, and Mrs. Gardiner lugged two or three of them indoors, bestowing a shake upon each by the way.

"Mother, was that little girl naughty?" asked Susie's wondering tones. "The boy really did pinch her, and he made ugly faces too—I saw him."

"I'm afraid the mother didn't take much

trouble to find out who was wrong," Susan said softly, and not quite wisely, perhaps. There was no need to call the child's attention to Mrs. Gardiner's shortcomings. Susie's small voice sounded clearly in answer :—

"Dick doesn't pinch me. I'm so glad he doesn't. But he did scratch me once, mother, —don't you know?—and father made him go straight to bed, and Dick was so very sorry after. He went and got me two big bull's-eyes. And you didn't slap me, did you?—'cause it wasn't my fault?"

"Well done, little un!" laughed a hearty voice on the other side.

Susan glanced towards the big broad-shouldered working-man, seated in the doorway of "Myrtle Cottage," smoking. She rather liked his look, and she liked too the way in which a puny little boy had confidently climbed upon "father's knee." That spoke well for the man. Susan was much less attracted by the hard features and gaudy cap of the woman who stood behind him, drawn out by the noise. But she felt very anxious, and she could not refrain from asking—"I suppose you can't tell me what's the matter?"

"No, missis, I can't," the man answered civilly. His name was Handcock, as Susan guessed rightly; and he alone, of all the men within sight, had not started off to see what was up. "Shouldn't wonder if it's a lot of boys chasing a cat."

But the voices were those of men, not boys; and almost immediately a cry came down the street: "Mad dog! Mad dog!"

CHAPTER IV.

NANCY AND THE DOG.

Children were bundled promiscuously within cottage doors, and mothers followed them. Handcock stood up at last. He seemed an easy-going sort of individual—indolent perhaps, and not readily startled or flurried by passing events.

"O Nannie!" Susan had said faintly, at the first instant. Then she sent Susie indoors, and stood close to it herself, waiting.

The crowd did not come that way, neither did the dog. People began presently to breathe more freely, and Handcock returned to say: "There's no fear. Shouldn't wonder if it's all a scare about nothing!" But he had not gone farther than the end of the street to inquire.

Suddenly Richard Dunn hurried up, Dick trotting by his side.

"Nannie not here!" Dunn said breathlessly.

"No, she hasn't come. O Richard!"

"It's a scare about the mad dog, I suppose?" said Handcock.

"A scare! No. It's true!" said Dunn hoarsely. "And Nannie not here!"

"Tell me quick,—haven't you seen her?" asked Susan, holding on to his arm, for he seemed about to start off without another word.

"No. She left something in the shop, and Dicky ran back for it. And the crowd came between—dog and all. Dick wasn't allowed to leave the shop. Nobody seems to know anything about Nannie. Let me go, Susan."

Susan made no effort to detain her husband. Handcock said, "I'll come with you, neighbour"; but his movements were too slow for the distracted father. Dunn was gone.

Somebody spoke to Susan, but she made no answer. She could not stand, for her legs shook under her, as if with the palsy, and she crept inside the cottage, and sat down. Both children came close.

"Mother, I wouldn't have left Nannie if I had known the dog was coming," said Dicky. "And I wanted to go to her, but the woman held me tight, and locked the door. I thought Nannie would be so frightened. Do you think the dog has hurt her, mother?"

Susan shook her head, and moaned. She could not shed a tear, and her parched tongue refused to speak.

Somebody's face was put in at the door.

"Here she comes, Mrs. Dunn!—all right!" a voice said.

The owner of the voice withdrew, and Nancy entered. She walked with a hasty faltering step, and her face was perfectly white,—lips, cheeks, and all, as colourless as chalk. Close behind followed a tall good-looking young man.

Susan stood up, and took hold of Nancy with a tight grasp. She wanted to ask, "Are you hurt?" but no words came.

"Hadn't you better both sit down?" asked the young man. "The dog didn't touch her, Mrs. Dunn,—thank God, he didn't. She's only had a fright."

"Mother, he saved me!" Nannie said. "I should have been bitten but for him!" and Nancy burst into a flood of tears.

* * * * *

Yes, Archie Stuart had saved Nancy—at

his own risk—from one of the most terrible perils which can well beset a man or woman.

When the thought of helping somebody had occurred to him, he could not, of course, guess who that somebody might be.

Nancy had failed to find exactly what she wanted at the nearest shop in the next street: so she had gone farther. Half-way home she found that a small pattern for the colour of the thread, which she knew her mother would need, had been left behind.

Dick offered to run back for it, and Nancy, feeling tired, consented. She promised to wait for Dick in a quiet sort of back lane, which had a high wall on either side, broken only by one five-barred gate, leading into a yard, and locked. Nancy did not even notice the gate.

She had strolled but a few paces, when a burst of yells filled the air.

What could be the cause? Nancy felt a little afraid. She wished too that she had not sent Dick off alone.

Scant time remained for thought. The shouts drew nearer, and the warning cry,—"A mad dog!" reached Nancy's ears distinctly. Almost at the same instant a black dog appeared at the farthest end of the lane, running straight towards her, dropping foam from his open jaws and hanging tongue.

Nancy staggered against the wall, sick with horror. Men followed behind, but none were near enough to succour her. She could see no outlet—no means of escape. Her limbs seemed paralysed with the shock, so that she could not even run.

"O God, help me! oh, help!" That cry went up from Nancy's heart, as the sense of her peril grew upon her. It was not the vague despairing cry of one who has never thought of God till danger or death threaten. Nancy had known God from very infancy as her great and loving Father in heaven,—as One to whom, in the Name of Christ, she might always have full and instant access. She had a child-like trust in His great might. It was the instinct of her heart to cry to Him in need.

Nancy did not see it, but help was at hand. Her blue dilated eyes, fixed upon the poor mad creature rushing towards her, could look in no other direction.

Archie Stuart had entered the nearer end of the lane, behind Nancy, just before the dog appeared.

He did not recognise her at first as the girl whose pretty and gentle face had taken his fancy. But without recognising Nancy Dunn he did recognise a woman in danger,—and, happily, that was enough.

What to do? was the question. Alone, he could have climbed the wall without difficulty, for he was an active young fellow. But with Nancy! That made all the difference.

The gate lay a few paces beyond Nancy, between her and the dog. The best hope lay there, if it could be reached in time. Flight seemed hopeless.

"Don't be frightened!" a voice said at her side. "Here,—this way!"

Nancy clutched her deliverer's arm with one sharp cry; and before she knew what was happening, he had dragged her to the gate.

Some men in Archie's place might have thrown themselves to the top first, and pulled up the girl after. But somehow Archie could not do that. All the manliness of his nature revolted from putting himself in safety while a woman stood below within reach of the dog.

Without losing an instant he lifted Nancy in his strong arms, raising her rapidly till her feet were on the top bar except one.

"Hold fast!" he said shortly, sharply, breathing hard in his excitement. He did not look to see how close the dreaded creature had come; but he *felt* that in four or five seconds more——

"Oh—come!" gasped Nancy.

"Hold on hard! You're safe!"

Archie loosened his grasp of her, clutched the top of the gate, and swung himself up, with a desperate effort, barely in time. As his feet rose, the open jaws followed, but the passing snap was fruitless. One spring, and Archie stood upon the topmost bar, drawing the terrified girl higher, lest the dog should leap. Already, however, the creature had gone on, and the crowd of shouting men swept after, keeping, it must be confessed, at a respectful distance.

Then Archie sprang to the ground, and lifted down the trembling girl. In the white frightened face he now recognised Dunn's pretty daughter.

"It's all right; the dog won't come back," Archie said encouragingly. "It's a mercy I came. But we'll get out of this lane as soon as we can. It's an awkward place to be caught in. Anywhere else you might have got inside a door."

"Please,—now," Nancy managed to say, and though shaking still, she was able to walk. At the end of the lane she paused suddenly.

"Dick—where can Dick be?"

"Is he your brother?"

"Yes. He went back to the shop. What can have become of him?" asked Nancy, in distress.

"They'll have kept him there, you may be sure of that. I'll just get you home, and then go to see after him. Don't be frightened," Archie urged once more.

"It was so dreadful!" Nancy whispered. "I can't thank you. Father will."

"Isn't his name Dunn?" asked Archie, putting a very unnecessary question. "I walked home with him to-day. My name's Stuart, and he used to know my father; but I dare say he didn't think of mentioning me?"

Nancy was quite unable to give the answer which Archie desired. She could remember nothing at that moment except the mad dog, her own past peril, and her fears about Dick.

A few minutes brought them to Woodbine Cottage, where Dick was found to have arrived before them. And while Nancy was still sobbing, and Susan looking stupefied, and Archie standing by, half proud yet embarrassed, Dunn walked in.

He had been told outside of Nancy's return, "looking as white as paper," one woman said, "and scarce able to drag herself along." Nobody seemed to be sure whether she had entirely escaped without injury. Dunn's heart was filled with a terrible foreboding.

"Nannie!" he said hoarsely, "is anything wrong?" Then he turned to Archie. "Tell me the worst," he muttered.

"She's not hurt," Archie answered quickly. "She's not hurt, indeed; only frightened. The dog didn't touch her; I give you my word for it, he didn't. She'll be all right presently."

"Nannie, he speaks the truth?" pleaded poor Richard Dunn, hardly able to believe what he heard.

Nancy looked up at her father, with blue wet eyes, her chest heaving still, and her lips quivering. "Yes, father, it's quite true," she sobbed. "I'm not hurt. But I should have been—if—if——O father, he saved me! I should have been bitten but for him!"

Dunn grasped Archie's hand, and turned his face away, quite unable to express what he felt. And none who know what true manliness is will think one whit the worse of that strong working-man for the big tears upon his cheeks, drawn forth by the thought of his child's peril.

"Tell me about it," he said huskily, after a pause.

Mrs. Mason had just then walked in, but nobody took any notice of her. She said nothing, only lifting her hands and eyes with gestures of mute astonishment, and then bringing a mug of water to Nancy, which helped to check her sobbing.

Archie was by no means unwilling to "tell all about it." He did not wish to exalt unduly his own courage, but of course he knew that he had been courageous, and he felt much gratification in having saved somebody—especially pretty Nancy Dunn—from a great danger.

So he narrated what had occurred, neither under-rating nor over-rating his own share in the matter. Nancy tearfully corroborated his tale, even to the snap of the dog's jaws after Archie's heel, which she had distinctly heard.

"Words can't thank you, my lad. If ever there's anything I can do for you,—if it were with my last shilling,—I'd do it!" Dunn said fervently. And then, taking off his cap, which he had hitherto forgotten to remove, Dunn added, in a reverent voice,—"Thank God for His great mercy!"

Susan had neither stirred nor spoken hitherto, and as yet no one had particularly noticed her stunned look. But now Mrs. Mason went to her side with the mug of water, and made her drink some. And Susan at length looked up, saying in a hollow voice,—"I shall never trust her out of my sight again."

"There! there! there! poor dear!—it's given her such a turn, you see," Mrs. Mason remarked soothingly, patting Susan on the back, and looking round at everybody present.

"I shall never trust her out of my sight again," repeated Susan.

"Sue, I wouldn't feel that," Dunn said.

"She might have been bitten! And I should never have forgiven myself—sending her out alone!"

Mrs. Mason patted Susan again gently, and Dunn came nearer.

"Sue, my dear, I wonder who takes best care of our Nannie," he said,—"you and me, or God? If you'd been with her in the lane, I wonder what you could have done for her? Wasn't it better, God sending the help in time? I wouldn't feel that, Sue. It seems to me, w

ought to be feeling that there's no need ever to fear again—she's been so cared for, just when you and me couldn't get at her, or help her."

Susan sighed heavily. "Yes, you're right," she said. "But if Nannie had been bitten—if we'd the thought of *that* before us!"

"I suppose God could bear us through anything—even that!" Dunn said, with an effort. "Only He hasn't called us to it. He has taken care of our Nannie for us. I do think we ought to be full of nothing but thankfulness, instead of talking about what might have been. I do think it," repeated Dunn.

"I ought to go home," Archie said unwillingly. "Mother'll be anxious, if she hears about the dog."

"Well, we won't keep you, lad," said Dunn. "But you'll come again? you can't come too often. I shall be able to thank you better another day. Sue and me feel all turned upside-down like this evening."

Archie went off briskly, straight home first, though determined later to inquire what was become of the dog. He found Mrs. Stuart in a very troubled state. Some rumours of peril to Archie had reached her ears; and she was working herself up into a fever of fright. Archie's appearance and his bright face were a great relief.

He told her something of what had happened, but not more than was necessary. He rightly judged that Mrs. Stuart would not welcome any event which should tend to intimacy with the Dunns.

Other people, however, lavishly filled up gaps in Archie's tale; and before night-fall Mrs. Stuart knew as much of Archie's doings as he knew himself.*

(To be continued.)

Wayside Chimes.

II. "I HUNGER AND I THIRST."

I HUNGER and I thirst;
Jesu, my Manna be:
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the Rock for me.

Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me, or I die.

Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, thou Bread of God;
Help me, thou Son of Man.

For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.

J. B. MONSELL.

The C.M.S. in 1837 and in 1887.

A WRITER in the *Church Missionary Gleaner*, glancing at the Queen's Jubilee from a missionary standpoint, describes the work of the past fifty years as "the most characteristic feature of the Christianity of the present century."

Amongst other plain facts, we learn that, in that period, at least twelve new Missions have been begun by the Society: over seven millions of money have been raised, the annual income having increased threefold: nearly 800 missionaries have been sent forth: and the Native ministry now numbers 250, exceeding the European ordained staff by 20. As an instance of success, in 1837, Henry Townsend went forth, with his heart of fire and soul of love, to Africa, to be the Apostle of the Yoruba race, and now there are 7,000 Christians, and 2,600 communicants, under 17 native clergy. In China, also, where forty years ago there were only two or three Protestant Christians, there are 25,000 communicants, and altogether a Christian body of at least 60,000 souls. Let us "thank God and take courage."

* We hope our Readers will not forget that Agnes Giberne is writing a Serial Tale in *The Fireside Magazine* this year. It is entitled, "*Her Peculiar Circumstances.*" The January Number can still be had. (London: *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.)



THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.

From a Drawing by Miss Costello.

From "The Queen's Resolve."

The Queen in Girlhood.

A WORKING MAN'S TRIBUTE.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Fireside News* sends the following verses, with an interesting reminiscence of the Princess Victoria. He says: "The writer of the verses was a working man—a shoemaker—of Dover. He gave me a copy of the volume of his original essays and poems which contained them, when I was staying at Dover. You will see that they are very pensive—perhaps too much so: but they express the feelings of an intelligent, thoughtful man; and, after half a century's experience, they may serve to show what cause for abounding thankfulness we have that the evils of which he was so apprehensive have been

averted, while the 'heart's affections' of our Queen have been so beautifully and illustriously 'revealed.'"

"I MUST not praise thee as I could, fair maid;
Thy sweeten'd features will not let me so;
Thou seem'st so frail and lovely, that life's shade
Appears best place for flowers like thee to grow.
And yet it is not thus—and thou may'st soon
In Girlhood's years be called to Glory's noon.

Happy, or happy not, 'tis all the same,
Or how thy inclinations may induce—
The voice of millions will thy rule proclaim,
And thou must yield, and try the Sceptre's use—
Thy delicate hand must give these proud isles law,
And thy soft accents foreign nations awe.

Oh! I could feel for thee—sincerely feel!
And wish thou wert not callèd to such care,
But had some calm home where thou might'st reveal
The heart's affections to the quiet there!
Then—then indeed I might thee gratulate,
And say thou wert the very loved of fate!

But as it is, I cannot bid the rhyme
Sound high the promise of thy Regal lot:
For oh! such conduct would, methinks, be crime,
And as the pen would write my fears would blot!
The tendril's in such danger should the storm
Burst loud and savage on its fragile form!

And so, despite what flattery may say,
There, too, is danger on a nation's throne—
Danger to peace—to woman's sweeter sway—
To every bosom-bliss she'd call her own:
The reckless friend or jaundiced foe may rise,
And risk thy lustre in a people's eyes.

Still, let us hope the best, and wish thee well,
Thou Female Fatherless of Royal line!
Young, innocent, and girded by a spell
That, while it wins our likings, doth combine
These with the homage of our Patriot love,
That turns e'en now to thee, thou gentle-featured dove!"

Charles Knight, in his *Passages of a Working Life*, after describing the youthful Princess, as he saw her at Kensington, well added:—"I passed on and blessed her: and I thank God that I have lived to see the golden fruits of a mother's training."



FROM AN ETCHING BY THE QUEEN.

The Queen's Jubilee:

HOW SHALL WE KEEP IT?

BY THE EDITOR.



THE heart of England is just now centred, and even absorbed, in all that can be learnt and told of the story of the Queen's Life.

We are, of course, unable to find the needed space in *Home Words* to give a full or connected biography: although we shall not fail to present the record of the most eventful and interesting periods of the Queen's reign as fully as we can. But we feel that, in order to a truly adequate appreciation and celebration of the Jubilee, it is of great importance that *all* should possess at least a tolerably full and comprehensive *personal life of the Queen.* We know something of her noble, considerate, and sympathizing acts which have so endeared her to us, and which will cause it to be said of her in distant years, "She wrought her people lasting good": but we might know far more; and the more we know, the more thoroughly and intelligently shall we be able to keep the Jubilee.

Especially is it important that the loyalty of the new generation—English boys and girls—our future patriots—should find a stimulus at this great epoch. Never, indeed, has there been such an opportunity of winning and deepening attachment to the throne amongst the "Young Folk" of our land.

In order to utilize this opportunity, it has been suggested that a special effort should be made to place a copy of "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE" in the hands of *every Sunday Scholar in the land:* and we are glad to announce that by an arrangement for the issue of a very large edition, irrespective of publishing profit, this suggestion can now, without difficulty, be carried out.*

We believe if steps are taken *at once* by the Clergy and Superintendents to *show* a copy of the book to the scholars, and arrange for receiving weekly contributions from them to meet this reduced price, few would fail to bring the shilling. At any rate, some slight additional aid from local friends would secure the complete success of the effort.

The book thus, in part at least purchased, would prove a *lasting* Jubilee Memorial in every household. The Parents would read it as well as the Boys and Girls: and all would learn the better to appreciate the "thousand claims to reverence" which our Sovereign possesses as "Mother, Wife, and Queen."

We shall be glad to be able to report next month that the effort has commended itself to our readers.

A GOLDEN TRUTH.

IF there is one thing more than another upon which the happiness of the artisan class depends, it is upon having a cheerful home; and the more a man spent in securing that object, the richer and happier he would be.—*Lord Cross when Home Secretary of State.*

* The Proposal is to issue a special *Jubilee Shilling School Edition of* 50,000 copies of *The Queen's Resolve* (in the same form in which it is now sold at 2*s.* 6*d.*), to be supplied *exclusively* to the Clergy and School Superintendents, in quantities of *not less* than 50. All letters should be addressed to Mr. Charles Murray, Publisher, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.

A *single* Specimen copy of *The Queen's Resolve* (which is now in its twenty-fifth Thousand) will be sent to any Clergyman or Superintendent, on receipt of 1*s.* 3*d.* (half-price). It contains twelve chapters, with 27 fine Illustrations, and the binding is truly Royal.

The essential point is that orders should be sent as *early* as possible, as the effort requires the printing of **50,000** copies at one time, to lessen the cost of production. Since 50 copies, at least, would be sure to be wanted in any Sunday School, there could be no risk in ordering that number, and it will greatly help the publishing arrangements.

Prayer and Promise.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.



REMEMBER asking an old friend of mine who is now between seventy and eighty years of age, and who, I think, as far as I have been permitted to know Christian men, is mightier with God than almost any man I have met, "Do tell me the secret of your success in prayer."

He said, "I will tell you what it is. I say to myself, Is that which I am asking for *promised?* Is it according to the mind of God? If it is, I plant my foot upon it as upon a firm rock, and I never allow myself to doubt that my Father will give me according to my petition."

Now one of the most striking testimonies in the Bible is that in Genesis xviii. 19, where God says, "I know Abraham, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." I think that under every godly example set before us in Scripture there seems to lurk a command, "Go thou and do likewise:" and under every command I am quite sure there lurks a promise. God never mocks us when He commands us. If it is said to us who are parents that we are called to bring up our children in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," we may be quite sure that we shall have the grace needful for it if we ask for it.

I think we may learn a great deal from the directions of Moses to Israel, where he says, in Deuteronomy vi., "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." Thou shalt *love*, and thou shalt *teach*. Now, I do think, if the teaching of our children is to be successful teaching, it must spring from overflowing love. May not we who are parents have a double assurance in coming to the throne of grace, when we ask our Father in heaven to fill our hearts with love, in order that by His grace we may be permitted to draw our children to the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ? What a wonderful prayer that is of the Apostle, "The Lord direct your heart into *God's love and into Christ's patience*"—as the words ought to be rendered.

But perhaps you say, "Of course I love my children's souls." I do not think it is a matter of course at all. It certainly is not with the world. Is it even a matter of course with Christian parents that they love their children's souls as they ought to do? Tested by the choice of schools for them, by the choice of companionship, by the choice of society, by the choice of alliances as they grow up in life, by the choice of businesses and professions, is our first object with them that their souls may prosper?

Oh that God may fill our hearts with intense love for the souls of our children! What is God's promise? "I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thy offspring." The promises are to Abraham and his seed. "As many as are of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham." "The promise is unto you and to your children." Let us follow my old friend's example, and say, "Now I plant my foot on these promises as upon a firm rock, and I never allow myself to doubt that my Father will give me according to my petitions."

"Obtaining Promises."—"Let us ask Him together to *increase* our faith, so that we may *more* and *more* come under the beautiful description of those who 'through faith obtained promises.'"—*F. R. Havergal.*

Pictures at Home and Abroad.

BY A TRAVELLER.

II. THE MUMBLES LIGHTHOUSE, SWANSEA.

THE watering-place of Mumbles is near Swansea. Owing to coal and copper works, Swansea has driven away its visitors; and these now resort to Mumbles. The bay of Mumbles is "thought by many to bear a strong resemblance to that of Naples." We are not quite of this opinion: but the bay is certainly fine in outline and noble in sweep.

High on a rocky headland towers the beneficent lighthouse; and out of the wild waves rise the Mumble rocks. Hundreds of ships are sometimes weather-bound in the excellent roadstead, and ride there in safety, delighting the eye of the lover of shipping. Billows burst in foamy wrath against the lighthouse bastion; gulls whirl round the sea-surrounded rocks; torn flag and straining cordage wave from the shattered wreck, which tell us mournfully that not even a lighthouse can always prevent disaster in the long warfare between ship and sea.

A touching interest attaches to the Mumbles as the last dwelling-place of the sweet singer —"Frances Ridley Havergal."

In the autumn of 1878, after the breaking up of the Leamington home, the sisters made "a little nest" at the Mumbles their winter home. "F. R. H.," we are told in her sister's "Memorials," "thoroughly enjoyed the walks and scrambles on the cliffs; at low tide springing lightly over boulders to beds of seaweeds, and rocky pools bright with sea anemones, and then calling me to watch the white-crested waves 'the wind dashing them back like bridal veils.' Or, watching the vessels with all sails up entering the harbour, she would speak of the 'abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom.' Delighting in all knowledge, she studied the 'Nautical Almanack,' and at the top of the Mumbles lighthouse learnt all that the keeper could tell her."

It is needless to say that F. R. H. also taught the lighthouse keeper. Her lamp was always burning; her light was always shining. How clearly it shone to the end! We seem to see her even now gathering the men and boys on the village bank, winning their hearts by the attraction of her sunny brightness, that never seemed to fail; whilst she "allured them to brighter worlds, and led the way." Even to the last, in failing strength, she went with her Bible and her Temperance book to meet her waiting friends; and the chill which issued in her death seized her when engaged in this mission of love. "They are such affectionate people, these poor Welsh," she writes. It was simply her own affection that kindled theirs. The boys were ready to do anything for her. "One of them remembers that Miss Frances told him, 'I had better leave the dark side and get on the safe side; that Jesus Christ's was the winning side: that He loved us and was calling us, and wouldn't I choose Him for my Captain?'"

Yes! it was true of F. R. H. at the Mumbles, and wherever she was,—her path was that of "the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Light out of Darkness:

A LIGHTHOUSE LESSON.

A LONELY woman climbed the stair
That steeply reached the lighthouse tower;
She lit the great lamp swinging there,
While slowly died the sunset hour.
Across the sea she sadly gazed:
The quiet town far-off she saw—
The ships for which the great light blazed,
That they might safely come to shore.

"Ah, happy hearts that sail the seas,
To happy homes within the town:
To you comes light and love and ease—
On me life's shadows darken down."
Yet if her weary hands had failed
To keep the light, through loss and lack,
Perhaps of all the ships that sailed
Not one had brought its sailors back!

C. B. LEROW.



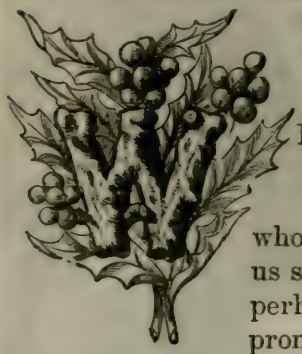
MUMBLES ROCKS AND LIGHTHOUSE, NEAR SWANSEA.

Old Times.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE;" EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"WHEN WE WERE YOUNG."—THE OPENING CENTURY.—WORK AND WAGES.—MANNERS AND MORALS.—SPORTS.—SANITARY NEGLECT.—THRIFT AND ECONOMY.



"WHEN we were young" is a very favourite expression with those who are getting—well, let us say, "on in life." And perhaps most of us are prone to forget, as we remember the "old times," that "distance lends enchantment to the view"; and so we see the bright points, and forget some of the dark ones.

History is always interesting; but too often historians occupy themselves with the doings of the few rather than with the lives of the many. We have the warlike and political side of history rather than the record of "the victories of peace," the progress of knowledge, and the politics of home. We intend, in this Jubilee Year of our good Queen's reign, to give a few historic pictures of "Old Times," in which we shall try to avoid this mistake, and just put upon our canvas some of the events and scenes and circumstances which have characterized the general social life of the nation in the days gone by.

Our good friend Thomas Cooper, in his "Thoughts at Fourscore" (Hodder and Stoughton), has so admirably told us of the changes he has personally witnessed and experienced "in this dear Old England," during his eventful lifetime, that we shall in this chapter mainly give his picture of the past.

England, as the nineteenth century dawned, was undoubtedly arousing herself to mighty effort and enterprise. Religiously it was so. The great missionary movement at home and abroad was starting into life. Commercially it was so. And although the country was soon in the very heart of her great death-struggle with France, she was striding on towards increasing wealth. The men of the West Riding were amassing riches by laying down miles of rough paving as bridle roads over the wild moors, for carriage of their woollen cloths to distant markets on heavily laden pack-horses. And soon the formation of canals, originated by the genius of Brindley, opened the way to wealth for almost every kind of industry and manufacture. In spite of that huge, prolonged war, which hung the millstone of eight hundred millions of national debt round the sturdy neck of John Bull—John grew rich.

But we will let Mr. Cooper tell his story in his own words, and we are sure our working friends who "know the man and his communication" will admit that he tries to hold the scales evenly, and if he hits us hard in some respects he does it as a friend.

"In the beginning of the present century," Mr. Cooper says, "wages were good in almost every branch and kind of work. There was want—pinching want—among the feeble-bodied poor, and among the aged, often, as there is now. But many of the prosperous merchants and gentry took a pride in being kindly to the poor; and the grateful respect in which such benefactors of the needy were held was unlike any grudging observances of thanks that we ever witness nowadays.

"The manners and morals of the working class—I affirm it on my conscience, and in the teeth of all the boast of our advanced civilization—were better, in England, in the early part of this century than they are now. The hearty regard of man towards man was greater; there was greater frankness and openness of dealing one with another; far less selfishness and less forgetfulness that all men are brothers; a more spontaneous readiness to help one another in difficulty; a more complete and entire forgiveness of one another if they happened to quarrel—as they often did—in their drink. A child of the poor, and living among them always, my impressible nature received the stamp of all that was said and done around me so unerringly that I am sure I am not mistaken. 'They were ruder in manners,' some critic will suggest. But he that says so, like many other critics, has not read the book. How many working men cultivate manners nowadays? Ask them, and you will receive a smile of derision for your answer. I must confess I would much rather

witness the shy and simple courtesies of the poor in the old times than the impudence that often takes the name of independence among them now.

"'But they indulged in brutal sports, sir.' Ay, the bull-running at Stamford occurred once a year; and now and then a wandering foreigner was coaxed to let his bear be baited by bull-dogs; and there was cock-fighting here and there, and badger-baiting—but that was seldom; while Staffordshire and Lancashire bred savage bull-dogs, and set them to fight. But let not the poor of old times be falsely charged with *all* the brutality of the old sports. Let it be remembered that not only the middle classes of the past, but the gentry and squirearchy, and many of the privileged classes, were undisguised patrons and encouragers of these brutal sports. So that the working classes of old were no worse than those above them.

"The commoner sports of labourers and handicraftsmen seventy years ago were of a less boisterous description. They sought merriment chiefly. You hear now and then of a prize-fight, but it was a deed of the professionals, and, too often, under the patronage of aristocracy. Wrestling was the great delight among strong husbandmen, and the talk about their prowess often lasted for weeks.

"The sight of a little lad running in the snow without his shoes, for sport, has suddenly sent me back to the time when I was a shoeless little lad, and the street afforded me great plenty of companions in the same condition. Shoeless children, ragged children, hatless children: how numerous they were in the streets of our towns, large and small, in the early part of the present century! But there was a worse sight than that of shoeless children. What were called 'pock-marked' children, I mean faces pitted with the small-pox, were so numerous, both of upgrown persons and children—ay, both of 'gentle and simple'—that, I am sure, they were more numerous seventy years ago than any other faces seen in the street. The drains were all open in the streets, and the cesspools were all open in the alleys and yards. Who can wonder at the spread of disease in those years?

"'And what were the habits of the working classes,' asks some one, 'as regards thrift and economy?' I am sure they were far superior to the habits of the working classes now. And I feel sure that they had derived their habits from their forefathers—for they lacked good instructors in the times I am thinking of. Their forefathers, it was their frequent custom to relate, were a prudent and careful race: in old times, they said, it was a rule among farmers' servants for a man to save a score or two of good 'spade-aces' at least—and for a woman to have purchased an outfit of good sheets and blankets, and other household necessaries, before lovers thought of marrying. To plunge into a married life in sheer poverty was an act of madness, they said, and the couple that did it deserved to be set in the stocks and pelted with rotten eggs—or, as some severe people said, to be whipped through the streets.

"Good lack! when I think of the stern way in which the improvidence of 'beggars' marriages,' as they were called, was denounced by the poor when I was young, and of the reckless way in which I have seen hundreds of penniless *boys and girls* rush to church or chapel, to be tied together for life—in after years—I almost wonder whether this old earth has not suffered some inexplicable shock, and taken to revolving the wrong way on her axis!"

(*To be continued*)

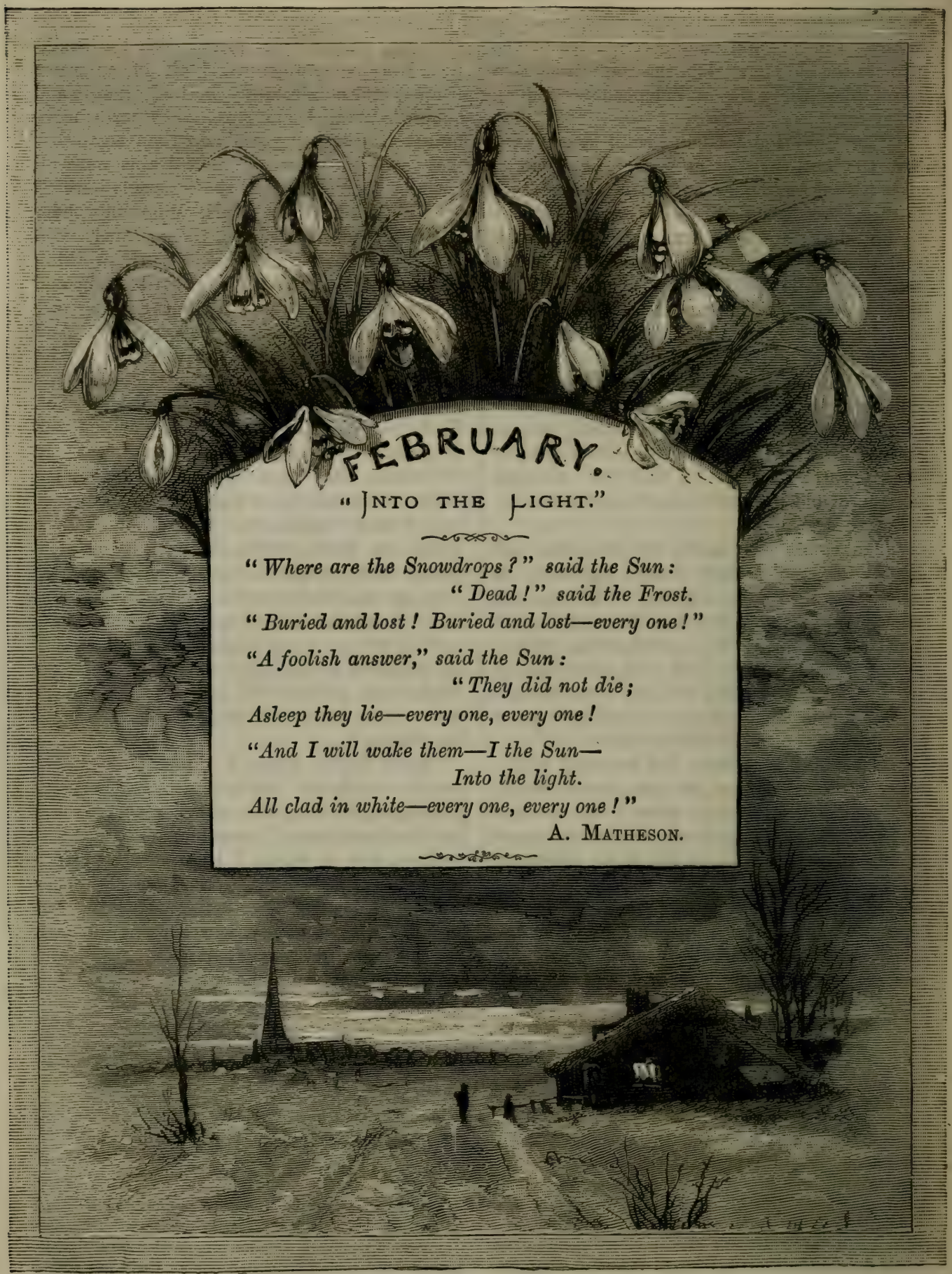
Royal Anecdotes.

"A FINE LEDDIE."

A GENTLEMAN who lived near Edinburgh said to his servant on the evening of the Queen's first visit to the city, "Well, John, did you see the Queen?" "Troth did I that, sir." "Well, what did you think of her, John?" "Troth, sir, I was terrible feared afore she came forrit—my heart was amaist in my mouth; but when she did come forrit, I wasna feared at a'; I jist looked at her, an' she lookit at me, an' she bowed her heid to me, an' I bowed my heid to her. She's a raal fine leddie, wi' fient a bit o' pride aboot her at a'."

"V. R."

A RIGHT merry quibble was once perpetrated by Lord Albemarle, who, on Her Majesty's saying, "I wonder if my good people of London are as glad to see me as I am to see them?" pointed out as their immediate Cockney answer to the quibble, "V. R."—"*We are.*"



FEBRUARY.

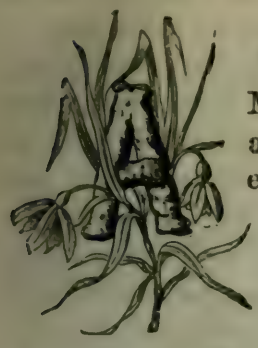
"INTO THE LIGHT."

"Where are the Snowdrops?" said the Sun:
"Dead!" said the Frost.
"Buried and lost! Buried and lost—every one!"
"A foolish answer," said the Sun:
"They did not die;
Asleep they lie—every one, every one!
"And I will wake them—I the Sun—
Into the light.
All clad in white—every one, every one!"

A. MATHESON.

Marriage Certificates.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE OILED FEATHER," ETC.



MARRIAGE certificate is a little document which every young woman who becomes a wife should possess herself of, at the time of her marriage. It may save her a world of trouble if she gets it then: no end of hunting for it hereafter, of sending for it from long distances, of expense for searching, and so forth.

And indeed, for the matter of that, a man would sometimes be the better for having it too: there is no knowing when it may be useful to himself, or his children.

The marriage certificate, or "marriage lines" as it is called, ought to be one of the most precious of a woman's treasures. It should be a certificate of the fulfilment of many hopes; and, as years roll on, whenever it turns up to view, a wife should say, "It was a blessed day when you came into my possession."

Most women have it in their own power to make the contemplation of their marriage certificate one of pleasure. If a woman thinks this is a certificate that Tom Jones or James Smith is her own, and consequently she may treat him as she likes, and acts accordingly, the "marriage lines" will soon become anything but pleasant reading.

And in truth some poor men are victims of this treatment. The Irishman who was asked for his marriage certificate, and pointed to his plastered head, was one of these. No other woman would have struck him; but his wife thought she had a right to do what she liked with her own. Shure wasn't Mikey her own lawful husband! and hadn't she the marriage lines safe in her drawer,—and hadn't she a right to give him a clip on the head if she liked?

No doubt husbands in like manner, in some (in too many) sad instances think and act in this way; but from whichever side there comes this abuse of the "marriage lines," it brings misery with it.

A man belongs to a woman, to be specially and peculiarly loved and honoured by her. She may and should feel that he is her very own; she may and should rejoice in it: it is a right feeling to think she has him all to herself. But then how much the more precious should he be to her on that account! her love should make her all the more chary of him: he ought to be the object of her thought, and care, and effort.

And assuredly a man may bear about with him in daily life his marriage certificate; even as our poor friend the Irishman is carrying his on his broken head.

I call that neat patch—so neat that you can hardly detect it, and it was Mrs. Westrop's pride to make it so—a marriage certificate. It says, "Edward Westrop is a married man: witness this patch, and the way it is put on." It does not say,—

"Edward Westrop, of the parish of St. Magnus, London, bachelor, aged 24, and Mary Brian, of the parish of St. Pancras, spinster, aged 21, were married in this church, after banns, by me,

"JOHN JACOB, M.A., Curate.

"Witness { JAMES JONES. / MARY SILK."

There is no need of people's knowing all that; enough for them to look at that patch: it was a wife's loving hand that put it there. And so I call that cheerfulness of step and eye, as he turns towards home, another line of the certificate; and the honest, sturdy look of determination to do a day's work for hearth and wife, as he leaves his door in the morning, another.

And then, as the woman has it all down on the certificate that the man belongs to her, so should the man remember that it implies that she belongs to him. Yes: for him, and him alone, can she live henceforth. Well, what kind of man is

he who owns a woman,—all his own, all to himself, and who has a certificate thereof,—who makes nothing out of that fact?

I say to such a man, "Go and read your 'marriage lines:' I think it would do you a great deal of good to look them over once a month or so, until you had it really riveted into your mind that you have a wife.

"So you were married one fine morning at —— church: and what did you do that for? Why, not only to have the woman you married a wife to you, but to be a husband to her. Remember she has cut herself off from others for your sake: you owe as much to her as she owes to you.

"That marriage certificate is a bill. Come now, pay up like a man: give your wife all that love claims for her. You see that certificate bears her maiden name for the last time: she resigned father and mother and home, and all for you.

"Don't let her ever say, or even think, 'I wish I had kept that name:' such a thought would be treason against matrimony,—as it is rightly called, 'the holy estate of matrimony.'

"Don't be driving the good woman to rummage out that bit of paper to know whether she is married or not, or whether the whole thing is not a dream.

"Don't let her say, 'I don't see that John is even as attentive or civil as other men.'

"No, no: keep giving her certificates every day! Let her feel that no one can bring the smile to your lip, or the light to your eye, as she can; let her see that you like to look at no one so well as at her,—that the best you can get is for her,—that as far as this world goes, you can't do at all without her.

"And have a common home above, as well as on earth. Be one in the hope of the blessed life: be helpful to each other on the way thitherward. Let it be well for you both that you met,—a blessed day when the minister drew out your marriage certificate."

We hope it will never be with any of our readers as with the individual mentioned below.

A very Expensive Wife.—The following letter was recently received by a Newcastle clergyman, in acknowledgment of a certificate of marriage he had furnished:—

"Rev. Sir,—I Receved the date of my marrige by you, for which I feel obleeged. And I am happy to say that my Wife is turned out And been a good one. But bless me Sir, 7*s.* 6*d.* when we were marred, And 3*s.* 6*d.* now to know the date of it, making hur Rarther an Expencif one.

"I remain your obedent Servant,

"H. B."

England's Church.

II. LIGHT ON CHURCH MATTERS.

NONCONFORMIST TESTIMONY TO THE VALUE OF OUR CHURCH.

"The Church of England to him was the shrine and home of spiritual and ecclesiastical freedom. They might laugh at him if they would, but he said none of the sects were free, and amongst most Dissenting communities the ministers were too dependent upon their deacons for them to dare to be independent. From whence came our best books? From whence did we obtain the books which stirred, which taught—the books of criticism and exegesis—the books of the scholar, the poet, and the historian? Did they not come from the Church of England? And where could a man stand so well as in a Church of England pulpit and say that which he dared to think and feel without the necessity of being challenged, as soon as he got into the vestry, by some arrogant and ignorant deacon?"—*The late Rev. E. Paxton Hood* (Congregationalist).

OUR CHURCH AND THE POOR.

Some very interesting statistics as to the position and work, both of the Church and of Nonconformity, in the diocese of Bath and Wells have been collected by a clergyman of that diocese. They bring to light the fact that out of 520 parishes in the diocese there are 195 which have no public religious worship and instruction except that provided by the Church. As might be expected, these 195 parishes are among the small ones in the county. A very few, we are told, number a population of under 100; a very few, again, number a population of over 400; all the rest vary between 100 and 400. They are also found to be—(1) among the most secluded; (2) among the poorest. These two facts speak for themselves, and demonstrate with an eloquence of their own the value—(1) of the parochial system; (2) of an endowed Church.—*National Church, May*, 1886.

Homely Talks on Homely Topics.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "MORE THAN CONQUERORS," "A LADY OF PROPERTY," ETC., HON. EDITORIAL SEC. OF THE C.E.T.S.

II. "FOR THE HUSBAND'S SAKE."

"OH, sir, let him off this time; for he's the best of men when he keeps clear of the drink!" Such is the entreaty to which the magistrates have to listen scores of times during the year. Very often the women who make it stand in the open court bandaged and bruised, bearing the marks of kicks and blows given them by the "best of men" when under the influence of drink.

Of course, in some instances, the women lean a great deal to mercy's side when they describe their husbands as the "best of men"; but there can be no doubt—and I have the authority of one of the most experienced of the metropolitan stipendiaries for the assertion—that in many instances the men brought up for wife-beating are indeed kind-hearted and home-loving creatures at bottom. Their very good nature makes drink an increasing peril to them; so that when they *do* yield to the temptation, they go to such lengths that they literally "know not what they do."

The wives of course greatly desire that their husbands should become abstainers; but more than once in my experience I have found them strangely unwilling to help them to make the good resolve.

"Oh, what a difference it would make if my John signed the pledge!" said a wearied wife to me the other day.

"Well," I replied, "we will try to win him to *our* side; for of course *you* are an abstainer."

"Me an abstainer! Why, dear heart alive! the little thimbleful which I take on washing-days would do you all the good in the world."

I felt constrained to tell the good woman that I had little hope of making much headway with her husband if she was not able at once to sacrifice the "little thimbleful" for his sake. And after a few hours' reflection, she happily came to see that in this matter of temperance, as well as in other affairs, "two cannot walk together unless they be agreed."

If this should meet the eye of any anxious wife who believes in her heart that it would make a real difference in the home if her John signed the pledge, I hope she will first of all take it herself. The best of men don't like to be *driven*: and even the worst of them can be *led* by the gracious, tender example—"just for his sake"—of a loving wife.

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADES.

III. My first is never at home;
My second is often broken through;
My whole is obliged to leave home.
M. S. G.

IV. A title common both to queen and dame;
Alike from left to right I read the same.

V. I'm a creature most useful, most active, most known
Of thousands who daily perambulate town.
Take from me one letter, yet still you will see
I'm the same that I was, quite the same to a T.
Take two letters from me, take three, or take more,
And still I remain just the same as before.

CONUNDRUMS.

16. To what eye is everything invisible?

17. Why is a beehive like a spectator?

18. Which is the hardest key to turn?

19. What is that from which, if the whole be taken, some will yet remain?

20. What is that of which there are only two in every year, and yet there are two in every day, and one in every week?

21. Why does a coal barge weigh less than an empty sack?

22. When are secrets like the sails of a ship?

23. Why is conscience like the check-string of a carriage?

ANSWERS. (See JAN. No., p. 21.)

CHARADES.

I. A hole.

II. Pen-man-ship.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because it is impossible for them to lie *long*.
2. Heat; because you may catch cold.
3. A bald head.
4. Half-penny.
5. Berks (Barks).
6. When it cannot bear you.
7. Because when at sea he is a board, and when on land he is a shore.
8. The road.
9. Because even when boiled he is deeply red (read).
10. Breath.
11. One longs to eat, and the other eats too long.
12. When it seats itself in a saddle (of mutton), or cuts along through Turkey and Greece (grease).
13. When he is a shaving; and when he is a great deal board (bored).
14. Because the train always runs over sleepers.
15. Your name.



SOMEBODY'S PET: AN ARTIST'S PLEA FOR A "ROBIN DINNER."

The Young Folks' Page.

IV. "SOMEBODY'S PET."

AN ARTIST'S PLEA FOR A "ROBIN DINNER."

AND a very good plea, too! "Somebody's Pet" is clearly in evil case. He is evidently at his wits' end which way to go. Exactly true of tens of thousands of *human* "Robins," when morning brings hunger—and no breakfast! Who would not lend a helping hand to "Rover" in his wanderings? and who would not help with heart and hand to provide a "Robin Dinner" for hungry *human* "Robins"? One thing is sure, if Rover is "somebody's pet," each little hungry lad or lass is "remembered" before God:—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Home Words readers have certainly been doing noble things this Christmastide. Rich and poor, old and young, have sent their offerings; and we believe the London fund for Robin Dinners this year will not fall far short of £1,000. All the acknowledgments have been given in *The Fireside News*, and full reports of the Dinners are still appearing.

Very pathetic are some of the facts these "Robin" dinners have revealed of the bravery, the generosity, and the affection of the poor little waifs towards one another.

At the Mile End New Town dinner one little lad was observed to be sobbing piteously. "Why, Tommy," asked one of the older guests, "whatever is the matter?" Amid many tears, Tommy managed to reply, "Please, sir, Bobby's lawst his ticket." "Well, what of that?" "Please sir, he's shet outside." And not until Bobby was brought in and seated beside his elder brother could Tommy do any justice to, or find any pleasure in, the good things provided.

Down in the New Cut, before the doors of the "Royal Victoria Coffee Music Hall," the crowd of children holding tickets was so great that it required three policemen to keep order before the proceedings commenced. Yet, in spite of the rush for admission, one of the best places was secured by a poor, deformed little cripple, who could only move with exceeding difficulty. On each side of him stood strong, healthy boys, who were protecting him from any crushing or jostling. Inquiries elicited from him the fact—"They carried me in, sir, 'cos I can't put my foot to the ground. I've been in the 'orspital four months, and I'm very weak in the ankles." Further conversation gained the information that he had been thus afflicted for nine years, and that the ambition of his life was to be moved to the country; pending which prospect of an earthly paradise, his delight was to be carried into the churchyard of St. John's, Waterloo Road, "where there's trees and flowers which is very nice; but," he concluded by asking, "it ain't quite like the country, is it, sir?"

At Spitalfields, too, occurred a striking incident. When the room was quite full, three big boys appeared at the door, with another tiny one. It was impossible to find places for the additional party, and very reluctantly the Rector—Mr. Billing—had to tell them so. But for themselves the big boys were comparatively indifferent, and in beseeching tones they said, "Please, sir, *he*'s got no father and no mother,"—a plea that could not be resisted, and a corner was found for the hungry little orphan. As the others went away they were heard to say to some companions in the street, "Ah! we got *him* in, *we* got him in!"

But we are sure we have written enough to make our generous readers feel that they have been doing a Christ-like deed in remembering at Christmas-time "Somebody's Pets."

"Each kindness shown to *birds* or men,
Is sure to flutter back again."

V. "SING ME A BAIRNIE'S HYMN."

The words of Dr. Guthrie during his last illness.

By the Rev. Canon BURBIDGE, M.A., Liverpool.

"SING me a bairnie's hymn:"
I love the simple strain;
It bears me to the past,
And I'm a child again.
I stand at mother's knee,
Where I have often sung
The words, the tune, the very same,
In days when I was young.

"Sing me a bairnie's hymn:"
No sound so sweet to me;
Chords by a master's hand
Not half so sweet could be.
As if from golden harps,
The notes come on the breeze;
And none of earth's gay songs
Could touch my heart like these.

"Sing me a bairnie's hymn."
An old man asks no more;
It brings me back dear friends,
"Not lost, but gone before."
It lifts me to the choir
In yon bright Home above;
There let me be a child again
In lowliness and love.

The Bible Mine Searched.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. TO what does Solomon compare the laughter of foolish people?
2. What parable of our Lord does St. Mark alone mention, illustrating the gradual growth of truth in the heart?
3. Who is the first of the African race mentioned as believing in the true God?
4. What special title does the prophet Isaiah apply to God? and how often?
5. What city is called "The city of palm trees"?
6. Give a passage from the Book of Proverbs which describes the lion as the king of beasts.
7. Give the name of a Jew who became chief minister of a great foreign nation.
8. Where do we find the expression, "I am become like a bottle in the smoke"? What is understood by it?

ANSWERS (See DEC. No., p. 283).

1. Cracknels: 1 Kings xiv. 3.
2. Stephen and Ananias: Acts vii. 52, 59; xxii. 12, 14.
3. Job: Job ix. 1, 2.
4. Job xiii. 15: Hab. iii. 17, 18.
5. Deut. xi. 16, 17: 1 John v. 14, 15.
6. Phil. iii. 9.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

Early Prayer: Evening.

By the Editor.

HEAVENLY Father! the day is gone, and I would not forget how many Thy mercies have been. Not more than others I deserve, yet Thou hast given me more.

I have had all my wants supplied. I have had food enough and to spare, while some are very poor. I have had clothing, while some are ragged and cold: a happy home, while many have scarcely a place where they may lay their head: kind parents, while others are fatherless or motherless orphans. I have the Bible too, and can read its sweet Story of Peace, while others have never seen or heard of that Blessed Book.

What shall I render to the Lord for all His gifts to me? Oh, help me, gracious Lord, to give Thee my heart. I know it is a sinful heart: but Thou hast asked me for it: and Thou canst make it a holy heart. Let all my sins be forgiven, since Jesus died to put away sin. Write Thy new Name upon my heart, Thy new, best Name of Love.

Keep all I love in safety through the night; and let our first waking thoughts be of Thy goodness to us, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

A Child in Heart.

(For Morning Prayer.)

BLEST Saviour, let me be a child,
A happy child of Thine:
Thou hast on youthful spirits smiled,
Oh, kindly smile on mine.

Make me a child in simple ways,
In heart more simple still;
Believing all the Father says,
And doing all His will.

Give me a nature pure and true,
My evil one control;
And day by day by grace renew
The childhood of my soul.

May this sweet spirit ne'er depart
'Midst all my joys and cares;
And may I be a child in heart,
E'en when a man in years.

A. J. Morris.

The glorious Gospel of the Blessed God.
1 Tim. i. 11.

"THOU THAT TAKEST AWAY THE SIN."

"God commendeth His love toward us."—Rom. v. 8.

1	Tu	Behold the Lamb of God. St. John i. 29.
2	W	Purification of B. V. M. *Who offered Himself without spot.* Heb. ix. 14. [Isa. liii. 4.
3	Th	Surely He hath . . . carried our sorrows.
4	F	He was bruised for our iniquities. Isa. liii. 5.
5	S	A fountain opened . . . for sin. Zech. xiii. 1.
6	S	**Septuages. S.** *God Himself shall be with them.*
7	M	The greatness of Thy mercy. Num. xiv. 19.
8	Tu	As Thou hast forgiven even until now. Num.
9	W	I have pardoned. Num. xiv. 20. [xiv. 19.
10	Th	Once hath He appeared to put away sin.
11	F	While we were yet sinners Christ died for us.
12	S	Let not sin . . . reign in your mortal body.
13	S	**Sexagesima S.** *I heard Thy voice, and was afraid.* Gen. iii. 10. [your God. Isa. lix. 2.
14	M	Iniquities have separated between you and
15	Tu	Only acknowledge thine iniquity. Jer. iii. 13.
16	W	The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity.
17	Th	If iniquity be in thine hand, put it far away.
18	F	If thou stretch out thine hand towards Him.
19	S	If thou prepare thine heart. Job xi. 13.
20	S	**Quinquages. S.** *Then shalt thou be steadfast.*
21	M	Then shalt thou lift up thy face. Job xi. 15.
22	Tu	Be not afraid, only believe. St. Mark v. 36.
23	W	Ash Wed. *I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord.* Ps. xxxii. 5. [Ps. xxxii. 5.
24	Th	St. Matthias. *Mine iniquity have I not hid.*
25	F	I have blotted out thy transgressions.
26	S	Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?
27	S	**1st S. in Lent.** *I will fear no evil.* Ps. xxiii. 4. [1 John iv. 18.
28	M	He that feareth is not made perfect in love.

Sun.—1st day. Moon.—Full, 8th, M. 10.14.
Rises 7.41. Sets 4.48. ,, New, 22nd, A. 9.40.

9. Bishop Hooper was martyred, 1555.
10. The Queen's marriage took place, 1840.
18. Martin Luther died, 1546.
18. General Gordon arrived at Khartoum, and was welcomed by the people, 1884.
18. George Peabody, Philanthropist, born, 1795.

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THE LATE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH, G.C.B.

"He was never tired of listening to the simple story of the love of God, as shown in the life of Christ."—*The Hon. and Rev. J. Northcote* (*see Page* 53).

Drawn from Life.

AS·FOR·ME & MY·HOUSE WE·WILL·SERVE THE·LORD.

HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Earl of Iddesleigh:
THE PATRIOT STATESMAN.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE," ETC.

ENGLAND may well be proud of her patriot statesmen: and foremost amongst them will ever stand the name of Stafford Henry Northcote, Earl of Iddesleigh.

"There might be," said Dean Vaughan, at the Temple, "here and there in political life a man of more conspicuous gifts, here and there a man of more commanding powers: but I do not suppose that there was a better man engaged in the prominent service of his country—a man more mindful of duty, a man more resolute to refuse the evil and choose the good in the daily alternatives presented by a career trying the very hearts and reins."

The Earl of Iddesleigh was born in London in 1818. He came of an ancient Devonshire family. For generations the name of Northcote has been held in the greatest esteem in the West of England. He was educated at Eton and Oxford: and in 1839, when barely twenty-one years of age, he gained high distinction in classics and mathematics.

He was called to the bar in 1847, and became Legal Secretary to the Board of Trade in the same year. In 1851 he succeeded to the baronetcy; and as one of the secretaries of the Great Exhibition rendered signal service to the Prince Consort.

In 1855 he entered Parliament as member for Dudley. From 1858 to 1866 he represented Stamford. In 1866 he became member for his native constituency of North Devon, and this connection continued till he was raised to the peerage as Earl of Iddesleigh in 1885. The Government offices he held in succession included the Presidency of the Board of Trade, Secretary of State for India, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Leader of the House of Commons, First Lord of the Treasury, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

It is needless to refer to the political changes which led to his retirement from the Ministry; but there is little doubt that a sense of failing health largely influenced him. He came up to London on Tuesday, January 11, for an interview with Lord Salisbury, and also to speak at the Mansion

House Imperial Institute meeting. To all appearance he was quite as well as usual on the Wednesday morning, and said he had had a good night's rest. When sitting down to breakfast he remarked, with evident satisfaction, "I shall leave *no arrears*, which is more than every one can say who resigns office." More despatches meanwhile arrived, and again, with the conscientious laboriousness that ever characterized him, he, after breakfast, applied himself again to business.

Soon after two o'clock Lord Iddesleigh arrived at the Foreign Office. Just before leaving, he saw Sir James Fergusson, with whom he had an animated discussion lasting several minutes. In the course of this conversation he spoke freely about his retirement from office, and assured Sir James that he hoped still to be able to render service to the Ministry.

Soon before three o'clock he reached Downing Street, where he was to meet Lord Salisbury. It is supposed that exposure to the cold weather had affected the heart (which had for some years been affected), and he ascended the stairs with difficulty. He sank into a chair in an anteroom, became unconscious, and in a few minutes, in the presence of Lord Salisbury and a medical man, who had been quickly summoned, he expired.

His sudden death sent a thrill through England. One universal feeling of sympathy, regret, and high appreciation of his noble, patriotic career pervaded all classes. The service held in Westminster Abbey at the hour of the funeral presented a rare spectacle of national mourning: whilst at Upton Pyne, the tributes of affection and regard were innumerable. Among the wreaths, which numbered about three hundred and fifty, one from the Queen had attached to it a card, bearing, in her own handwriting, the words :—

"A mark of affectionate respect and sincere friendship from VICTORIA R. and I."

Another wreath bore the touching inscription, "From the children of Upton Pyne School, who sincerely mourn the loss of him who loved them." A wreath of primroses was sent by Nellie Hooper, the Plymouth flower girl. A small box of primroses arrived by post without name, bearing the words, "A humble offering, with deepest sympathy." There were also wreaths from the Exeter post office telegraph staff, and the servants at the Great Western and South Western Railway stations. One wreath was sent from "Three Sorrowing Sisters," with a card bearing the following: "In grateful remembrance of one who, although occupied with the affairs of the empire, on more than one occasion showed the most prompt and courteous tenderness to the small affairs of three sorrowing sisters."

The public estimation of Lord Iddesleigh's character and services have been expressed in the strongest terms. The *Times*—to give but one testimony—speaks of him as "a man of great capacity well employed, of great opportunities patriotically used, of unfailing courtesy, and of rare self-sacrifice."

Some have thought that his serenity of mind, heart, and temper, rather lessened his fitness for the decisive action of leadership; but there can be no doubt that this "gentleness" was rather a main element of his true "greatness" (Ps. xviii. 35). As Lord Carnarvon has said: "Though eminently cautious, he almost always took the broad and bold view of a question." The truth is, the gentlest words of some men, whose lives, like the "lightning," flash conviction, are far more forceful than other words which "thunder." Lord Iddesleigh spoke with weight, because he was known to mean just what he said. He was, as a politician, upright and downright both in and out of Parliament.

The literary gifts of Lord Iddesleigh were also considerable. He possessed a remarkably retentive memory, and his general information on almost all topics made him a delightful social companion. Lord Carnarvon says:—"His love of literature was great; and in conversation he not only drew from the stores of an exact memory

and a cultured mind, but he was rich in the sense of humour. He was in truth one of those who, though he had dedicated himself to hard work, retained to the very end his mental freshness, always ready to cheer his friends with his genial intercourse as well as to aid them with his wise counsel."

But above all, and before all else, Lord Iddesleigh was a God-fearing man, actuated in whatever he did and undertook by the high sense of duty and of his responsibility for the performance of it. He took a deep interest in Missionary and Sunday-school work, and during his relief from public duties frequently helped forward the work of young men's Societies and kindred Institutions.

The Bishop of Exeter, preaching in the church of Upton Pyne, where, only on the Sunday before his death, he had, in accordance with his custom when at home, read the lessons, said:—"On the last night of the old year he remarked to me, 'What I should like best is to cast off the trammels of office, and devote the remainder of my life to the teaching of my grandchildren.' But it was not the will of God. He toiled to the end; he died in his country's service; he delivered up his seals to no earthly sovereign; he gave in his account to the King of kings. After he had 'served his own generation by the will of God—he fell on sleep.' No syllable should be added to that memorial. Such lives do not die. They are the seed sown in the furrows of time: for they produce themselves from age to age; and in serving his own generation by the will of God our brother has served generations yet unborn."

As indicating Lord Iddesleigh's interest in Christian work, the Bishop added:—"Only last Monday I had a quarter of an hour with him, in which he was speaking with the deepest interest of the present state of China and Japan, as opening to the everlasting Gospel."

But a more weighty testimony still—the *Home* testimony—has been given in a letter written by one of Lord Iddesleigh's sons, the Hon. and Rev. John Northcote, Rector of Upton Pyne, in which, referring to a kindly sketch of his father's life, which had been sent to him, he says:—

"His real goodness and simple faith made him the brother of all earnest people. And he felt that all who agreed with him in a hearty desire to serve God and in a true belief in Jesus our Saviour were fellow-labourers with him in God's vineyard. His faith was, indeed, extremely simple and wonderfully strong. We have all often been greatly struck by the simple way he would say, 'I must do this because it is right.' He loved his own Church most heartily, but with no bigotry. He felt that there should never be any feeling but one of brotherly love between true servants of our one Master. The chief thing he detested was hypocrisy, wherever he met with it. He was regular in his attendance at public worship, and used to read the lessons in church regularly. He was also most regular in reading family prayers at home."

Of his "gentle, loving spirit," Mr. Northcote says:—

"His power to forgive injuries was greater than any one can believe possible in a mere mortal man. And he never would allow his family to speak in anger of those who had done him wrong. His heart was very gentle, and when he was wronged he suffered most terribly, but suffering developed in him the true likeness to his Master, and made him more ready to forgive his enemies. He used not only to attend church, but he always entered most heartily into every part of the service. I never saw any man so completely devote himself to prayers and praise during service. He always joined in the responses and the singing, and I am sure that he did it in heart even more than by voice. The sermons he liked best were always the simplest, and he was never tired of listening to the simple story of the love of God as shown in the life of Christ."

Ready, aye Ready!

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW;" "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

A BRAVE DEED.



ANNIE WILMOT, passing quickly indoors at her father's bidding, did not catch the ominous words which had reached his ears. And believing that he wished her not to see the cause of the uproar, she went dutifully to the dining-room at the back, without one glance through a front window.

Mr. Wilmot, stepping out of his gate, had not quite resolved what to do. His immediate object was to take a glance, and then to beat a retreat. There would be time for this, he knew. It was not his intention to place himself recklessly in danger by meeting a mad dog in full career,—if the creature were really mad. He had his doubts on this head.

Once in the road, he cast two quick glances —first to right, then to left. Then, instead of retiring, as he might have done, he stood still. For on the right, running along the road straight towards him, was the dog, wearing every appearance of madness in the semi-exhausted stage: and on the left, about halfway between himself and the nearest cottage, were three little unconscious children, sitting by the roadside, never dreaming of danger.

If Mr. Wilmot could reach the little ones before the dog, that would be the utmost he might accomplish. And how, then, could he hope to save all three?

They were getting frightened, poor mites! The shouts had aroused them: and one small creature tottered to her feet; another, catching sight of the dog, set up a wail.

Mr. Wilmot was not looking at them now. He had walked to the middle of the road, and he stood there, facing the poor mad brute, quite calm and cool. Not the slightest sign of flurry or fear showed in his manner. The men behind redoubled their shouts, but this was of little use.

The dog drew near, came close, and snapped at the man in his path.

With one sharp swerve Mr. Wilmot avoided the bite. The next instant the dog was in his grasp, lifted off the ground, and held out at arm's length. It was a desperate feat. No man less powerfully made could have done the same. One hand griped firmly the back of the dog's neck, the other held its back, not far from the tail.

It was a fearful struggle,—but Mr. Wilmot did not yield. "Quick!" was the one word he uttered; and a butcher's man, rushing up with a sharp knife, put the creature to an instant death.

"Thanks," Mr. Wilmot said, as he dropped the dead body.

"Sir, I don't believe there's another man in the village would have dared do that!" the butcher's man exclaimed.

"I am bodily strong," said Mr. Wilmot. "Have the creature taken away at once, and buried deep. The less handling of it the better. Anybody been bitten?"

The men who had gathered hoped not. They had done their best to warn everybody, and to drive it out of the more frequented streets. But one young girl had had a narrow escape.

"Better see to those children; they are frightened," said Mr. Wilmot.

He did not go to them himself, as he would usually have done. One or two thought the severe struggle and exertion had been somewhat too much for "the Parson." He looked pale, as he nodded farewell, and went indoors.

Annie came to meet him. "Father, was anything the matter?"

"A mad dog, dear. The poor thing is killed now."

"And nobody hurt?"

"The men hoped not. One girl had a very narrow escape; but I did not hear particulars."

Annie shuddered. "How dreadful!" she said. "You didn't help to kill him, father? You didn't put yourself in any danger?"

"Not unnecessarily. The actual killing was done by the butcher's man. A happy thing that he was there. My dear, I have a little business to attend to in the town; but I shall not be gone long."

"Do ask if anybody is hurt, father."

"Yes, dear."

Mr. Wilmot gave her his usual smile, and entered the study, shutting the door. A different expression came over his face then. He lighted a light, and looked at his left wrist, just under the coat-sleeve.

Yes, he had *felt* the touch of a tooth there, in the instant's sharp scuffle, before he obtained command of the mad animal. It was hardly more than a short red scratch, just deep enough to have drawn blood. Nothing to look at; but Mr. Wilmot knew what it might portend!

He glanced at his watch. "The doctor will be in now. Better so; he will do it more thoroughly than I could myself."

Without a word to Annie he was gone. It was close upon ten o'clock when he reappeared.

"Not quite tired out, waiting for me, my child?" he asked cheerfully.

"Father, where have you been all this time?" asked Annie.

"I had a little business matter to attend to; and since then I have been to see a new family, just come to Littleburgh—the Dunns. The eldest girl had a most narrow escape to-day. She was saved by Mrs. Stuart's son."

"Young Stuart! How nice of him! Father, there have been several people here, asking after you. They all say you were so brave,—saving some poor little children. Was it true? Did you *really* catch up the dog by its neck and back, without letting it touch you? How could you? O father, it was frightfully dangerous!" and she hid her face on his shoulder.

"I am very strong, Annie. God has not given me my bodily strength for nothing."

"But if the creature had bitten you! Oh, father!"

"If so, my child, it would have come in the way of my duty."

"But, such a death!" and she shivered.

"All who are bitten do not die of hydrophobia, Annie dear. And even if that were to be the end, it would still be God's will. Heaven would be none the less fair for having reached it by a very fiery chariot. But come, I think we have talked long enough of this. It is time for prayers."

Annie clung to him still. "I can't help thinking!" she said. "It seems so frightful. If anybody *had* been bitten, father, how soon would he be safe?"

"The disease generally develops in a few days or weeks. It might even be as long as a year; but this is rare. Not longer, I believe."

"Then one would not feel sure till after a whole year! What a frightful year that would be! Oh, I *am* so glad nobody in Littleburgh has to look forward to it!"

"Time for prayers now, Annie;" and his clear-cut pleasant face, only a shade paler than usual, smiled down on her, "Will you ring the bell?"

Annie obeyed, and the servants filed in, looking rather excited with the stories they had been hearing. Mr. Wilmot read a psalm, in place of the usual portion, and in his prayer he offered up earnest thanks for the many lives spared that day.

Then Annie said good-bye, and went off to bed, and Mr. Wilmot moved into his study.

A change once more passed over his face—a change from calm cheerfulness to deep depression and weariness. He leant back in the easy chair, placed a hand over his eyes, and was silent.

The lamp burnt on by his side, and the house sank into profound stillness. All but himself had retired to rest.

Nearly an hour passed, and he had not stirred. The striking of the clock on the stairs aroused him. Eleven strokes, in slow musical succession.

Mr. Wilmot stood up, and went to the window. He drew aside one of the curtains, pulled up the blind, and gazed steadfastly at a starlit sky.

"If it is Thy will, O my Father!" he uttered aloud. "Thy will, not mine. If it be Thy will!—Father, I am ready."

A faint gleam passed over the upturned face.

"I would not choose for myself. Only fulfil Thy will in me,—glorify Thy Name. If Thou willest so to call me Home—I am Thy servant,—Thy child, Lord."

Then a pause, and the head was bowed.

"Willing in heart, yet the flesh is weak. I cannot trust myself. Willing to go with Thee to death; yet, for Christ's sake, if possible, let this cup pass from me—if possible!"

Again he lifted his face.

"Father, I commend myself—spirit, soul, and body—into Thy hands. I am Thine. I desire only to have Thy will wrought in me, through me. I dare not choose. I am ready, Father,

—ready, O my Lord and Master,—ready to do or bear Thy will, to know no will but Thine. I roll my burden upon Thee. Thou will comfort me."

And with a smile upon his pale lips he passed upstairs to his bedroom, there to fall peacefully asleep, and to dream of the "Everlasting Arms."

CHAPTER VI.

SUNDAY MORNING.

"You'd better! Sall, let that alone! What are you after, Will? Always teasing somebody. I never did see such children for quarrelling and mischief. Have done!"

Mrs. Gardiner dragged two struggling children apart, and shook them by turns.

"Plaguing one another, and making baby cry! Now you'll just keep quiet and hold your tongue, or you'll get it again."

This was the way in which Sunday morning began at Rose Cottage.

John Gardiner had not left his bed yet; nor had Bess, the elder girl, who earned enough in the factory to clothe herself and pay for her board, and who counted herself at sixteen quite an independent young woman, free from control. Jem, Sally, and Will ought to have been now starting for the Sunday-school; but dressing was barely accomplished, and breakfast had not yet been thought of. Little Tom and the baby were in night-dresses still; and Mrs. Gardiner hurried to and fro distractedly.

"Well, it's no good driving and scurrying," she said at length. "I shall just keep you all at home to-day."

Sally and Will set up a shout of approval; and Jem only remarked, "We shan't get tickets for the school-feast."

"If you like to eat a bit of bread quick, and have some milk and be off, I'm sure *I* don't care," said Mrs. Gardiner.

And this was the saddest part of the matter, that neither parents nor children cared. Even the thought of the school-feast did not decide Jem to follow out his mother's suggestion.

With the coming of Sunday morning there came, in the Gardiner household, no loving thoughts of the great Father in heaven; no wish to worship at the footstool of the King; no desire to ask pardon of that gentle Redeemer who had shed His Blood for them; no remembrance of the Holy Spirit, who is promised as a Divine Gift to every one that will earnestly ask.

There was nothing of all this. John was only pleased to lie lazily in bed the whole morning; and Betsy's thoughts were on the smoking hot dinner which had to be provided. Bess, the elder girl, presently appearing in a slovenly dress and curl-papers, busied herself with putting some finishing touches to the gaudy cheap costume which she meant to don later in the day; and the children played and quarrelled and thought how they might best find amusement.

Lounging! eating! dressing! amusing themselves!—this was the Gardiner notion of how to keep Sunday.

The sweet Church-bells might ring, ring, invitingly; but the Gardiners could not reply, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord." They were only glad of an opportunity for self-indulgence.

"Mother," Bess said in her rough careless tones, some minutes after coming into the kitchen; "what sort of people have come next door?"

"How should I know?" Mrs. Gardiner asked. "They've only been here three days."

"They look to me as stuck-up as possible," said Bess. "*I* don't believe we shall like them."

"Well, I only know I wish you were more like that Dunn girl," said Betsy Gardiner, with shortness. "She does treat her mother civilly; and that's more than you do."

Bess gave her head a scornful toss.

"You weren't home till I don't know when last night. And I know who you were with, too. It's no good me interfering, for you won't stand it, and you'll choose your own friends, whatever anybody says. But I can tell you, Bess, if father hears you are taking up with those people, there'll be a row. I know it quite well."

Bess's freckled face, with its light-coloured fringe, wore a very unpleasant expression.

"The Jones' will board me any time I choose," she said proudly. "I needn't stay here."

"And you'd leave your own home, and go to strangers!" Mrs. Gardiner burst into angry tears.

"The Jones' aren't strangers to me. I'm not going to be bothered and meddled with, I can tell you, mother!"

Poor unhappy girl! and poor unhappy mother! Hot words passed between the two, and Bess walked off in a huff, while Mrs. Gardiner sat and cried.

What a contrast to this scene might have been found next door, only just beyond the thin dividing wall.

Breakfast was over in good time; everybody having come down early, looking clean, bright, and happy, in neat fresh attire. Dunn, wearing his "Sunday best" suit, and also his "Sunday best" face of quiet content, sat near the door, with Susie on his knee. Usually Dick and Susie were off to Sunday-school at this hour, but having only just come to the place, they did not yet know about the hours of school. True, Mr. Wilmot had called at Woodbine Cottage, and as a rule his plan was to secure at once the children for Sunday-school. But there had been much to talk about in connection with Nancy's narrow escape, and doubtless Mr. Wilmot's own mind had been slightly pre-occupied. Somehow the subject had not been referred to.

"It don't matter for just once. We'll ask somebody at Church, and you can both go in the afternoon," Susan Dunn said.

"I shouldn't wonder if there'll be a Bible-class I can go to as well," remarked Nancy, who was busily washing up the breakfast-things. She had quite recovered from the fright of her narrow escape, and was as rosy and pretty as ever.

"Shouldn't wonder if there is," said Dunn. "You'll miss your old class, my girl."

"Yes, father, very much," the girl said, with a sigh. "And a good many things beside."

But she was much too busy to stand still and indulge melancholy recollections.

Sometimes, when they could manage it, the Dunns all went to Church together in the morning, Dunn contenting himself with a cold Sunday dinner, that Susan might be free; and that was the plan for to-day. Susan always took care that he should have something extra nice, though cold, in return for this self-denial; and the vegetables, being prepared beforehand, were cooked after their return.

Now and then they would all go together in the evening also. If Dick or Susie seemed tired, however, or disinclined for the second service, then Susan or Nancy would remain at home. The children were really too young for both services, in addition to Sunday-school, yet they often begged to go. For they had been brought up to look upon Church-going not only as a duty but as a happiness. And though there was much that they could not understand, yet they did clearly understand that people came together in Church for the purpose of worshipping and praising God, and of praying for others as well as for themselves.

These thoughts must surely have been in Dunn's mind as he sat with Susie on his knee, and Dick by his side; for after hearing the two repeat some hymns, he said suddenly:—

"We shan't be in the old Church to-day, Susie. But we shall all be doing the same here as they'll be doing there—saying the very same words to God. It's nice to think of."

"Will we have the same hymns, father?" asked Susie.

"No, that's not likely. But the same prayers. It's wonderful to remember the thousands and thousands who'll be asking the very same things of God presently all through England, and in many other parts of the world."

"And God always hears, don't He, father?" little Dick observed.

"He always hears real prayer, Dick. I'm afraid there's lots of people go to Church who let the clergyman say the prayers, and don't join in themselves,—don't really mean to ask anything of God. And some even say the words aloud, and never think of the sense. But that's not prayer at all."

"I do try to think," said Susie. "Only there's a lot of words I can't understand."

"Well, you needn't try to pray what you don't understand, Susie. You're such a little thing yet. And there's one prayer you always know when it comes,—'Our Father, which art in Heaven.'"

"Isn't it a good thing that comes so often?" said Dick. "That's the prayer the Lord Jesus made for us, isn't it, father?"

"For us and for everybody," said Dunn.

Dick looked thoughtful.

"And the more you try the more you'll understand the other prayers, too," said Dunn. "It isn't hard when something comes about asking God to forgive us all our sins and naughtinesses, for Jesus' sake; and when we ask God to bless the Queen, and to help people who are sick and unhappy. Why, there's lots of things even you and Dick can pray in

Church, like the rest of the people, Susie. And most commonly there's one hymn, at least, that you can join in."

CHAPTER VII.

GOING TO CHURCH.

ARCHIE STUART did not always trouble himself to go to Church on Sunday mornings. His mother commonly stayed in, cooking a hot dinner for him; and she liked Archie to go with her in the evening.

Mrs. Stuart was one who considered a certain amount of religion to be respectable, and, as she would have said, "due to herself." What might be due to God did not much enter into her thoughts. She liked to be seen in Church once every Sunday, wearing her neat Sunday dress and best bonnet; and she liked her boy Archie to be there also, wearing *his* best suit. She had been brought up to go to Church, and she counted it proper and decorous to continue the habits in which she had been brought up.

If Archie had wished to go in the morning also, Mrs. Stuart would have made no particular objection; but she took no pains to encourage him in so doing. So, not unnaturally, after leaving Sunday-school, and when beginning to look upon himself as a man, Archie fell into the ways of too many around. Though far from lazy in other respects, he did not at all object to an extra two or three hours in bed every Sunday; and after coming down to a late breakfast, he felt often much more disposed for a country ramble than for Church.

On this particular Sunday morning Archie had not at all made up his mind what to do. It was not yet quite a regular habit with him to stay away every Sunday morning, though fast becoming so; and perhaps Archie's own narrow escape from the mad dog during the past week had pre-disposed him to unusually serious thought.

"Going for a walk, I suppose?" his mother said, seeing him ready to start.

"Well—yes—I suppose so," Archie answered hesitatingly.

He had been on the point of getting his Prayer-Book; but somehow Mrs. Stuart's words and manner checked him. If he said he meant to go to Church his mother would be sure to ask why, and Archie could not have told her why, for he did not know it himself.

So he started with a resolve to have his walk as usual; yet, instead of going towards the country, he went in the direction of the Church. "One way's as good as another," he said to himself.

Then, suddenly, after turning a corner, he found the whole family of Dunns proceeding leisurely churchwards: Richard Dunn and his wife together, and in front Nancy, looking very sweet and modest, in her dark dress and straw bonnet, and the two children, one on each side of her.

"Fine day," Dunn said, as Archie came up.

"Very fine," responded Archie. "Just what the farmers are wanting now."

Nancy stopped to speak to him, quite simply and naturally. She did not blush, or seem to be thinking about herself, but only said, "We have been wanting so to thank you again for what you did that day."

"Yes, I thought you'd have been to see us by this time," remarked Dunn. "Come along with us, lad; unless your mother's waiting for you anywhere."

"No, she don't go in the morning," said Archie. Honesty prompted him to add,—"I don't either—most commonly. She and I go of an evening."

"Come with us to-day," suggested Dunn again.

"I don't mind if I do," said Archie. "Only I haven't got a Prayer-Book."

"We're close home. Dick'll run back for one,—mother's old one, Dick. It's on the book-case."

"You won't mind having my old one?" asked Susan. "Nancy and the children gave me a new one my last birthday,—look, isn't it a beauty?" and she unfolded a sheltering silk handkerchief. "I shouldn't like to lend that. But my old one's quite tidy."

Dick ran off at once, and overtook them close to the Church door.

It was a large building with lofty pillars; and low open seats, all free; and a good organ, the gift of Dunn's new employer, Mr. Rawdon. Mr. Wilmot read well, in clear reverent tones; and the congregation—largely composed of working-men and their families—joined heartily in the responses. There was plenty of singing, a good choir taking the lead; but the congregation did not sit or stand and idly listen to the choir. Mr. Wilmot was very particular



SWEETLY our song sounds over the sea,
Night closes round us, happy are we!
Spreading our nets while sailing along,
Gaily we troll the fisher-boy's song.
Morning our toil will with plenty repay,
Then to the market we'll gaily away;
Bright eyes there wait our returning,
And watch for the dawn of the day.

Gaily, still gaily, over the sea,
Fisher-boys, danger scorning,
Who are so gay, so happy as we,
When singing from night to morning?
Loud blows the wind, but no danger we fear;
Far from the land, where no breakers are near,
Gaily, then, danger scorning,
Sing we till break of day.

J. E. CARPENTER.

THE FISHER-BOY'S SONG.

about having well-known simple tunes, and he often impressed upon his people the duty of every one in Church taking an active personal share in the public worship of God.

So a more hearty yet reverent service could hardly have been found.

After the second hymn Mr. Wilmot stood up in the pulpit,—looking pale still, some thought,—and gave out his text twice over, in far-reaching tones,—

"St. Luke xxii. 33: Lord, I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison and to death."

(*To be continued.*)

Wayside Chimes.

III. "Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin. For Lent."

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till Mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.

Knock—He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch—for saving help is nigh;
Wait—till heavenly grace appears!

Hark! it is thy Saviour's voice:
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe and owned, and bought and blest:

Safe—from all the lures of vice,
Owned—by joys the contrite know,
Bought—by love and life the price,
Blest—the mighty debt to owe!

Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear and shame, and doubt and pains.
Fear—the hope of heaven shall flee,
Shame—from glory's view retire,
Doubt—in full belief shall die,
Pain—in endless bliss expire! CRABBE.

A Prayer for Lent.

"O God, make clean our hearts within us."

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILL'S' OF THE PSALMS," ETC.

HERE we have in our little Prayer-Book versicle a few words of simplest prayer: suitable at all times, but especially suitable for the season of Lent, when every one should make prayerful and diligent effort to "know himself."

The words are few, but they are Scripture words, and therefore they are very full. Indeed, it would take many volumes to exhaust all that could be said upon the human heart as a fountain of evil, and upon the only way by which it can be "cleansed."

From the very beginning we find the human heart full of evil. Very early in the Scriptures we are told that the imaginations of man's heart were only evil continually (Gen. vi. 5). It was no exaggeration of the Prophet to say that it was "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. xvii.). The One who knew it best said that "out of the heart proceed evil thoughts," and a number of other sins which "defile a man" (St. Matt. xv. 19, 20). This subject is full of mystery: the only knowledge which we have of it is from sad experience. How does evil from without get at us within? Where exactly do the bad thoughts come from? How is it that they come unbidden, yes, even unwelcome, when we want them to go away? Whence did they get the power to take possession of our minds, which we do not wish them to have, and use our own faculties against ourselves?

Not one of these questions can we answer. All we can say is, that we know from ex-

perience that, just as the ground throws up weeds of its own accord, so our hearts throw up sinful thoughts, which may or may not become actual sins; but which take very plain shape and form in our minds.

The Scripture is abundantly borne out by our own experience. No doubt there are plenty of frivolous and thoughtless persons who know very little of what Solomon calls "the plague of their own hearts" (1 Kings vii. 37). Their evil thoughts come and go, and the sins which proceed from them are committed without their thinking anything about the matter. They know nothing of God and holiness: and so, the only jar of their evil thoughts is against their conscience, and that they have deadened or put to sleep. But once let a man know something really of what God is, and what God requires—once let the idea of "the beauty of holiness" take possession of him—once let him feel that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. xi. 14)—once let him feel that the associations, and companionships, and occupations, and atmosphere of heaven must be holy; and then the unholiness of his heart will trouble him.

And he will be troubled from another source too. He will know evil to be evil, and he will feel its *discomfort* as well as its *danger*. He will have been thrown to some extent, at any rate, out of sympathy with it, and he will long to be rid of it.

A man, when his soul is drawn to God, longs to have that soul fitted for Him. Everything that he thinks would offend or grieve his Lord is a trouble to him.

And now what this little prayer, which I hope many of us will *prayerfully* and frequently use this Lent, says is this:—"I am very much in earnest, O Lord, in my desire to be holy. I desire Thee to do a real work upon me. I offer myself to Thee to go to the very root of my being, wherever that is, and then to do a thorough work of cleansing, so that I may be made holy for Thyself."

There must be no *reserve* of easily besetting sins. See how thorough the Psalmist was in his desire that God would get rid of every particle of evil from him. "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting" (Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24).

And there must be a complete acknowledgment of our own *impotence*. The Psalmist felt how little he could cleanse his own heart, for he said, "*Create* in me a clean heart, O God, and *renew* a right spirit within me"; and every one who has taken experience of his own heart, and entered into conflict with its evil, has felt the same. The more honest and earnest we have been, the more have we felt how little we could do. It is those who know little about soul-work who think it easy.

But—and this is the Gospel thought in this little prayer—when we have learned our weakness, we may and must make use of that knowledge in the right way. We must not be deterred and say, "I see I am too bad ever to be good." That is the use, or rather the *mis*use to which Satan would have us put our knowledge. What we must do is this—we must seek God's grace and strength to help us. "Do Thou, O Lord, this Lent, make clean where we *cannot* reach ourselves. We would not be like the whited sepulchres, fair outside but foul within—we would not make clean only the outside of the cup and platter; we would have Thee, O Lord, to cleanse us for Thyself, as we say in that beautiful Collect: 'Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'"

"I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray;
But I come as He has bidden,
And He will not say me 'Nay.'
My mistakes His love shall cover,
My sins He will wash away;
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk through the gate of day."



IN THE HIMALAYAS.

Pictures at Home and Abroad.

BY A TRAVELLER.

III. IN THE HIMALAYAS.

THE Jubilee of the Queen's reign will be observed as loyally throughout her Indian Empire as in dear old England. Last year's Exhibition seemed to bring us much nearer than before to our Indian fellow-subjects, and we think our readers will all be interested in a glimpse at the Himalayas—a wonderful range of mountains constituting the northern boundary of British India.

Some of us have climbed Alpine peaks; but whilst the Alps only contain two peaks above 15,000 feet, six or seven above 14,000 feet, and in all, about thirty first-class peaks, the Himalayas, on the other hand—or rather the limited part we know of them—contain peaks from 29,000 feet downwards. More than 1,100 have been measured exceeding 20,000 feet, and it is thought that at least 2,000 exceed this height.

The word Himalaya really signifies *snow-abode*, and is therefore to the natives very impressive. The extreme length of the entire mountain region is not less than 2,000 miles—say almost six times the length of England, and

the average breadth is five hundred miles. We think of India as associated with excessive heat alone: but here is a region where, at an altitude of 15,000 or 16,000 feet, there is a frost every night throughout the four seasons.

The Rev. W. Urwick, a veteran Indian traveller, in his "Indian Pictures" (Religious Tract Society) tells us he "never understood St. Paul's references to 'depth and height,' until he spent a Sunday within sight of the peak of Kinchinjunga, which is five miles high."

The same writer thus describes some of the natives of this hill country:—

"They are dressed in loose blankets, girt about the waist with a leather belt, in which they place their brass pipes, their long knives, chopsticks, tinder-box, tobacco-pouch, and tweezers—with which they pluck away all trace of beard. They wear stout woven boots, boots and stocking in one. The women have their faces tarred, and their hair is plaited in two tails, the neck loaded with strings of coral and amber, large, heavy, round earrings, dragging down the lobe of the ear."

Amongst their superstitions, they believe that a fluttering rag, placed in a bush, can pray



HIMALAYA HILL GIRL.

From "Indian Pictures."]

for them; and that rice scattered on the highway can propitiate demons. Truly the habitable parts of the Himalayas are amongst the morally darkest spots trodden by the foot of fallen man. But what can we expect of the poor people, when their priests are "unctuous, sly, insolent" men, who not only trade in praying machines, but use such things themselves in the public services of their filthy temples?

Let us not forget in our Jubilee Year that our fellow-subjects, our brothers and sisters in India, have to be raised from degradation by the same Gospel which is our most precious birthright.

The Home Songster.

III. THE SONG OF THE SOWER.—SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

BY THE REV. F. LANGBRIDGE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN SUNSHINE," ETC.

THE wind of March blew keen and shrill,
And the earth lay naked and cold and still,
As the Sower wrought at his patient toil,
Casting the seed into the furrowed soil;
But his hopes took wing to the Autumn morn
When the valley should laugh with the rustling corn,
And the reapers bold
Should garner the gold,
Thirty, sixty, a hundred fold.

Oh, scatter the seed with a lavish hand
O'er all the breadth of the fruitful land—
Compassionate word and kindly deed,
And diligent prayer's unfailing seed.
Though now thou sowest in lonely tears,
Though long it be ere a blade appears,
When thy heart is old
Thou shalt garner thy gold,
Thirty, sixty, a hundred fold.

"The Queen's Resolve."

A JUBILEE BOOK FOR SUNDAY AND DAY SCHOOLS.

To the Clergy, School Superintendents, and Friends of the Young.

THE proposed special effort, by the issue of a very large edition, at the lowest possible price, to place a copy of "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE" in the hands of *every Sunday Scholar in the land*, as a *Jubilee Memorial*, is being welcomed everywhere most warmly.*

Archdeacon Blakeney writes: "I shall be glad to begin with 200 copies. I intend to bring the proposal, which I think most important, before the clergy at the next Ruridecanal Chapter." Archdeacon Bardsley writes: "Without waiting to consult my friends put me down for 100 copies—I hope many more. Your idea is most valuable." Archdeacon Lefroy hopes to begin with 400 copies, and urges that the effort should be undertaken "in a large way." Canon Bell thinks he may "get a sum sufficient to put *The Queen's Resolve* into the hands of each of our Scholars." The Hon. and Rev. E. C. Glyn says: "I quite feel we should try to get more loyalty

* The Proposal is to issue a special *Jubilee School Edition of* 25,000 or 50,000 copies of *The Queen's Resolve* (in the same form in which it is now sold at 2*s.* 6*d*), to be supplied for 1*s. exclusively* to the Clergy and School Superintendents and Friends of the Young, in quantities of *not less* than 50. All letters should be addressed to Mr. Charles Murray, Publisher, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.

A *single* Specimen copy of the 2*s.* 6*d.* edition of *The Queen's Resolve* (which is now in its twenty-fifth Thousand) will be sent, post free, to any Clergyman or Superintendent, on receipt of 1*s.* 3*d.* It contains twelve chapters, with 27 fine Illustrations, and the binding is truly Royal. The proposed Shilling Edition will be equal to it in all respects. The volume was presented to Her Majesty on her Birthday, and the author has received a letter expressing the Queen's thanks.

The essential point is, that orders should be sent as *early* as possible, as the effort requires the printing of the large edition at one time, to lessen the cost of production. Since 50 copies at least would be sure to be wanted in any Sunday School, there could be no risk in ordering that number, and it will greatly help the publishing arrangements.

amongst our young people, and *The Queen's Resolve* is an admirable means to this end." The Rev. G. Everard writes: "I will do my best." The Rev. Dr. Porter orders 50 copies "as a beginning." The Rev. W. Odom says: "The suggestion is capital, and so seasonable." The Rev. Dr. Wrenford writes: "I am so heartily glad you have taken this matter in hand: may the plan be crowned with success. I shall require £5 worth." The Rev. A. A. Isaacs writes: "I will do anything I can to help this project."

Similar letters have been received from Canon Hoare, the Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley, Bart., the Rev. Canon Wynne, the Rev. Canon Money, the Rev. H. E. Fox, the Rev. P. Oakley Hill, the Rev. Seymour N. Soole, the Rev. G. W. Petherick, and many others.

The great point is to take *immediate* steps. One large edition is now ready, but if, as we hope, the Clergy *generally* support the effort, the printers will be greatly pressed to produce the required number in time.

We believe if steps are taken *at once* by the Clergy and Superintendents to *show* a copy of the book to the scholars, and arrange for receiving weekly contributions from them to meet the reduced price, few would fail to bring the shilling—for which it can be supplied in quantities. At any rate, some slight additional aid from local friends would secure the complete success of the effort. In some Parishes a friend may be willing to give the books as a Jubilee Offering; and we should add that, where desired, *the Name of the Parish or School* can be inserted on the Cover in Gold, for 2*s.* 6*d.* per 100 extra, or free of charge where 250 are taken.

The book thus given, or in part at least purchased, would prove a *lasting* Jubilee Memorial in every household. The Parents would read it as well as the Boys and Girls; and all would learn the better to appreciate the "thousand claims to reverence" which our Sovereign possesses as "Mother, Wife, and Queen."

If the Scholars were supplied on the Queen's Birthday, May 24th, the Book would prepare them for the loyal Celebrations on June 28th.

"The Links that Bind."

"ONE year when the Court was at Balmoral, Her Majesty made a promise to Jenny ——, the daughter of a humble Balmoral neighbour, and an especial favourite with Her Majesty: 'I'll bring a pretty toy for you when we come back next year.' The Court went and the promise was thought little more of, at least on one side. Her Majesty that year visited the Emperor of the French, and many other things happened to drive the peasant child from the thoughts of the Sovereign of Great Britain. . . . Well, next season came, and with it the Court returned to Balmoral. The Queen, in making her rounds, soon called on her little friend, and with a 'Now, I haven't forgotten you,' exhibited the promised present. . . . Amid all the din and distraction of French State pageantry, Queen Victoria found time to think of her favourite, the little Highland girl on the banks of the Dee. . . . These are the links that bind the people to their Queen." —From *The Queen's Resolve.*

These links do make the Queen and people one.
A bond, more potent than of regal sway,
More true and lasting than the august display
Of State, unites us to Victoria's throne.

Some reign in calm, cold majesty, alone,
Like peaks of Himmaleh begirt with snow,
Like rocks sea-girt, where deepest waters flow;
By loving deeds our Mother-Queen is known.

The cares of empire fallen on perilous days,
Affliction's hand, domestic ties of love
And kindred, crush not natural sympathy.
Thanks, Mother-Queen! this gentle deed doth move
Affection's loyalty; our hearts with thee
Rejoicing thou art pleased with childish ways.

Staveley Vicarage, Ulverston. S. BARBER.

Courtship and Marriage:

SIDELIGHTS OF HOME LIFE.

BY A BENEDICT.

CHAPTER II.

LOOKING ROUND.—"WHO CAN FIND——?"—A HELP-MEET.—AT HOME.—THE GREAT BUTTON QUESTION.—A WELL-COOKED DINNER.—TAKING COUNSEL WITH PARENTS.—THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.—THE DIGNITY OF "WOMANHOOD."



HAVING "looked up" for guidance, our bachelor friend may safely "look round" with a view to "making a choice." Only let him look well before he leaps, for it is a leap for life.

There is an old conundrum, "Why are ladies like bells?" And the answer is, "Because you never know what metal they are made of until you *ring* them." But this at least is certain—young men might know a great deal more about the "metal" if they took more pains. Some one says, "To the old question, Who can *find?* it may too often be replied, Who *seeks* 'a virtuous woman'?" Has she money? is she pretty? is she talented? are questions asked more frequently than Is she good, sensible, industrious, affectionate?

Consider well what you want in a wife; weigh the matter, and make up your mind. You don't want a doll—mere prettiness or mere finery will never satisfy a man with a mind. Jeremy Taylor says of beauty:—"It is an ill band of affection to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white." And good old Thomas Scott writes in his Commentary, "In contracting marriage, the senses are dangerous counsellors."

A "Help-meet" is what you want, and that means a *companion*. Not a mere nurse or a housekeeper, though a true wife will be both these; but a companion who will fight the battle of life with you, and in truest sympathy stand by you in the days of trial. You want, I say, a *companion*. You want to find in each other, in the words of our Marriage Service, "mutual society, help, and comfort."

An old writer* says, "In the Marriage Choice five qualities are to be regarded: 1—Report (or Character); 2—Looks; 3—Speech, or in the case of a woman, Silence! (Fie! Mr. Smith); 4—Apparel; 5—Companions—if, after choosing your love, you would love your choice."

One admirable rule in looking out for a wife is to go and see the lady *at Home*. Find out what sort of a daughter she is; how she behaves to her father; whether she is kind and reverent, and tries to help her mother; what sort of an elder sister she makes; whether she is tidy; and—not an unimportant point, for "cleanliness is next to godliness"—whether she is tolerably clean as well as tolerably tidy. You can't very well judge about these matters at a picnic or on a gala day.

Then there is what Canon Miller, in his Birmingham lecture, termed the *great button question*. "You may laugh," he said; "but it's no laughing matter. This Hall has often rung with eloquent denunciations of the wrongs of oppressed nationalities and downtrodden people; but, methinks, if the injured husbands who have known what it is on cold winter mornings to find a button off were to assemble here, they could tell a tale of forlorn and outraged helplessness which would cause many a heart to bleed!"

We are told of a young man in Philadelphia, who, courting one of three sisters,

* The Rev. Henry Smith, Minister of St. Clement Danes, London, in *A Preparation for Marriage*, Edition 1675. He was called "the prime preacher of the nation."

happened to be on a visit to her when all the three were present, when one said to the others, "I *wonder* where *our* needle is." Upon which he withdrew, as soon as was consistent with politeness, resolved never to think more of a girl who possessed a needle only in partnership, and who, it appeared, was not too well informed as to the place where even that share was deposited.

Once more, it is wise to remember that a *well-cooked dinner* is a great "comfort," in or out of married life.

"Among my varied avocations," said Canon Miller, "I was once appealed to in a breach of promise of marriage case. I was to arbitrate between two young persons. There came to my house, oh, such a bundle of love-letters! that I might have the opportunity and the materials of judging rightly between the two. I never had such dangerous and explosive substances in my room for two or three weeks as on that occasion. The maiden, one would have thought, would have made my working friend a capital wife. But one thing that had given him a twist against her was this. One night, after he had done work, he went to the place where she was staying, and took with him a pound of sausages for supper. I will not say she 'made a hash' of them; but she made such a bungling mess in cooking the hungry swain's sausages, that, from that moment, he began to draw in, and to think, 'If she can't cook a pound of sausages nicely, what sort of a wife will she make?' And he gave her up. I awarded damages, and he paid them."

Taking counsel with Parents, I must add, is a son's path of wisdom—at least, before he makes his final choice.

The happiness of parents is to a very great extent involved in the marriage of their children. A son's mistake for life will bring a dark cloud over the parental hearth. "Many an Isaac and Rebecca have been 'weary' of their lives, 'because of the daughters of Heth' who have won the heart of their Esau." An old writer well says: "Now wherein canst thou honour them more than in this honourable action, to which they have preserved thee and brought thee up, which concerneth the state of thy whole life? . . . It is a sweet wedding when the father and the mother bring a blessing to the feast."

It is true, parents are sometimes unreasonable, and sometimes very foolish in almost concluding matches for their children without their consent. Philip Henry's advice to his sons and daughters, with reference to their choice in marriage, should be the advice of all parents—"Please God and please yourselves, and you shall never displease me." But even if parents are not wise, sons and daughters will act wisely in sparing no effort to win their consent and approval, if this can possibly be secured. The last step should be a marriage without a father's and mother's blessing.

I ought, perhaps, before I end this chapter, to say something about the choice of a husband; but I must be very brief.

It is most true that in marriage "a woman ventures most." "She hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband: she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness." "The man," on the other hand, "can run from many hours of his sadness, though he must return to it again" (*Jeremy Taylor*).

Be not, then, in haste to be married: and be not too easily satisfied with the character of the man who may offer himself as husband. "A lazy man will make but a weak band or support for his and your house: so will one deficient in fortitude. Beware of the selfish man: for though he may be drawn out of selfishness in the early weeks of courtship, he will settle back into it again when the wear and worry of life come on. And remember that a man may have the *roots* of some of these trees in him, and yet be extremely agreeable and good-looking, dress well, and say very pretty and charming things."

Your vow, if you make it, is to "love, honour, and obey." Beware lest you make

it to one whom you will find it impossible to esteem. Remember the character seldom changes after thirty years of age; and as a rule, a bad man before marriage will be a bad man after it. The poor-houses are full of women who thought they could reform their husbands after marriage. Their husbands are far more likely to make their wives like themselves. Accept only one who has sterling qualities of heart and character—a rock to lean upon with confidence, and not a reed shaken by every wind of temptation.

One more word of counsel: find your mission in life, whether you marry or not. "When girls have found their work in the world in any station, high or low, they do not think that 'any husband is better than none,' and they have not time to imagine themselves in love with the first man who proposes."

Rise to the true dignity of womanhood, consecrated womanhood: and if you marry, let it be only "in the Lord," that in Him you may be a true helpmeet to a true and God-fearing man.

"O happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,
Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with the roses of love."—*M. F. Tupper.*

But—

"Maid, choosing man, remember this:
You take his nature with his name;
Ask, too, what his religion is,
For you will soon be of the same."
—*Angel in the House.*

England's Church.

II. LIGHT ON CHURCH MATTERS.

FOUR REASONS AGAINST DISESTABLISHMENT.

"To Disestablish the Church would be to strike a blow at the supremacy of the religious ideal in national government, and would assist in the development of a democratic secularism and of a blatant atheism.

"Disestablishment, if accompanied by Disendowment, would impoverish hundreds of districts in cities, towns, and villages, where voluntary free churches cannot at the present moment sustain themselves in any measure of efficiency.

"Disestablishment would leave the cathedrals in a sorry plight as national centres, so far as worship is concerned. Left destitute of a distinctly religious ideal, they might become lounges or lecture-halls.

"Disestablishment would be welcomed by all infidels, all secularists, and all sorts of men who wish to destroy the Church because they dislike Religion."—*W. Mann Statham, Independent Minister.*

LORD SELBORNE AND CHURCH ENDOWMENTS.

A NONCONFORMIST minister of Bridport having stated that Lord Selborne had described the endowments of the Church as State property, his lordship, under date May 31st, 1886, wrote to an elector of that town as follows: "Nothing can possibly be more contrary to the fact than to represent me as having ever said or thought that the endowments of the Church of England are State or National property, or that they can justly be taken away by Parliament. I am, and always have been, of exactly the contrary opinion. Unless for some just cause of forfeiture, I hold that they could no more be taken away from that large part of the people which under ancient and legal titles, not even originally conferred by any public act of the State, is now in practical enjoyment of them, than any property held in trust under the protection of public law for the religious purposes of any Nonconformist denomination could be."

DISESTABLISHMENT AND THE POOR.

LET us consider the ruin which Disestablishment means to our country villages, and to the work which we have been doing during the last half-century. In the name of the day labourer, on behalf of my mountain churches, on behalf of the poor throughout the land, I plead for things as they are, and I pray that we may be let alone. —*Bishop of Carlisle at Portsmouth, October 6th*, 1885.

The "News."

DO all our readers know the origin of this word of wonderful interest? Every quarter of the globe has been called in request to give it expression. North, East, West, and South are the ever busy messengers who supply to us daily and weekly the N, E, W, S, of the world.

We hope all who give a weekly welcome to *The Fireside News*, one penny, every Friday (*Home Words* Office), take care to spread the news abroad. Always ask, when the new paper comes, "*Where did I send the old one?*" Nothing is more welcome in the Colonies than "news from the old country."

Homely Talks on Homely Topics.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "MORE THAN CONQUERORS," "A LADY OF PROPERTY," ETC., HON. EDITORIAL SEC. OF THE C.E.T.S.

III. "FOR THE WIFE'S SAKE."



"WE find that Female Intemperance is increasing in such grave proportions as to threaten rapidly to become a new reproach and danger." Such is the alarming statement put forth in the official report of the House of Lords Committee on Intemperance, which sat under the chairmanship of the Duke of Westminster.

"Where three women were in prison for intemperance a few years ago, there are now ten!" So said the Rev. J. W. Horsley in 1886, when Chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison.

"We all know that the sale of drink by grocers has greatly demoralized the wives of the working classes. Bottles of liquor are charged as groceries, and the men often wonder how it is that their weak tea becomes so costly." This is a testimony taken from the editorial columns of the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, in December, 1886.

These three witnesses should surely stir the men of England to give up the drink, "for the wife's sake." If a man be a total abstainer, there is some likelihood that the wife will adopt the same course.

Of all the miserable places, surely none are more miserable than the homes which are cursed with drunken women. Few of us realize that there are thousands, tens of thousands of such homes in our own country at this very moment, places with which it seems almost a desecration of words to connect the sacred names, home, wife, mother. It would be wrong to say that in every such case things might have been different had the man—the *houseband*—in the first instance given up the drink "for the wife's sake;" but in *very many cases* such a statement would be quite correct.

The woman is the weaker vessel: small wonder then if a habit which feeds upon its exercise speedily obtains the mastery over a wife who honestly starts drinking with the full intention of being just as moderate as is her "better half."

"Look here, sir! I was obliged to become an abstainer," said a foreman printer to me the other day. "I found that my wife was getting fond of the beer and could take the full glass just as readily as a few months ago she did the half-glass only. So I said to her one day, 'Mary, if you will, I will.' 'Will what, Jack?' 'Give up the sup o' beer, lass.' She hesitated a bit, and then she said, 'You're not afraid of me, Bob?' 'Well,' I said, letting it down as gently as I could, 'I'm beginning to be afraid of myself, Mary.' And with that she agreed, and we have neither of us touched a drop since, and that's six years ago."

"Have you ever regretted the act?"

"Not I, indeed! And there are many of my mates who might do very much worse than give up the drink 'for the wife's sake.'"

Reader, are you one of Jack's mates?

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADES.

VI. I'm rough and smooth, I'm wet and dry;
My station low, my title high;
The king my lawful master is;
I'm used by all, yet only his.

VII. My head and tail both equal are,
My middle slender as a bee.
Whether I stand on head or heel
Is quite the same to you or me;
But if my head should be cut off—
The matter's true, although 'tis strange—
I quickly into nothing change.

CONUNDRUMS.

24. Why is a doctor in good practice the most cared-for individual?
25. What word is there of eight letters of which four are the same?
26. Which is the most dishonest of the vowels?
27. The beginning of eternity, the end of time and space; [every place.
The beginning of every end, and the end of
28. Which two letters have eyes?
29. If your frock is too small, what letter is most likely to help you?
30. Why is the letter E like London?
31. Why is absence like a pair of bellows?
32. Why are you never likely to feel pain in bed?

ANSWERS. (See FEB. No., p. 45.)

CHARADES.

III. Outlaw.
IV. Madam.
V. Postman.

CONUNDRUMS.

16. The eye of a potato.
17. It is a beholder (bee-holder).
18. A don*key*.
19. The word "wholesome."
20. Vowels. [lighter.
21. Because, if one is a light weight, the other is a
22. When they get wind.
23. It is a check from the inner to the outer man.



OUR PUSSY.

The Young Folks' Page.

VI. OUR PUSSY.

WHY do we call a cat "pussy"? The name comes from the early Egyptians, who worshipped cats, and fancied they were like the moon, because they are more active at night, and because their eyes change to look like different phases of the moon. Notice the pupils of their eyes, and see how they are sometimes full and sometimes crescent, like a half-moon. So the Egyptians made an idol of a cat's head, and called it Pasht, which means "the face of the moon." By degrees this became "pas," then "pus," and finally "pussy," the common name for a kitty the world over.—*The Fireside.*

VII. THE QUEEN'S KINDNESS OF HEART.

After the Coronation the Queen received the homage of the Archbishop, the Royal Princes, and the Peers. Mr. Greville, in his narrative, tells a characteristic story of the Queen's kindly thought during this part of the Coronation Service. "Lord Rolle, who is between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. Her first impulse was to rise; and when afterwards he came again to do homage, she said, 'May I not get up and meet him?' and then rose from the throne and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up—an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation." However unusual this Royal consideration at a Coronation may be, we can only say, "It was just like the Queen."

The Queen was naturally much exhausted by the prolonged service. But on her return to the palace, hearing her favourite little spaniel barking with joy in the hall, she exclaimed, "There's Dash!" and was in a hurry to lay aside the sceptre and ball she carried in her hands, and take off the crown and robes, to go and meet little Dash. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."—*The Queen's Resolve.*

VIII. AN EVENING HYMN FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him."—Ps. xxxiii. 17.

The day is done;—
O God the Son,
Look down upon Thy little one.

O Light of Light,
Keep me this night,
And shed round me Thy Presence bright.

I need not fear
If Thou art near:
Thou art my Saviour, kind and dear.

Thy gentle Eye
Is ever nigh,
It watches me when none is by.

Thy loving Ear
Is ever near,
Thy little children's prayers to hear.

So happily
And peacefully
I lay me down to rest in Thee.

To Father, Son,
And Spirit, One
In heaven and earth, all praise be done.

P. C.

IX. "WAS I KIND?"

Lord Lyndhurst was three times Lord Chancellor of England, and died in his 92nd year, October 12, 1863. A touching picture has been given of the peaceful life of the old man, who had had so wide an experience of public affairs, and whose vigorous life had been so fully occupied. Latterly he had turned chiefly towards religious studies, arriving at a firm and devout conviction of the truth of the Christian Revelation and the leading doctrines of the Christian faith. His great dining-room had been turned into a bedroom, where he was tenderly nursed by his wife and daughter. To the very last he showed towards his friends his habitual sweetness and thoughtfulness. As one of them, Mr. Alfred Montgomery, was leaving the room, after looking, as he felt, upon that never-to-be-forgotten face for the last time, he heard him whisper to Lady Lyndhurst, in a tone of anxious inquiry, "Was I kind to him?"

How much happier the world would be if every one tried to be "kind." Let *me* try to-day!

X. THE PROOF.

Said a teacher to a girl in her class, "Do you think you have a new heart?" "Yes, teacher, I hope so," replied the girl. "What makes you hope so?" "Because I love the things which I used to hate, and hate what I used to love."

The Bible Mine Searched.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

[It is intended that these questions should *not* be "easily answered." Knowledge worth having is worth digging for. That which costs us nothing is worth nothing.]

1. MENTION one verse in the Bible which gives four similes or comparisons for death.
2. How are the Israelites, as the people of God, described in the New Testament, while journeying from Egypt to Canaan?
3. A king and a prophet both refer to the slavery of the Israelites in Egypt in the very same terms. Give the passages.
4. Show from a passage in Genesis that the very *words* of Scripture are sometimes of importance.
5. Where do we find the first mention recorded of kneeling in prayer?
6. Give an instance in which the argument, in our Lord's Prayer, in St. Luke xxiii. 34, is stated as the reason of forgiveness.
7. Where do we find in the New Testament the names of men whose acts, but not their names, are recorded in the Old?
8. Name a verse which refers to the work of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, in the salvation of the sinner.

ANSWERS (See January No., p. 23).

1. Prov. xv. 17.
2. Herod, Mark vi. 16; Felix, Acts xxiv. 25; Agrippa, Acts xxvi.
3. Acts xix. 12.
4. Hosea xi. 1.
5. When Aaron, as high priest, offered his first burnt-offering. Lev. ix. 24.
6. Eccles. v. 1.
7. St. Luke xvi. 31; Isa. viii. 20.
8. Crupus was the chief ruler of the synagogue at Corinth, and Gaius was St. Paul's host: Acts xviii. 8; Rom. xvi. 23.

MARCH.

Early Prayer: Morning.

BY THE EDITOR.

O GOD, our Father in Heaven; Thou hast said that those who seek Thee early shall find Thee. I would seek Thee now, in the morning of life. Thou lovest me, and seest me always: bless me, and fill my heart with love to Thee and to every one.

May I always obey my dear parents, and help me to be kind and ready to give up in little things to my brothers and sisters.

I know I am very weak to do what is right: but Thou canst make me more and more like Jesus. Forgive me all I have done wrong, for Jesus' sake, and guard me from sinning against Thee to-day.

May Thy Holy Spirit shine on me; and make me pure, and kind, and true, in all I do or say. Teach me to walk in the steps of Jesus, and strengthen me to resist sin and Satan.

Bless my dear parents, and my brothers and sisters; and grant that as we are now a happy family on earth, we may at last be a happy family in Heaven: through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

"The Lamb of God."

(FOR EVENING PRAYER.)

LAMB of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart.
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own:
Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

C. Wesley.

"GRANT US THY PEACE."

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace."—Isa. xxvi. 3.

1	Tu	My peace I give unto you. St. John xiv. 27.
2	W	Not as the world giveth give I unto you.
3	Th	That in Me ye might have peace. St. Jn. xvi. 33.
4	F	Great peace have they which love Thy law. Ps.
5	S	The Prince of Peace. Isa. ix. 6. [cxix. 165.
6	S	**2nd S. in Lent.** *I am meek and lowly in heart.*
7	M	I beseech you by the gentleness of Christ.
8	Tu	Put them in mind to be gentle. Titus iii. 1, 2.
9	W	Live peaceably with all men. Rom. xii. 18.
10	Th	The God of peace make you perfect.
11	F	Why do thoughts arise in your hearts?
12	S	Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. St. John xiv. 1.
13	S	**3rd S. in Lent.** *In this place will I give peace.*
14	M	Do as Thou hast said. 1 Chron. xvii. 23.
15	Tu	Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good.
16	W	Be it unto me according to Thy word.
17	Th	Stablish Thy Word unto Thy servant.
18	F	Whatsoever God doeth it shall be for ever.
19	S	He is our Peace. Eph ii. 14.
20	S	**4th S. in Lent.** *My Father will love him.*
21	M	Thou hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me.
22	Tu	The God of love and peace shall be with you.
23	W	I think towards you thoughts of peace.
24	Th	Quiet from fear of evil. Prov. i. 33.
25	F	ANN. B. V. M. *I will give you rest.* Matt. xi. 28.
26	S	In rest shall ye be saved. Isa. xxx. 15.
27	S	**5th S. in Lent.** *I know their sorrows.*
28	M	As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
29	Tu	In confidence shall be your strength.
30	W	The Lord is the strength of my life. Ps. xxvii. 1.
31	Th	The peace of God shall keep your hearts.

SUN.—1st day. MOON.—Full, 9th, A. 8.34.
Rises 6.47. Sets 5.38. " New 24th, A. 4.10.

2. John Wesley died, 1791.
5. The Thames Tunnel was opened, 1843.
7. The British and Foreign Bible Society was founded, 1804.

On March 1, 1468, Caxton began to translate the "History of Troy," at Bruges.
The Victoria Cross was instituted by Her Majesty on March 1, 1857.
10. The Prince of Wales was married, in 1863.



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A SPRING SONG. [See Page 75.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

A Spring Song.

BY A. J. SYMINGTON, F.R.S.N.A., AUTHOR OF "HAREBELL CHIMES," "POEMS," ETC.

OLD Winter flieth to the north,
With his icy cold;
Crocuses are peeping forth—
Lilac, saffron, gold.

The sap stirs 'neath the sun's warm ray,
Quickening with the Spring;
Buds are bursting on each spray,
Birds begin to sing.

Fair blossoms crown the lichened rocks,
Gleaming in the sun;
Fields are dotted white with flocks,
Where clear waters run.

The swallows twittering 'neath the height,
Dart on rapid wing
Through the belfry, 'gainst the light:
Love wakes with the Spring!

And should not, then, man's heart rejoice
In this flush of joy?
Hearing Nature's happy voice,
Why should care annoy?

Ah! were the soul itself but free
From the jars of sin!
All were sweetest harmony—
Joy is from within!

The Moss and the Thatch:

A LESSON FOR "ME."

"DEAR Moss!" said the Thatch on an old ruin, "I am so worn, so patched, so ragged; really, I am quite unsightly. I wish you would come and cheer me up a little; you will hide all my infirmities and defects, and, through your loving sympathy, no finger of contempt or dislike will be pointed at me."

"I come!" said the Moss; and it crept up and around, and in and out, till every flaw was hidden, and all was smooth and fair. Presently the sun shone out, and the old Thatch looked gloriously in the golden rays.

"How beautiful the Thatch looks!" cried one.

"How beautiful the Thatch looks!" cried another.

"Ah!" cried the old Thatch, "rather let them say how beautiful is the loving Moss, that spends itself in covering all my faults, keeping the knowledge of them all to herself, and by her grace making my age and poverty wear the garb of youth and luxuriance."

MRS. PROSSER.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

"My God is my life; I die not but when I lose Him."—*Quesnel.*

"The soul is the life of the body. Faith is the life of the soul. Christ is the life of faith."—*Flavel.*

"Sharon's Rose shall bloom for aye!"

Ready, aye Ready!

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW;" "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"READY, AYE READY."

MR. WILMOT'S sermon was short; parts of it, curtailed, were as follows:—

"There is an old English motto, my friends, which has been lately often in my mind—a short motto, of three words only:—

"'READY, AYE READY!'"

"Now you scarcely need that I should tell you the meaning of this motto.

"Ready for what? Why, ready, of course, for anything and everything which may come in the way of one's duty.

"The true-hearted soldier is 'ready, aye ready,' to go where bidden, even to death. The true-hearted servant is 'ready, aye ready,' to do his master's desire, careless of trouble or weariness. The true-hearted child is 'ready, aye ready,' to accept or bear whatever his father wills for him. The true-hearted man or woman is 'ready, aye ready,' to risk or suffer aught in the cause of needy and suffering men and women.

"This spirit of readiness is not rare in the present day; and especially it is not rare in our own land. You may say that the age is a selfish age: and so has been every age, for mankind is a selfish race. Nevertheless, there are in these days thousands who hold themselves 'ready, aye ready,' to do and dare, for the sake of loved ones, for the sake of their country,—nay, that is not surprising, but more than this—for the sake of all those who are in need, in peril, in extremity, and unable to help themselves. Look at the records of shipwrecks; look at the records of mines; look at the records of hospitals, of fever and plague-stricken districts, for the truth of what I say.

"Ready to do, ready to dare, ready to endure, ready to risk life itself, for the sake of others! It is something to be able to say so much. And mark all of you what I say, *this* would not now be but for the Life and Example and Teaching of Him who was 'ready, aye ready,' to quit His glorious throne in heaven, that He might die a fearful death, as Man, for a ruined world. All that we see around us of benevolence, of pity, of tenderness, of self-abnegation, has been taught to mankind by Jesus, the Son of God.

"I do not say that no gleams of tenderness are to be found in the natural heart of man. A heathen wife or mother may love her husband or child; a heathen may shrink from the sight of suffering. But if you would learn what man is by nature, you must look at heathendom in the mass. Look at those lands where the Name of Christ is unknown, and see the awful abounding cruelty, the recklessness of human life, the wholesale murder of infants, the slavery of women, the contempt for others' distress, the neglect of the sick and dying, the utter rampant selfishness.

"Look then at our own land, and see the hospitals, the orphanages, the immense and countless charitable organizations, the eagerness of thousands to 'spend and be spent' for those who are in need. These are no mere fruits of civilization. You may search in vain for any such results of the finest Pagan civilizations of olden days. These things are the fruits of Christianity.

"So wide-spread, so far-reaching, is the influence of the spirit of Jesus,—of His pity, His self-forgetfulness, His love for men, His tenderness towards suffering,—that thousands who care little about Christ are yet so impregnated from babyhood with lessons of Christian love and pity, that they will themselves do Christ-like deeds, deeds of pity and love and humanity, utterly unknowing whence this spirit of kindliness in them is derived.

"But now we have to think of something far beyond mere kind and humane intentions towards those around us.

"'Lord, I am ready,' Peter said, with his eager warm-hearted utterance, 'ready to go with Thee both into prison and to death.'

"And he was not *really* ready. He thought himself so: but when the test of peril came, he failed. He was 'ready, aye ready,' in will: but weak in act. Trusting, perhaps, in his own readiness, his own love for Christ, instead

of trusting only in his Master's power, and in that Master's love for him, he failed. He was one of those who at the moment of darkness 'forsook' Jesus, 'and fled.'

"Yet Peter went far beyond too many of us. For he did at least *wish* to be thus 'ready.' His aim was to do always and unflinchingly the will of Christ.

"A grander example of this 'ready' spirit is to be found in the life of St. Paul.

"Look at Acts xxi. 13,—'I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the Name of the Lord Jesus.' And again, in 2 Timothy iv. 6,—'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.'

"He *was* ready. No vain boast this, but a calm certainty. For St. Paul was bound, and did die,—not at Jerusalem, but at Rome,—for that Master whom he loved and served. During long years of toil and trouble he had held himself always 'ready, aye ready,' to go here or there, to do this or that, which his Lord might command. And now he was ready to be bound, ready to die,—without a thought of reluctance or of holding back.

"Most of us are ready enough to follow our own inclinations. How many a one among us all now gathered in this Church holds himself habitually, day by day and hour by hour, in a position of calm, willing readiness to do the will of God?

"Look at a verse in 2 Samuel xv. 15,—'And the king's servants said unto the king, *Behold, thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my lord the king shall appoint.*'

"Which of you will stand and say that from your very heart to the Lord your King?—'Master, I am ready to do whatsoever Thou shalt appoint.'

"Whatsoever! That allows no choice to self, no indulgence of self's fancies, no habits of laziness, no mere life of pleasure with the smallest possible amount of real work. O no: it means a very different kind of existence:—toil cheerfully undertaken, hardship and suffering patiently borne, sin met and conquered, self subdued.

"Will some of you say that such a life of absolute readiness to carry out another's will must be a life of slavery?

"Nay! for unto *love* there is no slavery; and we who serve the Lord Christ *love* Him. St. Peter's readiness was the readiness of love: and so also was St. Paul's.

"Is it slavery which makes a mother willing to toil, to endure, to forget herself, to die, if needful, for her child? Is it not love alone?

"Look at the other side of the question. If not servants to the King of kings, standing always ready to do whatsoever He shall appoint, whose servants will you be? Satan's? Is there anything grand in the subjection of a man to the Evil One? Your own? But the most contemptible of all contemptible sights is the man who is a slave to his own will and passions!

"I tell you there is no loftier or grander life lived on earth, than the life of the man who holds himself a willing bond-servant to the King of kings. That man is free indeed,—free from the tyranny of Satan, free from the tyranny of self, free with the glorious freedom of Christ. Whether he be king or labourer, prince or tradesman, matters little. Once enrolled in the service of the King, yielding himself and his all to the King, accepted and pardoned by the King, signed with the King's own signet, he is thenceforth himself of the Heavenly blood-royal.

"'Ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint.' He may appoint us something painful, something sad, something from which heart and flesh shall shrink,—but what then? Has He not the right? He has bought us with His Blood. He loves us, and knows what is needful for us. And we are bound to His service,—aye, bound whether we will or no,—bound as His children by creation, bound as His purchased possession, bound by baptism, bound by confirmation vows. He would have you bound by one more tie,—the tie of willing heart-servitude,—not to be servants only, but children by adoption, children of the Father, 'heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ,' led by His Spirit, obedient to His will.

"There must be the blood-washing. There must be the heart-readiness. There must be the use of all appointed means of grace. There must be acceptance of the King's free gifts.

"Then, whatever the King may appoint for you, whether suffering or joy, whether work or waiting, whether life or death, from Him shall come the needed grace, the needed strength. Not like St. Peter, but like St. Paul, you shall be in very heart and in very deed,—

"Ready, aye Ready!"

CHAPTER IX.

ARCHIE'S MOTHER.

"THAT'S a preacher of the right sort," Dunn said warmly, as they left the Churchyard. "He speaks right from his own heart, and straight to ours. I like your Mr. Wilmot, Stuart; that I do!"

"I'm sure it's a comfort to have such a Church to go to in a new place," added Susan.

The two children were alone in front, pacing quietly together. Dunn walked between his wife and Nancy, and Archie had managed adroitly to place himself on Nancy's other side.

"I don't know that I've seen things just in that light before," Archie remarked hesitatingly. "Mr. Wilmot seemed to make out religion to be a manly sort of thing. And there's a good many who count it——"

"Count it womanish and namby-pamby, eh?" Dunn said, as Archie stopped. "I'll tell you one thing, lad, which you may as well remember. If ever you see a feeble namby-pamby sort of fellow trying to serve God, you may be quite sure it isn't his religion that makes him so. He'd be a deal *more* feeble and namby-pamby if he *didn't* serve God. Fighting against evil and striving to do what's right don't make any man less manly than he is by nature. It makes a man more manly. But it don't work a miracle, and turn a dull man into a clever man, nor a puling weak sort of chap into a strong spirited one."

"I don't know, though, as I could quite hold with what Mr. Wilmot said," observed Archie. "I mean about a man giving up himself to be a sort of slave to God's will. A man likes to feel he's free."

Nancy's blue eyes gave a quick look up at Archie, and then at her father.

"A man *is* free—in one sense," said Dunn. "God made man free,—gave him a will of his own, and power to choose what he'll do and be. But there's a deal of clap-trap talked about freedom and independence: for after all there's no man living who stands altogether alone, and don't depend on others. And more than that, there's no man living who don't choose for himself a master. Mr. Wilmot spoke true enough there. It was a command to the Israelite people of old,—'Choose ye whom ye will serve.' For they were morally sure to serve somebody: and it's the same now."

Archie made a slight sound of dissent.

"Think not? Why, look around you," said Dunn. "One man's a slave to money; and another's a slave to drink; and another's a slave to evil habits; and another's a slave to bad temper; and most of them are slaves to self. And everybody who don't own Christ for his Master is under the dominion of the Evil One. Is that freedom, I wonder?"

Archie was silent.

"A soldier gives himself up to the service of his Queen,—does it willingly,—and then he's bound just to go where he's bid, and to do what he's told, and to fight for his Queen and country whenever the command comes. But you don't count that slavery, eh, lad?"

"Well, I'll think about what you say," observed Archie, standing still. "I've got to turn off here. Mother'll be expecting me. It's very good of you to let me go to Church with you all, and I'm glad I went."

"That's a nice young fellow," Dunn observed, when Archie was out of hearing.

"It seems to me odd his mother shouldn't have been in to see us yet," Susan said. "I did think at first I must go right off and thank her for what her boy did for our Nannie. But when I said something of the sort to him, I could see at once he didn't want it. What sort of a woman used she to be?"

"She used to take a sort of pride in keeping herself to herself," said Dunn.

Susan shook her head slightly, and remarked, "Well, I'm not one to push myself on her, anyway."

Nancy said nothing. She was not much of a talker at any time.

Meanwhile Archie strode home at a brisk pace, and found dinner just ready, and Mrs. Stuart, in her best gown and cap, looking very tall, starched, upright, clean, and solemn.

She greeted him with a short,—"You're late to-day."

Archie knew in a moment that something had happened in his absence to annoy her.

"I went to Church," he said.

"That's a new notion," said Mrs. Stuart.

"Well, I didn't see why I shouldn't. I do go sometimes—in the morning, I mean."

"Four months since last time," she rejoined sarcastically.

"I suppose you've nothing to say against it, if I like to go once in a while, morning as well as evening?" observed Archie, his own tone growing somewhat tart.

"What made you like to go to-day?"

Archie had no immediate answer to give. Mrs. Stuart was dishing up, and the talk was in abeyance for some minutes. When they were both seated, and Archie had made some way through a large helping of roast beef and vegetables, she began again where they had left off, wording her question differently,—

"Who got you to go to Church to-day?"

"I'd thought of going before," said Archie.

"And left your Prayer-Book behind?"

"Well, yes,—I hadn't made up my mind," said Archie.

"Who made it up for you, I should like to know?"

Archie was quite sure by this time that somebody had seen him with the Dunns, and had reported the fact to Mrs. Stuart.

"I met some friends going, and I went with them," he said, with assumed carelessness. "I don't see why I'm to be catechised like this, mother, as if I was in my pinafores still! One would think I'd done something wicked."

Mrs. Stuart's long handsome nose became pinched, and her thin lips grew rigid.

"What friends?" she demanded.

"Only the Dunns."

A pause followed. Archie glanced up once or twice from his plate to Mrs. Stuart's face.

"There's no harm if I did go with the Dunns, or anybody else," he continued. "They're out-and-out nice people; and Dunn's a really good fellow, if ever there was one. I'm sure of it. There's lots of things he can talk about."

Silence answered him. Mrs. Stuart helped herself to another potato, and disposed of it in four big gulps, as a relief to her feelings.

"I haven't been to see them again, because I knew you wanted me not. But they've been expecting me; and they must count it odd you not going. I do think you might, when Dunn knew father, and all! And when I want it too! Anyway, I'm old enough to choose my friends. If it was a bad sort of friends I'd got hold of, things would be different. But people like the Dunns,—I can't see why on earth you should mind."

Mrs. Stuart avoided looking at her son.

"I didn't know I should meet them, of course: but I did. It wasn't likely I should pass them by. I'd had thoughts of going to Church; and when Dunn asked me, I didn't see why I shouldn't. They lent me a Prayer-Book."

Mrs. Stuart went on eating solemnly, her eyes downcast.

Archie had a temper as well as his mother: not a sullen temper like hers, but sometimes a hot one. He was very good-humoured up to a certain point; but he *could* be roused: and her manner was irritating.

"If you don't mean to speak to me about them, mother, I shan't speak of them to you neither," he said. "And another time you needn't catechise me,—that's all. I'm not a baby to be kept in leading-strings."

Still no reply. Archie bolted the remainder of his big helping, pushed back his chair, and stood up.

"Well, if I'm not to have civil words here, I'll go where I can get them," he said, quite in a passion.

Mrs. Stuart did not look up, but she said coldly,—"You're not going to those Dunns?"

"I don't see why not. Mrs. Dunn won't treat me like this, anyway."

Archie lingered for two or three seconds near the door. Even in his anger he quite well knew himself to be acting wrongly. He really did not wish to grieve or trouble his mother. She had been a good mother to him, and Archie could not but know it. He had good reason to be grateful and forbearing, even apart from the fact that she *was* his mother. Archie, of course, did not fully know how much he owed to her: young people seldom do. Nevertheless he waited, hoping she might say some little word which should make it easy for him to come back to the table. Truth to tell, he would not have objected to so doing, since he was hungry still.

No such word came, however. Mrs. Stuart rose, and stalked with long offended strides towards the fireplace.

"Mother!" Archie said hesitatingly.

Mrs. Stuart looked round. "Oh, you're not gone yet!" she said, though she had been quite aware of the fact before.

Archie walked off at once, and banged the front door. Mrs. Stuart saw him pass the window.

A change came over her face then. The thin nose began to work, and the thin lips to tremble. She had not expected Archie to take her at her word. Though Mrs. Stuart was a proud woman, with a cold manner and a bad

temper, yet down below she had a very loving heart towards this only boy.

All the morning she had been working for him; and in the oven now were the rice pudding and the fruit tart which he always liked.

Mrs. Stuart was wounded to the very quick. It seemed so hard that he should turn against her, only for the sake of these new people, almost strangers to her. She did not want to know the Dunns. She looked upon their standing as quite inferior to her own; and Mrs. Stuart was a proud-spirited woman, very particular as to whom she would associate with. Moreover, there was a girl at Woodbine Cottage—a pretty winning girl. People had not been backward in talking about Nancy's looks, and about Archie Stuart's evident admiration. That was just the thing which Mrs. Stuart most feared. She wanted to keep her boy to herself for many a year to come.

A neighbour had run in before dinner to gossip about the matter, having seen from her window Archie's encounter with the Dunn family on their way to Church.

"And you may depend upon it, things won't stop there," the neighbour had been so kind as to add. "Archie's a likely young fellow, and he'll be easy caught; and Mrs. Dunn's a woman that knows what she's about."

This was quite enough for Mrs. Stuart, and she gave her caller very plainly to understand that nothing of the kind ever would or should come to pass. Archie was not going to marry anybody yet awhile, and most certainly he was not going to marry Nancy Dunn.

Poor Mrs. Stuart! She had never yet learnt that difficult lesson, which almost all have sooner or later to learn—that we cannot have our own way in life, either for ourselves or for others.

CHAPTER X.

TEMPERS.

If Archie had been a little less angry, I do not think he would have seriously entertained the idea of going to Woodbine Cottage that afternoon, despite his threat. For it was not commonly his way to run straight in the teeth of his mother's wishes.

But being for once thoroughly vexed, he marched off in that direction, determined to assert his independence.

When near the cottage, it occurred to him that the Dunns would not yet have finished their dinner. So he went for a good round first, walking fast, and doing his best to keep up his indignation at fever-heat.

This proved not quite easy. Archie could get into a passion, and could say or do angry words or deeds; but he never could remain long annoyed. Mrs. Stuart, after being vexed, would spend hours in a sullen mood. Not so Archie. He never could sulk.

By the time he had performed a certain round, and was drawing once more near to Woodbine Cottage, he began to wonder whether he really would go in. He did not quite like to remember his mother sitting alone at home,—alone, and doubtless unhappy. The thought made him feel uncomfortable. What if he were to return, and try to put her into a better humour?

But perhaps, if he did, she would still refuse to speak. Or if she spoke, she might insist on his promising never to see the Dunns.

"No, no; I'm not going to do that," Archie said, almost aloud.

Then, looking up, he found himself close to the gate of Woodbine Cottage; and he saw Dunn issuing therefrom, with a little boy and girl, one on each side of him.

"How d'ye do again?" Dunn said kindly. "I'm off with these young 'uns to the Sunday school. It's their first time of going, and they're a morsel shy,—eh, Dick and Susie?"

"*I*'m not shy," asserted Dick; "*I* could take care of Susie."

"So you could, I don't doubt; but Susie don't think so. You'll find my wife inside, if you've a thought of going in," added Dunn to Archie.

"Well, I did half think of it," said Archie hesitatingly. "She told me to come some time, you know."

"So she did, lad,—you're quite right. We're not much of folks for gadding in and out of neighbours' houses all Sunday; but you're different to anybody and everybody. You've made yourself, in a sort, one of us. She will be glad enough to see you, I make no doubt. Come along, Susie and Dick,—we mustn't be late. Yes, yes; go in, Stuart."

And Archie went,—not quite resolved yet in his own mind, but hardly knowing now how to get out of it.

Susan Dunn herself opened the door, and led

Archie into the cosy parlour, which was always used on Sundays. But Nancy was not there, as Archie had expected and hoped. A book lay open on the table, and Susan had plainly been alone, reading.

"Sit down, won't you?" she said in a kind manner. "I'm so glad to see you here at last. You meant to come before, didn't you? My husband's gone to see the children to Sunday school. It's a new place to them, and Susie was afraid. And Nannie's gone to the Rectory. She wanted to hear of a Bible class on Sunday afternoons, that she could go to; and I asked Mr. Wilmot this morning if there wasn't one. I met him just a little while before we all came on you, and I asked him, and he said Nannie was to go and talk it over with Miss Wilmot. We are glad of that, for somebody told us Miss Wilmot was a very sweet young lady."

"Yes, so she is," observed Archie. "She comes to see mother once in a way."

Susan looked at Archie, then out of the window, then back again at Archie.

"Your mother don't come to see me," she said at length.

Archie reddened somewhat. "I wish she would, Mrs. Dunn. I've tried my best. I can't get her to come."

"Don't she want to know us?"

Archie said "No," involuntarily. Then it struck him that perhaps Susan might feel conscientiously bound to carry out Mrs. Dunn's wish, and might cease to encourage his calling at Woodbine Cottage. "It doesn't mean anything," he added in some haste. "Mother's got her own notions, you see; and if she's said a thing, she sticks to it like a leech. She's got her friends, and I've got mine. We pull along pretty well together. Sometimes she's angry, and won't speak to me,—like to-day. But it's not worth bothering about. She's always sure to come round after a while."

"Has she been vexed to-day?" asked Susan, with a look of trouble and pity.

"Oh, it's her way, you know," Archie said, assuming a careless air. "She don't mean anything by it; and I don't take it for more than it's worth. She wouldn't say a word to me at dinner, so I just walked off and left her alone. Oh, she'll come round."

Susan was evidently distressed. "I wouldn't," she said in an undertone,—"I wouldn't do that,—not again."

"But I couldn't sit it out. Nobody could," protested Archie.

"She didn't mean anything by it. You say that yourself," pleaded Susan. "And she's your mother, and she's been a good mother to you,—hasn't she? I wouldn't leave her to sit alone, Archie,—may I call you Archie?"

"Yes, do, please," put in Archie.

"I wouldn't leave her there alone,—I wouldn't really," said Susan again, chiming in with the remonstrances of the young man's own heart.

"Well, I won't," said Archie, after a pause. "I'll go straight back presently, and see if she won't like a walk."

"Yes, do. That'll be nice," said Susan. "And if she's put out once in a way, I wouldn't be put out too! I dare say she's had a deal of trouble to fight against, and that don't always smooth the temper."

"Well, yes, she's had troubles," admitted Archie. "And she's got a temper too, no mistake about that. And she'd like to keep me in leading-strings still, as if I was six years old."

"You're not in leading-strings," said Susan, with a little smile. "But I do think you're bound to do all you can to please her."

Archie said, "I s'pose so," not very cheerfully. He did not mean to count himself bound to shun the Dunns. He liked them increasingly, and he lingered on, hoping for one more glimpse of Nancy. The lingering was in vain, for Nancy did not appear, and presently Susan said, "I don't like to seem to hurry you. But won't your mother get impatient?"

"Well, p'raps she will," admitted Archie. Thereupon he said good-bye, and walked off.

(To be continued.)

THE RESURRECTION.

ONCE in beautiful weather in Spring, Luther said, "What a picture of the Resurrection! See how the trees are arrayed for their bridal! How delightfully all is growing green! Oh that we could only trust God; and rely on His faithfulness! What will it be in the life beyond, if God can show us, as He is doing unceasingly from day to day and from hour to hour, such delights in this pilgrimage, and this troubled life?"



Our Church Portrait Gallery.

II. THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP TITCOMB, D.D.

THE Right Rev. Bishop Titcomb received his University education at Cambridge, where he graduated at St. Peter's College. He took his B.A. degree in 1841, and M.A. in 1844. He was ordained by the Bishop of Down and Connor, and spent the early years of his ministry in the sister country. In 1845 Mr. Titcomb was appointed Vicar of St. Andrew the Less, Cambridge, which he vacated fifteen years later on accepting the Secretaryship of the Christian Vernacular Education Society.

In 1861 the Rev. Charles Kemble, who had then accepted the Rectory of Bath, appointed Mr. Titcomb his successor as Vicar of St. Stephen's, South Lambeth, a parish which had been formed through Mr. Kemble's instrumentality, and where he had built a handsome church. In this important sphere Mr. Titcomb's labours were most energetic, and his influence was felt far beyond the confines of his populous parish.

He was Rural Dean of Clapham from 1870 till 1876, and was appointed an Honorary Canon of Winchester in 1874. In 1876 he was appointed Vicar of Woking, and in the following year he was consecrated first Bishop of Rangoon by the late Archbishop Tait, Bishop Harold Browne, and the late Bishop Barker, of Sydney.

Five years later, Bishop Titcomb suffered a heavy bereavement in the death of his much-loved eldest daughter. To add to the trial, a second daughter was prostrate, and the medical opinion was that nothing short of instant removal from the climate could save the sufferer's life. The Bishop therefore determined to resign his appointment and return to England. After a period of entire rest, he once more returned to work, and rendered great service by superintending the stations of our Church on the Continent, as a deputy of the Bishop of London. His health, however, proving unequal to the heavy strain upon it, he has recently accepted the charge of the Vicarage of St. Peter, Deptford.

Dr. Titcomb is the author of several works, the best known being *Revelation in Progress; Cautions for Doubters; Gladius Ecclesiæ, or, Church Lessons for Young Churchmen; Personal Recollections of British Burmah; Before the Cross, short Chapters on Buddhism*, etc. Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Russell & Sons, Camden Road, N.

"The Queen's Resolve."

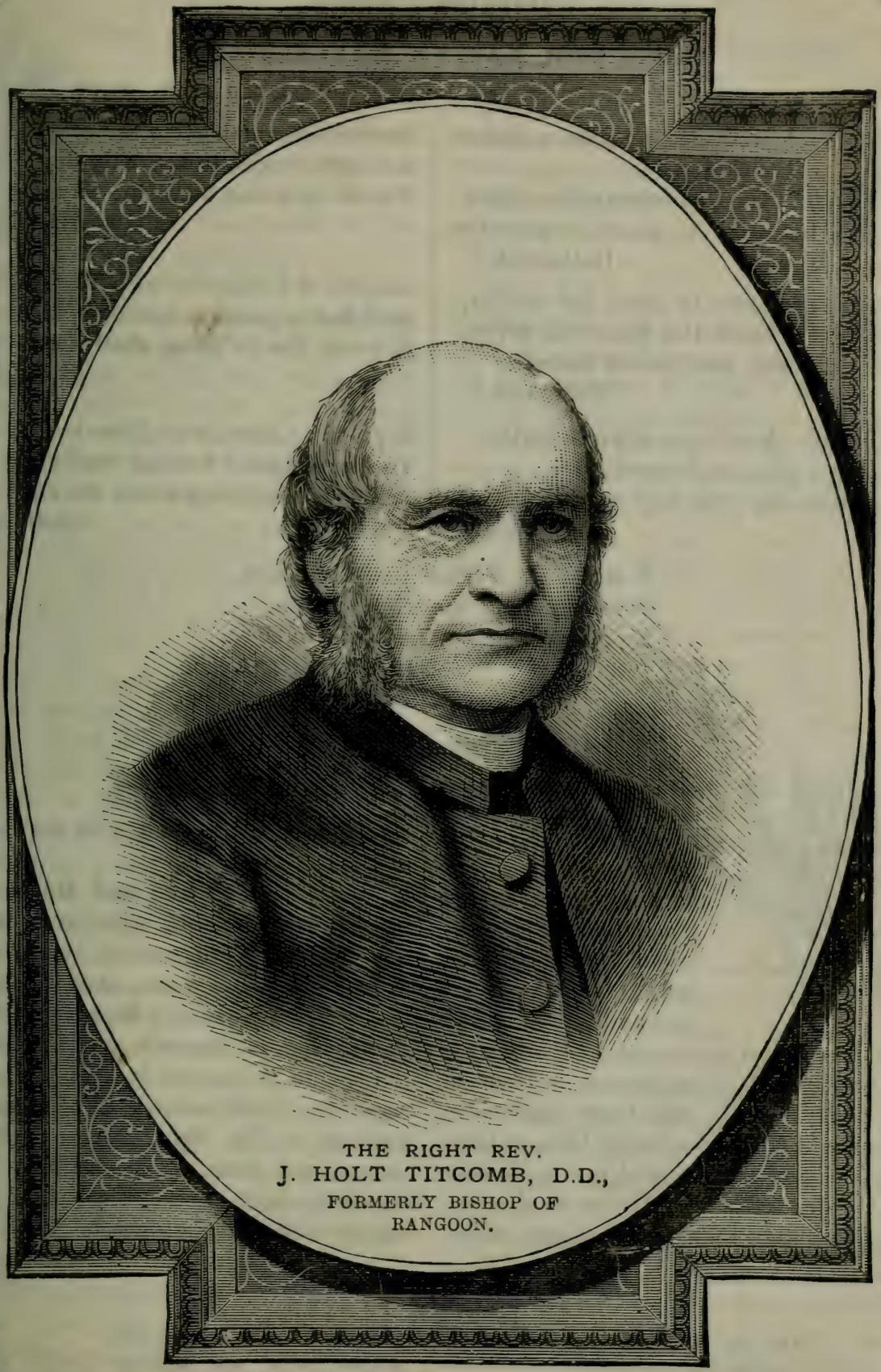


A JUBILEE BOOK FOR SUNDAY AND DAY SCHOOLS.

To the Clergy, School Superintendents, and Friends of the Young.

OUR suggestion continues to meet with the heartiest general response. We must refer our Readers to our March Number for particulars. Of course all our schools will have a grand Festal treat on June 21st, but a Jubilee book—a *lasting* memorial—full of first-class illustrations, and giving a comprehensive life of the Queen, placed in the hands of the scholars on Her Majesty's Birthday, May 24th, will prepare them for an intelligent and loyal celebration. The *Telegraph* remarked the other day:—"If we ask by what means it is proposed to *perpetuate the memory* of the Jubilee—in what way we hope to *enshrine it in the recollection of the children*—it is not easy to find *any definite answer*." We hope our plan supplies this "answer."

The great point is to act *at once*. One large Edition of 25,000 copies is ready: but the orders sent—as by Canon Bell for 500 copies for his schools—soon exhausts the supply: and unless orders are given *early*, the printers will be greatly pressed to produce the required number in time. There could be no risk in ordering 50. A specimen copy will be sent, post free, to any Clergyman, Superintendent, or other Friend of the young, on receipt of 1*s.* 3*d.*, by Mr. CHARLES MURRAY, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.



THE RIGHT REV.
J. HOLT TITCOMB, D.D.,
FORMERLY BISHOP OF
RANGOON.

From a Photograph by J. RUSSELL & SONS, *Camden Road.*

Wayside Chimes.

IV. Our Easter Hallelujah.

BY NICOLAS LE TOURNEAUX (1640–1686), TRANSLATED BY W. COOKE.

MORN'S roseate hues have decked the sky,
The Lord has risen with victory;
Let earth be glad and raise the cry, Hallelujah!

The Prince of Life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth His Blood has given,
Has rent the veil, and opened Heaven:
Hallelujah!

And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,
Has given a glorious harvest-birth:
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth,
Hallelujah!

Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
Are sown to rise to heavenly day;
For He by rising burst the way:
Hallelujah!

And he, O Lord, that with Thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body, like to Thine, shall rise:
Hallelujah!

O grant us, then, with Thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky:
Hallelujah!

O praise the Father, praise the Son,
Who has for us the triumph won,
And Holy Ghost—the Three in One:
Hallelujah! Amen.

"Christ is Risen."

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

"CHRIST is Risen"; and He has gone to prepare a home for us. Oh, let us not live as if our life here had no end to it; let us not plot and plan, dig and build, hoard and enjoy, as if there were no inheritance laid up for us in Heaven. "Christ is Risen"; and those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him, radiant in the bloom of an immortal youth, glowing with the freshness of a Divine perfection, loving us better than ever, because themselves utterly saturated with the dear love of God.

"Christ is Risen"; and He is coming back. Let us "work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh, when no man can work." Just wages, glad welcome, full harvest, rich glory, will He have for His servants, when He comes to reckon with them.

Look to it, look to it, that you are His servants; both seeking His favour, and walking in His light, and expecting His return, and then,—"when Christ, who is our Life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."

AN EASTER PRAYER.

Oh, let me know
The power of Thy Resurrection:
Oh, let me show
Thy Risen life in calm and clear reflection:
Oh, let me soar [before:
Where Thou, my Saviour Christ, art gone
In mind and heart,
Let me dwell always, only, where Thou art.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"Victory, Victory to Jesus Christ!"

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, DOVER; AUTHOR OF "STRONG AND FREE," "IN SECRET," ETC.



IT was a bold and courageous deed. Some young men owned an idol temple in India; but they embraced the Gospel, and then determined, in face of the opposition of a vast crowd, to break the idol and desecrate the shrine. So they went to their perilous work, and brought out the idol, holding it up and asking who would plead for it. The heathen for the moment were spell-bound: but three or four Christian women raised the cry: "Victory, victory to Jesus Christ!" Strange to say, many of those present took up the cry and passed it on. Like Elijah on Mount Carmel, one or two valiant soldiers of Christ swayed the multitude, and a great victory for the Gospel crowned the day.

The cry of that day is one that well befits the glorious season of Eastertide. When the third day had come, then the Lord Jesus, the true Sun of Righteousness, burst forth in meridian splendour. The little flock of disciples were re-gathered; the army of the powers of evil was discomfited; and ever since Christ and His truth have gone forth "conquering and to conquer."

"*Victory, victory to Jesus Christ!*" There was a *fourfold victory* at the Resurrection.

There was a *victory over the Prince of Darkness.* Satan had stirred up the malice and enmity of the chief priests. He had put it into the heart of Judas to betray Christ. The deadly work of the murder of the Son of God was his *masterpiece* of iniquity. But in the Resurrection of Christ he was manifestly defeated. Christ conquered Satan in the wilderness; He conquered him even whilst dying on the cross; but more openly and gloriously He conquered him on the day when He rose in power to carry on His work of salvation.

Thank God, the devil is a conquered foe. He shall never destroy the true Church of God's believing people. He shall never trample down the humblest, feeblest soul that trusts in the arm of Omnipotence.

There was a *victory over wicked men.* The conspiracy of the wicked, of Annas and Caiaphas, of scribes and chief priests, of Pontius Pilate and Herod, the cries of the fickle crowd—"Crucify Him! crucify Him!"—all these were brought to nought. Christ showed once for all that His power was beyond the utmost that man can effect.

Thank God for this. If He was stronger than man even when on a cross and in the grave, is He not still more so now that He reigns on His throne? Christian, never, never be afraid of man! Christ is on thy side, and He is above all. Therefore confess His Name, and be courageous for His cause! "*The Lord is my Light and my Salvation, whom then shall I fear?*"

There was a *victory over sin.* When Jesus arose, it was a witness from God that the debt of our transgression was paid and the sinner free. It was a testimony that full Atonement of man's guilt had been effected, the perfect Sacrifice accepted, and that henceforth there was no condemnation to him that believeth.

Thank God for this unspeakable benefit. Let the sinner, burdened with the weight of sin, look into the empty tomb and rejoice to know that in Christ sin is for ever put away. Let none now despair. Scarlet sins may be made white as snow. Mountains of guilt may be cast into the depths of the sea. "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven."

There was *a victory over death.* Through the Resurrection of Christ we learn that we too shall rise, and that death to a Christian is but a peaceful sleep of the mortal body till Christ comes again.

Thus Christ hath "brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

Therefore let Christians rejoice and be

glad both for themselves and for them that sleep in Jesus. The sting of death is gone; the grave has lost its terror. He who is ever the same will stand by you as He stood by Stephen in the hour of danger. He will receive your spirit to His care. He will call you forth on the great day to share His throne and kingdom. Therefore let this glad season awaken the response of gratitude and hope. Now and ever let us sing, "Victory, victory to Jesus Christ!"

"Jesus lives: our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!"

The Home Songster.

IV. OUR EMPRESS QUEEN.

[The following spirited and patriotic song, written by Mr. Clement Scott, ought to be in universal request during the coming months. It has been set to appropriate music by the veteran composer, Mr. Henry Russell, and is published by Messrs. Weekes & Co., Hanover Street, W.—The Editor.]

VICTORIA! Queen of a nation
That governs the heart of the world!
Thy Empire of love is the station
Where Liberty's flag is unfurled.
What son would not die to defend thee,
Who ruleth our loves and our lives?
The heart of our manhood we send thee;
The blessing of mothers and wives.

Victoria! Hark to our singing,
Awake to our Jubilee Song!
At the foot of thy throne we are flinging
The hearts that have lov'd thee so long.
The children of Time that surround thee,
The cup of thy joy shall refill,
A maid in thy beauty we found thee;
As Mother we honour thee still!

Victoria! Name that a nation
Has written in letters of gold,
Look down from the pride of thy station,
The wealth thou hast garner'd behold!
It is rarer than jewels or treasure,
It is pure as the starlight above,
It is richer than gold without measure,
The hearts of a people who love!

CHORUS.

Victoria! Star of our story!
Thou light of the days that have been!
We cheer for thy reign and its glory,
We pray for our Country and Queen!

Royal Anecdotes.

READY REPLIES.

The Queen has always been noted for readiness in reply—the right word at the right time. Wit and wisdom have gone together. Dining once in state with King William IV., the King asked, "What tune would you like the band to play during dinner?" "Oh! Uncle King," replied Her Royal Highness with quickness—"I should like 'God save the King' better than any other tune."

Her French master having once given her an interesting narrative to translate from English into French, the Duchess of Kent desired her, when she had finished her lesson, to thank M. Grandineau for the trouble he had taken. "No, mamma," replied the Princess with assumed dignity; "M. Grandineau should thank me, for I have taken the trouble to translate the story for him."—*The Queen's Resolve.*

THE QUEEN'S "OBEDIENCE."

When the arrangements were in progress for the Royal wedding, it is said that the Archbishop of Canterbury waited upon Her Majesty, and inquired if it were her wish that any alteration should be made in that portion of the Service appointed in the Liturgy for the solemnization of matrimony which included the promise of "obedience"—a curious promise for the Sovereign of Great Britain to make to her newly naturalized subject Prince Albert, who had just taken the oath to her as his liege lady. The Queen, according to the report, replied that "It was her wish to be married in all respects like any other woman, according to the revered usages of the Church of England, and that, though not as a *queen*, as a *woman* she was ready to promise all things contained in that portion of the Liturgy."—*The Queen's Resolve.*

Old Times.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE;" EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

"RETROSPECT OF A LONG LIFE."—THE TINDER-BOX.—CANDLES.—GAS.—THE "CHARLIES."—PHOTOGRAPHS. — MAIL-COACH TRAVELLING.—"AT THE TAIL OF A TAA-KETTLE."



THOMAS COOPER'S picture of the opening years of the nineteenth century gave us a general idea of "things as they were" when he was young, mainly from the working man's point of view. No doubt distance lends enchantment to the view, and we are all disposed to speak as favourably as we can of the experiences of early life; but Mr. Cooper's testimony at least shows that in some particulars we might still learn useful lessons from our grandfathers and grandmothers.

We have just taken up Mr. S. C. Hall's "Retrospect of a Long Life,"* and it is so full of interesting reminiscences, that we must glean somewhat largely from its pages.

Mr. Hall says: "I was born in the year 1800. Thus when joy-bells rang for the victory at Trafalgar, I was a child of five years old; when tidings came of the crowning triumph at Waterloo, a boy of fifteen; and when George III. died, I was a young man." For fifty years Mr. Hall was the editor of the *Art Journal*, and few men have enjoyed such opportunities of wide observation.

One of his earliest recollections, in which we can share—though we were not born in 1800—is associated with the tinder-box. Even fifty years ago the tinder-box was as indispensable as was, and is, the tea-kettle that still sings on the hob of the kitchen. A flint and steel struck over the box, in which was placed the "tinder"—scorched or half-burned linen rag—emitted sparks, and when one fell upon and ignited the tinder, the brimstone end of a "match" was applied to it, and so light was obtained for the candle, which was usually made of mutton-fat. The tinder-box exercise on a dark and frosty morning, if once practised, would indeed make domestics thankful for the wonderful lucifer-match.

Candles always required the snuffer-tray and snuffers. There were no self-consuming wicks. Gas was a very excitable article. Its introduction was met by a furious storm of opposition. The oil lamps only made darkness visible; and the "Charlies," with staves and lanterns, instead of being "watchmen" to prevent crime, rather gave timely or untimely notice to thieves as to where they might safely pursue their depredations. Even Sir Walter Scott denounced gas as a "pestilential innovation" in a public speech, although he changed his mind and soon after caused Abbotsford to be lit with "the dangerous air."

Had any one in those days talked of making the sun a portrait-taker, he would have been told that he might as easily extract sunbeams from cucumbers. Mr. Hall was the fifth person in England whose portrait was taken by the process of Daguerre on a thin plate of metal. Photographs on paper followed; and in 1847 Mr. Hall introduced impressions into the *Art Journal*.

Mail-coaches were the public mode of conveyance: and a serious matter it was to travel at all, especially in the neighbourhood of London. "In 1816," Mr. Hall says, "I travelled by a greatly improved coach from London to Bristol in the 'unprecedented' period of twenty hours. It started in the afternoon and arrived at mid-day of the day succeeding. At that time coach-travelling at the rate of four miles an hour was not considered slow. In 1882 I made the same journey in two hours and a half." The discomfort of the mail-coach, on a long journey, only those who have experienced it can tell. The four inside passengers were of course miserably cramped: and on a cold night the window difficulty, open or shut, was often not easily solved. Outside, the comfort, or otherwise, depended on the weather. Still, for moderate journeys, the coach had its charms. Well do we recall the pleasant fresh morning air, the toot-toot of the guard's horn, and the exhilarating gallop of the horses! Mr. Hall tells two capital stories to show that the

* "Retrospect of a Long Life: 1815 to 1883." By S. C. Hall, F.S.A. (London: Richard Bentley & Son.)

coachmen, at any rate, in those days thought there was "nothing like leather": and with these we must conclude this chapter.

"The last time I travelled by a mail-coach was to Cambridge before the Great Eastern line was finished. Half the journey was by railway; the other half by coach. It was a day of breeze and sunshine. The coachman was one of the last of the old race. I mounted upon the box seat and sat by his side; at a crack of his whip, off went four horses at a spanking pace. I rubbed my hands with glee, and said, 'What a delicious change from the hissing and howling railroad I have left!' The man looked at me with a glance of strong approval. The coach was going at the rate of twelve miles an hour, as I added, 'And I'm sure this travelling is fast enough for any one!' He looked at me again: 'Eh?' said he; '*them as wants to go faster, let 'em get out and run!*'

"Akin to this is an incident that happened to me not long ago, when I landed at the Quay at Kingstown. Up, as usual, ran the car-drivers, each pressing me to let him convey me to Dublin, distance six miles. 'Oh no!' I said, 'I'm going by the railroad.' One of them stared at me in astonishment, and exclaimed, 'Well, I wonder at your honour! you, an English gentleman, maybe for the first time in Ireland—that wouldn't rather be whisk'd up to Dublin in my nate little car, than be *dragg'd up to Dublin at the tail of a taa-kettle!*'"

(*To be continued.*)

Courtship and Marriage:

SIDELIGHTS OF HOME LIFE.

BY A BENEDICT.

CHAPTER III.

LOVE AND WISDOM.—WHATEVER YOU DO, BE OPEN.—"ROUND THE CORNER WAITING."—THE UNION OF HEART AND HOPE.—"A WOMAN'S QUESTION."—THE RUINED HUSBAND.



IT has been said, "It is impossible to love and be wise." It might also be said, "It is impossible to be wise and not to love." A loveless life is a living death, whether married or single. "He prayeth best who loveth best." But no doubt the love of courtship has often a blinding influence, and for this reason, those who would be wise must be cautious.

One caution I may give in the counsel—*Whatever you do, be open.*

Concealment and secrecy in human affairs are sometimes necessary, but we seldom admire them. Courtship, as well as marriage, is, or ought to be, "honourable in all." A worthy old woman in one of our rural villages left a lot of manuscripts, chiefly copies of all sorts of rhymes, and some few original. It is not known whether the following quaint bit of advice may be her own composition or otherwise; but it is true common sense, and accords with the Christian philosophy which bids us "abstain from all appearance of evil":—

ROUND THE CORNER WAITING.

"Round the corner waiting! What will people say?
If you wish to see me, there's a proper way.
Village tongues are ever ready with remark;
Eyes are at the casement if a dog but bark.
Round the corner waiting! What will people say?
If you wish to see me, there's a proper way.

When the Church hath bound us—linked two hearts in one,
I shall care but little how their tongues rail on;
But until the bridal, never let them find
Aught to cause me blushes—hurt my peace of mind.
Round the corner waiting! What will people say?
If you wish to see me, there's a proper way.

Fifty things are stated, things you'd ne'er suppose,
If but something secret in a neighbour shows.
Boldly take the right way, and their lips are stayed;
All are quick to censure if you seem afraid.
Round the corner waiting! What will people say?
If you wish to see me, there's a proper way."

A rule which will be found very useful in courtship is this: "Let your lover treat you as he would wish any lover to treat his own sister." Let every young woman

beware of anything on the part of her lover which has the slightest tendency to touch upon that modesty and delicacy which are the most exquisite ornaments of woman—the very bloom upon woman's character.

As a second caution, remember, *True marriage involves the union of heart and life.*

Some marry "circumstances" instead of "husbands" and "wives." Circumstances, we quite agree, should be duly considered. "Though riches don't bring happiness, poverty does very often bring misery." Parents, however, make a mistake when they expect young people to start where they themselves are leaving off. It is well in this case to go out in the "third class" and come back in the "first": to begin with the "porridge" and end with the "chicken." A few rough places to get over together will help to deepen love and strengthen character. But the main point is this: whatever the outward circumstances may be, true marriage is *the union of heart and life.* There is no "fortune" to be gained by marriage unless the wife and the husband are fortunes in themselves. If a man is worth nothing but money, he is poor indeed; and if a wife is married only for what she has, or what she can do, and not for what she *is*, the prospect is dark indeed.

Mrs. Barrett Browning has written a grand poem, entitled "A Woman's Question," which every man and every woman ought to read and ponder if courtship is to be a fitting step to marriage.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

"Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef—
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

I am fair and young; but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with little pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way!"

As a happy illustration of the issue of a true marriage of *heart and life*, let me end this chapter with a story told of a husband engaged in business, who, during a money panic, returned to his home to tell his wife that he was "ruined." He says to her: "The furniture must go, the house must go, the social position and all our comforts must go." After he ceases talking, and the wife has heard all in silence, she replies with a smile, "Is that all? Why, you had nothing when I married you, and you have only come back to where you started. If you think that my happiness and that of the children depends on these trappings, you do not know me, though we have lived together thirty years. God is not dead, and the Bank of Heaven has not suspended payment; and if *you* don't mind the loss, I don't mind it. What we need of food and raiment the rest of our lives, we can get; and I don't mean to sit down and mope and groan."

And so the true "helpmeet" rallies to "do the next thing" in the path of home love and home duty, and the "ruined" husband looks up to the smiling face in amazement, feeling as he never felt before, "Whoso findeth a wife"—after *this* kind—"findeth a good thing."



NEARING THE SUMMIT—EARLY DAWN.

Pictures at Home and Abroad.

BY A TRAVELLER.

IV. A NIGHT ASCENT OF SNOWDON.

EVERY man ought to climb a mountain. Men, and boys too, are made for climbing. "Excelsior," it is true, is a very hackneyed cry now; but it is not the less a capital life-motto. All *Home Words* readers who *can*—and "where there's a will," in most cases "there's a way"—should begin to save their odd pence and shillings for "the Holiday Excursion" this year; and if they have never been in dear old Wales before, let them seek a "rise" in the world there, by making a night ascent of Snowdon. A series of illustrations, and a brief narrative of such an ascent, will perhaps help to stimulate the resolve.

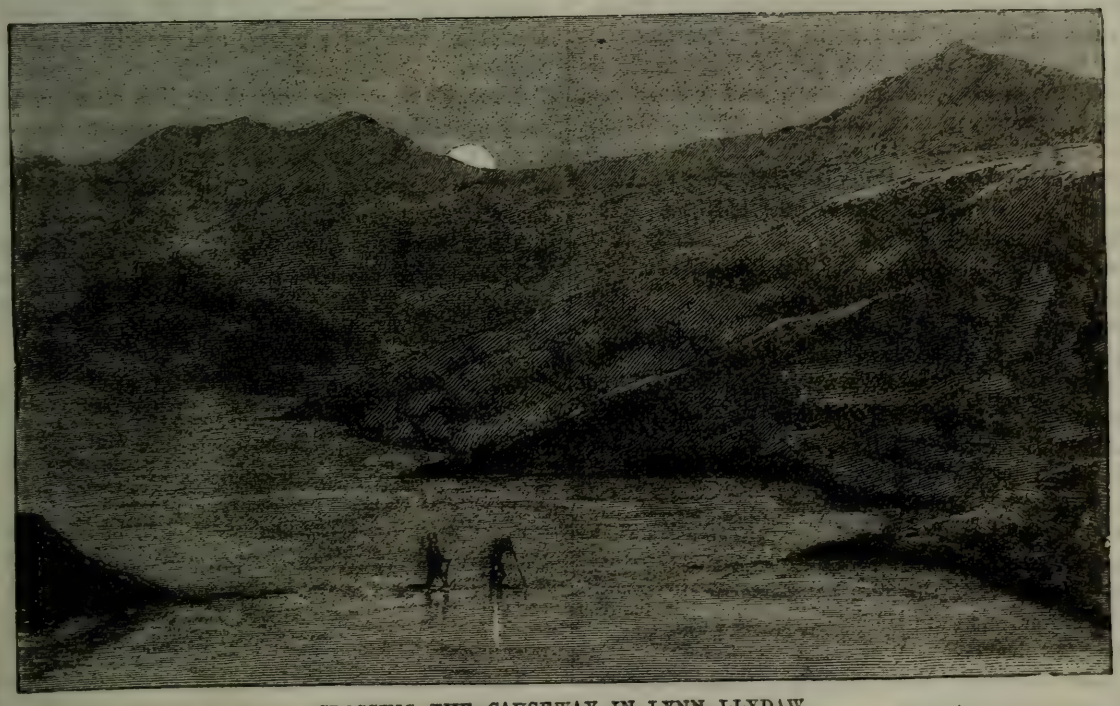
First, a few words about Snowdon. It is unquestionably the finest mountain in England and Wales. In Cumberland there are peaks which for beauty of form and majesty of rock scenery approach it closely: but nowhere in the British Isles is there a more magnificent group of mountain scenery than that which forms what is termed "the Snowdon horse-shoe," with its culminating point of Wyddfa. The word "Snowdon" is a Saxon one, and simply means "a snowy height." The highest point is 3,570 feet above the sea-level. St. Paul's Cathedral is a stiff climb of 404 feet; so that there is certainly a considerable amount of getting upstairs before the climber reaches the top of Snowdon. But then the mountain *air!* It is like breathing fresh life! Old limbs become young again; and at last the climber looks down from the giddy height with amazement at his own achievements.

The ascent may be made from several sides, but the most interesting of the ordinary ascents is that from Capel Curig, and with this our sketches will deal.

The Capel Curig Hotel is the central resort of mountaineers in North Wales. It stands in a lonely enough position, but it is a welcome resting-place for those who would watch the sungleams and cloud-shadows which form the main charm of the glorious surrounding mountain heights.



THE START FROM PEN-Y-GWRYD, 12.30 A.M.



CROSSING THE CAUSEWAY IN LYNN LLYDAW.

A NIGHT ASCENT OF SNOWDON.

But now for the story of the night ascent, given in the words of those who made it.

"We started at 12.30 from the Hotel at Capel Curig. The sun rose about four, and we had time to saunter to the summit, and welcome him there. We were going by the low pony track; but, as the night was very dark, we carried a horn lantern to light doubtful places and abrupt turns in the zig-zags. The light of the setting moon served us as far as Corphwysfa, and around the base of Pen-y-lan, almost to the shores of Llyn Llydaw. It was intensely still. Not a sound save the tumbling of the torrents broke the absolute silence of the night.

"Nearing the dark waters of Llyn Llydaw, we halted, and lit the lantern to guide us to the causeway which divides the lake, and saves a tedious detour. The moon sank behind three-peaked Lliwedd as we crossed, and in intense darkness we made the steep ascent to Glaslyn, and entered the vast hollow of Cwm Dyli. Near the old mine works there was some difficulty to find the beginning of the zig-zags, and once on them it was by no means easy in such utter darkness to keep in the right track.

The ascent to the saddle between Y Wyddfa and Crib-y-Ddysgyl seemed of extraordinary length, and we did the last few limbs of the zig-zag at an impatient run, which flushed us with pleasurable heat. As we reached the saddle the first grey streaks of dawn appeared in the eastern sky."

(To be continued.)

England's Church.

II. LIGHT ON CHURCH MATTERS.

WHAT OUR CHURCH IS DOING.

A NEW feature in "The Official Year-Book of the Church of England," which has just been published, is a summary of the work of our Church in England and Wales for the year 1885.

The figures are given under two headings: (1) *Work*, (2) *Finance*. But since the returns only represent the replies given by 80 out of each 100 of the beneficed clergy,—some parishes being vacant, and others recently filled,—twenty per cent. must be added to obtain an idea of the *whole* work done.

We gather from the Year-Book the following figures:

Population according to Census of 1881, 26,117,886.

Number of Incumbents, 13,808.

Number of Incumbents replying, 11,501.

Baptisms in 1885, Infants, 450,794.

Baptisms in 1885, Adults, 12,938.

Communicants on the roll, or attending last Easter Day, 1,181,915.

Church accommodation:—

Appropriated sittings, 1,497,119.

Free sittings, 3,664,429.

It is often said that the Church of England is not the Church of the poor; these figures conclusively prove, at any rate, that seat rents are not the barrier, for it will be seen that the *free* seats are nearly three times more numerous than the appropriated ones.

Sunday Schools:—

Infants, 332,127; Boys, 687,297; Girls, 747,582.

Sunday-school Teachers:—

Males, 61,724; Females, 91,642.

Bible Classes:—

Males, 130,901; Females, 144,512.

Church of England Temperance Societies:—

Juvenile members, 318,156.

Adults:—Abstainers, 183,525.

Non-abstainers, 47,541.

Church Institute members, 35,907.

Village Reading Rooms, 114,326.

Parochial Libraries, 175,134.

Parochial Magazines circulated, 576,802.

Other figures inform us that there are about 210,000 unpaid choir members, and 20,000 paid; about 4,000 Scripture and lay readers, and nearly 50,000 district visitors.

Here, then, we see something like an army on a review ground, and we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon the noble body of voluntary workers who are thus engaged in Christian work from Advent to Advent all over the land.

Turning to the question of finance, we find that the voluntary offerings of the people in 1885 reached the sum of £5,003,936 5*s.* 2*d.* The items may be generally summarised thus:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
General work (for assisting clergy, church expenses, the poor, church building, restoration, endowments, parsonages, burial grounds, etc.) ...	3,919,568	5	2
Theological schools and education of candidates for Holy Orders ...	16,232	0	0
Public-school missions	10,076	0	0
Education from Department returns	1,058,060	0	0
	£5,003,936	5	2

These figures do not include contributions for Home and Foreign Missions paid by individual Churchmen direct to central Societies, but only such sums as were paid to or through the parochial clergy. The contributions of Churchmen to the building and general maintenance of schools are also excluded, because it was felt that the returns made to the Education Department fairly, though not exhaustively, represent the amount raised by Churchmen for this object.

Homely Talks on Homely Topics.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "MORE THAN CONQUERORS," "A LADY OF PROPERTY," ETC., HON. EDITORIAL SEC. OF THE C.E.T.S.

IV. "FOR SISTER'S SAKE."



A YEAR or two ago I went as a deputation to a temperance meeting, in a parish on the borders of Epping Forest. After a meal at the Vicarage, the Vicar took me to the schoolroom, and on the way explained that his wife would not be at the meeting, as she had a little work of her own in hand. My curiosity was excited, as in conversation the good lady had expressed a deep interest in the C.E.T.S., and I wondered what the work could be which prevented her from attending the meeting. Later on, my curiosity was more than satisfied, for I learnt something of a life of noble consecration, which abundantly illustrates the lines:—

"If you want a field of labour,
You may find it anywhere."

The "work" of the clergyman's wife was in brief this:—The vicarage gate opened on the highway to London, and every Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evening, unless the weather was very stormy, she went down to the garden gate to watch for poor girls running away from their quiet homes in the country, to hide their sin and their shame in the great metropolis. Many an erring one, with a small bundle of things in her hand, had been tapped on the shoulder and brought into the vicarage, there to be kept all night, and induced to return to her home early in the morning, before the reproach of being missed by the neighbours had time to injure irreparably the poor girl's character.

"In nearly every instance," said the vicar's wife, "I find that the main cause of the mischief is drink." Sometimes, of course, a fit of passion or bad temper led the girl to put her few things together; but in by far the majority of the cases, being over-persuaded to take a "drop of drink" was the first step to the severance of the home-tie.

This, then, is a matter which strongly appeals to brothers. Every right-minded Briton must be jealous of the fair fame of British womanhood. The sobriety and purity of the future wives and mothers of England ought to be sacred to every man with a spark of chivalry in his breast.

The poor girls who find a grave in the dark waters of the Thames, or the Serpentine, are "somebody's sisters." A few years ago they were the petted darlings of happy homes, and now their photographs have been removed from the albums, and nobody in the house dare speak their names lest they should call up thoughts which cannot be soothed, even by tears.

What more touching message could be sent to the young men of England than this: "Give up the drink for your sister's sake!"

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADES.

VIII. My first will answer if there's need;
My second is secure;
If this charade you deign to read,
You'll do my whole, I'm sure.

IX. When from the port some gallant vessel sails
For the first time to brave old Ocean's gales,
Th' assembled crowd her voyage loudly hails,
And my first rings again:

But if, to the young ship-boy's anxious thought,
By sudden chance his distant home is brought,
His swelling heart with recollection fraught
Will be my second then:

And when, all danger past, in future days
That much-loved home he sees—beyond all praise
Will seem to him the Christmas faggot's blaze,
Which all pronounce my whole.

CONUNDRUMS.

33. Why is a madman like two people at once?

34. Why is a clock the most humble of machines?

35. What ecclesiastical writer would have been the best angler?

36. What is the numerical difference between four and two and two and four?

37. What must be extracted from fifty-nine to leave sixty?

38. What is the difference between a talkative person and a looking glass?

39. Which are the most sociable letters in the alphabet?

ANSWERS. (See MARCH No., p. 69.)

CHARADES.

VI. Highroad.

VII. Eight.

CONUNDRUMS.

24. Because he gets (w)rapped up at night.

25. Orinooko.

26. The letter E, because it is always in debt.

27. The letter E.

28. A and B C D.

29. F will make it fit.

30. Because it is the Capital of England.

31. It strengthens a strong flame, and extinguishes a weak one.

32. Because you are protected by the counterpane (counter-pain).



WHAT WILL HE BE?

[See Page 95.

The Young Folks' Page.

XI. WHAT WILL HE BE?



THE play-hours of our boys often indicate the natural bent of their young minds.

Our artist, for example, has caught a rising genius who is evidently a born mechanic. Tommy is clearly no book-worm. The round dozen of substantial volumes have no attractions for him, especially as a chisel, a gimlet, a hammer, and a packet of nails have been conveniently left behind by father, who went off in a big hurry in the morning. These, with one of father's cast-off hats, will keep Tommy's inventive faculties in active exercise for some hours. Before he is done he will make something, that is certain, if it be only a complete wreck of the hat!

A good many years ago a lad, not one bit older than our Tommy, watched the building of a windmill with great interest and curiosity. Day by day he marked the progress made, and became so thoroughly acquainted with the machinery as to construct and complete a small model of it. This he placed on the top of the house, where, to the joy of himself and his companions, it was set in motion by the wind; and the machinery was so perfect a copy of that from which it had been taken as to call forth the warm praise of all who saw it.

At this time he introduced the flying of paper kites, till then unknown, thereby entitling himself to the gratitude of boys of all future generations. He studied diligently their most advantageous shape and size, and had enough of the spirit of fun in him to take great delight in raising rumours of comets and meteors, by attaching paper lanterns to their tails on dark nights.

His attention was also keenly directed to the movements of "sun, moon, and stars," and by narrowly watching the shadows as they passed slowly along the wall of his lodging and the roofs of the adjoining houses, he devised and formed a sun-dial.

In 1827 this ingenious lad, who had then lived to be an old man of eighty-five, passed to his everlasting rest, and was buried in Westminster Abbey among the dust of some of our noblest countrymen. There you will find his monument. Do you ask the name, so that you may look for it when you visit the Abbey? It is, Sir Isaac Newton.

Well, what will our Tommy be? Who knows but that if his taste for "making something" is thoroughly trained, he too shall one day be spoken of as a great inventor whose genius has contrived something which will lead every one to speak of him as a benefactor.

What a splendid thing it would be if every English boy were taught some trade! *F. S.*

XII. "CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN."

The little snowdrops rise
From out their earthly prison,
The sun is in the skies,
And all the world rejoices
With her ten thousand voices,
For Christ the Lord is risen!

Then shall not children, Lord,
In Thy dear presence live?
Art Thou by all adored;
And shall not we be singing,
To Thee our heart's love bringing,
The best that we can give?

We are not good or wise,
But Thou art strong to save;
May we in Thee arise
To every high endeavour,
Leaving dead self for ever
Within the silent grave!

Annie Matheson.

XIII. "THE CHILDREN OF THE RESURRECTION."

BY THE VERY REV. DEAN HART, M.A.

RESURRECTION is a very hard word, but it has a very simple meaning—"rising again." But what did St. Luke mean by "children of the Resurrection"? (St. Luke xx. 36). think he meant those of whom the Word of God says: "These are they who have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb." But what does that mean? It means that every one of "the children of the Resurrection" must have often knelt down and asked Jesus Christ to take away their sins. When any one does this, the Lord Jesus says, "I forgive." He died upon the Cross, He shed His Blood, to give Him power to say that.

But perhaps you ask, "Is that all I have to do—just ask Jesus to forgive me?" Yes, that is all; but you must *mean* what you say: and the proof that you are "children of the Resurrection" will be shown by your rising with Christ all day long.

Our Easter lesson is to "rise" and be more like Jesus: to make it our one aim to live like He lived, not for Himself, but to help and please others. Pray, then, for grace that you may live like "children of the Resurrection." See how many kind words you can speak, and how many kind things you can do, this Eastertide. Say to yourself, "If I am a child of the Resurrection, I must be *rising*." If you practise that rising now, you will rise when Jesus comes, and live with Him for ever!

The Bible Mine Searched.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WHERE are the Israelites first called Jews?
2. On what occasion were the words of John the Baptist quoted by St. Paul?
3. Give a passage in the New Testament in which Moses is called a mediator?
4. With reference to what fact does St. Paul quote Psalm lxix. 9?
5. Give the name and relate the act recorded of a remarkable Levite who was with the disciples after our Lord's Ascension?
6. Name three miracles recorded in one of the Books of Kings.

ANSWERS (See FEBRUARY No., p. 47).

1. The crackling of thorns under a pot: Eccles. vii. 6.
2. The seed growing in secret: St. Mark iv. 26–29.
3. Ebedmelech, the Ethiopian slave: Jer. xxxviii. 7–13; xxxix. 16–18.
4. "The Holy One of Israel." Thirty times.
5. Deut. xxxiv. 3; Judges i. 16.
6. Prov. xxx. 30.
7. Mordecai, in the kingdom of the Medes and Persians: Esther x. 3.
8. In the Psalms. It signifies the Psalmist's weary and worn condition, longing for the comfort of God's presence. The leathern bottle dried in the smoke became worn out and useless.

APRIL.

Early Prayer: Evening.

By the Editor.

MERCIFUL Father! I began the day with prayer: I trust I may end it with praise, for help and strength given me to overcome some of the temptations which have beset my path.

But, alas! I must end the day with humble confession too. I have not loved Thee as I ought to love Thee—as I wish to love and serve Thee. I have sinned against Thee this day, and I am not worthy to be called Thy child. Pride, and anger, and idleness, and selfishness lead me away from the path of holiness and love.

But, O God! I come to Thee, for Thou art rich in mercy. There is forgiveness with Thee. Yea, there is no measure to Thy love: it is Divine, all love excelling. Thou didst give Thy dear Son to die that we might be forgiven.

Pour down upon me, then, to-night, the abundance of Thy mercy, forgiving me those sins whereof my conscience is afraid, and giving me those good gifts which I am not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord.

Forgiven and blessed by my Heavenly Father, I will now lay me down and take my rest, for Thou wilt make me dwell in safety. Give me, and all I love, sweet sleep, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"Love's Sweet Lesson."

(For Morning Prayer.)

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,—
Loving Him who first loved me.

With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move:
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy Face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

Amen.

"Who for us Came Down."

"Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings."—Eph. i. 3.

1	F	I came down to do the will of Him that sent Me.
2	S	The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour.
3	S	**Palm S.** *Thy King cometh, having salvation.*
4	M	It pleased the Lord to bruise Him. Isa. liii. 10.
5	Tu	The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His Hand. Isa. liii. 10. [dieth. Ezek. xviii. 32.
6	W	I have no pleasure in the death of him that
7	Th	See if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.
8	F	Good Fri. *He died unto sin once.* Rom. vi. 10.
9	S	East. Eve. *We are buried with Him.* Rom. vi. 4.
10	S	**Easter Sun.** *Risen with Christ.* Col. iii. 1.
11	M	Easter Mon. *Seek those things which are above.*
12	Tu	Easter Tu. *Set your affection on things above.*
13	W	In that He liveth, He liveth unto God.
14	Th	Because I live, ye shall live also. Jn. xiv. 19.
15	F	If the dead rise not... then is not Christ raised.
16	S	The dead shall be raised incorruptible.
17	S	**1st S. a. East.** *Now is Christ risen from the dead.*
18	M	Hath raised us up together. Eph. ii. 6. [26.
19	Tu	Therefore glorify God in your body. 1 Cor. vi.
20	W	None of us liveth to himself. Rom. xiv. 7.
21	Th	Whether we live, we live unto the Lord. Rom.
22	F	All live unto Him. St. Luke xx. 38. [xiv. 8.
23	S	Unto you which believe He is precious.
24	S	**2nd S. aft. East.** *Christ is all, and in all.*
25	M	St. Mark. *His banner . . . over me was love.*
26	Tu	None upon earth that I desire beside Thee.
27	W	My Beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand. Cant. v. 10. [16.
28	Th	My Beloved is Mine, and I am His. Cant. iv.
29	F	Who gave Himself for us. Tit. ii. 14.
30	S	That He might redeem us from all iniquity.

Sun.—1st day. Moon.—Full, 8th, m. 5.39.
Rises 5.38. Sets 6.31. „ New, 23rd, m. 8.53.

2. Richard Cobden died, 1865.
14. The assassination of Abraham Lincoln took place, 1865.
19. Lord Beaconsfield died, 1881.
22. Earthquake occurred in Essex, 1884.
24. The Princess Alice was born, in 1843.
28. The good Earl of Shaftesbury was born, 1801.



THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper. 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.





SPRING FLOWERS.

Come and buy my flowers of Spring, | Beautiful as angel's wing.

Engraved by R. TAYLOR.]

[*See Page 99.*

AS·FOR·ME & MY·HOUSE WE·WILL·SERVE THE·LORD.

HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Spring Flowers.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH, AUTHOR OF "KENTISH LYRICS," ETC.

(*See Illustration, Page* 98.)

GATHERING violets white and blue
Freshened with the early dew;
Gathering violets blue and white;
Opening to the morning light;
Through the upland, copse, and dell,
Oh how sweet the violets smell!
Spring is whispering through the trees,
Breathing fragrance on the breeze;
Come with me, oh, come with me,
Wandering over hill and lea,
Gathering violets white and blue,
Sparkling with the early dew!

Here upon this woodland stile
Sit we down and rest awhile;
Hark! the brooklet rippling slow
Is intoning down below,
And the thrush with fluent song
Pours a tide of joy along.
Nature smiles, and leaves, and flowers;
Welcome sunshine! welcome flowers!
So we join glad Nature's glee,
Echoing over hill and lea—
Gathering violets white and blue,
Fresh baptized in early dew!

Come with me, oh, come with me,
Virgin Spring in smiles to see:
By the hedgerow in the lane
Spring begins her loving reign:
There the lenten primrose blooms,
And dispreads its mild perfumes;
There, on sunny bank besprent,
Grow the flowers of daintiest scent,—
Violets blue and violets white.
Come and share my pure delight,
Gathering violets white and blue,
Freshened by the early dew!

Come and buy my flowers of Spring,
Beautiful as angel's wing;
Radiant in their rainbow hue,
Ever varying—ever new;
By our common Father given,
Fragrant with the smile of Heaven.
Oh the joy of gathering flowers
From the woodland brooks and bowers!
Come and buy them, that I may
Hasten to the woods away,
Gathering violets white and blue,
Glittering with the morning dew!

A WHITSUNTIDE TRUTH.

"ALL that an earthly parent's heart can prompt in loving solicitude for the children God has given him, can but faintly image the 'waiting grace' of our Heavenly Father to give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."—*The Forgotten Truth.*

Ready, aye Ready!

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW;" "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

"MY ONLY BOY."

MRS. STUART felt her loneliness more than she would have liked to say, and very bitter and sorrowful grew her spirit, as time went by and Archie appeared not. She could not read, could not employ herself, could not turn her mind to any other subject. She would not go out, for fear Archie might return to find her gone. "It would serve him right," she told herself; and once she rose and put her bonnet on, determined to punish him. But resolution failed there, and she took it off and sat down again.

So the minutes dragged slowly past, and Mrs. Stuart watched in weary solitude; and her face fell into a sad dreary set, which anybody must have been grieved to see.

Suddenly a brisk footstep could be heard without. Mrs. Stuart stirred out of her stooping posture, and was in one moment stiffly upright. She wiped hastily away the traces of two tears which had insisted on having their way, and hardened her features into an expression of cold indifference. Archie should not know what she had suffered. If he did not care to be with her, she would not seem to care about being with him.

"Well, mother?" Archie spoke in a bright voice as he entered, for he wanted to make a pleasant impression. "Like to have a walk with me?"

Mrs. Stuart made no answer. She would not look at Archie, but stood up, stalked to a drawer, pulled out a duster, and began polishing a corner of the small bookshelf, which needed no polishing.

"Come, mother! Now you're not going to be vexed with me still," expostulated Archie. "There's no need. Let's have a walk and forget it."

Mrs. Stuart went on with her polishing industriously, just as if she had not heard a word.

"Of course if you don't want me I can be off again," said Archie, in a rather aggrieved tone. "But I should think you might as well forgive and forget. I'm sorry now that I went away in such a hurry from dinner. And I do think you've been angry long enough."

Mrs. Stuart faced round upon Archie.

"Where have you been all this while?" she demanded.

"I went for a walk, mother, first."

"And after that?"

"I just went in for a little chat with Mrs. Dunn. But I didn't stay long. She wouldn't let me stay. She told me I'd ought to come back to you; so I've come."

Mrs. Stuart's thin nostrils began to quiver.

"I'm much beholden to Mrs. Dunn," she said hoarsely. "So I'm to have my boy's company at the bidding of a stranger! That's it, is it? Not as *he* cares to be with his mother! O no, I quite understand all about it now! And all I've got to say is, that if you don't want to be here, I don't want to have you. So there! You'd best go back to Mrs. Dunn, and stay there till bedtime. Why shouldn't you? *I* don't care whether you go or stay. I'm not going to have you come to me just at Mrs. Dunn's bidding."

She did not mean it, of course; people seldom do mean what they say in a passion. She did care very much—even terribly. It went to her heart to have this difference with her boy. But pride and temper were stronger than love. They had been allowed to grow rampant during many long years of indulgence; and the gentler plant of love was well-nigh choked by these great rank weeds. So bitter was her tone, so severe was her manner, that Archie at the moment believed her words. He looked strangely at Mrs. Stuart, growing almost pale.

"Very well, mother!" he said, husky in his turn. "If you don't want me, I'll go. I'm sure I shan't bother you, against your will. I'll go somewhere, though it won't be to the Dunns. And you needn't look for me till bedtime." Archie stopped, hesitating. "If you mean it," he added.

"It isn't my way to say one thing and mean

another," retorted Mrs. Stuart. "May be the way of your friends, the Dunns,—likely enough! A set of——"

"Mother, you'd better not! You don't know them!" broke in Archie.

"I know enough about 'em," she said scornfully. "Trying to wheedle you away from me,—you that I've just lived for! *I* know all about it! But I don't mean to say no more. You'll do as you choose. And if you don't want to stay, I don't mean to have you, just at Mrs. Dunn's bidding, nor that spoony-faced chit of a girl's neither."

Archie broke into one indignant utterance, and then he was gone,—this time with a heavy unmistakable bang of the front-door. Mrs. Stuart could see him striding past the window, not towards Woodbine Cottage, but just the other way.

Would he come back? Might he not think better of his annoyance, and return? She had not meant him to take her at her word. She had not intended really to send him from her. Was it only the allusion to Nancy Dunn which he would not endure? Mrs. Stuart's face grew rigid at this thought.

She stood very long near the window, watching and waiting. Then she sat down, and watched and waited still. The afternoon wore away, and tea-time approached. Mrs. Stuart laid the table, and put the kettle on to boil; but she could not resolve to sit down alone to eat and drink; and Archie did not come.

"I've driven him away," she murmured at length. "And he's my only boy."

Time went on, and by-and-by the Church bells began to ring. Would Archie not reappear in time for Church? He had always gone with her.

Mrs. Stuart made herself a cup of tea, and drank it off feverishly. It was of no use to think of eating. Then she dressed, putting on her boots and her best shawl and bonnet. Just at the last moment he would run in,—having had tea doubtless somewhere else.

But the last moment came, and with it no Archie. The bells had ceased chiming, and the last five minutes' tinkle had come to an end. Mrs. Stuart stood waiting still.

Suddenly she came to a resolution. She would go and try to find her boy. Why had she not started sooner on this errand? The two had been parted long enough. Mrs. Stuart meant to forgive him now, and to take him back into favour. As for the Dunns, that matter must settle itself somehow. It was not her intention to give way about them; but, on the other hand, she could not forego her boy's companionship. She had had a lesson against pulling the reins too sharply.

"I'll find him and bring him back," she murmured. "I mustn't drive him away. He's getting masterful,—not a child any longer, and I mustn't forget that."

And she started on her search, her mother's heart all unstrung and aching with the strain of the afternoon, her whole soul going out in a passionate longing for the boy she so loved.

Yet, if Archie had that moment walked up with a smile, I am not at all sure whether her features would not have stiffened instantly with cold disdain, and whether she might not have turned her back upon him straightway.

CHAPTER XII.

WITH MISS WILMOT.

"PLEASE, Miss Wilmot, there's a young girl wants to see you. She says her name's Nancy Dunn," announced the Rectory parlour-maid.

Annie Wilmot looked up with a smile. "O yes, I expected Nancy Dunn," she said. "Please show her in here."

Nancy entered shyly, with her usual pretty and modest manner. Annie, used to the bold and rough bearing of too many Littleburgh girls, was struck with Nancy's manner directly. She came forward, saying, "How do you do? I am so glad to see you, Nancy. My father told me that you would come."

"He said it was to be just about this time, Miss," said Nancy timidly. "I hope I haven't kept you in."

"No, you have not kept me in, because I kept myself in," said Annie's kind tones. "Generally I have a class in the Sunday school; but a lady is here to-day who used to take that class, and she wanted to take it again. So I have nothing to do, and it is just the right time for you to come. Now you will sit down here, and tell me all about yourselves."

Nancy felt rather at a loss. Telling "all about themselves" sounded formidable. But a few questions soon set her off, and in a very short space Annie knew something of the pretty home that the Dunns had left, and the

regret they felt in leaving it; also of the good father and mother that Nancy had, and the little brother and sister.

"And you are sixteen years old,—just about my age," said Annie, who was much taken with her timid visitor.

Nancy smiled. She liked its being so said; though really Annie's ease made her seem much the older of the two.

"My father tells me that you want to go to a Bible class," observed Annie presently.

"I always used to go to one; and it was such a help," said Nancy.

"Yes, I have been thinking about it," said Annie. "There is a class here, held in the Church schoolroom by a lady, for young women and big girls. More than a hundred belong to it."

Nancy looked rather alarmed. Fresh from country life, she did not quite like the notion of such a number.

"There wasn't ever more than twelve in the class I've been used to go to," she said.

"You like that better, perhaps. This class is meant for all sorts of girls, and some of them are terribly ignorant. The teaching has to be very simple, that they may all understand. I have been thinking——" continued Annie. "My father has wanted for a long while to get up another class,—quite a small one. We hoped a lady was coming who could take it; but she cannot come. And now my father wants me—we have been wondering whether perhaps I could not do it instead." Annie blushed a little, and spoke half apologetically. "It seems almost as if I were too young; but I do so love teaching; and of course I have a great deal more time for working up subjects than many can have,—those who have to work hard in other ways, I mean. And then there is always my father at hand, to help me. So I have been planning, Nancy, whether perhaps you, and three or four other nice girls that I know of, would like to come here for an hour every Sunday afternoon, and read the Bible with me. I think it would be so pleasant,—don't you? And I shall want you all to talk as well as myself,—to ask questions, or say anything you like. If we get puzzled over a text, I can ask my father about it before the next time. What do you think, Nancy?"

Nancy looked bright. "I should like it ever so much, Miss," she said.

"We can sing hymns together," pursued Annie. "I do so love singing hymns,—don't you, Nancy? It always seems to me to come nearer than anything else to what the angels do in heaven. We'll begin and end with a hymn. Then will you count it quite a settled thing to come at half-past three next Sunday afternoon? The lady who has taken my class this afternoon wants to have it again regularly, so that will be all right. I will see about the other girls before the week is over."

Nancy assented with her shy smile, and stood up, thinking that she was meant to go.

"Oh, don't leave just yet," said Annie; "I haven't done with you yet,—unless you are in a hurry to get to your home."

Nancy was not in a hurry, and she sat down again, quite willingly.

"I have been thinking so much about you, ever since you were nearly bitten by that dreadful dog," murmured Annie. "It was *such* a thing to happen in Littleburgh! And if anybody had been hurt! My own dear father was in terrible danger, you know, and oh, so brave! I am very proud of him, but I can't bear to think of the danger he was in; and your father and mother must feel just the same about you."

"Yes," Nancy answered; "Mother has scarce liked me to go out of her sight till to-day."

"I wonder," Annie said slowly,—"I wonder how you or I would feel now, if the dog really had bitten one of us, Nancy?"

"I think it would be very dreadful," Nancy said, with a shudder.

"Yes,—dreadful. It could not help being that. But I do think it would make such a difference, if one could look quietly on to the *beyond* without any fear,—to beyond death, I mean. What lay between might look dreadful; but if the 'beyond' were all sure peace, then the 'between' wouldn't matter so very very much,—would it, Nancy?"

Two big tears gathered in Nancy's blue eyes, and fell.

"No, Miss," she said; "it's just that. I've had it in my mind so often since. If one could be sure——"

"I have had it in my mind, too," said Annie. "A thing of that sort happening does make one think. It makes death seem so much nearer, and life so much smaller. Oh, I do think it ought to make one very very earnest in seeking Christ, in praying Him to forgive us and make us His own; and in giving up ourselves to live

only for Him. And I am hoping that perhaps our Sunday afternoons together will be a help to all of us."

Half an hour later Nancy wended her way homewards, to find her parents alone. The "little ones" had not yet returned.

"Well, Nannie?" her father said.

"I'm going to the Rectory, father. Miss Wilmot means to have a small class herself, of just a few girls; and I do think I shall like it. Miss Wilmot is such a sweet young lady; she don't seem to have a bit of pride. I do love her already."

"Hallo, my girl, you're going on fast! Forsaking old friends for new ones already!"

"O no, father, please don't say that. I couldn't forsake old friends, and I love everybody at home as much as ever." Littleburgh was not yet "home" to the Dunns. "But I do think Miss Wilmot is sweet, and I'm so glad she will have the class herself."

CHAPTER XIII.

MISSING.

At half-past eight Archie reached his home, feeling altogether guilty and uncomfortable. Pride had prevented his returning sooner, otherwise he would undoubtedly have found his way back before Church-time. As anger died away, he became sorry for his mother and vexed with himself.

"Well, well,—I'll make it up to her now," thought Archie, as he tried to lift the latch.

But the door was fast locked.

This seemed odd. Had Mrs. Stuart gone for a walk so late? She was not in the habit of thus doing, even with Archie for a companion; still less alone.

But the door was unmistakably locked. Archie rapped at the window, and had no response. He could see nothing within, through white blinds and flowering plants, beyond a faint glimmer of firelight.

Was Mrs. Stuart really out? Or did she wish to refuse admittance to her boy?

Somehow Archie could not accept the latter supposition. More likely, on her return from Church, she had gone to a neighbour, to inquire after Archie's own whereabouts.

He began to feel thoroughly annoyed and regretful at having stayed absent so many hours.

Well, no doubt she would return in a few minutes. Archie tried the door afresh, without avail. Then he walked up and down the street, keeping watch. He asked one or two women whether they had seen Mrs. Stuart go out, but they had not; and he did not pursue the inquiry. He was not anxious that the uncomfortable state of affairs between his mother and himself should become known.

Half an hour passed. Nine strokes from the Church clock sounded solemnly.

This would never do. Archie went once more to the door, and struggled with it, but to no purpose. Then he directed his efforts towards the window, which—being happily held by a crazy hasp—he succeeded at length in forcing open.

Entrance had now become easy. Archie pushed aside a few plants, and scrambled in,—two or three small boys watching his proceedings from the pavement, and commenting thereon with interjections of "O my!"

The room was nearly dark; but Archie could see its emptiness. He went out into the passage, then to the kitchen, lastly upstairs, searching carefully. All in vain. No human being except himself was under the roof.

A feeling of great perplexity and trouble crept over Archie. He could not at all understand what this meant. Had he found his mother at home, vexed and silent still, he would not have been surprised; but to find no mother at all awaiting his return did startle him sorely.

It was plain that Mrs. Stuart had gone somewhere, locking the front door, and taking the key away with her; for Archie found no key within. When thoroughly convinced of her absence, he had to make his exit by the same mode as that by which he had entered. Derisive exclamations from the group of small boys greeted his reappearance through the window. Archie was in no mood to care for laughter. He passed them by, and began a series of close inquiries, speaking to one neighbour after another.

These were not without results. In a few minutes Archie learnt that his mother had not gone to Church. She had been seen to come out, dressed as usual, a short time after the bells ceased, and to set off, walking hurriedly, in just the other direction.

"I spoke to her, and she didn't answer," one woman said. "Seemed to me some'at had

worried her. She looked queer-like. But she never do like to be asked nothing. I saw her go along the road, all of a scurry, and turn to the left there,—towards the brick-fields."

Archie followed the clue thus obtained. By dint of further inquiries, he traced her steps all along the road "to the left," and down a lane beyond, as far as the very border of the brick-fields.

There evidence failed, and he came to a pause. It was not likely that Mrs. Stuart should have actually crossed those flat dull fields, with their piled-up rows of bricks. Archie had indeed himself taken a solitary ramble round them that afternoon, brooding over the condition of things; but it seemed highly improbable that his mother should have done the same.

"She's not there," he said aloud, gazing over the uninteresting expanse. He turned back into Littleburgh, to call at cottage after cottage where his mother was known, and where she might have gone. But nobody could tell him any news of Mrs. Stuart. He returned home once more, only to find the door still locked, and nobody to welcome him.

Archie's trouble was becoming now very real indeed. He went at last to the Dunns, and told his story; and Nancy's face of sympathy brought the first scrap of comfort.

"I'll go with you, lad," Dunn said at once. "We'll hunt till we find her,—please God. But you'll take a mouthful of something to eat first."

Archie did not feel as if he could eat,—till he tried. Then he found how much he had been in need of refreshment. While hastily disposing of what was put before him, he recounted what he had already done.

"That's right. You're looking more up to the mark now," said Dunn. "I'll tell you what, lad,—my wife shall go to your house, and make up the kitchen fire, and see that there's boiling water against it's wanted. And you and I'll go and take a look at the brick-fields."

"But what's the use? Why, she'd never dream of staying alone there all this while," protested Archie.

"May be not. Best to make sure, any way," said Dunn. "She was seen to go there, and she wasn't seen to come back. And where else can she be?"

Archie shook his head.

"You see, now! Best to make sure," repeated Dunn. "She may be all right and safe in somebody's house. But if she *did* take a fancy to go into the brick-fields, why, she might have tumbled down somewhere and stunned herself. I don't see why not. Are there any sort of deep holes or quarries anywhere about?"

"Nothing of the sort," averred Archie. "It's all flat."

"So much the better," said Dunn. "But anyhow we'll go and look."

Which they did,—Susan Dunn accompanying them part of the way, just as far as Mrs. Stuart's cottage. It was rather a puzzle how to get her indoors, till they found that the front-door key of Woodbine Cottage would open the locked door.

"I'll be sure to have everything straight and comfortable," Susan Dunn said kindly. "I shouldn't think Mrs. Stuart could mind. I do hope you'll find her soon, all safe and sound."

CHAPTER XIV.

FALLEN BRICKS.

"WHAT'S that?" exclaimed Archie.

They were treading the brick-fields side by side,—not in darkness, but in clear moonlight. It streamed down upon the wide flat expanse, lending weirdness to the long lines of piled new bricks. Not far off a kiln stood up like a small island.

The two listened attentively.

"I didn't hear anything," Dunn said.

Archie sighed. "It must have been my fancy," he said. "But I thought—— Well, she don't seem to be hereabouts, any way."

"We'll make more sure before we give up," said Dunn.

"I can't think how ever I could be such a fool," broke out the young man. "To leave her all those hours alone! And just because she was vexed with me. Why, I might have known she meant nothing by it, really. You don't think she's staying away because she's angry yet?" he asked dubiously.

"No, that I don't," Dunn answered. "It don't sound mother-like. You've not told me yet what it was that angered her so, and I'm not a good judge without knowing; but it does seem to me a deal more likely that she just went hunting after you. I can't believe the other."

"Nor I," said Archie.

"Sh-h-h!" Dunn exclaimed in his turn.

And the sound of a groaning murmur—"O dear—deary! O dear—my poor foot! O dear—dear—dear—whatever shall I do?" came distinctly.

"Mother!" cried Archie.

"It's she, I do believe," said Dunn. "Steady, lad,—don't run amuck through the bricks."

"Mother! Where are you?" shouted Archie.

"O dear—dear—dear—please help me!" was groaned out again.

"This way! Look out! Steady, lad!"

And in another minute they came on the tall figure of Mrs. Stuart, seated on the ground, bowing to and fro as if in great pain, and keeping up a continuous groan.

"Mother, are you hurt?" cried Archie. "What's kept you here? We couldn't think whatever had become of you. Why, mother! have you had a tumble? What's the matter?"

"O dear, dear! I don't know how to bear it! O my poor foot!" And Mrs. Stuart swayed herself to and fro. "O deary me! I thought you'd never come! I thought nobody'd ever find me! I thought I should die here, all alone! O dear me!"

"She's hurt her foot somehow. Ask her what it is," Dunn said in an undertone to Archie.

"Mother, what's the matter?" inquired Archie again. He stooped down, and touched the foot which seemed to be the cause of her trouble; whereupon Mrs. Stuart screamed.

"O don't! O deary me! I shall die of the pain, I know I shall. And if you hadn't gone and left me all that while, it wouldn't never have happened! O dear me! I thought I'd try to find you, and I came on a pocket-handkerchief of yours, lying on the brick-field,—one of your very best,—and I thought you'd gone along somewhere here. O dear me!—O dear! And a lot of bricks was piled up, and I didn't see they were loose,—and I just touched 'em, and they all came down on my poor foot. O dear, dear! And I haven't been able to move since! And I don't know whatever I'm to do,—the pain's so bad. O deary me, I don't know how to bear it."

"Mother, we'll get you home," said Archie. "It won't be so bad then, I dare say. Somebody's there, who'll help nicely. Dunn and I will get you home."

If Mrs. Stuart noticed the name, she paid no attention to it; but only kept on her persistent rocking and groaning.

"Let's have a look at the foot, missis," Dunn said kindly. "It's bad, though!" he muttered, after a slight inspection. "I doubt but the boot ought to come off—if she'd let me try."

"I'd sooner get her home first," said Archie; for Mrs. Stuart kept fencing them off with her hands, as if dreading the least touch.

A consultation took place, and Dunn started off at full speed for the nearest cottage. He had proposed a shutter as the easiest mode of conveyance; but Mrs. Stuart, overhearing the word, cried out against it. "She'd feel as if she was being carried to her grave," she said. "No, it was to be a chair." And though they knew that progression in a chair must mean the more suffering, they had to yield.

Mrs. Dunn, waiting in the cottage, had no intimation of their approach until they arrived. She had just gone to take another look at the kitchen fire, when groaning sounds of complaint at the front door drew her quickly thither.

"That's over now, isn't it?" Dunn said cheerfully, as he and Archie placed Mrs. Stuart on the black horse-hair couch in the small parlour. "That's over now, and it's been pretty hard to bear too, hasn't it? Let's put the foot up,—so,—gently, lad,—and now Susan must have a look at it. Eh, Susan, what d'you think? Shouldn't the boot come off?"

"O me, but it *is* bad!" exclaimed Susan, in a voice of consternation. "Why, I never saw such a foot. You poor thing, you! No, I daren't touch it, Richard, and I don't believe anybody ought, till the doctor comes. You'd best go straight off for him, and he'll say what ought to be done. I *am* sorry, now,—you poor thing! It's bad, isn't it? Yes, I don't wonder you can't help crying," continued Susan tenderly. "But Richard'll make great haste, and the doctor won't be long."

Archie was astonished. For there, actually, was Mrs. Stuart sobbing, with her head on Mrs. Dunn's shoulder, and there was little plump motherly Mrs. Dunn petting and coaxing great tall Mrs. Stuart, like one of her own children.

"I'd go this very minute, if I was you, Richard," she continued. "I wouldn't stop a moment. The poor thing don't know how to bear herself, hardly. I dare say the doctor isn't far off,"—and she looked at Archie.

"Mr. Rawdon? No, he isn't far," said Archie. "You'd like Mr. Rawdon best, wouldn't you, mother? He came when you were ill, you know. She don't seem to hear," added Archie, turning to Dunn. "But Mr. Rawdon 'll come, I'm sure. He's our Mr. Rawdon's brother, and he's very clever. I'd best just walk along the street, and show you the turn,—if you won't mind going. And then I can come back."

Which plan being followed out, Mr. Rawdon in no long time made his appearance.

He was not very unlike his brother, Dunn's new employer,—a man of medium height and strong build, grey-haired, quiet in manner, sparing of words, with short-sighted spectacles covering eyes of no particular colour. On first coming in he said nothing at all, beyond a brief "Good evening," but sat down to examine the foot. A pen-knife in his hand speedily ripped up the boot; and silence followed. Next came a question or two as to the manner of accident. Mrs. Stuart enlarged sobbingly on her sensations in the brick-field, with a digression about the lost handkerchief, —"one of Archie's very best, as I had marked for him so particular!" she averred. A touch brought in a shriek here, and Mrs. Stuart clutched at Mrs. Dunn for comfort.

"Well," Mr. Rawdon said at length, raising himself from his stooping posture, "it's a bad foot, no doubt. Many in my place would take it off at once. But I think I can save it for you, if——"

He was interrupted. Mrs. Stuart cried out lustily. Lose her foot! She'd sooner die,—a great deal sooner. Life wasn't worth so very much, *she* was sure! A poor woman with no end of troubles and bothers! *She* wouldn't have her foot cut off, not she,—if that was what the doctor meant. She was much obliged, all the same. Much sooner die!

Mr. Rawdon heard all this and more composedly. When her ejaculations came to a pause, he said only,—

"I think I can save you the foot, if you are careful to do as you are told."

"I'm not a-going to have my foot taken off. No, not for nobody," said Mrs. Stuart.

"It will, I hope, be unnecessary. I shall bind it up for you now, and you will go to bed."

"I'd sooner die,—a deal sooner; if it was fifty times over!" cried Mrs. Stuart.

Mr. Rawdon was examining the foot again. He raised himself, looked at her, and asked,—

"Mrs. Stuart, have you ever stood face to face with death, that you can speak of it so lightly?"

For the moment Mrs. Stuart was silenced.

(*To be continued.*)

Royal Anecdotes.

THE ROYAL CONFIRMATION.

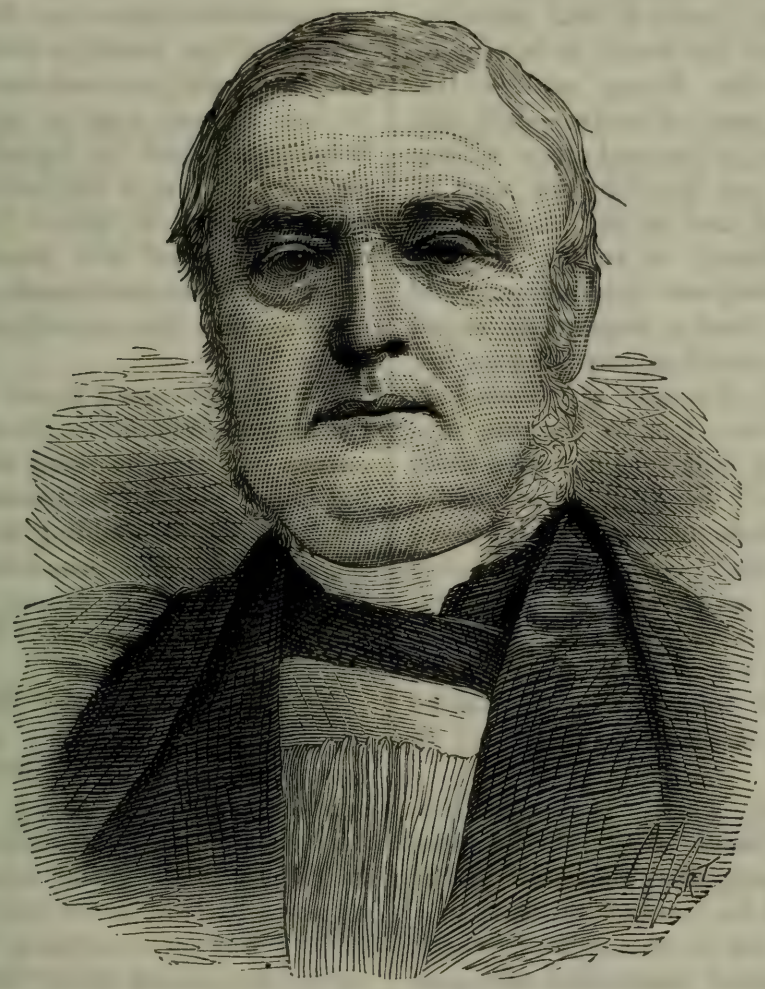
On the 30th of August, 1835, the Princess Victoria was confirmed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. In addition to the Princess and the Duchess of Kent, only the King, Queen Adelaide, and the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, with some other members of the Royal Family, were present.

The scene was very touching. We read that the young Princess exhibited great marks of sensibility during the beautiful and pathetic exhortation in which the Archbishop represented to her the great responsibility attaching to her high station; and when he spoke of the struggle she must prepare for between the world and Heaven, and, above all, of the absolute necessity of her looking up to the King of kings for counsel and support in all the trials that awaited her, her composure gradually gave way, till at length she was bathed in tears, and, unable to subdue the violence of her emotion, she laid her head upon her mother's shoulder and sobbed aloud. The Duchess of Kent was scarcely less affected, while the King and Queen were also much moved.—*The Queen's Resolve.*

EXACTITUDE AND PRINCIPLE.

On one occasion, when Lord Melbourne was anxious to obtain the Queen's signature to an important State document, he argued for it with all the force and eloquence at his command. But the Sovereign had resolved upon having further information before affixing her signature. It was in vain that he explained and argued: and in the end, when he pleaded the "paramount importance" of the matter, he was met by the reply:—

"It is with me a matter of paramount importance whether or not I attach my signature to a document with which I am not thoroughly satisfied." — *The Queen's Resolve.*



From a Photograph by] [ELLIOTT & FRY, *Baker Street, W.*

Our Church Portrait Gallery.

III. THE LATE BISHOP FRASER.

BISHOP FRASER'S "Life," just published,* traces the career of one who was truly a man of mark. Its home aspects are particularly interesting.

He was born in 1818, at Prestbury, a village nestling under the Cotswolds. Most of his early childhood was spent at Bilston. "James seems always to be whistling about the house," his aunt said to a friend; "and when I ask him if it is not time to begin his lessons, his answer is always the same, 'Oh, I finished them long ago!'"

When he was six his parents removed to Heavitree, near Exeter, and here James was sent to his first school. His grandfather

* "James Fraser: Second Bishop of Manchester." By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. (Macmillan & Co.)

writes to his mother when the lad was seven years old—"That boy is a blessing to us all, and some day will be our pride and boast—at least, I fully anticipate this."

At fourteen he was left without a father, and many heavy losses made his mother's lot a very trying one. The Bishop, in one of his Manchester speeches, made a filial reference to this period of his life which is worthy of prominent notice. The Bishop said:—"His father, who was a man of active mind, had invested his means in iron and stone mining in the Forest of Dean district; but most of what he had was lost, and he died soon afterwards, leaving a family of seven. At this period he (the speaker) was fourteen years of age. His mother was a woman of sound sense, and one who would do anything for her children. She said: 'I cannot give these lads of mine a large fortune; but, by denying myself a bit and living quietly, I can give them all a good education.' She did so, and he did not understand how she managed it. By God's Providence, he had that mother still spared to him. She was now paralysed, speechless, and helpless: but every day when he went into her room and looked on her sweet face, he thought gratefully of all he owed to her, of what he was, and of what he had been enabled to do."

The son was truly worthy of the mother. From the first, he made it his aim to spare and help her in every way, above all in the care and training of his younger brothers.

At sixteen he went to Shrewsbury School, and while here another heavy blow fell upon the widow in the loss of two of her children by scarlet fever. James wrote home a letter, which his mother ever afterwards kept by her; and, showing it to a friend in Manchester shortly before her death, spoke of it as having been her most precious treasure in all the intervening years. In this tribute of filial love he said:—

"I trust, my fondest mother, it will ever be the proudest boast of your six remaining sons to make the comfort and happiness of one, to whose maternal solicitude we are all so deeply indebted, our first attention and our earliest care. And be assured, my dearest mother, that, so long as it shall please God to prolong *my* days upon earth, it will be the happiest moment of my life to contribute to the comfort and to alleviate the cares of that mother who has undergone so many trials, who has denied herself so many indulgences for, and who has bestowed so much attention on, her ever dutiful and most affectionate son, James Fraser."

In 1837 he went to Oxford. He worked diligently, and practised the utmost economy. In his second year he gained the Ireland Scholarship, took his degree in 1839, and was elected a Fellow in the following year. After his ordination he writes to his mother: "I cannot but feel and know how weak and imperfect is the instrument; but it is a comfort to be assured that our sufficiency is not of ourselves."

His pastoral work began in a quiet village, Cholderton, Wiltshire. His simple and healthy nature could make itself not only contented but happy in a retired sphere. He soon found work to do in building a new church and schoolhouse. When the latter was completed, there was a parish dinner, at which "every soul in the parish seems to have been present, babies included."

He now took up the National Education question, and his reports were esteemed the best ever written. In 1860 he removed to another agricultural parish, Ufton, near Reading. Here he was, as a poor woman once said to his successor, "rather more than a parson—he was a little king amongst us." His watchful eye was on everything that could be put right—everything in the village that was amiss or out of order. "In walking round with me on his annual visit," Mr. Cornish writes, "no sign of neglect would he allow, in garden, stable, house, or cottage. 'A little more paint, my friend, on this door.' 'There is a loose tile in your roof, which you had better have seen to.' 'The ivy will be growing into your roof unless you have it cut.'" The impress of this quality still seems to remain in the parish, which is a model of neatness and order, such as can rarely be seen even in this favoured part of England, which looked to Mr. Emerson "as if it had all been brushed and combed every morning on getting up."

Mission Work. "Ah, what a mission power to the world would be exerted if the Word of the Gospel were 'received' by all who name the Name of Christ, with 'joy of the Holy Ghost!'" (1 Thess. i. 6.)—*The Forgotten Truth.*

Wayside Chimes.

V. "Come, O Breath!" (For Whitsunday.)

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF EXETER



'ER the waters void and formless
Thou didst brood alone,
Breathing peace serene and stormless, Holy One.

In Thy strength the patriarchs hoary,
Seers and men of might,
Won their fadeless crowns of glory,
Robed in light.

When the mystic valley shaken
Hears the prophet's prayer,
When from death the living waken,
Thou wast there.

When Messiah humbly kneeling,
Rose from Jordan's flood,
Heaven unroll'd, Thy Form revealing,
Dove of God.

It is finish'd; death defeated;
Life and victory won:
And our Priest and Prince is seated
On the Throne.

Lo, He pleads His passion's merit,
Pleads His mystic Name,
And the Eternal sevenfold Spirit
Falls like flame.

Fount of Life, who failest never,
Hear our wrestling cry;
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Thou art nigh.

Suppliant we fall down before Thee;
Or, with anguish dumb,
Aching weary hearts implore Thee,
Come, Lord, come.

Over souls with sorrow riven,
Strewn with wrecks of death,
Come from the four winds of heaven;
Come, O Breath.

Ours the grief, the meek confession;
Thine the love and power;
Come for Jesus' Intercession,
Come this hour.

"More and More:" A Whitsuntide Prayer.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

"The fruit of the Spirit."—*Gal.* v. 22.



THE soul, freely justified, longs to be fully sanctified. The pardoned sinner gets an eye for the beauties of holiness. What a lovely garden is to the natural eye, that the graces of the Spirit are to the eye of the justified. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance,"—"whatsoever things are lovely."

The pardoned sinner is ever looking on this "garden of the Lord"; and, assuredly, so long as he looks, however desire may be stimulated, and aspiration quickened, he is never likely to forget that he has "not attained." Of all truths this will not be forgotten—that such fruit is not of nature's growth, but "the fruit of the *Spirit*."

Often he will be taught this in a very humbling way. As the surpassing loveliness of the Divine garden becomes clearer to him, and as he looks also within himself, how terrible is the contrast! "The corruption of nature," alas! is still working in him; thorns and briers are still striving to retain their places. He feels cold and cheerless, and even desponding. The words, it may be, are on his lips, "Who shall deliver me from this body of death?"

No new thing has happened to the believer in this experience. The special office of the Spirit is to "convince of sin"; and humility is the soil in which the same

Spirit plants the most attractive flowers and ensures the most abundant fruit. Those who most frequently are constrained to cry for deliverance will most frequently realize the "victory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord." Those who are ever "counting themselves not to have attained," will, for this very reason, be found "following after holiness"—diligently "pressing towards the mark for the prize of their high calling in Christ Jesus." The deeper the Christian experience, the higher will be the standard of holiness; the greater the sense of spiritual need: and the more wonderfully will "the Gospel of the Holy Ghost," in its fruit-bearing aspect, be found adapted to supply that need. Combined with the deep conviction of the absolute necessity of the Divine influence of the Holy Spirit for the right teaching of Christian truth, will be felt the equal necessity of the Spirit's transforming power in order to bring out of the moral chaos of man's ruined state a creation of Spiritual order, life, and beauty.

In the school of Divine grace our motto should ever be, "More and more." "Let us," writes Frances Ridley Havergal, in one of her letters to a Christian friend, "let us *ask* Him together to *increase* our faith, so that we may *more and more* come under the beautiful description of those who 'through faith *obtained* promises.'" No promise is so full, so free, as "the promise of the Spirit." "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, *how much more* will your Heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

In the strength of the fulfilment of that promise, let us crave "more and more"—more light, more grace, more fruit, more holiness. And what better Whitsuntide prayer could we have than the weighty, earnest words of William Pennefather, whose life was so truly a comment on his words:—"*More* light from my Saviour's Face, that I may shine the brighter; *more* knowledge of God, that I may instruct others; *more* holiness of walk, that the world may learn that there is a power which *crucifies* self, and enables the possessor to live 'as seeing Him who is invisible.'"

The Home Songster.

V. JUBILEE HYMN.*

BY THE VERY REV. E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., DEAN OF WELLS.

FOR all Thy countless bounties,
Through varied chance and change;
For old familiar blessings,
For mercies new and strange;
For laws that widen slowly,
For ordered life and free;
We thank Thee, Lord, and welcome
Our Year of Jubilee.

For Queenly wisdom, sought for
In prayer of early days;
For guidance pure and noble,
That won the wide world's praise;
For children taught to follow
Their Father's footsteps true;
For afterglow of brightness;
We now our thanks renew.

For peace with all her triumphs,
Peace welcomed after war;
For prosperous years that brought us
Rich gifts from near and far;
For days of darker outlook,
That tried the nation's nerve;
For all alike we thank Thee;
Thou gav'st; Thou canst preserve.

* From "Good Words." An Edition of this Hymn with Music is published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., Berners Street, W.

For onward march of knowledge,
That grows from more to more;
For words of noblest wisdom
From poet's golden lore;
For these we praise Thee, Father.
Oh, make us Sons of Light,
Against the hosts of darkness;
With these, for Thee, to fight!

The fifty years behind us
Have told their wondrous tale;
The fifty years before us
Lie yet within the veil;
Grant, Lord, that all our future
May work out good begun;
That, in the tasks that wait us,
The goal at last be won!

Through all Thy saints and servants,
Send forth Thy Light and Truth;
Renew our nation's greatness,
As 'twere an eagle's youth:
So, with full hearts of gladness,
We lift our souls to Thee,
And keep, in hope and courage,
Our Year of Jubilee.

Courtship and Marriage:

SIDELIGHTS OF HOME LIFE.

BY A BENEDICT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WRONG PERSON.—MARRYING FOR BEAUTY ALONE.—THE PRINCESS OF WALES. — THE POET WHITTIER. — TRUE BEAUTY. — THE CHARACTER OF A MAN.—DIOGENES.—MEN FIT FOR WIVES.—MEN WITH A CONSCIENCE. — GARFIELD. — TESTIMONIES.

RUSKIN remarks very sententiously and very truly:—"A great many difficulties arise from falling in love with *the wrong person.*" I have given two counsels or cautions for guidance in this infinitely important matter; but I think I must offer two more, before we pass the threshold of courtship and enter the kingdom of matrimony. One counsel concerns the young man, the second the young woman.

I. First, then, let me say to the young man, *Be sure you do not marry for beauty alone.*

Beauty is certainly not to be despised. God has made "all things beautiful in their season." But there is an old proverb: "Handsome is that handsome does"; and beauty of character is infinitely more important than beauty of face. As even the finest landscape, seen daily, becomes monotonous, so does the most beautiful face, unless a beautiful nature shines through it. Some one has said: "After the first year, married people rarely think of each other's features, and whether they be classically beautiful or otherwise. But they never fail to be cognizant of each other's temper."

Both beauty of face and beauty of character, however, are often happily combined. On one occasion when the Princess of Wales paid a visit to a great military hospital, we are told those who could not be roused from the depression and stupor of suffering by doctor or nurse, raised themselves on their elbows to look at her, and wan and wasted lips breathed the audible prayer, "God bless the Princess of Wales! Doesn't she look beautiful?"

It has been well said: "Beauty is a talent, and where God gives it, He intends it as a benediction upon a woman's face. But there is an eternal beauty on the face of some women, whom a rough and ungallant world may criticise as homely — a grace of soul that makes the plainest wife a queen of beauty to her husband, and a source of constant blessing in her home."

Whittier, the American poet, sings sweetly of such a wife in such a home:—

"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching;
The still refreshment of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.

And never tenderer hand than hers
Unknits the brow of ailing;
Her garments to the sick man's ear
Have music in their trailing."

Woman is never so beautiful as in "ministry." Sympathy, forbearance, patience, and kindness are ornaments that gold cannot purchase. No jewels can be compared to them. Happy the man who possesses in the partner of his choice one who has learned the attractive art of doing kindnesses, especially little kindnesses, in the kindest manner. "Woman's fineness," says Jeremy Taylor, "is sweetness of manners." In a word, the true beauty of woman is not mere prettiness, much less mere finery, but "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

II. My second counsel concerns the young woman: *Be sure you marry one who possesses the character of a man.*

It was a hard thing to find "a man" in Jerusalem three thousand years ago. Jeremiah wrote: "Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and see now, and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man" (Jer. v. 1). Perhaps men are more common now: but nevertheless they are still somewhat rare. The philosopher, Diogenes, sought with a lantern at noontide in ancient Athens for a perfectly honest man, and sought in vain. "The fact is, that while human creatures are plentiful, men—real true men—men with moral measurements such as fit them for God's service in the war against sin—are very few."

"Are the young women of the present day fit for wives?" asked a lecturer of his audience. "They are fit for husbands," responded a feminine voice; "but the difficulty is that *you men* are not fit for wives."

The portrait of a true man has been thus admirably drawn by a recent writer:—

"A true man is generous and unselfish He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among all his sisters, and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered Yes or No.

"A man may be ever so rustic in his early surroundings, but if he is a true man he will not bring a blush to your cheek in any society by his absurd behaviour.

"There is an instinctive politeness inherent in such a character which everywhere commands respect, and makes its owner pass for what he is—one of nature's noblemen.

"Do not despair, girls; there are such men still in the world. You need not all die old maids. Wait! No harm in a delay.

"You will not be apt to find him in the ball-room, and I know he will never be seen walking up from the liquor-saloon. Nor is he a champion billiard-player.

"He has not had time to become a 'champion,' for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these 'champions' were seldom good for much else.

"Be very wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love."

A true man has a *conscience;* and he gives heed to its monitions. He knows what is wrong, and he aims to do what is right. The rule of his life is that his tongue and his heart ought to go together, as a well-made dial goes with the sun. He is straightforward,—like the palm-tree in its uprightness. He has an upright rule—the Word of

God; he works, whatever may be his occupation, from an upright principle—"Faith working by love"—to an upright end—"the glory of God." He will not stoop or bend where conscience is aggrieved, however slightly; and when some great temptation presents itself, his word is—"How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

A true man, through the grace of God, seeks to be master of himself. When General Garfield was asked, as a young boy, "What he meant to be?" he answered, "First of all I must make myself a man; if I do not succeed in that, I can succeed in nothing." We want boys, and young men too, of this stamp; and happy is the wife who finds such a man in the husband of her choice.

After so many words of "caution," I may not unfitly give a glimpse through the gates of Matrimony at the happy experiences of those who have thus been wise in time. Two or three testimonies must suffice.

The experience of Lord Shaftesbury has just been recorded in his published Life by Mr. Hodder.* The great philanthropist wisely made his choice a matter of prayer beforehand. His heart was yearning for a resting-place in wedded love, a settled home, and the joys of domestic life; and he formed in his mind the ideal of the wife he desired to find. Then he wrote in his diary: "I pray for her abundantly. God grant me this purest of blessings!" The prayer was answered: his ideal was found; and in after years we have this testimony: "Often do I recollect the very words and sentiments of my entreaties to God, that He would give me a wife for my comfort, improvement, and safety. He has granted me to the full *all* that I desired, and far *more* than I deserved. Praised be His Holy Name!"

Luther says: "The utmost blessing that God can confer on a man is the possession of a good and pious wife, with whom he may live in peace and tranquillity, to whom he may confide his whole possessions, even his life and welfare." And again, speaking of his wife: "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Crœsus without her." Of statesmen, M. Guizot says in his "Mémoires": "What I know to-day, at the end of my race, I have felt when it began, and during its continuance. Even in the midst of great undertakings domestic affections form the basis of life, and the most brilliant career has only superficial and incomplete enjoyments if a stranger to the happy ties of family and friendship." Not long ago, when speaking of his wife, Prince Bismarck said: "She it is who has made me what I am." Burke was sustained amid the anxiety and agitation of public life by domestic felicity. "Every care vanishes," he said, "the moment I enter under my own roof!" Faraday, after twenty-eight years' experience, spoke of his marriage as "an event which more than any other had contributed to his earthly happiness and healthy state of mind." For forty-six years the union continued unbroken; the love of the old man remaining as fresh, as earnest, and as heart-whole, as in the days of his youth. Another man of science, James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer, had a similar happy experience. "Forty-two years of married life finds us the same devoted 'cronies' that we were at the beginning."

But the most brightsome testimony, perhaps, that could be given, is that of Caroline Perthes, who, in a letter to her absent husband, wrote: "Thank God, my Perthes, neither time nor circumstances can ever affect my love to you: my affection knows neither youth nor age, and is eternal."

* Our readers may be glad to know that a series of Papers, entitled "Glimpses of the Good Earl," are now appearing in *The Day of Days*. As a Sunday magazine, exactly the size of *Home Words*, and at the same price, we should be glad if it had a place in every home where *Home Words* is now welcomed.

Pictures at Home and Abroad.

BY A TRAVELLER.

IV. A NIGHT ASCENT OF SNOWDON.

(*Continued from Page* 92.)

RESUMING the story of the night ascent of Snowdon, our two friends, on reaching the summit, climbed to the top of the cairn, and lay expectant.

"A cruel wind swept the mountain-tops, and chilled us to the bone. As the light slowly increased, sleepy persons, who had come up the night before, appeared in groups at the doors of the huts which vulgarize the summit of the great mountain, and when the sun first showed his edge there were perhaps some twenty persons watching.

"Only the pen of a Ruskin could do justice to the scene which followed. It was not an entirely satisfactory sunrise. There was not much to be seen in the distance—a peep of Anglesea or the shores of Cardigan Bay was all that was to be had. Nearer at hand the view was, however, unsurpassed; but chiefly was the attention held by the magnificent vagaries of the mists, which curled, and interlaced, and floated in a thousand magic and gorgeous combinations. After the sun was fully up, a greyness settled upon the scene, the mists boiled upwards, and cold rain began to fall. A subtle odour of ham and eggs blew across the mountain-top, and the sleepy persons disappeared to their beds. We scrambled down from the cairn, and sought warmth and shelter in one of the shanties."

On the clearest days the view from Snowdon includes a corner of Scotland, heights in Yorkshire and the English lake country, and the Wicklow mountains in Ireland on the dim horizon. The Isle of Man, of course, lies plain enough to the north. But it is the nearer view that delights: the peaks of Snowdon itself, the great summits that rise around, the stupendous precipices, and the more distant mountains, deep valleys and lakes, which the tourist is so fond of counting till he proudly imagines he has counted them all.

(*To be continued.*)

The Queen's Resolve.

THE SHILLING ISSUE FOR SUNDAY AND DAY SCHOOLS.

DURING the past month the orders sent in to the publisher by the Clergy, School Superintendents, and Friends of the young for the shilling edition of *The Queen's Resolve*, have altogether exceeded our expectations. Daily there has been a demand for copies equal to an ordinary book edition.

Fifty thousand copies have now been printed, in addition to the large previous sale at half a crown; but, as different parishes are requiring as many as six hundred and five hundred copies each, it will be seen that, to produce the required quantity in time, it is *most important* orders should now be sent in *without delay*. Since fifty copies, at least, would be sure to be wanted in any Sunday or Day School, there could be no possible risk in ordering that number—indeed, any not required would be gladly taken back. But even fifty copies supplied to only five thousand out of the twelve thousand parishes would call for an impression of 250,000, which could scarcely be produced in less than a month.

We notice in the account of the celebration of the German Emperor's birthday that "250,000 school children, having assembled at their respective schools, were conducted to the various churches to festival services, *at the close of which each child was presented with a book relating to the life of the Emperor.*" We want, in the same way, to place a copy of "*The Queen's Resolve*," in the hands of *every Sunday scholar* in the land. Never has there been such an opportunity of winning and deepening attachment to the throne amongst the "Young Folk," and we earnestly ask all our readers to aid us. A full, personal life of the Queen, as a Jubilee gift, bestowed on Her Majesty's *Birthday*, will not only, in the words of the *Telegraph*, "enshrine the memory of the year in the recollection of our children," but will prepare their parents as well for the loyal and intelligent celebration of the Jubilee.

We wish again to state that the copies for the schools are equal in *every way* to the former *half-crown* edition, and they can only be supplied for 1*s.* in parcels of at least 50 copies direct from the publishing office.

A single specimen copy will be sent post free to any Clergyman, Superintendent, or Friend of the young amongst our readers, on receipt of 1*s.* 3*d.* All letters and instructions as to copies should be sent to the publisher, Mr. Charles Murray, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.



THE SUNRISE.



WATCHING THE SUNRISE FROM THE CAIRN.

A NIGHT ASCENT OF SNOWDON.

The Claims of our Church.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH BARDSLEY, D.D., VICAR OF BRADFORD.

WHILST we belong to a Church which goes back to Apostolic times, and to a Church which has many noble records, we rejoice to think that she has much stronger claims than these to the goodwill and affections of Englishmen—viz., the great service she has rendered to the nation in promoting true Religion.

I. OUR CHURCH'S RULE OF FAITH.

In considering the claims which any Religious institution has to the support and confidence of the people, regard should first be had to the Scriptural character of its teaching. The Church of England has constituted the Bible her Rule of Faith and practice. If there be one thing more than another upon which Nonconformist Churches pride themselves, it is the tenacity with which they cling to the sentiment embodied in the words of the immortal Chillingworth, "The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants." Now we venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that there is not a Church in Christendom that gives greater prominence to the Scriptures in her services than our own. This undoubted fact called forth the high commendation that, should Churchmen get but chaff from the pulpit, they are sure of the finest wheat flour from the reading desk, as they are certain to hear two inimitable sermons, the one from a Prophet and the other from an Apostle.

Look at the prominence given to the authority of God's Word in the Ordination Service. Not only is a Bible placed in the hand of the person to be ordained, the significance of which cannot be mistaken, but he is required to pledge himself to "use all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word," and that he will be "diligent in the reading of Holy Scriptures, and in such studies as help to the knowledge of the same." If we turn to the Articles, we find our Church asserting the sufficiency of Holy Scripture for salvation. If she teaches that the three creeds ought to be thoroughly received and believed, it is because they may be "proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture." If she condemns the Romish doctrine concerning Purgatory and similar errors, it is because they are "grounded on no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the Word of God." In the Homily "For the Rogation Days," our Church exhorts her people to "read and revolve the Holy Scriptures, both day and night, for blessed is he that hath his whole meditation thereon"; and in the Homily on "A Fruitful Exhortation to the Reading and Knowledge of Holy Scripture," she bids them "diligently search for the well of life in the books of the Old and New Testament. . . . For in Holy Scripture is fully contained what we ought to do, and what to eschew, what to believe, what to love, and what to look for at God's hands at length."

We may safely affirm that it is mainly owing to the daily reading of the Scriptures as appointed and recommended by our Church, that the English are credited with being a Bible-loving people. But few, if any, higher testimonies have been borne to the excellency of our authorised version, or to the extent it has been instrumental in forming the religious character of Englishmen, than that of one who was for many years a prominent figure in the University of Oxford—I refer to Dr. Newman. Some years after joining the Church of Rome he penned the following well-known passage:—"Who will not say, that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is one chief stronghold of *heresy* (!) in this land? It lives upon the ear like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the new convert hardly knows how he can forego. It is part of the national character; it is the anchor of national seriousness; the memory of the dead enters into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. It is the representative of his best moments: and all that he has about him that is soft, pure, penitent, and good, for ever speaks to him out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed and controversy has never soiled; throughout the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not found in his Saxon Bible."

If it be an object of primary importance to make known to the people of the land the Word of God, then surely a Church which has placed within the reach of every Englishman an open Bible, and has made the Bible her Rule of Faith, and given such marked prominence to it in her services, has done good service to the whole nation, and thereby constituted a strong claim to its regard and gratitude.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

AN amusing anecdote is told of the Queen at the time when every one was speculating on her marriage. It was gravely reported that, in an interview with Her Majesty, Lord Melbourne had represented to the Sovereign the advisability of her marriage, and had begged her to say whether there was any person for whom she entertained a preference. Her Majesty deigned to acknowledge that there was one man for whom she could conceive a regard—and that was Arthur, Duke of Wellington!

If this anecdote were as true as it is good, it bore testimony to the sly humour of the Queen.—*The Queen's Resolve.*

Homely Talks on Homely Topics.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "MORE THAN CONQUERORS," "A LADY OF PROPERTY," ETC., HON. EDITORIAL SEC. OF THE C.E.T.S.

V. "FOR BROTHER'S SAKE."



NEXT to a mother's influence, there is no sweeter force in any home than a sister's love. A good sister is indeed a second mother in the home; and in one respect she has an advantage, for, being nearer her brothers in age, they naturally find their sympathies run very close to those of their sister's.

Then, too, a sister worthy of the name is a good halfway house to the mother. She can "suggest," where the mother would naturally have to command: and as there is a great deal of human nature in English lads, the "suggestion" is often more cheerfully obeyed than the "command."

"If I were you, George, I should not go so much with Ted Perkins," said by a loving sister, does not sound quite so forbidding as, "George, you *must not* get with Ted Perkins," spoken by the mother; and in nine cases out of ten, the "If-I-were-you" style has more effect upon George than the "Must not."

What a gain it would be for the country if our sisters would thoroughly utilize the gentle art of persuasion with their brothers in the great matter of Temperance!

We read much in these days of counter-attractions to the public-house; the best counter-attraction is, in my opinion, the influence of a good sister in the home—one who makes the evening hours cheerful with music: one who enters into her brother's amusements, and is not above taking a brisk walk with him over the common. In a word, one who is not too sentimental and lack-a-daisical to take an interest in the recreation of her brothers! Such a sister is a treasure in the home and out of the home; and such an one can do more for Temperance amongst young men—*the* young men of *the* family—than any speaker or writer.

Sisters! if you only rise to your opportunities in this matter, you will be doing a work for Home and Fatherland above praise. Your brothers, it may be, are just at that critical age when so many young men miss their way in the world, never to find it again. A word from you may keep them in the straight path: and by-and-by, when they have homes of their own, their thoughts will go back to the time when "sister Ellen" said something which, under God, helped them to hold bravely on in the face of a fierce temptation.

Remember it is "for brother's sake," and the work which you are doing with your own brothers is happily, it may be, being done, unknown to you, by some other sister for her brother, who shall, one day, be dearer to you than even the dearest of your own much-loved brothers can be.

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADES.

X. My first and second are the lot
Of each delighted guest
When bounty spreads the social board,
And makes a welcome feast;
But both together form a word
Which, when those hours are passed,
We grieve to find, howe'er deferred,
Must be pronounced at last.

HON. C. J. FOX.

XI. I fill the mouth, but not with meat,
For they that chew me cannot eat;
And they that use my aid to win
Are like me most when taken in.

CONUNDRUMS.

40. When may a chair be said to dislike you?
41. Why ought a cowardly cabman never to be paid?
42. How will a diet of herbs make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise?
43. What is the difference between a cat and a comma?
44. Why is tea like this riddle?
45. What word is composed of three letters alone,
Reads backwards and forwards the same;
Without speech it can make all its sentiments known,
And to beauty lays principal claim?
46. When is a bonnet not a bonnet?
47. Why are Addison's works like a looking glass?
48. Why are school boys like postage stamps?

ANSWERS. (See APRIL No., p. 93.)

CHARADES.

VIII. Vouchsafe.
IX. Cheerful.

CONUNDRUMS.

33. Because he is a man beside himself.
34. Because it always keeps its hands before its face.
35. The judicious Hooker.
36. In one case they make 42, in the other 24.
37. One—thus, LIX: LX.
38. The one speaks without reflecting, the other reflects without speaking.
39. U, V, W, X, Y, Z, because they always come after T (tea).



THE PROFESSIONAL CRITIC. [See Page 119.

The Young Folks' Page.

XIV. THE PROFESSIONAL CRITIC.

"YOU'RE not giving her bow enough; I tell you you're not giving her bow enough." And George spoke with all the emphasis of one who meant what he said, and said what he meant.

"Just you wait a bit, George; it's time enough to run her down," replied the young boat builder.

"Well, I tell you you're not giving her bow enough! Just you look at the *Lively Poll* over there, and you'll see what I mean."

George Peters loved to direct attention to the *Lively Poll*. In his eyes it was the prettiest boat in Hastings, and as this was the second season in which he had "belonged to her," he gave himself all the airs of an old salt.

His companion, Tommy Dobbs, had only been loose from school half an hour, and had hurried down to the beach, to resume his boat-making at the point at which he had left off yesterday afternoon; and this bit of criticism had put Tommy on his mettle.

"He thinks I cannot make a boat," said Tommy to himself; "so I'll do my very best to show him that he's wrong." And he cut and chipped, and chipped and cut away at the block of wood with the steady determination of one who was putting his heart into his work.

George, too, was an average specimen of the critic. He stuck to the one point, "You're not giving her bow enough." And perhaps if Tommy had foolishly made his boat all bow, George would still have snarled, "I tell you you're not giving her bow enough."

There was true wisdom in Tommy's reply, "Just you wait a bit." It is very disheartening to workers to be told by onlookers, "You're all in the wrong; your work will be a failure;" and sometimes it requires great strength of character to be able to reply without loss of temper, "Just you wait a bit."

Very often the builder has quite another model in his mind's eye than that about which the professional critic is thinking, and so "Just you wait a bit," is a good rule to keep in mind. The light of to-morrow's sun may show that to-day's work has not been so very far wrong, after all, and that in the making of our boat there has been "bow enough" to satisfy the most exacting critic.

F. S.

XV. IDLENESS.

"I WALKED by his garden and saw the wild briar,
The thorn, and the thistle grow higher and higher."

DR. WATTS.

IDLE boys and girls always give themselves the most trouble, for the work that is slurred over in the fancy of its being thus easier done, invariably has to be done again.

XVI. BIRD NOTES:

THE VOICES OF THE YEAR.

SIX poplar-trees in golden green,
Stand up the sweet May snow between—
The snow of plum and pear-tree bloom:
And I, looking down from my little room,
Call to the bird on the bough: "What cheer?"
And he pipes for answer: "The Spring is here."

A month goes by with its sun and rain,
And a rosebud taps at my window-pane;
I see in the garden down below
The tall white lilies, a stately row;
The birds are pecking the cherries red:
"Summer is sweet," the starlings said.

Again I look from my casement down;
The leaves are changing to red and brown;
And overhead, through a sky of gray,
The swallows are flying far away.
"Whither away, sweet birds?" I cry:
"Autumn is come," they make reply.

Keenly, coldly, the north winds blow;
Silently falls the pure white snow;
Of birds and blossoms am I bereft,
Brave, bright robin alone is left,
And he taps and chirps at my window-pane,—
"Take heart, the Spring will return again."

FLORENCE TYLER.

XVII. A RECOMMENDATION.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and many applicants presented themselves. He selected one, and dismissed the rest. "I would like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who has not a single recommendation." "You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he is careful. He gave up his seat instantly to a lame old man, showing that he is thoughtful and kind. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he is polite. He picked up a book off the floor and placed it on the table, while the others pushed it aside or stepped over it, and he waited quietly for his turn, showing that he is orderly. When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, and his hair in nice order. When he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet. Don't you call these things letters of recommendation?"

The Bible Mine Searched.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. IN what words does Jesus foretell by an emblem from nature the blessed effects of His death?
2. Quote some words of our Lord which show that after His great temptation He was still subject to the attacks of Satan.
3. In what words did St. Peter confess his belief in the Divinity of Christ and the belief of the Apostles generally?
4. What proof is there that Jesus lived for some time at Capernaum?
5. For what three great acts of faith was Abraham distinguished as "The father of the faithful"?

ANSWERS (see MARCH No., p. 71).

1. Eccles. i. 7.
2. As "the church in the wilderness" (Acts vii. 33).
3. Solomon and Jeremiah; "The furnace of iron" (1 Kings viii. 51; Jer. xi. 4).
4. Compare Gen. xxi. 13 with Gal. iii. 16.
5. Ps. xcv. 6.
6. 1 Tim. i. 13.
7. Jannes and Jambres; compare Exod. vii. 11; 2 Tim. iii. 8.
8. 1 Pet. i. 3.

MAY.

TRUTH LIGHT

Early Prayer: Morning.

BY THE EDITOR.

O GOD, Thou art about my bed, and about my path, and when I awake I am still with Thee. Thou art always very near to me, by night and by day: and in Thy Holy Word I may hear Thy voice and learn Thy will. Help me to listen as Samuel listened: and let his prayer be mine,—"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

May I remember to-day the Commandment to honour my parents, and try to show how grateful I am for all their love and care. May I strive to be kindly affectioned to my brothers and sisters; and may words of truth always be on my tongue. Give me courage to fear none but Thee.

O merciful Father! I know that I have no strength of my own to do the things which please Thee: but Thou canst give me strength, and Thou hast promised that those who seek Thee early shall find Thee. As I ask my parents for earthly gifts, so would I now ask Thee for heavenly gifts. "My Father, be Thou the Guide of my youth:" and help me this, and every day, to live more nearly as I pray: for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Providence and Grace.

(FOR EVENING PRAYER.)

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His Providence and Grace.

But now my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove;
And, in the morning, let me rise,
Rejoicing in Thy love.

Watts.

"SEND TO US THINE HOLY GHOST."

"Even the Spirit of Truth."—John xv. 26.

1	S	**3rd S. aft. East.** ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES. *Thy Spirit is good.* Ps. cxliii. 10.	16	M	With Thee is the fountain of life. Ps. xxxvi. 9.
2	M	Saved by . . . the renewing of the Holy Ghost.	17	Tu	The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.
3	Tu	Though our outward man perish. 2 Cor. iv. 16.	18	W	Quench not the Spirit. 1 Thes. v. 19.
4	W	The inward man is renewed day by day.	19	Th	ASCEN. DAY. *He set Him in the heavenly places.*
5	Th	Praying in the Holy Ghost. St. Jude 20.	20	F	To give repentance and forgiveness of sins.
6	F	The Spirit of Truth . . . will guide you.	21	S	Be filled with the Spirit. Eph. v. 18.
7	S	He shall take of Mine, and show it unto you.			
			22	S	**Sun. after Ascen.** *He gave gifts unto men.*
8	S	**4th S. after Easter.** *He shall glorify Me.*	23	M	That in Him should all fulness dwell.
9	M	He will show you things to come.	24	Tu	QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. *Thou wilt prolong the king's life.*
10	Tu	Whosoever drinketh . . . shall never thirst.	25	W	We are His workmanship. Eph. ii. 10.
11	W	Give me this water, that I thirst not.	26	Th	Thou hast wrought all our works in us.
12	Th	Drink abundantly, O Beloved. Cant. v. 1.	27	F	It is God which worketh in you. Phil. ii. 13.
13	F	Ho, every one that thirsteth. Isa. lv. 1.	28	S	Strengthen that which Thou hast wrought.
14	S	Come ye to the waters. Isa. lv. 1.			
			29	S	**Whit-Sun.** *My Spirit remaineth among you.*
15	S	**Rogation S.** *Ask, and it shall be given you.*	30	M	WHIT-MON. *That my joy might remain in you.*
			31	Tu	WHIT-TU. *There remaineth a rest.* Heb. iv. 9.

SUN.—1st day.
Rises 4.34. Sets 7.21.
3. The Royal Academy opens.
10. The Indian Mutiny of 1857.

MOON.—Full, 7th, A. 2.1.
" New, 22nd, A. 1.5.

19. The Spanish Armada sailed from Lisbon in 1588.
19. Canon Boyd Carpenter was appointed Bishop of Ripon, 1884.
25. Princess Helena was born, 1846.
29. The Restoration of King Charles II. took place in 1660.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
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THE QUEEN OPENING PARLIAMENT, 1886.

LORD CHANCELLOR HALSBURY READING THE ROYAL SPEECH.

Engraved by R. TAYLOR.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

"Our Sovereign's Jubilee."

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

GOD, our fathers' God and ours,
Before Thy throne we bow the knee:
Pour down Thy mercy's richest showers
Upon our Sovereign's Jubilee.

We bless Thee for her blessed past,
For holy thoughts of things that were;
For love that must for ever last,
And all Thy love to us in her!

For years of sunshine, calm and bright,
And storm-clouds always rainbow spann'd;
For her sweet home, which sheds its light
On all homes of our fatherland.

And with our praises one strong prayer
From morn till night, from night till morn,
Breathes on the universal air
And to the Throne of thrones is borne—

God save the Queen, save, bless, defend
The Mother Queen of land and sea:
God save the Queen, world without end,
Till earth keep Heaven's great Jubilee.

The Queen and Her First Parliament.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE," ETC.

"THERE is much splendour, but there is more responsibility." Seldom if ever has Royalty spoken more impressively than when, at about the age of twelve, the Princess Victoria uttered these thoughtful words to her governess, the Baroness Lehzen, when informed that she would probably be the future Queen of England.

And what the Princess Victoria said, the Queen of England has always remembered. Perhaps no more striking example of this could be given, than is found in the record of the Queen's first meeting with her Parliament on July 17th, 1837. The interest and excitement in the metropolis was intense, and the spectacle brought together immense crowds. The Queen wore a circlet or open crown of diamonds, on which were sprigs of the rose, thistle, and shamrock. Her Majesty evidently felt "the great responsibility which had now taken the place of domestic happiness:" whilst the huge coach, with the golden crown on the top of its great golden self, moved on heavily, amidst a sea of applauding and uncovered heads, to the House of Lords.

As Her Majesty entered the House, one who watched her closely writes:—

"She smiled gently and bowed to those who

silently saluted her, and with a quick intelligence in her large pale blue eyes, moved gracefully along. Her features are quite those of our Royal family, and somehow or other strongly remind us partly of the Princess Charlotte, and partly of King George the Third."

Her Majesty ascended the throne with a firm and composed step, and for several minutes continued standing, graciously regarding all around her. On taking her seat her countenance became slightly flushed, but in a few minutes the natural colour was restored. The turbulent entrance of the Commons at the bar, struggling for precedence, appeared to afford her much amusement.

Her Majesty then rose and read her first Royal speech to her Parliament. Every emphatic word was distinctly marked, and especially one paragraph relating to the amelioration of the criminal code, was spoken with an earnestness and energy deeply affecting. Persons in the most distant parts of the House caught every syllable, so clear and so distinct was the Queen's enunciation. The following were three of the most important paragraphs :—

"I am desirous of renewing the assurance of my determination to maintain the Protestant Religion as established by law, to secure to all the free exercise of the rights of conscience, to protect the liberties, and to promote the welfare of all classes of the community.

"I perceive, with satisfaction, that you have brought to maturity some useful measures, amongst which I regard, with peculiar interest, the amendment of the criminal code, and the reduction of the number of capital punishments. I hail this mitigation of the severity of the law as an auspicious commencement of my reign.

"I ascend the throne under a deep sense of the responsibility which is imposed upon me; but I am supported by the consciousness of my own right intentions, and by my dependence upon the protection of Almighty God."

How deeply the Queen felt the occasion, and the strain both on mind and body, was proved by the fact that, on returning to the Royal robing-room, she actually fainted, and it was some minutes before the application of proper restoratives was attended with the desired effect. She speedily recovered her spirits, and, as she returned to the Palace, amid the acclamations of thousands and tens of thousands of her loyal subjects, there was a brightness and elasticity in her manner that showed the removal of the heavy anxiety of the State ceremonial she had so ably discharged.

"God Bless our Queen."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM A. BATHURST, M.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, EASTBOURNE.

THOU who, these fifty years,
Hast quelled a nation's fears—
Hast spared our Queen:
To Thee, O Lord, we raise
Our heartfelt thanks and praise
For Britain's prosperous days:
God bless our Queen.

She hath maintained Thy cause—
Honoured Thy righteous laws—
Through her long sway:
Still, Lord, Thy mercies crown;
Cast every traitor down;
Surround Victoria's throne
With peace for aye.

Reft of the wise and good,
Firm hath she ever stood—
Firm for the right.
When woe or want were nigh,
Ready her sympathy;
Love wiped the weeping eye—
Love is her might.

Her children bless her name;
Her subjects spread her fame
All the world o'er:
Thanks be to Thee, Most High—
Britain's glad millions cry—
Thine be the victory
From shore to shore.

Thou who, these fifty years,
Hast quelled a nation's fears—
Hast spared our Queen;
Hear now our humble prayer,
Still make her cause Thy care,
Thy favour may she share:
God bless our Queen.

Ready, aye Ready!

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW;" "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A PRIVATE TALK.



"NOW," the doctor said, having bound up the crushed member, and ordered complete rest, "who is going to see after you, my good woman? There are to be no attempts at standing about, remember."

Mrs. Stuart was by this time looking somewhat sullen. She answered curtly, "Nobody; I'll do for myself."

"Can't," said Mr. Rawdon.

"I'm not going to be beholden to nobody," declared Mrs. Stuart.

"In that case you will very soon have to be beholden to me—for amputating your foot," said Mr. Rawdon bluntly.

He was a particularly kind-hearted man, but he had not much patience with entire unreasonableness.

"Have you no friends who——"

"I've got no friends. 'Tisn't my way. I like to keep myself to myself," said Mrs. Stuart, in the tone of one stating a virtuous characteristic.

The doctor's eyebrows went up a little way. "That's nothing to be proud of," he said.

"I can stay here to-night," put in Susan Dunn. "I should like to do it, sir, very much,—if Mrs. Stuart don't mind."

Mrs. Stuart plainly did mind. Her long nose took a discontented curl. Mr. Rawdon ran his eyes over Susan.

"Your face seems strange to me," he said.

"We haven't been long in Littleburgh," she said. "My husband is come for work."

"Hope he's got it," said the doctor.

"Yes, sir,—with Mr. Rawdon." A nod answered her. "And I know he'd wish me to help. My girl Nancy will see to everything at home."

"You are fortunate in having such a girl," said Mr. Rawdon.

Perhaps he was thinking of Bess Gardiner, or of girls like Bess.

"Yes, sir, I think I am; more than fortunate," averred Susan. "It's something to thank God for."

"True!" and the doctor bent his head slightly, with a reverent gesture. "Let me see, your name is——"

"Susan Dunn, sir."

"Dunn! Ah,—then it would be your husband who called me. Dunn!"—and he looked thoughtful. "I seem to have some sort of connection with the word. Well, nothing can be better than that you should stay here to-night. Mrs. Stuart accepts your kind offer, of course."

"I can do for myself," said Mrs. Stuart stolidly.

"Stuff!" Mr. Rawdon answered, rising. "You can do for your foot, if you like—and you would do for it most effectually, without help. That is settled, then. To-morrow morning I will look in, and we shall see what can be arranged next. Very much obliged to you, Mrs. Dunn. 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.' Mrs. Stuart will have no cause to say again that she has no friends."

Mrs. Stuart made no response. The doctor gave Susan a few careful directions.

"Mind, you are not to put your foot to the ground," he said, turning to Mrs. Stuart. "Your son and Mrs. Dunn will get you upstairs, and you must go to bed at once. Stay there, of course, till I come again. Good-evening."

Mr. Rawdon looked rather curiously at the patient's glum visage, smiled at Mrs. Dunn's cheery face, and left the cottage at a quick pace.

Half-way through the next street he was overtaken by Mr. Wilmot. Those two worked hand-in-hand among the needy and suffering.

"The very man I had in my mind at this moment," quoth Mr. Rawdon. "How do you do? All right?"

The doctor's eyes were lifted for an instant's scrutiny of the other's face as they passed a gas-lamp. Of late, a settled paleness had been stamped there. No immediate reply to the question came, but only another question,—

"Is this true about Mrs. Stuart?"

"Crushed foot, yes. Within a hair's breadth of having to lose it. I'm not quite sure yet!"

"Poor thing!" Mr. Wilmot said in a half-abstracted manner.

"She's an oddity," the doctor said, stealing another glance. "A fussy sort of body, apparently."

"So much the more to be pitied. I must see her to-morrow."

"Yes, do. A nice little woman is there to-night,—Mrs. Dunn. I haven't come across her before."

"The Dunns are new-comers. You have heard of the eldest girl, Nancy Dunn," added the clergyman abruptly. "She is the girl whom young Stuart saved from the mad dog."

"Ha! I thought I had some association with the name in my mind."

"That is it, of course. Nancy Dunn is one of the best and prettiest girls I know. I rather think our friend Archie Stuart is of the same opinion, from a few words I had with him this afternoon. But he seems to fear opposition from his mother."

"Ha!" repeated Mr. Rawdon. "That is why she so disdainfully wished to be 'beholden to nobody.'"

After a slight pause, he asked carelessly,—"Have you been doing too much to-day?"

"No. The more the better just now. Less time for thought."

Mr. Rawdon gave him another glance.

"I believe the strain is rather too much for me sometimes." Mr. Wilmot spoke low. "Do what I will, I cannot help expecting,—watching myself,—dwelling on what may come."

"And the fact that you cannot speak to Annie makes you, of course, suffer the more," Mr. Rawdon said, carelessly still, as he slipped an arm into the clergyman's. "My dear Wilmot, it was a mere scratch,—almost a nothing. I do not say that it was an absolute nothing, of course. But the prompt measures taken—How is your wrist to-day? You were coming to see me again to-morrow, I think."

"It seems to be steadily healing. That is as should be. Yes, you burnt deeply. The thing could not have been done with more thoroughness. But still——"

A sigh came after the word. There was just the "but still!" Mr. Rawdon knew it, and so did Mr. Wilmot. Say what they might, there could be no certainty of escape. Prompt and thorough measures had been taken,—but still—! And the dawn of a new hope which now exists for such as are in Mr. Wilmot's case had not then become known.

"I wish you could banish the whole thing from your mind," said Mr. Rawdon.

"Impossible," was the quiet answer. "I do not repine, Rawdon. If the time came over again, I would do the same again, knowing what lay before me. And if—if it is God's will to call me to His presence through *that* gate of suffering,—I think I can say truly that I am willing. Willingness does not mean stoical indifference, however. Flesh and heart may shrink—must shrink—under some circumstances."

"Aye," Mr. Rawdon answered briefly. "How do you sleep at night?"

"Not well. I have a return of uncomfortable heart-sensations,—such as I had two years ago. Nothing of importance,—merely the result of the shock."

"I'll look into that to-morrow. You must keep up your strength. Yes, the shock was likely to tell upon you, one way or another."

"So I supposed. I do not at present see in myself any marked symptoms which might prelude *that*," Mr. Wilmot said calmly, as if speaking about somebody else. "The wound seems to be healing healthily. I am not particularly troubled with moroseness, or unreasonable depression, or anxiety to be much away from home. These are some of the tokens, are they not, sometimes? You see, I have looked into the matter. I wish to know in time, if it comes,—for Annie's sake."

"And you have been wrong," said Mr. Rawdon decisively. "This is not quite your usual good sense, Wilmot. The thing you have to do now is as much as possible to put the whole question aside, not to sit watching your own symptoms, and speculating on what may come next. Mind, my dear friend, it is your positive duty,—for Annie's sake, as much as for your own. If this goes on, you will soon be thoroughly overstrained, and unfit for work. I shall have to order you abroad."

Mr. Wilmot shook his head.

"One thing or the other will have to be." The doctor spoke with a touch of sternness. "Either you must give up this morbid self-watching, or you must go away."

A pause followed before Mr. Wilmot said,—"I have had to fight the battle."

"What battle?"

"To be able to say from my heart, 'Thy will—not mine.'"

"Wrong again. Don't misunderstand me, but I think you are wrong. If God sends the trial, He will send strength to endure. You are not called upon yet to endure. All you are called upon to do at present is to put aside possibilities, and to trust for the future. The more child-like a life you can live just now the better,—taking each day as it comes, and not looking forward. I am speaking both as your friend and as your medical adviser. This strain of expectation is the worst thing possible for you."

Mr. Wilmot uttered a simple "Yes" of acquiescence.

"You know that it is. Now mark my words, Wilmot. There must be a change. You must put the thing aside—give up analysis of your own symptoms—and have done with midnight battlings. What need for it all? He will not let you be tried 'above that you are able.' Yours is a child-like trust, generally. Be a child now, in trust, and leave the matter in God's hands. He is all-powerful; and there is nothing more that you and I can do."

"You are right," Mr. Wilmot said quietly. "I have preached you a good many sermons, but never a truer one than you have just preached to me."

"Shall I quote from a sermon of your own?" asked Mr. Rawdon. "Your concluding words this morning, Wilmot,—'Whatever the King may appoint, whether joy or sorrow, life or death, from Him shall come the needed strength. Not like St. Peter, but like St. Paul, you shall be — Ready, aye Ready.' But standing ready to obey, surely does not mean conjuring up possibilities of commands which never may be given."

"No. You are right," repeated Mr. Wilmot, pausing before a small house. "I must go in here."

"Not done the day's work yet! It is very late. Can't you go home and rest?"

"I promised to look in for a minute. This is the last."

"Good-bye, then."

The two shook hands and parted, Mr. Rawdon going on alone in the darkness. A sigh escaped him, suppressed hitherto. "Poor fellow!" he murmured.

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. MASON'S OPINIONS.

Ten days had gone by, and Mrs. Stuart had her foot up still on a chair, swathed in bandages. She was allowed to hop downstairs once a day, with Archie's help, but not to stand yet.

Mrs. Stuart was by no means a patient invalid. It seemed to her very hard indeed that *she* of all people should be laid aside, very hard that *she* should have to suffer pain, very hard that *she* should be indebted to neighbours—above all, to the Dunns—for help. Other people, of course, had their troubles, and must expect to have them, as a matter of course, but why Mrs. Stuart should have them was quite another question. She could only count it "very hard." As for being patient and cheerful under her trial, who could be so unreasonable as to expect it of her!

Many a time Mrs. Stuart had heard in Church those familiar words,—"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." But it may very much be doubted how far Mrs. Stuart really listened to the reading of the Bible in Church; and it may be doubted still more how far she really understood what she heard. Her feeling towards God was in no sense the feeling of a child towards a Father. She had no love for Him, and she knew nothing of the deep Divine love which will rather send pain and sorrow than suffer the wilful child to wander on in courses of evil. Sometimes nothing less than great trouble will bring the wayward soul to Christ.

Mrs. Stuart saw nothing of this, however. The love of God was far away from her thoughts. She only considered herself a much injured woman; and she felt quite sure nobody had ever had so much to bear as her self; and she was vexed with the Dunns for their persistent kindness, and yet more vexed with Archie for his growing friendship with them.

Undoubtedly Mrs. Stuart was greatly indebted to the Dunns. Mrs. Dunn had spent whole nights in the cottage, and had taken turns with Nancy to run in and out by day. Mrs. Dunn was looking quite fagged with all she had undertaken, and Mrs. Stuart ought to have been extremely grateful. But she was not grateful at all. She was only annoyed

with herself and the Dunns and Archie and everybody,—a most uncomfortable state of mind to be in.

Mrs. Mason, living opposite Woodbine Cottage, was usually a very convenient person in times of illness. Being a widow, with only one married daughter, and having consequently no home-ties; being, moreover, a motherly sort of body, with useful instincts; she liked to be called in to help, where help might be needed.

The very day, however, before Mrs. Stuart's accident, Mrs. Mason was summoned to her married daughter by telegram. Had it not been for this, she would as a matter of course have shared with Mrs. Dunn the care of Mrs. Stuart.

After ten days, Mrs. Mason came home, leaving her daughter recovered from a sharp little illness; and then she was speedily made acquainted with events which had taken place during her absence. The next thing that happened was Mrs. Mason's appearance in Mrs. Stuart's kitchen, with a half-knitted stocking, just a short time before tea.

"Now, you didn't expect to see me, did you?" she asked, in her round comfortable voice, which exactly suited her stout and motherly figure. "But I'm come. I told Mrs. Dunn I'd do it for her,—get you your tea, I mean, and wash up. Dear! I never thought I should find you like this,—that I didn't. There's never no knowing what'll happen next, and that's a fact. Well,—I'll put your kettle on to boil, first thing. And so Mrs. Dunn's been looking after you all this while. Just like her! She's got enough to do at home, though, and I told her I'd come instead. But to think now of your stealing a march on me, like that! To think of it!"

Mrs. Stuart failed to understand Mrs. Mason's meaning, and she intimated the same in gloomy tones.

"What I mean! Why, I mean the Dunns, to be sure," said Mrs. Mason briskly. "The nicest family that's come to Littleburgh for a year past. And as soon as ever I'm out of the way, you've gone and stolen a march on me, and got as intimate with 'em! No, I didn't expect it of you, I did not, Mrs. Stuart!"

Mrs. Mason shook her head vigorously. But Mrs. Stuart was in no humour for joking, and she intimated that fact also in yet gloomier accents.

"A joke don't do nobody any harm," said Mrs. Mason, "provided it's harmless. There's jokes *and* jokes. There's a sort that's better avoided. But I'd sooner laugh than cry over a worry any day. You wouldn't be half such a skinny scarecrow of a woman, if you were to laugh oftener, and glower less over your frets. That you wouldn't."

Mrs. Mason was too useful a woman to be quarrelled with for her plain-spokenness; but certainly her remarks did not lessen Mrs. Stuart's moodiness.

"That Nancy Dunn is the best and prettiest girl ever I see!" remarked Mrs. Mason.

Mrs. Stuart grunted.

"Isn't she now?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"I've got nothing to say against her," declared Mrs. Stuart, with the air of one suppressing truths.

"Shouldn't think you had, nor anybody else neither. Don't Archie like her?" demanded Mrs. Mason, rising to get the teapot.

No answer to this.

"Well, if I was you I'd encourage it in every way I could. That's what I'd do," said Mrs. Mason emphatically, rinsing out the tea-pot. "She's a pretty girl, and a good girl, and she'll make a good wife to somebody some day. That girl's had a training that it isn't many girls get now-a-days. She'll clean up a room in no time; and she's first-rate at washing and ironing; and she's a good cook in a plain way. Yes; Mrs. Dunn's a wise mother. She's trained up Nancy to follow in her footsteps. And that isn't all neither; for she's trained up Nannie to live for God, and to think of the world that's to come, and not only of just how to eat and drink and get along."

Mrs. Stuart found something to say at last. She opened her lips with a resolute,—"I don't hold with being so mighty religious."

"No," said Mrs. Mason. "How much religion *do* you hold with?"

"I'm not one as likes shams," said Mrs. Stuart.

"Nor me neither," responded Mrs. Mason. "But there's no sort of shamming about the Dunns. It's real honest hearty living to God, and trying to do His will. I can tell you, Mrs. Stuart, I've learnt a thing or two from them already, though it's so short a time they've been here; and I'm not ashamed to own it.

And I hope I'll be the better for knowing them. And as for being 'mighty religious,'—if fighting against wrong, and struggling to do right, and helping those that's in need, and serving God in every bit of daily life,—if *that's* what you mean by 'mighty religious,' why, I wish there was a lot more of it in the world. I do, and that's a fact. For it would be a deal better sort of world."

"I don't like talk," said Mrs. Stuart.

"Nor me neither," assented Mrs. Mason again. "That's to say, I don't like talk that's not carried out in action. Folks must talk. It's natural to human nature. And folks'll talk mostly of what comes nearest to 'em. There's some cares most for eating, and they'll talk of their eating. And there's some cares most for politics, and they'll talk of politics. And there's some cares most for their children, and they'll talk of their children. And, dear me, there's some cares only for themselves, and won't they talk a lot about themselves? But that's all natural. It's all human nature. And when a man cares for religion, and loves God from his heart,—why, don't it stand to reason that he'll speak sometimes of the things he cares for most? That's not shamming, Mrs. Stuart. It's shamming, if a man talks religion, and don't let it come into his daily life. And it's shamming when folks keep all their religion for Sunday, and make believe to pray to Him in Church, and then never think of Him at all from Monday morning till Saturday night. That's shamming, as much as you like. But as for talk,—why, talk's natural,—in moderation. And you'll never find Mrs. Dunn talk too much. No, never."

Perhaps the same could not quite be said of good-humoured voluble Mrs. Mason. She brought the tea-pot from the hob, and set it on the table.

"There,—that's all right," she said, in a different tone, possibly feeling that she had said enough on one subject. "I've had my tea before coming, so I don't want any; but I'll stay to wash up. I've got my knitting. And by-and-by I'll come in again. So Archie's out with friends to-night. Well, he's a likely young fellow,—sure to make friends. I hope they'll all be as good friends as the Dunns. And you've had Mr. Wilmot here, paying you visits. Kind sort of man, isn't he?—and as good! No sort of sham there neither! But he don't look as he should. What is come over him?"

Mrs. Stuart did not know that anything had.

"He's not himself," said Mrs. Mason. "Lost all his colour, and don't walk with half his spirit. He'd ought to take care of himself. Good people ain't too common in this world. It's my belief he works a deal too hard. Yes,—there's something wrong. I'm sure *I* don't know what."

CHAPTER XVII.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

MANY weeks had gone by, and Mrs. Stuart was pretty well recovered from her accident. She limped a little, it is true, and was unable to walk any distance; still, on the whole, she might be counted fairly convalescent.

Archie had been a good son to her through those weeks. Nobody could question it. Even Mrs. Stuart did not deny the fact.

It may seem an odd thing to say, considering the mother's love for her boy; but, undoubtedly, Mrs. Stuart had not quite forgiven Archie for being in some sort the cause of her accident. If Archie had not left her all those hours alone, she would not have gone searching after him in the brick-fields. Mrs. Stuart was wont to dilate on this very self-evident truth; while she forgot to mention the equally self-evident truth, that if she had not given way to ill-temper, Archie would not have left her. Archie had been to blame, no question as to that. But Mrs. Stuart herself could scarcely be reckoned blameless.

And Mrs. Stuart was not of a generous nature. When her foot was at its worst, she seemed to find a particular gratification in reminding Archie that it was "all his doing." A generous nature would have shrunk from allowing Archie to see how much she suffered, for fear he should blame himself too far.

Archie bore his mother's reproaches patiently, so patiently that Mrs. Dunn often wondered, looking on. For she knew the young fellow to be of a quick and hasty disposition; and she did not quite know yet how a strong new principle was taking root in Archie Stuart's heart, and beginning already to show in his life.

One result of Mrs. Stuart's accident was a great pleasure to Archie. His friendship with the Dunns was no longer a thing forbidden. Mrs. Stuart hardly could prevent it, after

Susan Dunn's kind care of her. But she still did not care to see more of the Dunns than was necessary; and if Archie spoke of Nannie, Mrs. Stuart was sure to spend some sulky hours in consequence.

It was very difficult for him to abstain from speaking of Nancy; for by this time he thought of her more than of any other human being. Nancy's pretty face was before his mind's eye perpetually. When he looked forward to the future, it was always a future with Nancy Dunn,—not always as Nancy *Dunn*. But he had not spoken out to anybody yet of his wish. He wanted his mother to learn to like Nancy first.

"Why don't you come to see my mother oftener?" he asked one day, and Nancy answered frankly,—

"I don't think she cares to have me come. She always seems so busy."

This was true, and Archie could not deny it. The thought troubled him much, but he tried to wait quietly. Meanwhile he was very often in and out at Woodbine Cottage; and the more he saw of the Dunns, the more thoroughly he respected and wished to be like them.

For there was nothing half-hearted, nothing inconsistent, about these Dunns. They were not great talkers, but neither did they hide their religion. In Richard Dunn's life the leading aim was to serve that dear Lord and Master who had died for him on the Cross, and this aim was followed out with steady persistence. If need arose, he could speak of his heart's desire; if required to do aught which he believed to be contrary to God's will, he could refuse quietly, and without bluster. Lesser aims were included in the one great aim. He was a steady workman; he sought to keep his wife and children in comfort; he loved to have a tasteful and well-furnished little house. These things were right. It was well that he should be the better workman, because he served first a Heavenly Master; and it was well that while striving to do God's will, he should seek to please his wife, and make his children happy.

Things were much the same with Susan Dunn and with Nancy. Setting first before them the desire to please in all things a Heavenly Master and Friend, they did, as a matter of course, their best in all things.

But there was nothing sombre, nothing gloomy, in the atmosphere of Woodbine Cottage. How should there be? Richard Dunn was a man of cheerful spirit. You need not suppose for a moment that he or his family were the less cheerful because of their religion. Why, how should they be? Real religion—the religion of Christ—is rest, and joy, and safety now, and the looking forward to a glorious by-and-by. That doesn't make people gloomy. No doubt a great many true servants of God are gloomy, but they find their gloom in themselves, not in their religion, if it is indeed according to the teaching of Christ.

You would not have heard merrier children's voices anywhere in the neighbourhood than in Woodbine Cottage, or a sweeter laugh than Nancy's; nor would you have seen a sunnier face than Susan's, or a busier and happier life than Richard Dunn's. He was always at work upon something, even in leisure hours; reading a book, or doing a bit of carpentering, or tending his plants, or having a game with his little ones. There was no time in his life for idle lounging, any more than there was in Susan's or Nancy's for gossiping.

Some people may count it odd to talk of a man being "at work" when he reads a book, or plays with his children. But there are many different kinds of work. Reading may be very hard work indeed,—not of course just looking at a shallow article in a paper, or glancing through a worthless novel, but real steady mastering of facts worth knowing in a volume of history or science. And though playing with a child is not hard work, yet it may really be in one sense work for God, if the father is lovingly trying to win his little one's heart in every possible way, and to please God in so doing.

Archie Stuart, being much in and out of Woodbine Cottage, noticed all these items of the way in which his friends lived and acted, and gradually he seemed to catch something of the same spirit. He began to feel that for a man to live only to himself is not grand; that to please one's self always is very easy, but not beautiful. He saw slowly, more and more, how grand and beautiful, ay and how manly, a thing it is, to be permitted to fight on God's side in the mighty world-wide battle between good and evil.

No namby-pamby matter this, as Archie soon discovered. For with all his young vigour and his strong will, he found soon how little he



THE QUEEN IN SCOTLAND: SKETCHING AT BALLATER.

could do, how strong were the powers of evil; and then it was that his friends could speak to him of ONE "mighty to save," in whose great strength Archie should, if he willed, be "more than conqueror." And then, Archie learnt to pray.

That was how Archie grew more kind and patient during the weeks of his mother's illness. He did not think it himself. He had never found self-restraint harder, or the temptation to sharp self-defence more keen. But others looking on saw the difference in him already.

This learning to pray is a great step in anybody's life. Archie no longer went to Church merely as a dull duty, to listen to words which had no meaning for him, just because his eyes were not open to their meaning. He went now to ask God, in common with others, for things which he and they needed, to offer thanks for things already given. Both in Church, and in his own little room, he had begun to draw nearer to the footstool of Christ the King, to know Him as the Crucified, to trust Him as the Saviour, to be taught of His Spirit, to bow before Him as Lord.

For all this Archie lost no whit of his growing manliness. Was it likely? Does any one lose in force or manliness through daily intercourse with a Mind infinitely greater and wiser than his own? Besides, what is more manly than self-control, than conquests over one's evil tempers, than a spirit of kindness and generosity to those weaker than one's self? Archie was growing in these things more manly, not less manly, day by day, and many remarked that it was so. The Dunns saw it especially.

(To be continued.)

"Our Good Queen's Jubilee."

BY FREDERIC ATKINSON, M.A., RECTOR OF DARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

Tune for "Awake, awake, put on Thy strength," by Dr. Dykes.

RISE, Britons, rise, and to high Heaven
Send up your hymns of praise
From every land that, far or near,
Victoria's sceptre sways;
O let no heart be cold to-day,
O let no voice be dumb!
It is our good Queen's Festival,
Her Jubilee is come.

God of all grace, Thy gifts to each
Each heart in secret knows;
But now with universal thanks
An Empire's heart o'erflows:
All lips one common boon to own
In one glad concord move,—
Our Queen,—a just and virtuous Queen,
Throned in her people's love.

Yea, King of kings, in Thee they stand,
All powers on earth that be;
Our reverent awe, our loyal love,
Rise up through them to Thee:
By Thee, true Sun of righteousness,
As planets fair they shine;
Then in their light if light be ours
The praise shall all be Thine.

If still beneath Victoria's rule
Peace reigns in all our coasts,
Not hers, nor ours, the glory be,
But Thine, Thou LORD of hosts.
If nobler lives in court and cot
These latest years have known,
'Tis Heaven's reflected light that streams
Down from our Sovereign's throne.

For as soft showers on lofty hills
Feed first the upland heath,
And thence in freshening rills descend
To enrich the vales beneath;
So when Thy Spirit's dew, good LORD,
Distils on Royal domes,
Pure streams from that high vantage-ground
Steal down to humbler homes.

Then, brothers, bless we GOD Supreme,
And for our dear Queen pray
That He, through every change and chance,
Be still her Guide and Stay.
And when—her high work done—she lays
Her earthly sceptre down,
Give rest in Thine own Kingdom, Lord,
And an unfading crown.

The Great Helper.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A.,* VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, DOVER; AUTHOR OF "STRONG AND FREE," "IN SECRET," ETC.

"I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."—*Isa.* xli. 13.



N incident occurred to me a short time ago that seemed to me an illustration of this promise. A respectable, well-dressed little girl of some five or six years old, I noticed keeping very close to my side. I did not know her, and I wondered why she kept so near me. So I stooped down and asked her if I could do anything for her. I got no reply, but she still kept walking by me. So I tried again, and this time I just heard a sob. Once more I bent down and tried to discover the secret, and then I heard her say some broken words—"rough men," "so frightened." I looked round and saw some noisy, rollicking navvies just coming home from work with their pickaxes on their shoulders, and they seemed to have been having some dispute by the way. So I took the little girl's hand, and finding out where she lived, I took her to the gate, when she ran in as bright and happy as a lark.

As I thought over my little friend's fears, and the way she escaped from them, I found that if I had helped her, she had still more helped me; for she gave me a fresh view of the simplicity of faith and the merciful help that it secures.

For as we journey along life's pathway, we must needs meet rough men, and, still more, rough blows and temptations from enemies seen and unseen; and what can we do to overcome our fears, and safely to reach our home?

Thank God there is One walking in the midst of us, and not far from each one, and if we will, we may go and take shelter under His care, and nestle under His wing, and put ourselves under His protection.

And what a pleasure it is to Him when we thus rely upon His kind and faithful care. Seldom had any incident given me more pleasure than this trustful act of a little girl. And does it not give joy to the Great Friend when we give Him credit for His tender love to us, and are assured that He will honour the confidence we repose in Him?

And as I took the child safely to her home, and left her thankful and happy within the gate, will not He hold our poor feeble hand in His, and be our shield against every danger by the way, and bring us within the gates of the city where our Home is found?

Oh that we might honour Christ by more childlike, loving trustfulness! Oh that we might flee to Him at once when fears or dangers approach! Oh that we might abide very close to Him till we reach the Father's House!

"Retreat beneath His wings,
And in His grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside."

HEARING THE WORD.—"If we would hear not only the word of the preacher, but 'the Word of the Lord' in the sanctuary, the petition must be in our heart if not on our lips, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.' 'Quicken me, O Lord, according to Thy Word.'"—From *The Forgotten Truth.*

* Our good friend, the Rev. George Everard, has often made *Home Words* readers his debtors. Few writers have cheered and stimulated more pilgrims on Zion's road. He is a very busy pastor also; and this year he is trying hard to erect a Jubilee Mission Hall in Dover, where it is very much needed. If some of our readers would lend a helping hand, we are sure Mr. Everard would be exceedingly glad to hear from them.—*The Editor of "Home Words."*

The Jubilee.

PATRIOTISM AND LOYALTY.

BY THE REV. WALTER SENIOR, M.A., VICAR OF ST. PAUL'S, SHEFFIELD; AUTHOR OF "GOD'S TEN WORDS," ETC.



OUR Jubilee is the expression of a twofold feeling of patriotism and loyalty.

"Breathes there a man
with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath
said,
This is my own, my native land?"

Patriotism stands next to religion as the noblest sentiment of the human soul, whether the fatherland be big or little, rich or poor. But as a noble name is a fine inheritance, so is a great country. It is a privilege, beyond words almost, to belong to an empire whose history is full of noble struggle and noble aim, whose laws are just, whose personal rights are sacred, and whose religion is pure. A man's country is an atmosphere which he breathes into his soul. As we say, it forms national character. If it is fallen, its people grow degraded; if it is illustrious, its people are distinguished, their spirit is devoted and patriotic.

Let us thank God that we can still believe, in spite of political strife and party feeling, that the patriotism of England is yet a living power in the world. May God's Spirit keep this patriotism pure and lofty and deathless, that we may remain great and powerful! May we be kept from luxury and selfishness and greed of money! May He keep us in nobleness of idea and charity of feeling, that the national soul may be capable of sustaining the mighty form of greatness in which it has become embodied!

Now when we look into the nature of English patriotism we find it is made up of two powerful sentiments. One is an intense love of freedom, the other a strong feeling of loyalty to the monarch. These two feelings are very difficult to combine: in other nations they have been often opposed; but it is the happiness of England that her sons have been able to cultivate them side by side in strengthening relationships. If you watch the progress of our constitutional history, from struggle to struggle, from age to age, you cannot fail to see how the desire of freedom has ever been guided by love to the sovereign. Passionately desirous of the liberty of the subject, Englishmen have striven to unite its attainment with the preservation of a true loyalty.

Believe me, this is really a wonderful thing; it is a God-given instinct which underlies the greatness of the Anglo-Saxon race. For observe what is the common root in which such sentiments unite. It is this—the vital conviction which has distinguished Englishmen hitherto beyond all other peoples, that true freedom depends upon law and order. But this conviction makes as much for loyalty as for liberty, because the monarch is with us the fount and guardian of both, representing both law and order in harmonious union. "What," asks Charles Kingsley, in one of his national sermons, "what is the wonderful charm which has made the English great, which is stronger than money, and armies, and trade, and all the things which we can see and handle? St. Paul," he goes on, "tells us in this text: 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God.'" And he adds, "To respect the law, to believe that God wills men to live according to law, and that He will teach men right and good laws; that magistrates who enforce the laws are God's ministers, God's officers, and servants; that to break the laws is to sin

against God: that is the charm which worked such wonders, and will work them to the end of time." Kingsley is profoundly right. It is this spirit of reverence for law and order, which lies at the root of national greatness.

Therefore it is we celebrate the Jubilee of our Queen with praise to God and world-wide thanksgiving. Wherever there are Englishmen, there will be rejoicing of loyal hearts, the feeling of personal homage, the proud, grand imagination of all our monarch stands for of English greatness and English honour amongst the nations. She stands for the history of a thousand years of progress—political, intellectual, spiritual. She is the splendid centre, and also the subtle, uniting principle of vast dominion. She sits on an imperial throne, whose foundations are justice, liberty, religion, and peace.

Look at our Queen. Beginning her reign, fifty years ago, without experience, in the heyday of youth and beauty, when the blood runs so warmly, when fancy is so masterful, and the world so fascinating—and it was all at her feet—not only has she never given her people one single heart-ache, but she has kept her place with the wisest of rulers and the purest of women, and thus become a national blessing of priceless worth. And how? By a principle of life as profoundly wise and practical as it is simple. She has striven to be good: and that has been to England more than genius and more than statesmanship. The sweet, suggestive story has touched the heart of her people—how she had been brought up in ignorance that one day she would be Queen; how it became necessary to tell her; and how after a moment of silence she said to her governess, "I will be good!" And good she has been, and her goodness has been her power. It was the goodness of her heart which underlay her loving choice of such a man as Prince Albert for her husband, the father of England's future king and of England's princes. It was her goodness which instinctively turned to sweeten and ennoble home with the feeling of love and duty, and so to bless the national heart. In her marriage and in her motherhood she set an example, in things which are more precious than wealth and more powerful than victories. When she began her reign the fashionable world was contemptuous of virtuous love and married life. In rescuing them and placing them in honour in "England's Royal Home," she wrought her people lasting good.

Besides, her goodness being so sincere, has attained almost to the dignity of a national policy. In cases of sorrow and catastrophe, she interprets the nation's heart and utters the nation's voice. Her letters, her telegrams, her messages of inquiry and sympathy, seem to be her whole people's. Have they not indeed become a world-wide influence of the noblest kind appealing to the hearts of nations? Mrs. Howard Vincent, in her book of travels, tells how America to this day cherishes the memory of her quick and loving sympathy in that dark time of trial when President Garfield lingered so long 'twixt life and death. Indeed, we hear that she is almost as much beloved there as here, just because, being so great a queen, she is also so good and true a woman.

She has been tried with sorrow; she has been put in the purging fires. This is part of her lofty influence. This is doubtless part of the Divine purpose. We have seen her in the hour of bereavement, a woman of grief, a lonely widow, a stricken mother. The nation has had sorrows, and she has mourned; and in turn she has wept, and the nation has grieved with her. And common sorrow has begotten a union stronger than law, stronger than force, and deeper than power; for in her sorrow she has acknowledged God, and, gazing on the splendid throne, England has seen its Queen turn with reverence and worship to Him who sits King of kings invisible, but also the God of all comfort and the Father of consolation. She has honoured God, and, true to His promise, God has honoured her and blessed her people.

All this and far more is she on the throne of England. Time forbids to speak of her political sagacity, her loyalty to the constitution, her devotion to her royal duties, her arduous labours, her grand self-repression in the midst of party conflicts. England has had few abler monarchs, and none like her in moral influence. And what critical times she has reigned through!—times in which the world has rushed through change after change, times of social upheaval and political dangers. That she has been what she has been, that she has been spared to us so long, that in all things she has been a woman to command reverence and inspire loyalty, is nothing less than a Divine providence calling for grateful acknowledgment.

Yes, let us lift it all up to God in heaven—our country, our Queen, our imperial greatness, our Church, our freedom, our laws, our statesmanship, and our wealth, and let us say, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the majesty, and all that is in the earth is Thine." And let us pray that He will inspire the heart of England with the spirit of faith in Him as God and Lord, and to be true to our world-wide responsibilities; and also with the spirit of loving loyalty to the Queen He has given and preserved to us these fifty years. May He still spare her for long years more in happiness and prosperity. May she live to see true religion flourish more and more; may she live to see the present grave crisis of political affairs happily settled, and the people of these three kingdoms one in mind and one in heart. Long may she reign; and when she dies, as the Poet Laureate says, may she—

"Leave us rulers of her blood
As noble till the latest day;
May children of our children say
She wrought her people lasting good.

Her court was pure, her life serene;
God gave her peace, her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

Old Times.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE;" EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

SEA VOYAGES.—LETTER-WRITING AND POSTAGE.—ILLEGAL PRACTICES.—ROWLAND HILL.—THE BRITISH PRESS.—1846 AND 1887.—THE TELEGRAPH.



SEA voyages sixty or seventy years ago were as tedious as mail-coach travelling. Now, in the magnificent ocean steamers, we can reach New York from Liverpool in less than ten days—and it is even accomplished in seven days. Then, passages of from sixty to sixty-five days were of constant occurrence. The American minister at the English court was once at sea, between Portsmouth and New York, no fewer than one hundred and fifteen days. Even the sister island was in those days practically much farther off than America is now. Mr. S. C. Hall says:—"A voyage to Ireland sometimes took a month between port and port. In 1816, when I went by the sailing packet from Bristol to Cork, forty-two days elapsed before my feet were on the quay of 'the beautiful city.'"

The story of the Penny Post perhaps marks as distinctly as anything the marvellous progress of the nation.

"In the days to which my recollection goes back," writes Mr. Hall, "the postage of a letter, which could only consist of a single sheet, folded, without any envelope—an unknown invention—and sealed with wax, made a terrible hole in a shilling. If written on two pieces of paper, or even if a scrap were enclosed, double postage, often amounting to half a crown or more, was charged. Letters written on thin paper were not only 'crossed' but often crossed a second time in red ink, the first object being to write much, the next to keep the letter within weight; so that to read what was written was almost as difficult as to write it."

"I would not put you to the expense of postage," was a sentence then as common as "yours truly." Letters used to be stuck prominently in the post-office window, which were not claimed simply because the cost could not be met. It was not rare at the beginning of the century for a whole city to be without a correspondent for a day or more. Robert Chambers told Mr. Hall he had conversed with a person who remembered the mail-bag coming into Edinburgh, and when examined, containing only one letter! Sir Walter Scott, also, writes in "Redgauntlet":—"Within my recollection the London post was brought north in a small mail-cart; and men are yet alive who recollect when it came down with only one single letter for Edinburgh, addressed to the manager of the British Linen Company."

Many shifts and tricks were naturally adopted to avoid paying postage. Mr. Hall witnessed one. A man went to the post-office window, and finding a letter there for him, put on a look of distress, and said:—"Sir, I can't read; will you be so good as to read it to me?" "Certainly," said the courteous postmaster. So he read out all the home and business news: on which the man bowed, and said, "Thank'ee, sir," and walked away, leaving the debt to be discharged by the king. It was a very common trick to write with milk on the cover of a newspaper (newspapers went free, as being already taxed), the writing on the cover, when held to the fire, becoming legible and readable. Often packets of letters were concealed in tradesmen's parcels, and the law in vain tried to stop the practice.

It is said that Rowland Hill once saw a young woman sitting on a doorstep near the post-office, sobbing bitterly. In answer to questions, she said: "There is a letter in there for my mother, and I can't get it; they ask sevenpence, and I have but a penny." Mr. Hill, having released it, went on his way pondering. The little seed was planted in a thoughtful and benevolent mind. Who can calculate the blessings to hundreds of millions in every part of the world which have sprung as a mighty tree laden with leaves of healing from that tiny seed?

The British Press supplies an equally noteworthy illustration of national progress. How wonderful a stride has the art of printing made! "Stand," says Mr. Hall, "by the mighty machine that throws off with such marvellous speed and precision thousand after thousand of copies—not only printed at a single operation, but ready folded—of such a newspaper as the *Times*—and having observed its wondrous operations, so delicate but so sure, so complex yet so simple, realize the days when two men stood one on either side a wooden printing press, the one to dab the type with a soft ball saturated with ink, the other to place a sheet of paper over it, which when it was drawn back again and its covering removed, was only printed on one side. Such was journalism then, so far as that all-important functionary, the printer, was concerned."

The old plan was not to buy the sevenpenny paper—for that was its price—but to pay for the loan a penny an hour: and an hour would well suffice to exhaust the contents of the small sheet. Papers have indeed increased and multiplied both in size and number. In 1846 there were published in the United Kingdom only 551 journals. Of these fourteen were daily—*viz.* twelve in England, and two in Ireland: but in 1887 the London papers number nearly 600, whilst in the provinces England has 1,492, Wales 85, Scotland 226, Ireland 207, and the Islands of Man, Jersey, and Guernsey, 22.

Every class and calling has now its own special newspaper, and almost every town its special organ. The telegraph, too, has linked the world in one bond of union. Fifty years ago intelligence reached us after about a week of what they were doing in Russia, and sometimes it took as long to hear from Paris; while it took a month to get news from Egypt, three months from India, and six months from Australia. "Who," asks Mr. Hall, "half a century ago, would have prophesied a time when we could know, for a certainty, at six o'clock in the morning of any day, exactly what was occurring at the close of the day preceding—and even later—in twenty different capitals of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America?"

Of all the wonders of this wonderful age, the Printing Press, with its mysterious servant the ministering telegraph, is certainly the most wonderful to those who can remember "Old Times."



THE PASSAGE OF CRIB GOCH—SNOWDON IN THE DISTANCE.

Pictures at Home and Abroad.

BY A TRAVELLER.

IV. A NIGHT ASCENT OF SNOWDON.

(*Continued from Page* 114.)



NOWHERE in England or Wales is there so remarkable a place as Crib Goch. Striding Edge on Helvelleyn, and Sharp Edge on Blencathra, are its only rivals in the Lake District. Imagine a serrated ridge, broken here and there by pinnacles like those shown in the engraving, with sides plunging down almost vertically for more than a thousand feet, a top so narrow that almost anywhere it may easily be bestrode, the whole composed of treacherous, loose, volcanic rock, and you have some faint idea of Crib Goch. There is, we believe, no record of a death upon the ridge; but that is probably because so few venture upon it. A slip anywhere must almost necessarily be fatal. The rock breaks away under weight, and every foot and hand-hold must be tested. The first passage of Crib Goch is an experience long to be remembered.

"From the further end there is a very steep descent, not wholly free from danger, and then the cart-track is reached, not far from Corphwysfa. A brisk walk down to Pen-y-Gwryd landed us at home at 9 a.m."

The "Sweet Singer," Frances Ridley Havergal, in her exquisite poem, "The Mountain Maidens," supplies a sweet chorale which we should like to hear sung by tourists on the summit of Snowdon. Perhaps our readers who are tempted to plan and execute "a Night Ascent" of the famous mountain, will copy out the lines and sing them, thus "rising through Nature up to Nature's God":—

Father, who hast made the mountains,
  Who hast formed each tiny flower,
Who hast filled the crystal fountains,
  Who hast sent us sun and shower;
Hear Thy children's morning prayer,
Asking for Thy guardian care;
Keep and guide us all the day,
Lead us safely all the way.

Let Thy glorious creation
  Be the whisper of Thy power;
New and wondrous revelation
  Still unfolding every hour.
Let the blessing of Thy love
Rest upon us from above;
And may evening gladness be
Full of thanks and praise to Thee.



ONE OF THE PINNACLES OF CRIB GOCH.



HOME AGAIN, 9 A.M.

A NIGHT ASCENT OF SNOWDON.

(*Engravings from Photographs by* Mr. E. Clemenshaw.)

The Claims of our Church.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH BARDSLEY, D.D., VICAR OF BRADFORD.

II. HER SCRIPTURAL LITURGY AND ARTICLES.



LET us look next to the services our Church has rendered by her Scriptural Liturgy and Articles. For not only has the Church of England secured for the people of this country a free and open Bible, but she has also enshrined in her Articles and Liturgy all its essential doctrines.

It is matter for deep thankfulness that, whilst differing from Dissenters on some important points, we hold in common such grand verities as the Ruin of Man by the Fall, Redemption through the Atoning Blood and merits of our Divine Saviour, and Sanctification through the work of God the Holy Ghost. When the fathers and founders of Nonconformity left our Church, they carried with them the knowledge of these great truths, and it would be strange if their descendants were to be unmindful of their obligations to the Church in which their religious ancestors were taught them. I believe it was the learned Grotius who declared that "The English Liturgy is the finest service in the world." The hallowed fervour and Scriptural spirituality of its prayers have called forth the highest commendations from eminent Nonconformists. Robert Hall, the well-known Baptist minister, speaking of our Liturgy, said:—"Though a Protestant Dissenter, I am by no means insensible to its merits; I believe the chastened fervour of its devotion, the majestic simplicity of its language, and the Evangelical purity of its sentiments, have combined to place it in the very first rank of uninspired compositions."

In a work within about sixty years ago, on "The Four Principal Religions in the World," by the Rev. William Davidson, Minister of the Gospel, Whitehaven, the author expresses his high admiration of the excellency of our Liturgy.

This Liturgy of the Church of England, he says, "has laid under contribution the collected piety and devotion of Christians, from the times of the Christian Fathers, down to those in which it was framed. It has collected not only the rich harvest of the Reformation, but gleaned the choicest fruits from the vineyard of Israel in every age. . . . The spirit it breathes is that of devotion, resting upon Evangelical principles, and animated by a pure flame kindled at the altar of God. It directs the eye of the worshipper to the only hope of man as a fallen and guilty creature—the Atonement and the Intercession of the Son of God; to the only source from whence the restoration of our corrupted nature to the image and love of our Maker can arise—the influence of the Holy Ghost. It speaks that genuine language of humility which becomes the feelings and the lips of a creature who has in himself the sentence of death, and yet the language of ardent gratitude, which becomes him who is begotten again to a lively hope, through the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is equally distinguished by its comprehension and its compression, by its simplicity and its sublimity, by its ease and its elegance, by its spirituality and its rationality, by the correctness of its doctrines and the perspicuity of its language."

(To be continued.)

"The Queen's Resolve."

IMPORTANCE OF EARLY ORDERS.

THE Publisher's difficulty in producing a sufficient number of "*The Queen's Resolve*" to meet the immense demand is increasing. The 110th Thousand is now ready. But the daily orders exceed a large Book Edition, and although the binders have made arrangements so that they can bind several thousand copies every day, we fear this will not suffice.

The Church Sunday School Magazine warmly endorses our desire that a copy should be placed in the hands of *every Sunday scholar* in the land. The editor says: "'*The Queen's Resolve*' has achieved a gigantic and well-merited success. It will delight the scholars of our Sunday schools, and *no scholar should be without a copy* to treasure." But the publisher cannot, of course, supply a number equal to this demand before the Celebration. Even fifty copies supplied to each of the 12,000 parishes would call for an impression of **600,000.**

Moreover, the presentation of the book to orphanages, training ships, coastguard stations, infirmaries, the police, the postmen, cabdrivers, and others, is likely to be very extensive.

We therefore urgently ask our readers to help us by making these facts *widely known*, especially to the Clergy and Sunday-school teachers, in order that *immediate* steps may be taken. Never has there been such an opportunity of winning and deepening attachment to the throne amongst the "Young Folk." A full, personal life of the Queen, as a Jubilee gift, will not only, in the words of the *Telegraph*, "enshrine the memory of the year in the recollection of our children," but will prepare them as well for the loyal and intelligent celebration of the Jubilee.

We wish again to state that the copies for the schools are equal in *every way* to the former *half-crown* edition, and they can only be supplied for 1*s.* in parcels of 50 or 25 copies direct from the publishing office.

A single specimen copy will be sent post free to any Clergyman, Superintendent, or Friend of the young amongst our readers, on receipt of 1*s.* 3*d.* All letters and instructions as to copies should be sent to the publisher, Mr. Charles Murray, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Homely Talks on Homely Topics.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "MORE THAN CONQUERORS," "A LADY OF PROPERTY," ETC., HON. EDITORIAL SEC. OF THE C.E.T.S.

VI. "FOR MY HEALTH'S SAKE."



"HEALTH is wealth," is one of the many notable phrases for which the world is indebted to the eminent physician, Dr. Richardson: and it is a right noble saying. Once let the truth of it fully enter a man's mind, and you may rest assured that the man has received a possession which will be helpful to him for the remainder of his days. The maxim will indeed become a kind of daily regulator of conduct, leading him involuntarily to eschew many things, on the ground that they would injure his health, and thus lessen his wealth.

Roughly speaking, people can be divided into two classes—those who have health, and those who have lost health. The first duty of the former is to strive to keep that which they possess; and the first duty of the latter is to strive to obtain that which they have not.

Now for the really healthy man, the voice of science unhesitatingly declares that the use of alcoholic liquors is not only unnecessary but positively harmful. It would be easy to quote the opinions of many famous physicians and surgeons on this point. Let one or two sample testimonies suffice:—

Sir Henry Thompson says: "The habitual use of fermented liquor to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce drunkenness, injures the body, and diminishes the mental power, to an extent which I think few people are aware of."

Sir James Paget observes: "By taking alcoholic liquors, even in moderation, many people who pass for highly respectable, and who mean no harm, are thus daily damaging their health, and making themselves unfit to brave any of the storms of life."

And yet one more eminent living authority, Sir Wm. Gull, has said: "I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol."

Let any reader who is in good health carefully weigh these three opinions, and the conclusion will, I think, be irresistible,—"It will be wise for me to abstain for my health's sake."

But what of that very large class who are out of health, those who from early life have seldom had a day's freedom from pain, or those who once enjoyed but now have lost the pleasure of good health, and who would go through anything if they could but regain the precious possession.

Here, again, the testimony of science is clear and emphatic. Without marshalling an abundant array of evidence, I will point to the testimony given by that noble institution, the London Temperance Hospital. In common with similar institutions, its mission is to relieve suffering, irrespective of age, class, or sex: but unlike other hospitals it has one special function, which is to ascertain how far alcohol is necessary in the treatment of patients suffering from accident or disease. The medical staff have the power to prescribe alcohol when they think it needful; but during the thirteen years of its existence it has only been administered in *three* cases. Down to April 1886, 3,486 in-patients had been received, and the out-patients numbered 22,790, many of whom had paid repeated visits. The death-rate has only been 6·7 per cent., and the work of the hospital clearly demonstrates that the cutting off the supply of intoxicating liquors is one of the very best aids in bringing about a restoration of health.

Let the invalid calmly ponder the evidence supplied by the working of the Temperance Hospital, and he too will be constrained to exclaim with his healthy brother,—"It will be wise for me to abstain for my health's sake."

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADE.

XII. My first is expressive of no disrespect,
But I never shall call you it when you are by;
If my second you still are resolved to reject,
As dead as my whole I shall speedily lie.
HON. C. J. FOX.

CONUNDRUMS.

49. Name the best sea to sleep in.
50. Why is a book like a tree?
51. Why is the sun like a good loaf?
52. Why is a fixed star like pen, ink, and paper?
53. Why is sympathy like blindman's buff?
54. What mood is the door?
55. Why is a watch like faith?
56. In what month do ladies talk most?

ANSWERS. (See MAY No., p. 117.)

CHARADES.

X. Farewell.
XI. Bit.

CONUNDRUMS.

40. When it cannot bear you.
41. Because none but the brave deserve the fair (fare).
42. He will gain health from the *balm*, wealth from the *mint*, wisdom from the *sage*, with plenty of *thyme* (time) at his disposal.
43. A cat has its claws at the end of its paws,
A comma its pause at the end of its clause.
44. It is far fetched and dear bought.
45. Eye.
46. When it becomes a young lady.
47. Because the "Spectator" is always seen in them.
48. They must be licked to make them stick to their letters.



ENGLAND'S "ROYAL HOME."

"Windsor's grey historic pile."

The Young Folks' Page.

XVIII. THE QUEEN.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SUNGLEAMS: RONDEAUX AND SONNETS," ETC.

ILLUSTRIOUS LADY, who dost own
Earth's brightest crown and firmest throne,
A nobler diadem is thine
Which loyal hearts for thee entwine,
And thy most sure dominion rests
In the stronghold of loving breasts.

A nation's myriad homes in thee
Their sympathizing Pattern see;
For thou hast dignified Home-life
As daughter, mother, friend, and wife;
And round the brow of England's Queen
A fair domestic wreath is seen.

If Windsor's grey historic pile,
Or sea-breeze of soft southern isle,
Call thee; or heathery banks and braes,
Or the loud city's mighty maze;
Where'er thy Royal footsteps roam,
Castle or palace still is Home.

And still thy Queenly heart can feel
For all thy people's woe and weal,
If grief has bowed some noble's head,
Or fear has filled the miner's shed;
Till every home a ray may share
Reflected from thy loving care.

Let rich and poor their voices blend
In blessings on their Queen and Friend,
That God would cheer her lonely way
And be her Husband, Guide, and Stay,
Till in yon tearless Home above
He crowns her with eternal love!

XIX. ONLY "ONE" CATERPILLAR.

WHILE I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves fluttering. Now that is the way flowers talk: so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an old elder-tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together—for they were like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything.

The elder-tree said, "If you don't, they'll eat you up."

So the flowers set themselves shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose which shook off all but one; and she said to herself, "Oh! that's a beauty! I'll keep that one."

The elder-tree overheard her, and called out, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet; I want to keep *him*; surely *one* won't hurt me."

A few mornings after, I passed the rose again,—there was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think *one* caterpillar would ruin me."

XX. THE QUEEN'S SYMPATHY.

DURING the Queen's sojourn in Scotland, in 1872, two peasant boys were drowned in one of the rapid streams which pour down the hillside. The sad tidings quickly spread, and a band of friends assembled to search the river for the bodies. They were at their mournful task when the Queen's carriage came up. The unusual crowd attracted Her Majesty's attention, and a messenger was sent to make inquiries. When he returned, the Royal carriage proceeded no farther: and shortly afterwards the Queen was seen on the opposite side of the river, weeping as she bent over the cruel waters.

The following day she visited the shepherd's hut, and softly entering the chamber where the bereaved mother sat beside her dead, she mingled her tears with hers, and in another form she left a substantial proof of her sympathy and tender commiseration. The funeral of the two boys was largely attended, and at Balmoral bridge the Royal carriage joined the procession to Crathie kirkyard.

XXI. JUBILEE GIFTS.

TENS of thousands of Sunday scholars will this month receive, as a Jubilee Memorial, *The Queen's Resolve*, a half-crown book which has been supplied in quantities for *one shilling*. We wish every scholar in the land could have had it. But this is simply impossible: the number could not be produced in time.

The Publisher has, however, issued *two other* Jubilee Gifts, especially designed for younger scholars.

I. *The Early Days of Queen Victoria.* A Penny booklet. 48 pp., with 8 Illustrations. Reprinted from *The Queen's Resolve*.

II. *The Jubilee Illuminated Card.* A real work of art, giving Two Fine Portraits of the Queen, View of Windsor, Scene in India, National Anthem, etc. Price 1*d*.

Either of these Jubilee Gifts will be sent direct from *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C., in quantities at 6*s*. 3*d*. per 100. But to ensure supply, it is most important that *immediate* orders should be given. Specimens can be had on sending three stamps to the Publisher.

The Bible Mine Searched.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. QUOTE some words in the Old Testament which show the value of self-control.

2. What Church is spoken of by St. Paul as being the first to help him with contributions and alms for the furtherance of the Gospel?

3. On more than one occasion Israel was helped in time of war by hail: quote a passage from the Book of Job in which this use of hail is mentioned.

4. What three similes are used by the Psalmist to express his utter loneliness in time of affliction?

5. What three rivers symbolised three great ancient nations?

ANSWERS (see APRIL No., p. 95).

1. 2 Kings xvi. 6.
2. Acts xiii. 25; at Antioch in Pisidia.
3. Gal. iii. 19.
4. With reference to Christ not pleasing Himself (Rom. xv. 3).
5. Barnabas "having land sold it, and brought the money and laid it at the Apostle's feet" (Acts iv. 36, 37).
6. Raising the dead (2 Kings iv. 35). Cleansing the leper (2 Kings v. 14). Feeding a multitude (2 Kings iv. 43).

JUNE.

Early Prayer: Evening.

BY THE EDITOR.

MERCIFUL and Loving Father, the Giver of all good gifts! My heart should be as full of praise to-night as Thy Hand is full of gifts. But, alas! it is not so: and Thou alone canst enable me to love and praise Thee as I ought. Shed abroad Thy love in my heart by Thy Holy Spirit.

Nourish me with heavenly, spiritual food. Keep me pure from the evil of the world. Give me a holy childhood. May I never sin without sorrow: and may my sorrow always lead me to seek forgiveness; and then, asking Thee for strength, may I strive to overcome sin, especially the sin which does most easily beset me.

Forgive me for Jesus Christ's sake all that Thou hast seen amiss in me to-day, in my thoughts, words, or actions; and let me lie down and sleep in Thy love.

Comfort and help all who are in sorrow or need. Make me a ministering child to any suffering ones who are known to me: and help me to count it more blessed to give than to receive.

Bless my dear parents, my brothers and sisters, and all who live in our happy home: for Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

"Thine—only Thine."

(FOR MORNING PRAYER.)

SAVIOUR! while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.

Take me, now, Lord Jesus! take me;
Let my youthful heart be Thine:
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love Divine.

Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me.
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart:
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

J. Burton.

"MAKE THY CHOSEN PEOPLE JOYFUL."

"Ask . . . that your joy may be full."—St. John xvii. 24.

1	W	Rejoice the soul of Thy servant. Ps. lxxxvi. 4.	17	F	I give you power over all the power of the enemy. Luke x. 19. [v. 8.
2	Th	Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.	18	S	Your adversary . . . walketh about. 1 St. Pet.
3	F	That they might have My joy...in themselves.			
4	S	I will make them joyful in My house of prayer.	19	S	**2nd S. a. T.** *Whom resist, steadfast in the faith.*
5	S	**Trinity Sun.** *We joy in God through Jesus.*	20	M	QUEEN'S ACCESSION. *Thy God hath commanded thy strength.* Ps. lxviii. 28. [11.
6	M	Your heart shall live that seek God. Ps. lxix. 32.	21	Tu	We are not ignorant of his devices. 2 Cor. ii.
7	Tu	O that Thou wouldst bless me indeed.	22	W	We have no might . . . our eyes are upon Thee.
8	W	I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me.	23	Th	O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength.
9	Th	The Lord bless thee and keep thee.	24	F	ST. JOHN BAPT. *Let the weak say, I am strong.*
10	F	In blessing I will bless thee. Gen. xxii. 17.	25	S	When I am weak, then am I strong.
11	S	ST. BARNABAS. *Bless, Lord, his substance.*			
12	S	**1st S. a. Trin.** *He hath blessed.* Num. xxiii. 20.	26	S	**3rd S. aft. Trin.** *I rejoice in Thy salvation.*
13	M	Put on the whole armour of God. Eph. vi. 11.	27	M	The joy of the Lord is your strength.
14	Tu	Able to stand against the wiles of the devil.	28	Tu	CORONATION. *The king shall joy in Thy strength.*
15	W	Stand fast in the faith. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.	29	W	ST. PETER. *Strengthen thy brethren.* Lu. xxii. 32.
16	Th	Quit you like men, be strong. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.	30	Th	I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.

SUN.—1st day. MOON.—Full, 5th, A. 10.38.
Rises 3.51. Sets 8.4. ,, New, 31st, M. 10.53.

10. The Crystal Palace first opened at Sydenham, in 1854.
29. Westminster Abbey was completed in 1285.

20. The Government of China sanctioned the introduction of railways to that country, in 1884.
An Act of Parliament dated June 30, 1837, put an end to the use of the pillory.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.





From a Photograph by J. Thomson, [70a, *Grosvenor Street, Soho.*

The Year of Jubilee.

By the Rev. CANON BELL, D.D.

We thank Thee, in this Year of Grace,
  Victoria wears a Crown,
Which, since it shadowed her young face,
  Has caught a fresh renown.
As Queen we honour her as good;
  The Woman has our love:
And well we know that Womanhood
  Is Queenhood far above.

Preserve the Queen, her pathway strew
  With blessings, gracious Lord,
As countless as the drops of dew
  That gem the glittering sward.
Protect her with Thy sheltering care,
  And shield her from all harm;
And may she long the Sceptre bear
  Safe 'neath Thy Mighty Arm.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Jubilee Songs.

By CLARA THWAITES, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF LABOUR AND LEISURE."

I. "God Save the Queen!"

OH let the bells' melodious speech
The happy homes of England reach,
And bid the land rejoice!
A golden theme is ours for song:
So ring, ye bells, with golden tongue
And tuneful voice!

Ye maidens fair, your garlands bring,
And on the pathway roses fling
For England's Queen to-day.
"*God save the Queen!*" thro' cannons' roar
And trumpet blasts, sing o'er and o'er,
Ye people gay!

A golden wedding, fair, serene,
'Twixt loving people and their Queen,
In thankfulness we seal.
Oh, may the years that o'er her fleet
Bring consolation pure and sweet,
And sorrow heal!

Oh let the bells' melodious speech
The happy homes of England reach,
And bid the land rejoice!
A golden theme is ours for song:
So ring, ye bells, with golden tongue
And tuneful voice!

II. "A Little Island in the Northern Sea."

A LITTLE Island in the Northern Sea
Cries to her utmost shores, "Rejoice with me!"
O sons, brave sons, so stalwart, true, and free,
O daughters fair—a Woman's jubilee,
A Sovereign's glad, imperial decree
Calls with a clarion tongue, "Rejoice with me!"

The mighty beat of England's generous heart
To furthest shores in proudest thrill pulsates;
At every call her myriad peoples start
To heed her bidding at their thousand gates.

Still beat, O mighty heart, with gracious will;
Still reign, sweet Queen, enthroned upon the seas!
Take the swift lightning, let thy mandate thrill
Where'er thy banner floats upon the breeze!

Ready, aye Ready!

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW;" "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GARDINERS.

THINGS were widely different next door to the Dunns, from what Archie had found in Woodbine Cottage. It is astonishing what a change comes over the scene if one just passes from one little cottage home into a second, the two being separated by only a slender wall.

There was not too much religion in the Gardiner household by any means, neither was there too much of happy children's laughter, or too much wifely affection, or too much manliness in the head of the household.

John Gardiner had probably no intention of being unmanly. Probably, also, he was what people call "a well-meaning man," that is, he meant to do well, so long as doing well didn't happen to cross his own inclinations. He was a man of very strong principle too, after a fashion, his one leading principle being always, and on all occasions, to do exactly what he chose, without consulting the inclinations or wishes of anybody else.

In the workshop this principle had of course to be in a measure subordinate to the will of his employers. But at home it had full swing.

John Gardiner at home counted himself absolute master, and he insisted on being so too. A wife was, in his estimation, a useful sort of creature, fit to scour and wash and cook, fit also to be the victim of harsh words when he pleased to bestow them. If words failed to bring submission, he would not object to try the effect of a blow. After which no one could rightly speak of John Gardiner as "a manly Englishman," much as he might desire the term. For a man who can stoop to strike a woman has forfeited utterly all claim to "manliness."

But of course Gardiner did not see this. A coward nature seldom recognises its own cowardice. A bully is always a coward; and there was a good deal of the bully in Gardiner's nature.

His children shrank away from him habitually, with a mixture of dread and cunning. Not that they saw much of their father. He allowed his wife a certain amount out of his wages for household expenses—expecting a goodly amount of the same to be spent upon food for himself—and he came home to eat and to sleep. That was about all. His evenings were spent elsewhere, invariably. If his wife knew where he went, it was by accident, since he rarely condescended to inform her. Perhaps it is not too much to say that neither his wife nor his children greatly craved more of Gardiner's presence in the little home.

If Betsy Gardiner knew little of her husband's doings, he was not much better acquainted with those of his wife and children. The eldest girl, Bess, was at sixteen practically independent. She chose her own friends, followed her own devices, and was at once blamed and sheltered by the weak and hasty yet indulgent mother. Betsy Gardiner might slap her children roughly, under sudden provocation; but to see them feel the weight of their father's heavy hand was another matter. She shrank from that; and she shrank from what might drive the elder girl permanently from home.

The state of things could hardly be wondered at. John Gardiner was a man who lived distinctly and solely for himself. He expected everybody and everything in the household to bend to his pleasure. He gave no love, and he received none. The example of abject self-pleasing—for such slavery to self *is* abject and contemptible—was naturally followed by his children. How should it not be? There were no softening influences; no counteracting influences. The spirit of the household was a reflection of the father's spirit—how in every way to please and indulge self, coupled in the case of the children with a constant effort to shirk blame at any cost, save that of self-denial.

The Gardiners and the Dunns were not disposed to be intimate. Naturally two families of such opposite principles and tendencies did not suit. Had the Gardiners been in trouble, Susan Dunn would have been ready at once to help them. But she did not care for the

companionship of Mrs. Gardiner for herself, or of Bess for Nancy, or of the quarrelsome shrieking children for her own Dick and Susie.

Two girls could scarcely have been found in the place more unlike than Nancy Dunn and Bess Gardiner: Nancy, with her sweet blue eyes, and pretty smile, and modest dress, and gentle manner; and Bess, with her rough bearing, her coarse laugh, her conspicuous fringe, her gaudy dress. They were girls utterly unsuited to one another. Their bringing-up had been different, their tastes were different, their pursuits were different, their rules of action were different.

Yet these two girls were alike in one thing, and that was in the possession of a naturally warm heart.

Only, with Nannie the warmth had been fostered, the tenderness had been cherished, till it was as natural to her to give out love as for a sunbeam to give out warmth. Bess, on the other hand, had been checked and snubbed, fretted, neglected, and scolded, till she had grown up seemingly callous and opposed to the whole world, with all her natural warmth hidden away beneath a hard outside crust.

The warmth was there still, however. It only needed to be set free. And nobody would have guessed that gentle Nancy Dunn would be the one to win her way in through this crust. Yet so it was.

At first when the Dunns came, Bess laughed at them, and said scornful words about Nancy's "prim ways." But whenever the two girls met, Nanny always had a little smile, and a kind passing word for Bess. And gradually Bess ceased to sneer. The winning manner and the soft straightforward blue eyes were unconsciously gaining possession of poor Bess Gardiner's frozen-up heart.

Nancy did not know it. She guessed nothing of it yet. She only thought it rather odd that she should so often lately have met Bess. Somehow Bess seemed to be always coming across her path. Bess would say nothing when they met. She only hung about sheepishly till she had had a word of greeting, and then rushed away. And Nancy never gave more than the passing word; for she knew that Bess' companionship would not be liked by her mother. Nannie did not know how Bess craved for more, how Bess watched for her coming, and feasted on the passing word, and would have run a mile for a second word. If any one had suggested such a state of things, Nancy would have laughed and thought the idea absurd.

Yet things had actually come to this pass, one August evening, when Nancy Dunn had been to speak to Miss Wilmot at the Rectory, and was walking home,—things had come to such a pass that poor rough-mannered Bess might almost be said to worship the ground on which Nancy Dunn walked.

The evening was a lovely one, and Nancy was tempted to stroll a short distance round on her way home. She chose a quiet lane, with a hedge on either side, more country-like than most of the roads round Littleburgh. And half-way through this lane, she found Bess Gardiner standing alone, doing nothing, only watching her approach.

CHAPTER XIX.

THAT GIRL BESS!

"Good evening," Nancy said pleasantly, as she reached Bess, and was about to pass her.

But Bess, with a sudden movement, placed herself in front of Nancy.

"You don't never say one word more!" she burst out; "and I wish you would."

Nancy looked at her in surprise. "Why—what do you want me to say?" she asked. "I don't understand."

Bess hung her head and was silent. She had spoken under a momentary impulse, and now shyness seized upon her. Rough-mannered Bess was by no means wont to suffer from shyness, and the sensation came quite as a novelty.

"I'd like to walk along the lane with you," she muttered at length.

Nancy was perplexed, knowing well that her mother would strongly disapprove of any intercourse beyond the exchange of bare civilities between Bess and herself. She stood still, thinking.

"I ain't good enough for you. But I'd like a talk with you sometimes. Don't see why I shouldn't. Might make me better, you know," continued Bess awkwardly.

"I should like to help anybody," Nancy said, speaking slowly. "Anybody that wants help. I should like to help you,—if I could," and she hesitated, "but——"

"But you don't choose to be seen walking along of me," cried Bess, in loud tones.

"It isn't choosing—indeed it is not," said Nancy, distressed at the other's look. "Bess, please believe me. It is only,—I always tell mother first,—and then——"

But Bess flung herself away, and rushed off, hurt and angry. Nancy felt quite sorrowful, fearing that she might have acted unwisely, and done harm.

When, however, she reached the end of the lane, and turned into a broader road, there stood Bess.

"I say," the strange girl burst out, "you aren't angered?"

"No," Nancy answered with a little smile; "I'm only sorry."

"I say," repeated the other, "d'you mean to say you do just as your mother tells you?"

"I hope so," Nancy said gravely. "Why, Bess, doesn't the Bible tell us to obey our parents? And she's such a dear good mother, I couldn't bear to make her unhappy."

"Oh, well; mine's a different sort from that," said Bess.

"But if she is—if she were—that wouldn't make any difference about what's right for you," urged Nancy.

"Oh, I think it does! I've had pretty near enough of my home," said Bess recklessly. "I'll go and live with somebody else."

"O no, Bess, you won't," said Nancy seriously.

"But I mean to," responded Bess. "So there! I did think I'd have a talk with you—and you won't."

Nancy's blue eyes looked into those of Bess.

"Don't be vexed," the gentle girl urged. "I'll have a talk with mother, and she'll let me see you, I'm quite sure."

"She don't like girls as wears hair like mine. *I* know," said Bess, with a careless shake of the unkempt mass which descended low on her freckled forehead. "*I've* seen her look me over. *I* know!"

"Mother doesn't think that sort of thing respectable for girls in our position, Bess," said Nancy quietly.

"Nor you don't neither," said Bess.

"No," said Nancy.

Bess shoved back the loose mass, stared at Nancy, and suddenly burst into tears.

"I'd be respectable if I could," she sobbed. "Nobody's never taught me; and I don't know how. I'd learn from *you*, that I would—and you won't help me! I'd best give up, that's what I'd best do! I'll give up, and I'll never speak one word to you again, that I won't!"

But Nancy's hand was on Bess's arm, detaining her when she would have rushed away.

"No, Bess," Nancy said, "you won't give up. You'll try harder. And you'll come home with me now and see mother, and she'll tell you what to do."

"Come home! With you!" gasped Bess.

"Yes; come straight home with me now."

Bess said not another word. She gave herself up to Nancy's guidance, and followed her meekly into Woodbine Cottage. The two girls hardly spoke by the way; and indeed the distance was very short.

Susan Dunn happened to be alone indoors, her husband having taken out the two children for a short walk. Susan was busy over some mending. She looked up with a smile on Nancy's entrance; but the smile passed into an expression of doubtful welcome as her eyes fell on Nancy's companion.

"Mother, I've brought Bess Gardiner to you," said Nancy simply. "She isn't happy at home, and she wants some one to help her to be better. And I didn't know what you'd like me to do, so I've brought her to you. I knew you'd be glad."

Was Susan glad? With all her kind-heartedness, she had very particular notions about proper acquaintances for herself and her children, more especially for Nancy. And she had taken such pains to avoid any kind of intimacy with those Gardiners. For a moment Susan really did feel quite provoked, and the only answer she made to Nancy's appeal was a slow, "Well,—sit down."

Bess stood doggedly upright.

"I told you so!" she muttered to Nancy. "And I'm not a-going to stay where I'm not wanted."

"Mother, Bess isn't happy, and she wants help," pleaded Nancy.

"Not likely to be happy with their sort of way of going on," said Susan. "But if there's anything I can do—— Sit down," she repeated.

No, Bess declined to obey. She came a step forward, with glowering eyes.

"It wasn't *my* wish to come," she declared. "*I'm* not one of them who'll go where they're not wanted. And *she'd* ought to have known better than to bring me. I don't say I'm fit company for her, neither. Only, she's always

got a kind word for me,—and I did think—maybe—but it don't matter! I'll go my own way, and I'll never trouble nobody again—never! It don't matter. Folks are born to be miserable, I suppose. And there's nobody to care. It don't matter. So, good-bye."

"O mother!" cried Nancy in distress, tears filling her eyes, as Bess turned abruptly away.

But it was not Nancy's cry which made Susan Dunn stand up and move swiftly between Bess and the door, with a face which had softened all at once into motherly pity. Another thought had come to Susan—the thought of ONE who did care, who cared so much for poor rough Bess as to have given up His very life for her on Calvary. How would it be in His eyes if Susan let this poor untaught girl wander away without the help which she craved?

"Good-bye; I'm going," repeated Bess hoarsely. "Let me go."

"No, my dear. You're not going yet," said Susan in resolute tones. "Nannie's right to bring you in. You're not going yet. You just take your shawl off your head, and sit down and tell me what's the matter. And you needn't say again that nobody cares. Come, child, sit down!"

That conquered Bess. She took the seat indicated, and suddenly laying her head on the table, broke into heavy sobs.

"Come, now,—come!" repeated Susan. "Don't you be so upset. Tell me what's wrong, and we'll see if I can't help you put things right." Then, with a sudden thought, "Is it anything my Nannie shouldn't hear? I'll send her away, if it is. She don't know the bad ways of some of you girls; and I don't choose she should, as long as *I* can keep her from it."

Bess choked down her sobs, and sat up with heaving chest.

"I wouldn't tell her neither," she said earnestly. "I'm not so bad as that. She ain't like us; and I wouldn't be the one to make her like my sort. I'd sooner learn to be like her,—if I could."

"And of course you can," said Susan encouragingly. "I'd begin this minute, if I was you."

"Begin to be like Nancy! This minute!" Bess said, in a wondering tone, as if the idea were a new one.

"To be sure I would," said Susan.

Whatever Susan Dunn did or did not mean in a practical sense, Bess evidently had some distinct notions on the subject, for she sat more upright, gazed hard at Nancy, then walked to a small looking-glass hung over the mantel-shelf and surveyed herself. Susan and Nancy said nothing for a few seconds. On the dresser stood a basin full of water, and Bess's next move was to plunge her rough unshawled head into this water. It came out dripping; and she parted the flattened thick mass with her fingers, pushing it back on either side.

"How they'll jeer!" she burst out then.

"Who will, Bess?" asked Susan.

"They! When I'm seen like this."

"The girls that you've made your friends. But you'll have to leave them, and choose a better sort of friends," said Susan.

Bess walked back to her vacated seat.

"Won't you mind Nancy being seen along of me now?" she demanded.

Susan was rather perplexed. Certain other changes would be needed beside the possession of a neat head, if Bess Gardiner was to be counted a fit companion for Nancy Dunn; yet she could not bear to check the poor ignorant girl in her first effort to take a right turn.

"What makes you want that so much?" she inquired.

"Because——" Bess' voice suddenly faltered. "Because there ain't nobody like her—and I—I—I'd do anything in all the world that ever I could for her—I *would!*"

Mother and daughter exchanged looks, tears in Nancy's eyes, and something very like tears in Susan's.

"If Nannie's to be the one who can help you to what's right, I'm not the woman to hinder," she said, with a touch of huskiness. "Seems to me it may be God's will for you both. But look here, Bess. You've got to make your choice. You can't do both, you know. If you want to be in and out here, and to learn from my Nannie, you'll have to leave your bad companions, and drop your old ways. There's to be no bad words spoken, and no taking of God's Name in vain, and no saying of things which a pure-minded girl shouldn't hear. And you'll have to stop going about in that sort of dress I saw you in last Sunday. I wouldn't have my Nannie seen in the street with a girl dressed like that,—no, not for anything you

could mention. I'm not speaking unkindly; but I do mean what I say. You've had your old friends, and you've gone on in their ways. If Nannie's to be your friend now, you'll have to take to new ways."

Bess's low brow was frowning anxiously.

"I'd do anything," she said; "anything you'll tell me. And I mean it. I told mother I'd go right off and board with them Joneses, because father did storm at me so. And I won't now."

"No," Susan said in decisive tones. "It's the Joneses *or* Nancy. Not both."

Bess shook her head.

"Couldn't be both," she assented. "But my! won't they be at me!"

"It won't be an easy time for you," said Susan gravely. "It never is when a girl tries to leave evil and turn to good. And mind, Bess, it isn't only just a leaving off of one thing or another that you've got to think of. That's not enough. You'll have to be whole and thorough,—give yourself up to serve God, and do His will. For if you haven't His power to keep you straight, nothing else'll be of much use."

"Parson said so too," Bess remarked briefly. "He stopped me one day, and I jeered, and he had his say out, and never minded. I've thought of it a many times since."

"What did he tell you, Bess?" asked Nancy.

Bess was in difficulties. She evidently retained no clear recollection of the words spoken. Yet, quite as evidently, a distinct impression had been made. By dint of questioning, Susan came upon a vague remembrance of "something about God caring."

"And he said I just hadn't ought to go on a-troubling of Him with my bad ways," added Bess. "Him as was nailed up on the Cross. I didn't know nothing about it troubling Him before. And I thought—maybe—Nancy 'ud tell me what to do."

(*To be continued.*)

Wayside Chimes.

VI. Songs of Praise.

MORNING.

LET praise begin the day and wake
The echoes of the morn,
As I my pilgrim journey take
In strength of life new-born.

To Thee my thankful heart doth sing,
God, my exceeding joy;
My morning sacrifice I bring,
Of love without alloy.

I thank Thee who art day by day
The Fountain of all love,
Whence spring the nether streams and they
That flow from Heaven above.

But for Thyself I thank Thee most,
In praises o'er and o'er—
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Jehovah evermore.

EVENING.

TO Thee, my God, my voice I raise,
Now at the hour of rest;
And high the anthem of my praise
Swells at my grateful breast.

Day unto day Thy love makes known,
And night to night Thy care,
And I through Thy rich grace alone
Thy loving-kindness share.

Jesu, I praise Thee, in whose Name
The gifts of earth are given—
And dust and ashes now may claim
The heritage of Heaven.

There is my final rest, and there
The city of my praise,
Where beams the True Light, soft and fair,
Through everlasting days.

J. S.

Crowned Ones.—"How royally do they advance who have no will but God's will!" "Nothing can befall me," wrote Archbishop Leighton, "that hath not first passed concerning me in the Court of Heaven."

A Nation's True Gratitude;

OR, GODLINESS, CHARITY, AND LOYALTY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.; AUTHOR OF "THE CROWN OF THE ROAD," EDITOR OF "HOME WORDS," ETC.

"Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king."—1 *St. Peter* ii. 17.

I HAVE heard it said that thanks*living* is better than thanks*giving*. Perhaps it would be more correctly said, true thanksgiving always issues in thanksliving.

Hence the real worth of our Jubilee Celebration and Thanksgiving will be determined by its after results. So far as the thanksgiving is true and genuine—not merely a pageant on which the eye rests, or of which the ear hears—so far it will be

> "Wrought into holier living,
> In all our after days."

It is not my purpose to dwell upon the special occasion of our Jubilee Thanksgiving, but simply to regard it as a reminder of all the privileges and advantages, spiritual and temporal, which we so abundantly enjoy, and which have made England a nation amongst the nations.

Taking, then, this wide view of England's debt to God—embracing in our thoughts all the distinguishing gifts of Providence and Grace which have made our country great and glorious—my aim will be, with the Word of God as my guide, to consider the elements of *a Nation's True Gratitude.*

Of course there are many branches of so wide a subject which might be pursued; but I think the words of the Apostle at once fix our attention on what may be termed the main elements of a nation's true gratitude: "Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king." Obedience is better than sacrifice; and assuredly obedience to these precepts would be thanks*living* indeed.

The first two precepts, "Honour all men, love the brotherhood," are manifestly allied; the latter simply expanding the scope of the former, and both expressing comprehensively our duty to our neighbour. The next precept, "Fear God," embraces our whole duty to God. The last precept, "Honour the king," enjoins patriotic and Christian loyalty. We have thus, *Godliness*, *Charity* (in the comprehensive meaning of the word), and *Loyalty*, presented as three main elements of a nation's true gratitude.

I do not imagine that St. Peter intended to observe any particular order in the relative position of the precepts, although we may hereafter note an important lesson which may at least be inferred from the apparent *dis*order. But as *godliness* is the first and certainly the chief element of a nation's gratitude, it claims precedence in our consideration.

"Fear God," writes the Apostle.

Now, unquestionably, thanksgiving to God, gratitude to God, must involve the "fear" of God. It cannot otherwise be intelligent or spiritual. There may be words of praise upon the lips; but as in prayer words are vain unless we "believe that God is, and that He is a Rewarder of those who diligently seek Him," so in praise, the fear of God—the reverential, filial fear of God—must exist, or the words of praise can only be a vain counterfeit for the true coin of spiritual gratitude.

Then let us not hesitate to apply this test to ourselves as members of the nation. It is very delightful to think and to speak of a nation's heart, as the heart of one man, yielding its tribute of praise and thanksgiving for national mercies and national blessings—and we would not undervalue the weakest and feeblest utterance of such praise; but then we must not hide from ourselves this fact—that godliness is the root of all true

gratitude. The outward form is something; but we need the reality.

It is our nation's glory that the outward form—the profession of godliness—is not lost sight of: and to a very great extent that profession no doubt represents reality. We cannot be too thankful as Christian patriots for any special national recognition of God. We rejoice in every token of reverence and worship rendered to God by the nation. We deem it a bulwark of national safety and security that the Crown rests upon the Bible; that by the very constitution of our Government we express our national conviction that "the powers that be are ordained of God"—that "governors," as St. Peter expresses it, "are sent by Him for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well." We rejoice to know that our laws are not enacted by a prayerless assembly of legislators—that the highest work in which fallible men can be engaged, the making of laws, is professedly and in a great measure, we believe, truly "sanctified by the Word of God and prayer." Long distant be the day—God forbid that it should ever dawn—when the English legislature, as the voice of the nation, declares that, "*as a legislature it has nothing to do with religion or with God.*" * If that terrible act of national apostacy and atheism should ever be perpetrated, although those who were guilty of it might—perhaps without the excess of French madness in personifying their goddess †—deify Reason as their only guide henceforth in law-making, the far-seeing, warning words of that distinguished Nonconformist, would be realized too—the godless legislature would speedily discover that "*God had nothing to do with it.*" But that day of apostacy, we trust, we believe, will never arrive.

We rejoice, too, in the recognition—not by force, or compulsion, or penalty, or taxation of any kind—but by the voluntary will of at least the large majority of the people—of "the grand old Church of England" as the National Church, securing in all great public actions the sanctions of our holy religion. And for this reason we feel how fitting has been the public ceremony of the Jubilee Thanksgiving Day: our Queen, *as* Queen—not as a private individual merely, but in her sovereign character, attended by the lawmakers of the State—offering her thanksgiving for fifty years of national as well as personal blessings. The Queen, *as* Queen, kneeling in the presence of "the King of kings and Lord of lords," whose "minister" she is, "by whom kings reign and princes decree justice," was a spectacle which we would fain hope will silence those who would divorce religion from the State, and reduce lawmakers to what is called secular, but what would really be godless employment.

Thus far, I say, we have cause to rejoice in the "godliness" of the nation. Thus far, professedly, and to a great extent really, we fear and honour God. But, after all, we must admit that there is another and a very painful side of the picture. We must not hide it from ourselves. "All is not gold that glitters." Practically, we are compelled to feel that, as a nation, we still sadly need the exhortation: "Fear God."

I attempt not to draw back the veil behind which is the record of our national sins: sins, not as man sees them, but as God sees them. We know "their name is Legion, for they are many." In high places and in low places iniquity abounds. Drunkenness and brazen vice walk almost at large; and the proportion of our population, especially our youthful population, passing yearly through our gaols as convicted criminals, is fearful to contemplate. But keeping to our point of "godliness," think of the neglected masses of our countrymen: tens of thousands of home heathen: over-grown parishes in

* Richard Baxter's protesting words to the Parliament in his days.

† A fallen and degraded woman was thus deified, and conducted in triumphal procession through Paris at the time of the first Revolution.



THE BRITISH EMPIRE, 1887.

[See page 157.

which the large majority of the people are living utterly without *any* public acknowledgment of the God who made them. And then view, in contrast, the luxury, the self-indulgence, and the wealth of the land. And when I say "the wealth of the land," I mean of the people generally. There are, no doubt, a few exceptionally rich, and too many exceptionally poor; but our income-tax, chiefly from the great middle class—one penny in the pound representing about two millions of money—and the known expenditure of the people—not the rich only, but all classes—on one at any rate needless indulgence, intoxicating beverages, sufficiently testify to the ability of the nation, as a nation, to evangelize these heathen spots, if only there were the *will*. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are available when worldly objects—speculations to secure temporal gain—are in view; millions are ready when the necessity of war seems to threaten; but how limited the response when spiritual destitution presents its plea, when we are called to fight under the Captain of our salvation for the rescue of the victims of sin and Satan.

The painful truth is forced upon us—practically the nation, as a nation, is far from being "godly." Even the Church needs to be aroused to a sense of her Divine mission to evangelize the people. The "godly" labourers in the Gospel field are comparatively few.

But, in seeking to gather the lessons from this portion of our subject, let us not merely generalize. It is best to keep more closely at home. Let me then offer a few remarks specially applicable to ourselves.

We are speaking of "godliness,"—the "fear of God" in its practical influence on the life and conduct. Let me ask, Should not this influence be evinced in our treatment of God's Day, God's Word, and the Family altar? True godliness *must* honour all these. How is it then with ourselves?

Take the first—*God's Day*. I only glance at such a topic. I confine myself to the public regard we pay to the day by our use of the sanctuary services. Of course I know such a use may be—often is—only formal; but we cannot judge of motives. We can only, in this case, judge according to the outward appearance. So judging, may we not ask, Are there not manifestly two kinds of worshippers? Some are with us, as a rule, always; some seem to visit the house of God as comparative strangers. Would they not, if they really honoured God's Day, be, as a rule, always present? The godly man is "glad" to come into the house of God. It is his Father's house. He is no stranger there. He feels at home. He is drawn thither by a sense of gratitude for past mercies; and the week can never pass which does not give him a sense of fresh need to bring him to his Father's courts again.

We need to guard against formal attendance; but our attendance in the sanctuary should be constant and unvarying. It should not be a matter of mere caprice or convenience. In such cases the thought, "If all others were to do what I intend to do to-day, there would not be *a single public worshipper in the land*," might well arouse to consideration some who allow very trifling pleas to keep them from the house of God on the Lord's Day. Let parents especially think of the influence on their children—nay, let us all think of the influence on society at large—which a regular attendance on the means of grace must exert; and I am sure we shall feel that the gratitude which does not impel us thus far to "fear God," by honouring His day, cannot have "godliness" for its spring and fountain.

The same remarks apply to our treatment of *God's Word*. What may be done at any time, is often not done at all. I fear there are many professing Christians who do not, day by day, make God's Word "a lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their path." Bible possessors are many, but Bible readers and Bible students are few. And yet can the Bible be neglected where true godliness exists? Can we be truly sensible of God's love, which is the motive

and spring of all godliness, if we fail to love His Word? The "fear of the Lord" finds its nurturing food in His Word. The fear which springs from a sense of forgiveness (for the godly man knows there is "forgiveness with God, that He may be feared"), and the fear which holds us back from sinning (because we have "hidden God's Word in our hearts"), cannot be in lively exercise if the unopened and unstudied Bible testifies against us.

And so also, once again, of *the Home altar*. Is not family worship, even in professedly Christian homes, far from being the rule? And where the habit does prevail, how much need there is for its increased *reality*. Brief, earnest, heartfelt prayer, joyous psalmody, and a portion of God's Word, such as our daily Lectionary suggests, read night and morning in every Christian home — what an increase of godliness should we soon witness in our land! Surely, if there be a scene on earth on which the eye of our Heavenly Father rests with delight, it must be the gathered household thus setting up the Family altar. The godliness of the home thus evidenced must indeed be an element in the gratitude of a nation most acceptable to Him who "setteth the solitary in families."

Not to lengthen these remarks, let what has been said have its due weight. Let the house of God, the Word of God, and His altar in our Homes, henceforth bear a clearer testimony to the influence of that "fear of God" which is "the beginning of wisdom" and the germ of all godliness in the heart of man. Then will our gratitude as members of the nation, as well as members of a particular community and family, possess the most important of those elements which determines its worth in the sight of God.

(*To be continued.*)

The British Empire, 1887.

(*See Illustration, page* 155.)

OUR engraving illustrates the widespread sovereignty of our gracious Queen. Her Majesty's bust, by Sir Francis Chantrey, rests upon the pedestal in the centre. Britannia is crowning the Empress-Queen with a laurel wreath: and at the foot reposes the British Lion.

"Round the Queen-Empress at her bidding stand
Her loyal subjects from each far-off land."

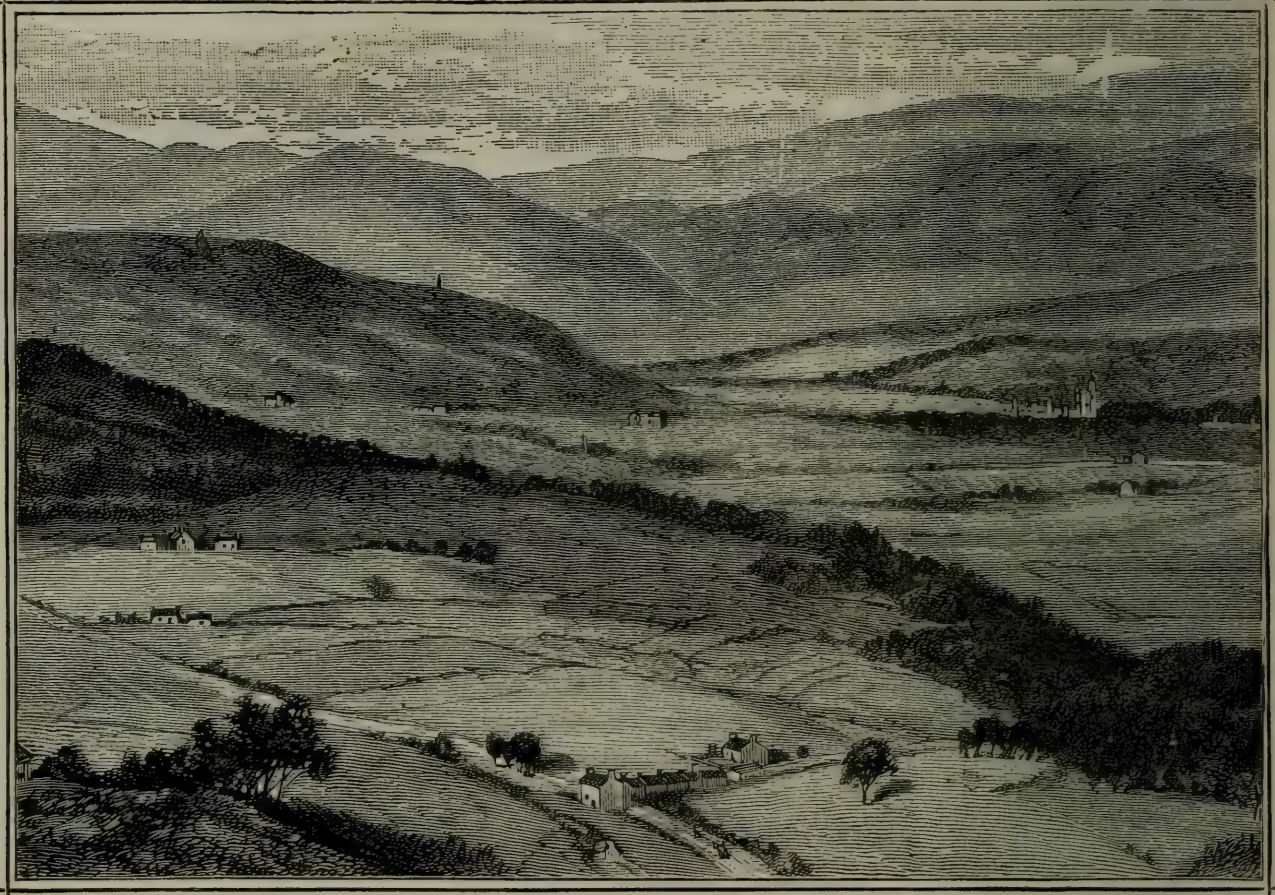
Among these we see a Hindoo of rank, and a Hindoo princess, with a native attendant. The continent of Australia is typified by a gold-digger; Africa is represented by a Cape Colony settler; and North America by a Canadian trapper and an Indian chief.

God Save the Queen.

GOD Save the Queen! Alike from Asian hills,
Wind-wafted over uplands crowned with spice,
Or where the keen clear air of winter chills
The stiffened sailor, bound in Norland ice;
Where'er the brown, bright Saxon face is seen,
Rolls up the grand old hymn, "God Save the Queen."

Not for the pomp of place that pleases men;
Not for the glare that round the Throne is cast;
Not for thy name historic—for no pen
Can write thy Future nobler than the Past;
For that old love we still keep fresh and green,
For that old song we sing "God Save the Queen."

ANON.



VALLEY OF THE DEE, WITH BALMORAL, FROM CRAIG-NA-BAN.

Pictures at Home and Abroad.

BY A TRAVELLER.

V. THE QUEEN'S HIGHLAND HOME.

IN the old times, before railways and steamers and telegraphs, the journeys even of kings and queens were comparatively "few and far between."

During the early years of Her Majesty's reign she never travelled by the "iron road," although the Prince Consort when alone did so from Windsor to London, with the caution sometimes given to the conductor not to proceed too rapidly.

As years went on, the Queen, with all her subjects, took full advantage of the modern methods of conveyance: and scarcely any spot celebrated for scenery, or any town famous for its industries, remained unvisited.

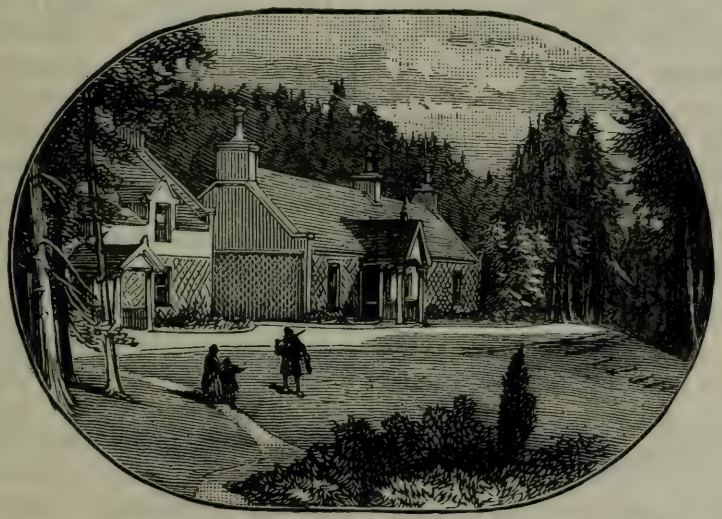
The Highlands of Scotland charmed her from the first. It was like a new world after the restrictions of State life to climb the great hills of Atholl, and from the top of Tulloch look forth on the panorama of mountain and glen. "It was quite romantic," the Queen writes. "Here we were with only a Highlander behind us holding the ponies, not a house nor a creature near us, but the pretty Highland sheep, with their horns and black faces. It was the most delightful, most romantic ride and walk I ever had."

No wonder the Queen sought and found a Highland Home. In 1848, the first visit was paid to Balmoral, then a picturesque but small castle. Plans were at once formed for the erection of a larger castle. The Queen laid the foundation stone, and we are told "the whole household and the workmen assembled, and the Rev. J. Anderson prayed for a blessing on the new home."

Scarcely could a more charming locality have been found for the Royal residence.



FALLS OF GARRAWALT.



A ROYAL LODGE, NEAR LOCH MUICH.

"The scenery of Deeside," writes the Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., "has very distinctive features. Unlike the glens we meet in the Western Highlands, always wild, often narrow and closed in by mountains that overhang the path, Deeside has a princely width and shows its sterner forces piled away in a background 'so near and yet so far' as to enable you to measure the sublimity of its vast ranges of peak and precipice. From Ballater to Braemar every turn of the road brings some fresh surprise. The lower hills rise in massive groups, here clothed with pine and birch, and there presenting sheets of gloriously enpurpled heather. Granite boulders lie tossed about the hill-sides or are piled over level tracts as if there once had been a battle of the giants. But the hills with the foreground are as a rampart guarding the great solitudes which rise to the snow-clad precipices of Loch-na-gar, and the long waving line of the monarchs, who lift their crests into far depths of sky.

"There is a crisp freshness in the air like that of early morning upon the Alps. It is a delight to breathe it. You fill your lungs with it as a thirsty man would drink from a clear spring. The atmosphere is as pure as the cloudless heaven, and the breeze, laden with the scent of the pine or with the sweet breath of the birch, is at once soothing and exhilarating. The colouring, too, is marvellous: and at all seasons there is the ceaseless voice of waters echoing through the valley; for the Dee rushes broad and strong, dashing over its rocks and swirling into its pools, an unfailing source of life and interest."

When the castle was completed, the Queen was delighted with it. In her journal we have the following simple entries:—

"The new house looks beautiful. The rooms are delightful; the furniture, papers, everything, perfection." "The views from the windows of our rooms, and from the library, drawing-room, etc., below them, of the valley of the Dee, with the mountains in the background—which one could never see from the old house—is quite beautiful. We walked about, and alongside the river, and looked at all that has been done, and considered all that has to be done; and afterwards we went over to the poor dear old house, and to our rooms, which it was quite melancholy to see so deserted; and settled about things being brought over."

"Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear paradise, and so much more so now, that *all* has become my dearest Albert's *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere."

Here for more than twelve years the Queen, with the husband of her choice, found peace and rest in a happy Highland home. The domestic side of character, the most important of all, was cultivated and developed in the privacy of Royal life. In the best and truest sense it has been well said the Queen has ever been "herself" at Balmoral. She has been the Lady of the Manor, rather than the Sovereign; and what is still better, the friend of all her neighbours, high and low. She loves all around her there, and is loved by all in return. She takes a personal, almost maternal, interest in every one living on the Balmoral estate; visiting them, particularly in sickness, and then taking good things to them; giving clothes to the wives and children of poor labourers; knowing the children's names, talking familiarly with all, but especially showing attention to those who have grown old in her service. Her love of peace and quiet is shown by her liking, sometimes, in the morning, to walk over to the "Cottage," behind the Castle, where breakfast is brought to her on a tray; or she will take tea there in the afternoon, and there she will write her letters.

The volume published by her Majesty in 1868, entitled, "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," edited by the late Sir Arthur Helps, contains her own unstudied records, in their original freshness, of the impressions that she received in her first acquaintance with Scottish mountain scenery, of her kindly intercourse with rural neighbours of high and low degree, and of the happy domestic life there enjoyed by herself and the Prince Consort, year after year, till his lamented death at the end of 1861.

In this volume, Sir Arthur Helps, writing, as is well understood, on behalf of the Queen, says:—"Her Majesty never takes for granted the services and attentions which are rendered to her, and which we all know would be rendered to her from dutiful respect and regard; but views them as special kindnesses to herself, and to which she makes no claim whatever from her exalted position as a Sovereign."

None, we may be sure, feel more deeply than Queen Victoria the truth of those lines of George Herbert: "Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree; Love is a present from a mighty King."

Balmoral is associated with the delightful "Grand Expeditions" of three or four days' length in the wilder mountainous districts, which the Royal party always enjoyed so much. "It was so amusing to roam about unrecognised, such fun to put up at rustic inns, where the accommodation was of the most primitive kind, and host and hostess had not the most remote idea of the quality of their guests. Comical in the extreme was it to find themselves in the ramshackle, shabbily horsed vehicles they occasionally hired, gleeful to mount their sturdy mountain-ponies, and altogether, as every one enthusiastically asserted, most enjoyable."

On one such expedition at dusk, amidst profound silence, they entered a little village-like town, where there was "not a creature stirring," and where they put up at the "Ramsay Arms." "Our bedroom," says the Queen, "was excessively small, but very clean and neat." Afterwards, they all walked out in the moonlight, not a creature moving as they passed along the street, pausing at the ancient town-cross to read a parish "proclamation" pasted on it. Her Majesty says:—

"We walked on along a lane a short way, hearing nothing whatever—not a leaf moving—but the distant barking of a dog. Suddenly we heard a drum and fifes! We were greatly alarmed, fearing we had been recognised; but Louis and General Gray, who went back, saw nothing whatever. Still, as we walked slowly back, we heard the noise from time to time, and when we reached the inn-door, we stopped, and saw six men march up with fifes and a drum (not a creature taking any notice of them), go down the street and back again. Grant and Brown were out, but had no idea what it could be. Albert asked the little maid, and the answer was, 'It's just the band,' and that it walked about in this way twice a week. How odd!"

On another occasion, alas! at Dalwhinnie, one of the servants recognised the Queen, and so the volunteer band came forth, and "the fat old landlady," in a flutter of dismay and excitement, went away to reappear smiling and self-satisfied in "a black satin dress with white ribbons and orange-flowers." "But," said the Queen, "there was scarcely any population, and it did not signify." What did signify most was that "unhappily there was hardly anything to eat: . . . only tea, and two miserable, starved Highland chickens without any potatoes," and "wasn't that a pretty dish to set before a Queen?" to say nothing of her Majesty's many hungry companions. It was of this adventurous tourist-expedition that her Majesty wrote: "This was the pleasantest and most enjoyable I *ever* made."

A First Step in the Right Direction.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE OILED FEATHER," ETC.

IF I were to offer you, my friend, your choice between a good suit of clothes, able to keep out a south-wester or anything else which may blow, and a ragged one, out at elbows, out at knees; and if, moreover, I were to direct your attention to your feet, and propose that you should choose between a pair of good double-soled boots and a couple of old shoes picked up out of the street, down at the heels, out at the toes, broken at the sides; and suppose I were further to insult your understanding by asking you which you should like—this silk hat at 15*s.*, or yonder greasy cap, slouched, dirty, faded: ugh! I won't say any more about it.

Well, suppose you were: what then?

Oh, wait a while. Suppose I were to peep inside you, and say, which will you have,—a stomach that can't digest your food and so nourish you, or a good healthy one that makes off with a fine plate of meat and then asks for more; and which would you choose—a liver all burnt up, or a good healthy organ able every day for its day's work; aye, and which will you have—a clear, bright eye, or a red, bleared, watery one; and a nose fit for a

six-shilling silk handkerchief, or a bloated, carbuncled thing, so that a clean, decent, fourpenny cotton one would be ashamed if it saw your nose coming into it: aye, and to cut it short, if I offered you two cabs and £150 a year, and a gold watch and a gentlemanly cut about you, and some good fat on your bones, and your Sundays to yourself, and a suit of clothes like a gentleman's on your back, or the lock-up, and a battered face, and empty stomach,—which would you have? Aye, now I have come to the question: which would you have?

Don't you think I'm romancing, and that it is not worth while answering such a question, for that this is an impossible matter. Nothing of the kind. I have just seen the man with the two cabs and the £150 a year, the man with the well-nourished body and decent look, and gold watch, and his Sundays to himself: aye, and I must add to all these good things, the man who could give his mother 15*s.* a month. He had something more than a taste of the lock-up, he used to be always in it,—always knocking about, and then ending up there,—and all through drink; and now he has all that I have told you of above.

I was wandering about some little time ago at the other side of the world, and came to a grassy bank by the side of a lovely bay. A cab was standing close by, the "fares" having taken their departure for the beach, and cabby was lying down on the bank, regaling himself with some biscuits out of a paper bag. One does not often see a cabman eating biscuits; this was somewhat of a phenomenon in itself, but all cabby's appearance was phenomenonical also. I have made a word on purpose for him, and a good long one while I was about it. A phenomenon means a strange appearance, an unusual sight, and such was my cabby friend.

But I must almost beg his pardon for calling him "cabby" at all. Cabbies generally don't have gold watches, and he had a capital one,—none of your aluminium watches at 30*s.*, but a regular gold hunting watch, for he took it off its chain for me to look at, as soon as we had established confidential relations together. Moreover, he was dressed like a gentleman, and his only earthly trouble seemed to be "bad cabmen" and that he was "getting too fat." I am afraid to say how much flesh he had put on during the preceding three weeks; suffice it to say that being one of the lean kine myself, it made me rather envious.

Down I lay on the grassy bank beside him, hoping to be able to get into some conversation which might do us both good.

And who do you think, good reader, he turned out to be? Why, the identical man I have been speaking of when I began: one who had had his choice between all the bad things and all the good ones, and who was wise enough to choose the latter.

"Knocking about" and "spending his time in the watch-house" were his two chief employments at one time, and the drink did it all: he was always drinking. Thirsty or not thirsty, drink, drink, drink ran away with all he earned. It made a blackguard of him, and would have kept him one as long as he lived. When sober he drove other people's cabs, though the drink was so often driving him, he had not even in this way as many chances as he might.

At last he determined to cut the drink, and he kept faithfully to his resolution. There were many to twit him, many to tempt him, many to abuse him; but he stuck to his determination, and gradually got on from one thing to another, until on the day I saw him, there he was, the proprietor of two cabs,—earning 30*s.* that very day with the one he was driving,—well dressed, with his gold hunting watch, and allowing his mother about 30*s.* a month.

It did one good to hear him tell what an appetite he had, what he could eat and did eat. Aye, I am not ashamed to write about this. He spent his life in the open air, and needed plenty of food. If he had

been a drunkard, his craving would have been for liquor, or if he did peck a bit of solid food it would be only pecking,—something spiced and unhealthy would be all that he could relish. And he had lots of beef and mutton and bread; and right well, I can tell you, he seemed to thrive on it.

But how came he to be eating biscuits?—of which, by the way, he very courteously offered me some. Why, the poor fellow's dinner (a good piece of beef, depend upon it) had been put in the other cab by mistake, and been driven off nobody knew where.

The only trouble this worthy fellow had in life was "drunken cabmen." They would drive into him, and then swear in court that he had driven into them; and then, he said, he couldn't help himself,—he must jump down and fight them. "And then, where's the use in going to a place of worship on Sunday, as long as a man does that?"

The fact was, my friend, like too many others, had never got beyond temperance,—never gone on to godliness: he was like too many, who think that if they are sober and honest, that is enough. Now if a man be not sober and honest, he certainly is not on the way to the kingdom above; but it does not follow that because of being sober and honest, he is. Temperance is good, but temperance is not of necessity godliness, nor is it union with Christ, nor is it forgiveness of sins, and the being made holy by the Spirit.

And so I urged my friend who had made this good choice of temperance to make yet a further good choice, and be for God altogether. He seemed to think it strange that troublesome cabbies were not to be licked, and that it was not enough to knock off work on Sundays and stay at home, but that he should attend God's house as well. But he was being shown a new way, quite different from any he had ever known before, and no wonder if he took a little time to think about it. And so I left him, with the story of the Saviour who had died for him dropped into his ears, and his preciousness in the sight of God, and the excellent way spread before him as regards earth, and above him and for him, heaven.

Surely there are some who read these lines who will see that to them also a choice is given: and they know there is room for something much better than they have now; better for this world, and better for the world to come. Perhaps if the good things were actually set before them, they might choose them; but they have not faith and patience to wait awhile, and believe that they will come.

The writer heard a doctor offering a negro a large sum at a certain date, as the price, with compound interest, of the savings from the giving up of his pipe. Blacky would agree if the gentleman would pay down at once, but waiting was quite another thing. I presume my friend cabby had to wait awhile; as he got together enough, first to make himself decent, then to get his home a little in order, then to get one cab and then a second; for aught I know, he is on the way to a whole cab stand of his own. If ever I turn up at the other side of the world again, I shall not be surprised to see him in a villa, with a brougham for his wife, and horses and cabs or perhaps omnibuses without number.

Yes, we must all learn to wait. There is a proverb which says, "The world and all things in it are for him who waits." Patience must have her perfect work as regards the things of this life, as well as of the life to come. Good things may be on the way, though we cannot see them. Let it be our part to work and wait as regards both the next world and this; and we shall find that like the farmer who has long patience for his crops, in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

Our Empress-Queen: Jubilee Voices.

BY CLARA THWAITES, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF LABOUR AND LEISURE."

I. "O Gentle Queen, our Voices Call to Thee."

FROM dreary zones of far Canadia's snow,
Where dark-browed Indians trap the bounding deer,
To sunny vineyards of Ontario,
Where fruitful orchards crown the glowing year,
O gentle Queen, our voices call to thee!

From far Columbia and her forests deep,
Her mountain echoes, and her golden fields,
To broad St. Laurence in impetuous sweep,
And glittering Erie with her silver shields,
O gentle Queen, our voices call to thee!

From ice-bound Labrador our voices call,
From frozen rivers to the summer sea,
From Atha Vasca unto Montreal,
O gentle Queen, our voices call to thee!
O gentle Queen, our voices call to thee!

II. "Thunder, Niagara!"

THUNDER, Niagara!
Greeting afar;
Clash all your cataracts,
Fair Ottawa!
Winds of the forest,
Join our acclaim;
Swift-flowing rivers,
Utter her name!
Long live Victoria,
Fair be her days!

O ye wild billows,
Carry her praise!
Bear, O ye breezes,
Over the foam
Canada's greetings
To England and home.
Thunder, Niagara,
Greetings afar!
Clash all your cataracts,
Fair Ottawa!

The Queen's Father.

THE Duke of Kent used frequently to attend the May Meetings held in Exeter Hall. One who was present at the Bible Society Anniversary Meeting in 1814 writes:

"A fine, tall, military man, clothed in a general's uniform, moved the first resolution. This was the Duke of Kent. I think I never can forget the speech he made. He referred to the wish of his father, George III., that there might not be a cottager in the country without a Bible, or a child that could not read it. He added his own desire not only that children should read it, but trust its truths and obey its precepts."

Our Colonial Empire.

THE amazing development of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain during the lifetime of the Queen is one of the most remarkable events of her reign. "Your Majesty," said the Colonial delegates in their congratulatory address on the Jubilee, "has witnessed the number of your Colonial subjects of European descent increased from under 2,000,000 to 9,000,000, and of Asiatic race in your Indian Empire from 96,000,000 to 254,000,000, and of other peoples in your colonies and dependencies from 2,000,000 to 7,000,000."

These tiny isles are thus the centre of an Empire which surpasses in area, wealth, and population, any known in the world's history.

Homely Talks on Homely Topics.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "MORE THAN CONQUERORS," "A LADY OF PROPERTY," ETC., HON. EDITORIAL SEC. OF THE C.E.T.S.

VII. "FOR MY WORK'S SAKE."



IN the truest and highest sense of the word, "Work is Worship." He who looks at his work in the light of this noble utterance, will ever consider it to be his bounden duty to do his work in the very best way possible. A man who "scamps" his work—whether that work be the mending of a tin kettle, or the putting together of a few words for *Home Words*—is a "scamp" of scamps, unfit for the company of honest working-men.

When a certain famous man who had risen from the ranks, was taunted with the fact that once he had polished somebody's boots, he promptly gave the right glorious answer, "And didn't I polish them well, sir."

Yes, and I would part with bushels of poetry which gush about "the empyrean blue," "the rolling roar of ocean's tide," and "such like," rather than surrender the wholesome counsel which somebody years ago packed into the following lines:—

"If I were a cobbler, it would be my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me."

The verse is after all but a repetition of the teaching which comes from the Eternal Book, "Study to show thyself . . . a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

A good workman will ever strive to do good work. Here are some essentials: A healthy body; a healthy mind; a clear brain; a steady hand. But there is one thing which quickly, and to some extent irreparably, injures these conditions, and that thing is the habitual and excessive use of stimulating drinks.

A man's work has to be done in a heated atmosphere, like a forge—a man's work has to be done amidst the rigours of an Arctic winter on the open sea—a man's work consists in hours of prolonged muscular activity—a man's work is purely mental, like that of the student—in every such instance the counsel of the late eminent physiologist, Dr. Wm. B. Carpenter, was this—become total abstainers.

"The use of alcohol," said he, "does not enable cold to be sustained; does not enable heat to be sustained; does not produce increased power of sustaining muscular action; does not increase nervous energy."

"In one concern with which I am connected," said Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, a former Member of Parliament, "Sunday drinking causes a loss of £35,000 per annum. It does it in this way: We find from experience that the men will not come to work on the Monday morning in sufficient numbers to make it worth our while to put the machinery in motion. Even if they do, they are unfit to work, and we find it such ineffective labour that we do not start till the Tuesday."

Thanks to the attention which the Temperance movement has received of late years, working men of every condition—from the eminent Judges on the Bench to the brawny shirt-sleeved heroes at the bench—are beginning to learn that "for their work's sake" they are wise to abstain.

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADE.

XIII. My first may pass for horse or ass,
If they are not too old;
And if you can a measure scan,
My next you will unfold.

These parts, when found, will soon expound
My whole, you'll frankly own;
For on the plain scarce lives a swain
To whom it is unknown.

CONUNDRUMS.

57. What was Joan of Arc made of?

58. Why is an industrious tailor never found at home?

59. Which is best—five pounds in gold, or a five-pound note?

60. Why is an army like a basket of apples?

61. Why is your nose in the middle of your face?

62. Why is good advice like a sickle?

63. What is the worth of a woman?

64. If any one stole your clothes, what should you do?

65. Why is the grass you walk on older than yourself?

66. What state of the atmosphere is best for coachmen?

ANSWERS. (See JUNE No., p. 141.)

CHARADES.

XII. Herring.

CONUNDRUMS.

49. Adriatic. A dry attic.

50. Because it is united to steal.

51. Myrrh.

52. Hair brush.

53. Because it is always in mischief, and never in school.

54. Halfpenny.

55. Because it is full of leaves.

56. February.



THE JUBILEE: "WAITING FOR THE QUEEN."

The Young Folks' Page.

XXII. GOD OF OUR FATHERLAND.

BY THE RIGHT REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

GOD of our Fatherland,
Stretch forth Thy glorious Hand
And shield our isle!
Beautiful, brave, and free,
As her own guardian sea,
May she for ever be
Under Thy smile!

God of our royal kings,
Spread Thou Thy sheltering wings
Over our throne!
Blest in her people's love,
Thrice blessèd from above,
Safe as a cherish'd dove,
God keep His own!

Great Father of us all,
On Thee Thy children call,
Save and defend!
May we be one in Thee,
Knit as one family,
One for eternity,
World without end!

XXIII. THE QUEEN AND THE WASP.

THE Queen is a model for old folk and young folk too. The following story should be told in every Sunday School in the Queen's dominions.

One Sunday at Esher Church, when the Princess Victoria was about six years old, Miss Jane Porter, the well-known author of "The Scottish Chiefs," who sat opposite the Royal pew, noticed a wasp skimming backwards and forwards over the head and before the unveiled summer bonnet of the little Princess.

"I could not," she writes, "forbear watching the dangerous insect, fearing it might sting her face. She, totally unobserving it, had meanwhile fixed her eyes on the clergyman, who had taken his place in the pulpit to preach the sermon, and she never withdrew them thence for a moment during his whole discourse.

"Next day, a lady, personally intimate at Claremont, called at our humble little abode, and I remarked to her the scene I had witnessed the preceding morning at church, wondering what could possibly have engaged the young Princess's attention so unrecedingly to the face of the Rev. Dr. ——, a person totally unknown to her, and whose countenance, though expressive of good sense, was wiry and rough-hewn, and could present nothing pleasing enough to fix the eyes of a child.

"'It was not himself that attracted her fixed eyes,' replied our visitor; 'it was the sermon he was preaching. For it is a custom with her illustrious instructress to inquire of the Princess not only the text of the discourse, but also the heads of its leading subjects. Hence she neither saw the wasp when in front of her, nor heard the whisking of the protective handkerchief behind her. Her whole mind was bound up in her task—a rare faculty of concentration in any individual, therefore more wonderful in one hardly beyond infancy. And with a most surprising understanding of the subjects, she never fails performing her task in a manner that might grace much older years.'"

XXIV. THE VIOLET'S WHISPER.

"Thy Father which seeth in secret, Himself shall reward thee openly." —*Matt.* vi. 4.

VIOLET, violet, blue and sweet,
Nestling down by the old oak's feet,
Can it be, you are glad to grow,
Nobody near, your grace to know?
Whispered the violet, soft as air,
God can look at me anywhere.

XXV. "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE": JUBILEE GIFT.

ALL that printers and binders could possibly do was done to produce a sufficient number of copies of *The Queen's Resolve* to meet the enormous demand for the book before the Jubilee Celebration. *The Church Sunday School Magazine* as early as May wrote: "*The Queen's Resolve* has achieved a gigantic success; *no scholar should be without a copy.*" Orders came in daily for more copies than would form a large book-edition; and again and again the volume was "out of print." Even fifty copies for each of our 12,000 parishes would have required 600,000; and of course these could not possibly be produced.

It was evidently felt by all that a full personal life of the Queen as a Jubilee gift would not only, in the words of the *Daily Telegraph*, "enshrine the memory of the year in the recollection of the young," but would influence their parents as well.

We can only say the Jubilee year is *not over*; indeed, we suppose it is really *beginning*. We hope, therefore, all the "Young Folk" who have not yet been able to secure a copy of *The Queen's Resolve* will take care to ask their teachers to order it at once. In parcels of 50, 25, or 12, it can still be had for 1s. each copy, direct from the Publisher, Mr. Charles Murray, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

The Bible Mine Searched.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. WHO is it speaks of "iron pens"—a kind of engraving tool—as being used in his time?
2. Mention the first occasion in the Bible when a blessing was accompanied by the "laying on of hands."
3. Give a passage in which Jesus declared Himself to be the Messias prophesied of old.
4. In what words did our Lord teach His disciples to exercise discretion and prudence when engaged in missionary work?
5. Quote a proverb which sets forth the blessings of liberality.
6. What words of our Lord strikingly teach the particular providence of God?
7. When did evil spirits bear a remarkable testimony to the truth and character of the Gospel?
8. Quote some passages which show the immense influence of speech.
9. In what words does St. Peter refer to his presence with our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane?

ANSWERS (See MAY No., p. 119).

1. St. John xii. 24.
2. St. John xiv. 30.
3. St. John vi. 69.
4. St. Matt. iv. 13.
5. First, for leaving his father's home at the call of God. Second, believing the promises of God as to the future greatness of his posterity, when he had as yet no child, and both he and his wife Sarah were very old. Third, offering up his only son Isaac at God's bidding (Heb. xi. 8-19; Rom. iv. 11).

JULY.

TRUTH. LIGHT.

Early Prayer: Morning.

By the Editor.

HEAVENLY Father! the beautiful world is Thy handiwork. The bright sunlight is Thy gift. Help me to see Thee in Thy works, and in Thy Providence. But help me, too, to see Thee in Thy Grace. All Thy works praise Thee: but my heart needs Thy *Grace*, that I may thank Thee aright.

Alas! I often forget Thy mercies, and often sin against Thee. I ought to praise Thee, not only with my lips, but in my life. I ought to be obedient, and gentle, and tender-hearted, and full of love to God and man: always trying to make others happy, and being happy in seeing others so. I ought to speak no hasty words, to indulge no sinful thoughts.

Alas! I am not what I ought to be. But Thou canst make me what I ought to be. Thy Holy Spirit can make my heart a new heart, and enable me to live a new life. Oh! let Thy Spirit like the rain and the dew descend, and let the Sun of Righteousness shine upon my heart, till the flowers of Grace and the fruits of the Spirit spring up in my life and show forth Thy praise.

Defend me to-day with Thy Heavenly Grace: and grant that I may daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until I come to Thy everlasting Kingdom.

Give us, in our home to-day, every good and perfect gift: for Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Sun of my Soul.

(For Evening Prayer.)

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Keble.

"We Present to Thee Ourselves."

"Ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. vi. 20.

1	F	That ye present your bodies a living sacrifice.
2	S	Walk as children of light. Eph. v. 8.
3	S	4th S. af. Trin. *Bring an offering...come unto*
4	M	Give me thine heart. Prov. xxiii. 26. [*His courts*
5	Tu	They gave their own selves to the Lord.
6	W	He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.
7	Th	That we should be holy and without blame.
8	F	That we should be to the praise of His glory.
9	S	Preserved in Jesus Christ, and called. Jude 1.
10	S	5th S. a. Trin. *Worship the Lord in the beauty*
11	M	Where art thou? Gen. iii. 9. [*of holiness.*
12	Tu	What doest thou here? 1 Kings xix. 13.
13	W	O Lord, I am Thy servant. Ps. cxvi. 16.
14	Th	Where I am, there shall My servant be.
15	F	His servants shall serve Him. Rev. xxii. 3.
16	S	Planted together in the likeness of His death.
17	S	6th S. a. T. *Our old man is crucified with Him.*
18	M	Therefore, be ye steadfast, unmoveable.
19	Tu	Always abounding in the work of the Lord. 1
20	W	Be not slothful. Heb. vi. 12. [Cor. xv. 58.
21	Th	Followers of them who inherit the promises.
22	F	Zealously affected in a good thing. Gal. iv. 18.
23	S	Arise and be doing, and the Lord be with thee.
24	S	7th S. aft. Trin. *Let us not be weary in well-doing.* [*faint not.*
25	M	St. James. *In due season we shall reap, if we*
26	Tu	Keep them from the evil. St. John xvii. 15.
27	W	I am glorified in them. St. John xvii. 10.
28	Th	He shall come to be glorified in His saints.
29	F	To be admired in all them that believe.
30	S	Unto Him that is able to present you faultless.
31	S	8th S. af. T. *That we may be glorified together.*

Sun.—1st day. Moon.—Full, 5th, m. 8.34.
Rises 3.49. Sets 8.18. ,, New, 20th, a. 8.50.

1. The first vessel propelled by steam on the Thames, 1801.
4. The Independence of the U. S. of America declared in 1776.
6. Sir Thomas More beheaded on Tower Hill, 1535.
13. Voting by ballot became law in England in 1872.
24. The window tax was abolished in 1851.
29. William Wilberforce died in 1833.

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THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.





From the Picture by F. Morgan, *in the Royal Academy.*

MID-DAY REST.

[*See Page* 171.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Mid-day Rest:

A HARVEST PICTURE.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH, AUTHOR OF "KENTISH LYRICS," ETC.

NOW down beside the river,
Where willows bend and sway,
The gleaners rest at noontide,
And the children laugh and play;
Like Ruth the Moabitess,
With heart as free and light,
The gleaners roam and carry home
The precious grain at night.

The autumn woods are golden,
And fruitful orchards glow
All rosy in the sunshine,
As evening shadows grow.
And the gleaners homewards wending,
Made glad with large increase,
Contented sing, and church bells ring
Them home in love and peace.

"Fit to be a Poor Man's Wife."*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE humblest tributes to the Queen have sometimes been the most striking. For example, there was the tribute paid to her by the Welsh nurse of Prince Arthur, the wife of a mason at Rhyl, when she wound up her description of Court life with the expression, that "the Queen was a good woman, *quite fit to have been a poor man's wife* as well as a Queen."

No courtier ever uttered a higher tribute to Royal worth. To serve well is the best qualification for ruling well; and Home-life, whether in a cottage or a palace, is the most important life of all.

Divine Majesty was Majesty in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, and in the quiet home at Bethany; and the Queen sitting by the humble bedside of a cottage sufferer, reading the Word of Life, was in deed and in truth the token that she was "doubly Royal."

Yes, whatever our position or dignity in this world, never let us be *proud* of it. Let us think, as the Queen thought, of our "responsibility," and that will keep us humble. Let us remember, "nearest the *Throne*"—the Throne of the King of kings and Lord of lords—"nearest the Throne" itself must be "the footstool of humility"; and the best piety of all is "*Piety at Home.*"

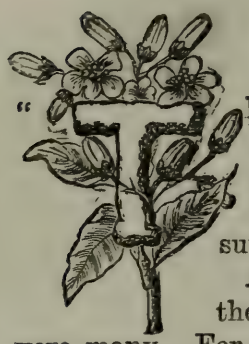
* From "*Three Jubilee Notes: Praise, Prayer, and Practice.*" (*Home Words* Office.) Price 1*d.*

Ready, aye Ready!

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW;" "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

TROUBLE.



"THERE's something wrong with Mr. Wilmot!" Other people, besides Mrs. Mason, were saying this as the summer went on.

Annie was slower to perceive the alteration in him than were many. For one thing, he did his best to keep up in her presence, fearing to awake his darling's anxiety. For another, she was young still, and had seen little of illness. Moreover, she was extremely busy in the parish, and was by no means given to conjuring up troubles.

Conjuring was, however, in this matter no longer needed, for a very real trouble lay ready to hand.

The change in Mr. Wilmot had become patent to all who knew him. A laboured and languid gait replaced the old brisk walk; a fixed perpetual pallor replaced the old healthy sunburn. If he had to ascend a little slope, he stood still often to pant for breath. The exertion of preaching would bring visible drops of cold moisture to his brow; and not seldom the once clear and ringing tones were inaudible to half his congregation.

Yet with this appearance of weakness, there existed an unusual brightness, and this it was chiefly which helped to blind Annie's eyes.

For a while in the earlier part of the summer, she and many others had thought him unwontedly grave and depressed. The gravity and depression were gone now, utterly. Never had his eyes shone with so calm a light, never had his smile been so full of sunshine. There were some who noted in his look and bearing a strange unearthliness—noted it with mingled awe and fear. Yet they could not have told wherein it consisted; for even while they noted it, and thought him worn and altered, his laugh would break out in all its old gaiety, as he paused to speak to some little child. And how the children loved him!

Annie's eyes remained long strangely shut. She thought him tired unusually often, but the hot summer seemed to account for this. By-and-by he would take his autumn holiday, and that would set all right.

But there came a day of awakening—sudden and unexpected.

She had had her Bible-class as usual one Sunday afternoon, with the half-dozen girls who regularly came to the Rectory for that purpose. It was a very interesting hour commonly to them all; not least so to Nancy Dunn, who by this time loved Miss Wilmot dearly. This day's lesson proved certainly not less interesting than usual. Annie had chosen the subject of trouble, and of how to bear trouble. She had talked it over with her father beforehand, and she had much to say about the bright side of trouble, the often good effects of it, and the spirit in which it should be borne.

"I dare say some of you remember that sermon of my father's about being always ready," Annie said, in the course of the class.

Nancy smiled an instant response.

"Perhaps we haven't any of us just now any great troubles to bear,—only just little every-day ones. But the great troubles may come at any time; and when they do, we ought to be ready. I suppose there is only one way of being really ready, and that is,"—Annie went on reverently,—"that is, living always very close to Jesus. For if we are fighting close to His side, and under His banner, then whatever He orders we shall be ready to do,—or whatever He gives us we shall be ready to take.

"I don't mean," she added, after a pause, "that one wouldn't feel trouble. My father says that is a mistake. When God sends trouble, He means it to be trouble. And He means it to bring us nearer to Him, that He may comfort us. I don't suppose He can comfort us till we are 'ready' to have whatever He sends. Some don't learn to be ready till after the trouble comes. But I should like to learn beforehand,—shouldn't you? I should like to be able, when it comes, to look straight up, and say, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'

"That's what the Lord Jesus could do, even in the midst of His great terrible struggle in

Gethsemane. He could say, 'Not My will, but Thine.' For all the while He was ready—truly ready. He could always say from His heart, 'Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God!' And that is what we have to learn to say."

It seemed strange afterwards to Annie herself, as well as to those who listened, that she should have spoken just on that particular day in this particular manner.

The class ended, Annie put away her Bible, set the chairs straight, and went out into the garden, singing softly. She believed her father to be at the school, where he usually went every Sunday afternoon. A favourite Homer rose-bush near the garden-gate drew Annie's attention. She thought she would gather a few buds, and put them on her father's study-table, to refresh his eyes when he returned. He had not seemed at all well that morning; and Annie had almost made up her mind to ask Mr. Rawdon privately some day soon whether Mr. Wilmot ought not to take a tonic.

Six pretty pinkish half-open blossoms were in her hand, when a movement near made her look up. "Good afternoon," she said, smiling at the sight of Archie Stuart. Mrs. Stuart's cottage was in Annie's district, and Annie knew the mother and son well. "How is Mrs. Stuart?" she asked, as Archie seemed to hesitate outside the gate.

Archie's mother was "pretty well," he said.

"Her foot quite recovered?" Annie asked, plucking another rose-bud. "Do you think she would like two or three of these? Come in, and I'll give them to you."

Archie was much pleased. He stepped inside, letting the gate swing to again.

"There!" Annie said, handing him a small bunch. "Tell Mrs. Stuart I am coming very soon to see her again." Then, with another smile, Annie inquired, "Has she begun to like Nancy Dunn yet?"

Archie's face fell. "No, Miss," he said. "Not as anybody could help liking Nancy—"

"No, indeed!" put in Annie.

"But she won't hear one word of me and Nancy having things settled between us," pursued Archie.

"Then you have to be patient a little longer," said Annie. Between confidences from Archie, from Mrs. Stuart, and from Nancy, she knew pretty well all about the matter. "Nobody is the worse for a little waiting, and I think you are pretty sure about Nancy,—are you not?"

"Well, I did speak to her, Miss Wilmot, and to Mrs. Dunn too," admitted Archie. "For I couldn't seem as if I was able to keep in any longer. And my mother she was in a great taking. But Mrs. Dunn said, and Nancy said too, that it wasn't to be anything settled until mother was willing. And it does seem as if she never was going to be willing."

"You have waited a very short time yet, and you and Nancy are both young," said Annie. "I think you must have patience still; and your mother has been a good mother, hasn't she? I always notice how very fond she is of you. I am sure you must want to be a very good son to her."

"Well, yes,—that I do, Miss," assented Archie, though perhaps not quite so heartily as Annie wished, for his head was full of Nancy. Then he inquired, "Is Mr. Wilmot better, please? Mother said I was to be sure and ask. She does set store by Mr. Wilmot, and no mistake, and it's worried her to see him so ill lately."

"My father! Why, he has not been ill," said Annie in surprise. "He seemed tired this morning."

Archie looked at Annie somewhat strangely. He had heard many remarks lately on the Rector's altered aspect.

"I am expecting him home from Sunday-school directly," pursued Annie. "So I must go indoors now and be ready for him. Good-bye. I do hope your mother will soon give way about Nancy. But you have to be patient, haven't you, till then?"

Annie went back into the house, wondering uneasily what could have made Archie speak so of her father. She would certainly get hold of Mr. Rawdon as soon as possible, and beg him to look after Mr. Wilmot.

The study door was shut; but Annie, believing her father to be out, went straight in, meaning to put the rose-buds on his study-table. Her light and quick approach was unheralded. The door gave no warning creak; and Annie had a noiseless manner of turning handles.

The room proved to be tenanted. Mr. Wilmot lay on the sofa, and beside him sat Mr. Rawdon, bending somewhat forward, and speaking in distinct tones:—

"As for your fear of hydrophobia——"

These words struck upon Annie's ears; and no trumpet-clang could have rung out with more startling clearness.

In a moment the two were aware of her presence, and Mr. Rawdon stopped short.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GREAT DREAD!

"WHY, Annie, my child!" the Rector said, raising himself on one elbow, and greeting her with a smile, in which some veiled anxiety might have been detected. "We did not hear you coming. Are those roses for me? How has the class gone to-day?"

Annie could not answer him. She hardly knew what it was that restrained her to some appearance of calm. That terrible word "Hydrophobia" seemed to be ringing still through the room, and with it an awful dread had rushed in upon her. Yet she only stood motionless, holding the back of a chair with one hand and clutching the rose-buds fast in the other.

"I did not go to the school this afternoon," pursued Mr. Wilmot. "The truth is, I was not feeling quite—well, not quite as I should; so I took an hour's rest instead."

Annie seemed to hear herself speaking now in a hollow, distant tone: "And you sent for Mr. Rawdon?"

"No, I came without being sent for," said Mr. Rawdon. He uttered the words in a deliberate repressive manner, as if to impress upon Annie a need for caution. "I was not satisfied with your father's look in Church this morning."

Then a pause. Annie remained perfectly still, her eyes fixed on vacancy. All colour had fled from her face. The two gentlemen exchanged meaning glances.

"Come, my child,—sit down here, and tell me about your class," said Mr. Wilmot.

He made a little space on the sofa, and Annie went to it mechanically, but not to talk. In another moment she had buried her face on his shoulder, and was clinging to him in a passionate wordless agony.

For two or three minutes there was silence, which nobody liked to break. The brisk ticking of the clock sounded clearly; but to Annie that sound was lost in the rapid fluctuating throb of something nearer at hand, something fast yet broken. She could not see her father's face, but Mr. Rawdon could, and his hand took firm hold of Annie's arm.

"Miss Wilmot! Stop this, please. You must get up."

There was a sound of warning in the tone. Annie obeyed, still as one in a maze. It seemed to her that the whole world was suddenly changed with this new fearful dread. Then she saw her father's ghastly look, and she knew that something must be very wrong. He could not speak—could not breathe. Mr. Rawdon had moved away to the table, to pour out some liquid into a small glass, and now he was administering it, holding up Mr. Wilmot. The breathless struggle lessened slowly; and then a fresh fear came over Annie. Had she done him harm? With that thought she was herself again.

"It is going off now,—not much this time, I hope," Mr. Rawdon said cheerfully. "Keep still, Wilmot. Don't try to talk yet. Miss Wilmot and I will arrange about the evening."

Annie could only look at the doctor imploringly, and Mr. Wilmot's hand drew her back to her former position,—except that she sat upright, not leaning against him.

"Now," Mr. Rawdon said, with a glance at Annie and a movement as if to leave the room. But Annie could not stir. The restraining arm around her might be weak, yet it held her fast. Mr. Rawdon had taken one step towards the door, and he paused hesitatingly.

"The fact is, Wilmot, any kind of agitation is bad for you, in the present state of your heart," he said. "Miss Wilmot and I are used to each other. Better let us have our little talk in another room."

"No," said Mr. Wilmot gently. "Here, please. It will distress me less. Annie must be good and calm."

Mr. Rawdon took a chair, by no means with the air of a man convinced.

Then another pause. Mr. Wilmot's eyes were on his child lovingly; and Annie could be seen to draw one or two deep breaths, as if mastering herself with difficulty.

"Yes," she said at length. "Please tell me."

"I will see some one, and arrange for the service this evening." Mr. Rawdon spoke deliberately. "I have already warned your father that he must consent to do less work."

"I am ready," Mr. Wilmot said, in a quiet voice.

"The fact is, Miss Wilmot,—the fact is, your father has had lately a severe return of certain troublesome heart-symptoms, from which he suffered a good deal about two years ago. You will probably remember."

"Yes,—I remember," Annie found herself saying. "He had to take a long holiday,—and—— But—but that is not—not——"

"It is essential that he should greatly lessen work now. I tell you both honestly, I don't like these attacks; and this is the third, I believe, within a fortnight."

Annie looked bewildered, even while scarcely taking in the full sense of his words. She could only feel that something more terrible lay behind, something not yet touched upon. Yet for her father's sake she dared not ask questions till she should see Mr. Rawdon alone.

Doubtless, Mr. Rawdon too purposed puting off until then the needful telling; but Mr. Wilmot was of a different mind.

"Annie, my child, did you happen to hear what Mr. Rawdon and I were talking about when you came in?"

"Yes, father," she whispered.

"That comes of stealing in upon folks without warning," said Mr. Rawdon.

"What did you hear?" Mr. Wilmot asked.

Annie hid her face in her hands. "Wilmot, I don't like this for you," the doctor said.

"I must risk it. What did you hear, my darling?"

She lifted her face, and said in a voice, quiet as his own: "Father, Mr. Rawdon will tell me, please—not you." She grew paler; turning to the doctor: "Was father——? Did the dog——?"

"No, not bitten; but he had a touch from the creature's tooth. A mere scratch," said Mr. Rawdon. "Of course the slightest scratch should be avoided. He came to me, however, at once, and I burnt the place out,—burnt deeply. I believe he managed to conceal from you that anything was the matter with his wrist."

"Wrist!" Annie repeated the word, and Mr. Wilmot drew up his sleeve.

"That is the scar of the burn," said Mr. Rawdon. "The scratch itself was a mere nothing. The wound healed slowly but thoroughly, as you may see. My own belief is that the remedy was prompt and complete enough to ensure safety."

But Annie knew that these words did not imply certainty. She sat silent once more, hardly thinking, but rather weighed down by a dull pressure of misery.

"And I was never told!" she murmured at length.

"There was no need," said Mr. Rawdon. "The less said and thought about the matter, the better. Now I must be off, Wilmot, to arrange for your evening's work being done by somebody else. You may leave that in my hands. Keep very quiet, and don't exert yourself. I shall see you early to-morrow."

He said good-bye to Mr. Wilmot, but not to Annie, and turned away. Annie knew that she was to accompany him out of the room, and she stood up, her father's arm relaxing to set her free. He said only, "Come back to me, Annie."

CHAPTER XXII.

LIFE LESSONS.

"Now, remember," said Mr. Rawdon authoritatively, having stepped with Annie into the drawing-room, where he stood pulling on his gloves,—"remember, Miss Wilmot, the less you dwell on that thought, and the less you allow your father to dwell on it, the better for him."

"But how can I help——?" sobbed the poor girl, for the moment entirely overcome.

"You must help it. Self-control in this matter is essential for your father's sake. It is not merely a question of talking. He reads every turn of your face, and if he sees you, unlike yourself, sad and unhappy, you will act as a perpetual reminder of that which he ought to forget as much as possible."

"I will try hard—indeed I will," said Annie brokenly. "But if—if——"

"No; you are not to indulge in that 'if.' Understand me, Miss Wilmot. Your father is not suffering in the remotest degree from any premonitory symptoms of hydrophobia."

"You are quite—quite sure?" murmured Annie.

"Perfectly sure. There is not a sign of anything of the kind about him. Some weeks ago I confess I did feel anxious for a time. He was under great depression, and living in a constant expectation of ill results. You must

have remarked his depression. That has all passed off now. I cannot say he has entirely lost the expectation,—perhaps I should rather say the distinct sense of what might come. But it is not depression, and it is not fear. I was wrong to use that word. He faces the matter in a wonderfully manly and Christian spirit. I wish he could banish the subject from his mind; but no doubt the present state of his health acts upon him, and lessens the power of self-restraint."

"His heart?" Annie strove to say.

"Yes,—the mischief is there." Mr. Rawdon spoke in a grave tone. "I was not satisfied two years ago,—but he seemed so entirely to rally from the weakness, that one had almost ceased to recall it. No doubt there has been mischief long brewing, which must sooner or later have declared itself. The strain and agitation of this summer have only hastened matters."

"But he will be better,—he will get stronger by-and-by," said Annie imploringly. "When this dreadful year is over, and we are quite sure——"

"Yes, I hope so." Mr. Rawdon's voice was still more grave. "We must check his doing too much."

"If he were to get away for change? Could he not take his holiday sooner?"

"That has been discussed already. It is a difficult question," Mr. Rawdon said thoughtfully. "The fact is, I don't like his going far with only you,—and he seems scarcely in a state for much travelling. If change could mean full occupation of mind—but too much leisure for thought is not at all desirable. Perhaps a moderate amount of work is better at present. But we shall see. You must try, for his sake, to take a cheerful view of things, and do your best to keep up his spirits. Good-bye now. I will look in to-morrow. But mind, he is not to count himself a regular invalid."

"No," said Annie.

She found it hard to respond, hard to lift her eyes—the trouble which had come upon her seemed so very terrible. She dreaded going to the study to meet her father's look. When Mr. Rawdon was gone, she turned mechanically into the dining-room, and stood there in an attitude of hopeless despondency.

Only half an hour or so earlier she had sat just here, a light-hearted girl still, speaking to other light-hearted girls of troubles that might one day come, and how they should be borne. What had she known *then* of trouble?"

Yet her words had been true, and she knew it. But she could not feel or see their truth now. She could only bow her head beneath the blow.

"'I was dumb, I opened not my mouth: because Thou didst it.'"

But she could not reach beyond "dumbness." She could not look up and say, "It is well."

After all, was there any need—as yet? The blow had only just fallen: and He who sent it knew its weight, knew her weakness. Annie had only just entered the School of Sorrow, and He who called her into it could pity her faltering steps with all a mother's tenderness.

She had to go back to her father. That recollection came soon, and Annie yielded to its call. Leaving the dining-room, where she had stood alone with clasped hands and drooping head, she crept thither.

And she had to look bright, to seem cheerful, to wear a face of calm unconsciousness! How could she, with this weight upon her heart?

"I have been looking for you," her father said. "Come here, my child."

Annie did as he told her. She knelt down beside the couch, and laid her face against him.

"That is the right attitude for both of us, is'nt it?" said Mr. Wilmot softly.

"Father,"—Annie tried to say, hardly knowing what she meant to utter. But the broken word was taken up in low quiet accents:—

"Father, Thy will, not ours, be done."

Annie shivered; and he spoke again:—

"'The King's servants said unto the King, Behold, Thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint.'"

Another little break.

"It is not for us to choose, nor for us to resist. He has His own mighty and loving purposes. We have but to be ready—ready to do—ready to bear—'whatsoever' Christ our King may appoint."

"But we may pray—pray——" she sobbed.

"Yes, pray and plead as earnestly as you will; only in the spirit always of Christ's prayer,—'Thy will—not mine.'"

"O father, I can't say that, and I thought it would be so easy if trouble came—only not *this* trouble."

"Poor little Annie! My poor child! Yes,

it is always so with us, 'only not *this!*' But He understands and pities. No pity was ever like His pity. He will teach you in His own good time. He knows how, for He has gone through all the worst of it Himself,—worse agony than any of us can ever have to bear. And it is enough meanwhile to sit at His feet, to hear His voice. No more blessed position than that! He is so merciful. He doesn't hurry us, like man, in the lesson-learning." Mr. Wilmot spoke slowly in brief sentences. 'No, I am not hurting myself. But I can speak from experience, Annie. I have learnt much this summer,—much of His exceeding gentleness. Where He lays His Hand most heavily, He brings the sweetest balm."

"If only you had told me, father! To bear it alone!"

"Alone! I had my Master's Presence."

Annie looked up, but she could not face his smile. Her head sank anew.

"There was the battling for awhile,—not easy, but close to His side. I seem to have reached beyond the battling lately,—to a quiet spot. One of His green pastures, I suppose. He gives rest when it is needful. But my child need not go through all that I went through. It is not necessary. That dread is over now. Mr. Rawdon was mistaken. I have no fear."

"He said so," she whispered.

"No fear, and no expectation. For some weeks I did expect it,—to be called Home by a fiery chariot. Not now. I think it will not be—*that!*"

She might have read his full meaning, but she did not, wrapped up as she was in the one dread.

He lifted Annie's face between his hands, and kissed it.

"Now, my little woman, we must obey orders. It does not take very much to bring on irregular action of the heart, and I had better not risk another attack of breathlessness. We have talked long enough on sad subjects. Try to forget what you have heard, and leave all in the Hands of One who knows what is best for us. I want you to put those rosebuds in water, or the poor little things will die. Then you shall tell me about your class, and about nice little Nancy Dunn."

Annie rose at once to obey. Somehow she seemed to catch a reflection of her father's calm. She knew that she must keep up, for his sake.

(To be continued.)

"For Fifty Years:" A Jubilee Hymn.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR ROBINS, M.A., RECTOR OF HOLY TRINITY, WINDSOR.



EN lustres, full of lustrous light, have gone
This Ransom Day, since first crept up the dawn
Of a great reign, and softly broke the morn
Of fifty years.

"Give me thy heart, nor, maiden, be afraid
To be a Queen." Then, on anointed maid,
The King of kings much grace and glory laid
For fifty years.

Still may she ever, in the unborn years,
Thy presence feel in faith, through all her fears,
As it was inly felt in times of tears
Through fifty years.

Blessing benign on Woman, Empress, Queen,
Send down of peerless peace. Do Thou, unseen,
Dwell in her life, supreme as Thou hast been
These fifty years.

Almighty Christ, Who came to make us free,
Lead up our souls to hymns of Jubilee.
Nearer to Thee may Queen and people be
For all their years.

A Nation's True Gratitude;

OR, GODLINESS, CHARITY, AND LOYALTY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.; AUTHOR OF "THE CROWN OF THE ROAD," EDITOR OF "HOME WORDS," ETC.

"Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king."—1 *St. Peter* ii. 17.

(*Continued from Page* 157.)



WE pass on to consider more briefly the other elements of a nation's true gratitude—*Charity*, comprehensively signifying our duty to our neighbour; and *Loyalty*, signifying our duty to our Sovereign.

The former, Charity, is enjoined in the precepts, "Honour all men: love the brotherhood." We note again the position of these precepts in the text, standing, as they do, before the precept, "Fear God." Doubtless, as already stated, no particular order was designed by the Apostle; but the very absence of order is suggestive. We should unquestionably have placed the precept, "Fear God," in the foreground, and might have objected to its being second in position. But the truth is, in the Bible our duty to God and our duty to man are always closely connected. The love of our neighbour, in a spiritual sense, is itself an evident token of the love of God; and the "second" commandment is therefore "great" as well as the "first." We need not contrast or compare them. The "second," said the Great Teacher, "is *like* unto the first." And hence we may learn the error of those who seem to wish to regard religion as a matter so exclusively pertaining to God that they fail to perceive how much it has also to do with man. The religion of Christ, like Himself, is Divinely human. The communion of the spirit of man with God is one side of "godliness"; but the communion and fellowship and brotherhood of the spirit of man with his fellow-man is the other side of "godliness." Show me the man who loves God, and you see the man who "loves his brother also."

The precept, "Love the brotherhood," is simply an enlargement or expansion of the scope of the former, "Honour all men"; applying it to men who are doubly our brethren, our brethren as men and our brethren in Christ.

Now, the main thought I gather from these precepts is this, that our gratitude to God is not only displayed in the filial fear and reverence and worship of God, but in the ministry of interest and service and love to our fellow-creatures. Indeed, love to God *must* prompt love to man; and Christ has even told us, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

There are those who ignorantly misrepresent the religion of Christ, and devise schemes of their own to remedy the ills of the world. But if the goodness, and beneficence, and philanthropy, and brotherhood enjoined in the Bible were practically exhibited in the lives of those who study it, what a change would indeed be wrought in the nation and the world! A Bible practising nation would never heed or hear the voice of scepticism. The Bible in this, as in other respects, is its own witness. No book contains such precepts; and if God be what the Bible tells us He is,—One who "has pleasure in the prosperity of His servants," and delights in human happiness,—we marvel not that in our obedience to these precepts, so certain to promote this happiness, He discerns the truest gratitude, and the most acceptable offering of praise, whether in the nation or the individual.

"Honour all men" might be better understood if read as in the margin, "*Esteem* all men." But even the word "esteem" needs a comment. "*Estimate*" might convey the

THE THRUSH'S SONG.

MY eastern lattice yet is dim,
Where roses hold a dewy brim
To greet me when the dawn shall be,
When other greetings come to me.

Through slumbrous dreams I hear the trill
Of one sweet bird beneath the hill,
Who from a heaven of love is sent
To teach my bosom glad content.



And I believe, whoe'er may smile,
This bird of gentle art and wile,
This unseen messenger of glee,
Is burdened with a song for me.

He tarries till the dawn may break
For me alone of all who wake—
For me this heavenly bird was sent
To teach my bosom sweet content.

CLARA THWAITES.

With tender questionings, again,
And yet again, my secret pain
He probes with subtle minstrel art,
With plaintive note and tuneful part.

In very scorn of doubt or fear
He pours his burden in mine ear;
I hear in every note he saith
The happy laughter of his faith!

true meaning more fully and clearly. In the common sense of the words honour or esteem, as we now understand them, the word "honour" is certainly not employed here. Only a verse or two before, the Apostle speaks of "evil-doers" and "foolish men," who could not in this sense be honoured. But in the other sense even such are to be honoured—estimated as of value.

How much we may learn from the precept regarded in this its true light! We are not to despise any. We are not to allow feelings of contempt for any. An old writer has said, "It is not for us to feel contempt for any, since God does not feel contempt for us." Take the precept thus, and how eminently *Christian* it is. Only the Christian in fact will ever, in this way, seek to "honour all men." The man of the world and the mere moralist can and do look down on those who are degraded in position or character. But we must not do this. We must try to love "as Christ has loved us." We cannot love the *sin* in a man: we should be his enemy then; but we must not despise *him*. We must be his true friend. There is, if we could only see him as God sees him—prodigal wanderer, apostate though he be—something in him to *estimate as of value*. If only he can be brought within the influence and under the power of the grace of God, he may cast a crown one day at his Redeemer's feet. He may be *lost;* but he is *worth seeking*. The Good Shepherd seeks the lost sheep. The fond father seeks the lost son. Let us do the same. Let us not act the part of Cain, and say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" but the part of the Christian, who is truly "wise," and therefore seeks to "win souls." Our gratitude for what the Father, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit have done for us, will find its most acceptable expression in the "work of faith and the labour of love," which so *estimates* the worth of its object as to "spend and be spent" for its attainment.

Of the expanded precept, "*Love the brotherhood*," I can only say, the Church of Christ would indeed be endued with fresh power from on high, if this "love" were exhibited as Christ would have it exhibited. "See how these Christians love one another," was the testimony borne in martyr times. Perhaps common suffering would again bring us closer; but in the absence of that we shall do well to pray earnestly for an increasing measure of "the mind of Christ," that we may love one another "as He has loved us!"

I must very much limit my remarks on the third element of national gratitude—the *Loyalty* of the people, enjoined in the precept, "Honour the king." A few words must suffice.

Perhaps most of us might think it almost needless to urge this precept—especially just now—in England. We all feel what it is to belong to "a strong, solid, generous, serious nation, under a throne which unites us as one vast family." The loyalty of the country has been stirred to its very depths. Still, we must affirm, the precept is neither altogether nor at all needless. We must not forget the disloyal sentiments which now and again find expression in some of our large towns. We know, too, that strong feelings are always more or less evanescent; that they are not to be relied on with too much confidence. Moreover, if we looked closely into this Christian duty of "loyalty," we should undoubtedly find that it has a deeper meaning than appears on the surface; and we might all of us safely conclude that we might, even in this year of Jubilee thankfulness, be more loyal than we are. If we ever imagine we have excelled in any Christian duty, we are most probably, nay, most certainly, under a grievous mistake. The law of God, in all particulars, is "exceeding broad." And therefore, whilst we rejoice in the unexampled outburst of loyal feeling displayed throughout the nation, it is still necessary that we should remember the precept, "Honour the king."

The ways in which this honour may be rendered are various. The recognition of the governing power in the nation as deriving its authority from God, and reverence

and respect for those who rule—restraining the liberty of censure within the Scriptural bounds implied in the precept, "Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people"—are manifestly loyal obligations. Not that civil rulers are to be exempt from censure; but the censure must not be spoken with an evil spirit. It must have a good motive, and be strictly founded on ascertained and established truth. Too often surmises and rumours loosen the tongue of calumny, and give occasion to much evil-speaking directed against "dignities." Then it ought to be remembered that the officers of state, and the magistracy of the land, are the representatives of the sovereign; and, as such, honour is due to them. No doubt the free expression of public opinion is of great service in our own country, both to the rulers and the ruled, and is, indeed, a mark of the stability of the State; but does not this public opinion sometimes seem in danger of degenerating into a melancholy exhibition of partisan bitterness and unlicensed exaggeration? Obedience to the laws, the payment of tribute, the defence and support of rulers in the lawful exercise of their authority, are also required from subjects by the principles of allegiance and loyalty.

But there is *one* duty, one way in which honour may be rendered to "the powers that be," which, if it does not include all the rest, will be no uncertain pledge that they will not be forgotten or neglected. The united common *prayer* of English loyalty is the best assurance we can have of its Scriptural and enduring character. Let our loyalty find frequent expression at the throne of grace. Let our Queen, our Royal Prince, and the partner of his life be often remembered there. We prayed for them, and with them, again and again, in the hour of sickness and bereavement. We prayed for our Prince in the hour of his peril: "If it shall be Thy pleasure, prolong, we beseech Thee, his days here on earth." And it *was* God's pleasure. His days *are* prolonged; and we had occasion to praise our God for His mercy. Let us pray on for higher mercies still. What a blessing will it be for our Prince and the nation, if the days of health before him are sanctified by the remembrance of those days of sickness, when heart and flesh were failing! Let us ask for him this blessing. Let us ask that the great question of his life may be, "What shall I render to the Lord? How may I best serve and honour Christ?" For our Queen, too, let much intercessory prayer be made: prayer that she may still long be spared to reign over us, enthroned in the nation's heart; that she may be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus; and that when she is called to put off the crown of earthly sovereignty, she may receive the crown of glory that fadeth not away! Such prayer will bring down blessings—tokens of the Divine favour—which shall prove a never-failing spring of lasting national gratitude and thanksgiving.

And then, let us be loyal to the *Throne*, as well as to our beloved Queen, its gracious occupant. Let us give no heed to those who would undermine the monarchy for the very doubtful, and what, in our favoured land, would be the absurd experiment of a republic. We know what we possess—a Constitution which secures to us the advantages of law and liberty beyond any nation on the face of the earth,—we do *not* know what we might lose. Let us give good heed to the counsel of the wisest of men: "Fear thou the Lord and the king, and meddle not with them that are given to change."

Such are the main elements of a nation's true gratitude—*Godliness*, *Charity*, *Loyalty*. As the best and most complete summary of these elements, let us often ponder, and by the grace of God strive to practise, the precepts:—

"Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king."

The Blessed Trinity.

BY THE REV. PHILIP NORTON, CURATE OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER; AUTHOR OF "EMBLEMS OF THE HOLY GHOST," ETC.

OLD Martin's work was done, and in the setting sun,
Beneath a gnarlèd tree, all weary rested he.
His little grandson came, tired of unfinished game:
With blue eyes opened wide, sat pensive by his side.
Now through the glowing air, there came a call to prayer,
For from the mist-wreathed dell, rose note of evening bell.
"Tell me, my grandsire dear, why rings that bell so clear?"
"Because, my boy," quoth he, "'tis eve of Trinity."
A wistful thought made trace upon the laddie's face,
And with a sigh said he, "Explain the Trinity."
The aged Martin smiled: "When I was but a child
Like thee, I loved to pray 'OUR FATHER' day by day;
Above my head the sky was 'Father's house on high.'
When I became a man, a heedless course I ran,
Dark passions strong and wild, with sin my soul defiled.
Remorse my spirit shook: I gat me to God's Book;
I saw on Calvary's tree the SON who died for me.
But now, like yonder sun, my day is well-nigh done,
And frosts of chilly age whiten my pilgrimage:
Thy cheering fire of love, down-flashing from above,
Sweet, awful, HOLY GHOST, Thy comfort need I most.
Thus hath long life to me revealed the Trinity."

Neighbouring.

BY NEMO.



"NO, sir, I don't go neighbouring. I mind my own business, and keep within my own doors. I've a large family, and I find plenty to do to keep my own house straight. Let folks look after their own, and leave their neighbours to themselves—that's *my* notion. A woman can't have a worse habit than to go neighbouring."

"Well said, Mrs. Benson; but may there not be another side to the question?"

"True for you, sir, and that there is," exclaimed smart Mrs. Adams. "*My* house 'll match with any in the village, *I* know. *My* husband never has a hole in his stocking. *My* children show up with any at the school; and my lady may trail her fine dresses on *my* floor any day after twelve o'clock, and nobody can't say it isn't so; but I'd scorn to be penned up in four walls the week round. I *like* a dish of tea with a neighbour, and to know what's going on. Dear me! there's the men with their papers and their club-rooms, and their this and that; *they* get the cream of the news all the world over, and what's a woman done to be shut up and told, '*You* mend your stockings and mind the house'? Mind the house, forsooth! as if the house can't be minded, and a woman see a bit of outside life into the bargain!"

"Softly, softly, my good woman. I've nothing to say against a chat by the way—'As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend,' you know. 'Good words are worth much, and

cost little,' said a wise man; but I don't know about the dish of tea, unless your family can take it with you; and I am not sure whether the words the dish of tea suggests *are* always good words—but more of that anon. Let us try to settle Mrs. Benson's point, and see how far we *may* '*neighbour*' without breaking the wise rule which set on foot this conversation of ours."

This discussion took place at a Mothers' Meeting of mine, when a good, wise friend was addressing us as we sat sewing, taking up the kindred admonitions, "Keep thy foot when thou goest into thy neighbour's house," and "Be not a busybody in other men's matters."

On this occasion, amongst our "mothers" sat a cheerful, rosy, happy-looking young woman, with a baby on her knee, soothed into the placid sleep which babies *ought* to sleep, and *do* sleep when their little day is ruled by *wise* love. I knew Mrs. Williams well, and her cheerful, clean, shining hearth, the snowy linen in her little bedroom, the bright polish on her chest of drawers and good cottage clock; and, above all, full well I knew the glad content of her husband's face, and the half-shy, but evident, pride with which he responded to the appreciative words of his neat and notable wife. I know that, had she cared, Mrs. Williams might have uttered a bolder challenge than either of our two ready speakers could or did. Her elder children, clean and neat, hand-in-hand, were always amongst the first at our morning school; and it was a real treat to pop in at the home-tea, with the fresh, trimly-set meal, and the little group waiting mother's call to take their seats: and *then, not* rushing, as too many in luxurious nurseries do, with greedy haste for the biggest bit, and best, but showing a true and gentle courtesy one to another, and a quick, unquestioning content, which could *but* spring from *a mother at home*—a mother who "minded her business," and "looked to her own;" and yet this good woman I had met in neighbours' houses—ay, again and again, neighbouring—ah! truly, *neighbouring*.

"How do *you* find it, Mrs. Williams? I know you do your own work; and I know you can do some for other people too. Will you tell us what you think about it all? I fancy you *do* 'go neighbouring' now; but your goodman seems to have nothing to complain of."

"Well, ma'am, if 'neighbouring' means the tea-drinking and the bit of gossip the gentleman spoke of, I can't say I'm much for it, any more than Mrs. Benson there. I find plenty to do, that's certain, in my home, but I can't help doing a turn for a poor sick body sometimes; it's only getting up an hour earlier in the morning, and sitting up a little, maybe, when they're all abed. And I've never found myself the worse, nor my husband either, for taking a bit of my time for a neighbour in trouble. 'One good turn deserves another;' and they'll do as much for me."

"But how when you went every day for a week to Kate Simmonds' sick baby? There was the mother able and strong there to do herself."

"Well, you see, ma'am, it's her first; and the poor thing was frightened, and didn't know much what to do either."

"But how did your own little people fare then? Didn't you find them cross, and crying, and dirty, and hungry?"

"Dear me, ma'am, I haven't brought them up for that! No, no; I just looked in now and then, and I saw to them morning and night, and father's meals, too; and they all put their best foot foremost that I shouldn't find things wrong. No, no; I hope they've got a heart in them. They know I don't go gadding on my own errands, *for gadding's sake*, and they'll make a push; and father will, too, once in a way, when I've a call like to help out.

"I've often thought, sir," continued the good woman to my friend, "that keeping your foot when you go into your neighbour's house, isn't a bit the same thing as keeping your foot *out* of it. I don't pretend to

understand a deal, but it always seems to me that it means keeping your foot ready to go out when you've done what you came for—only that must be worth the doing—such as helping, or saying a comforting word to those that want it; and I don't think if a woman *keeps* her house straight, it ever need be the worse for that sort of neighbouring, and if a man's a good heart, he'll never grumble at a bit of mercy his wife can show to another by the way."

"Right, right, Mrs. Williams, that's the whole root and core of the matter; and I think your own homely words tell it so well, that I won't spoil them with more added on. My friends, *that* is true 'neighbouring,' and the secret of obeying the two commands we have spoken of, and the *seemingly* opposed one, 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' The one great burden of Christ's teaching is *love*. Where love leads, you cannot go astray—that real genuine love that worketh 'no ill to his neighbour.' My friends, when you go to your dish of tea, ask yourselves, 'Does love take me out? Do I go to talk over my neighbours' concerns because I love them so well? because I care so much for their well-being? because I want to know how to help them?' If love, and love's offshoot, sympathy, fellow-feeling for a fellow-creature, prompt your neighbouring, then it is the right sort—you need not be ashamed of it; but if conscience tells you that no such worthy motive, but a selfish, or a spiteful, or just an idle, curiosity, a vain, profitless wish to hear and tell,—leads your foot into your neighbour's house, then *keep it out*—shut yourselves up in your four walls, till you have learnt of Him who 'came to minister,'—who *went about* truly, but 'went about *doing good*.'

"Before we part, will you sing with me these verses of a fine little hymn?—

"Thy neighbour—it is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

"Thy neighbour—'tis the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door;
Go thou and shelter him.

"Thy neighbour—'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem,—
Widow or orphan helpless left;
Go thou and comfort them.

"Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember, 'tis thy brother worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

"Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
One breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him."

"He is Precious."

BY THE LATE REV. W. E. LITTLEWOOD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "A GARLAND FROM THE PARABLES."*

LOVE of Jesus, never weary,
Hear my humble plea;
In the bosom of Thy mercy
Shelter me.

Voice of Jesus, sweetly sounding
O'er the tossing sea,
Speak, across life's troubled ocean,
Peace to me.

Heart of Jesus, all-forgiving,
Pierced on Calvary,
By Thy precious blood and passion,
Pardon me.

Hand of Jesus, strong and tender,
Nailed upon the tree,
Through the perils of life's journey
Guide Thou me.

Home of Jesus, safe and glorious,
Sinner though I be,
Yet at last, o'er sin victorious,
Welcome me.

* "A Garland from the Parables" (London: W. Mack). Rich in Christian thought and poetic beauty.

The Queen's Daily Work.

BY THE EDITOR.

DURING the Prince Consort's life the Queen and he devoted daily much time to public business, in the examination and signing of public documents. This was by no means mechanically done, but the documents were often discussed and sometimes amended.

Mr. Barnett Smith, in his admirable "Life of Her Majesty," says in reference to the year 1848:—"By way of showing the immense labour which devolved upon the Queen and Prince Albert, as well as the Foreign Secretary, during this year of trial and anxiety, it is stated that no less than twenty-eight thousand despatches were received by or sent out from the Foreign Office."

Mr. Edward Walford, in his excellent "Jubilee Memoir," writes:—"During the first few months of her reign the newspapers gave an account, more or less authentic, of the general routine of the Queen's daily life. She generally rose early, often at six, and spent some time in her own room in reading and writing. At ten the Duchess of Kent came by invitation to breakfast with her, and twelve was the hour for giving audiences to Cabinet Ministers. It may be noted that the Queen always made herself acquainted with the contents of all documents presented to her before signing them. Her spare time she devoted to reading or drawing; then there came the afternoon drive or ride."

Mrs. Emma Leslie, in her interesting "Life" of the Queen, tells us:—

"The daily work of the Sovereign, in looking over despatches from various parts of the United Kingdom, and our dependencies and colonies, to say nothing of those constantly arriving from the various Continental Courts, involves no small amount of mental wear and tear; for, to keep abreast of this work, it is needful to its proper discharge that the Queen should possess a knowledge of antecedent circumstances and side issues, before a decision can be arrived at.

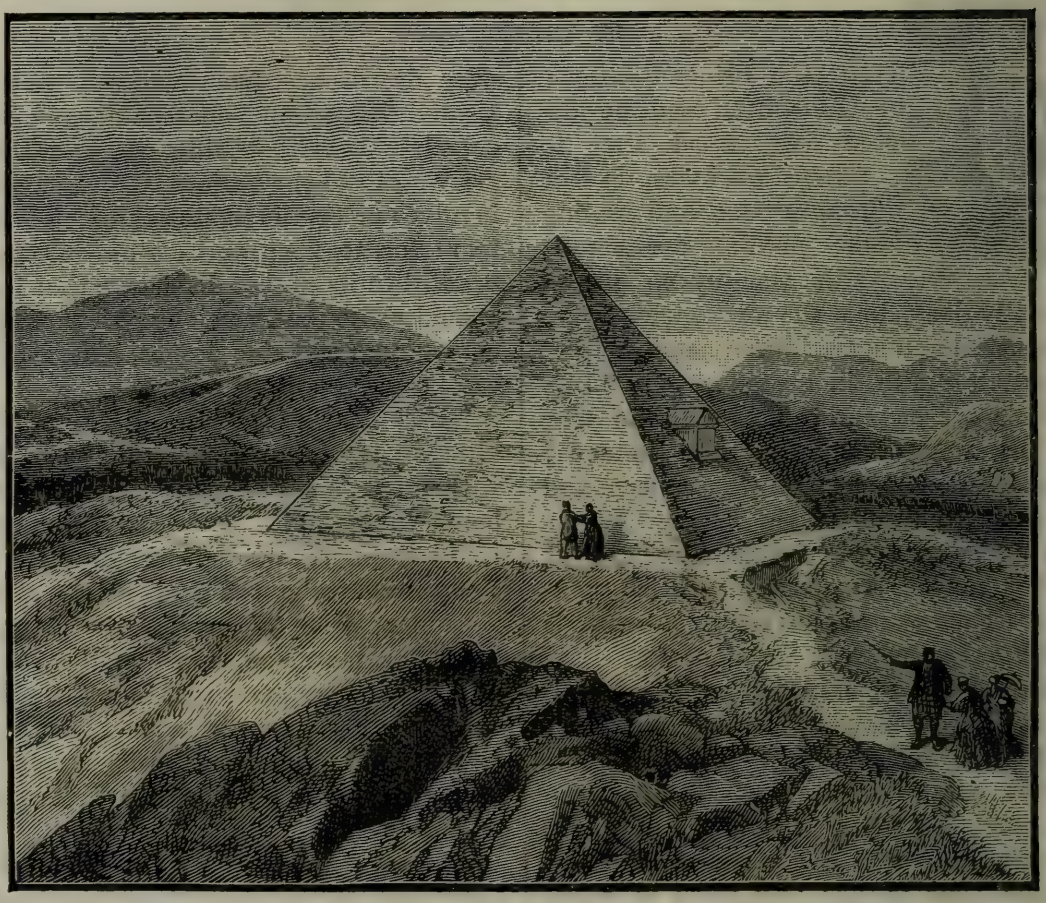
"Her Majesty's immediate predecessors always had a private secretary to assist them with the details of this work; but the Queen being young and inexperienced when she came to the throne, it was felt that only a husband could undertake the responsible and confidential position of private secretary, and so, until her marriage, Lord Melbourne for the most part performed this office; but soon after she was married, Prince Albert, as we have seen, took up the position, and fulfilled its duties with a devotion that left nothing to be desired.

"It was the rule in the Royal household for the Prince to be up early,—often before daylight in the winter time,—and go through all the despatches that had arrived, if possible, before the Queen came down. Their writing-tables stood close together, and when she came in he would explain all that needed explanation in a few words, but the knowledge they conveyed had perhaps cost him some hours of careful study beforehand. Then they would sit down and work together, often having to give the closest attention to the matter in hand, so as to get through all the needful work before some public duty called them away." *

READ WELL AND LIVE AS WELL.

A PROUD East Indian Nabob going along the streets one day was attracted by the sounds proceeding from a Mission School, and he drew near to listen. The boys were reading the fifth chapter of St. Matthew. The eyes of the prince flashed with unwonted fire, and when they had finished their lesson he exclaimed, "Well, if you only live that chapter as well as you read it, I will never say another word against Christianity."

* A Fourth Thousand of "*The Home Life of the Prince Consort*," by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D., Author of "*The Queen's Resolve*," is now ready. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* Also, New Edition of "*Doubly Royal: The Princess Alice.*" Price 2*s.* (*Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.)



CAIRN ON CRAIG LOWRIGAN: IN MEMORY OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

Pictures at Home and Abroad.

BY A TRAVELLER.

V. THE QUEEN'S HIGHLAND HOME.

(*Continued from Page* 161.)

BALLATER, with the opposite hill of Craigandarroch, and the Morven range extending to the north, closes the lower end of Glen Muich, a wide and long valley that runs up ten or twelve miles into the Grampians, in a south-west direction, winding round the back of the Lochnagar group of mountains. Nine miles up the glen is Loch Muich, which is a rather large piece of water, sombre, and enclosed by precipices. Above this is another lake, the Dhu Loch, with sheer granite walls around it.

The circuit of the Lochnagar mountain district, returning again to Deeside, used to be a favourite excursion of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, who made a small lodge, in 1849, at Alt-na-Giuthasach, on the shore of Loch Muich, which is about halfway round.

The Queen, writing from Alt-na-Giuthasach, September 16, 1852, gives a graphic picture of her Highland life:—

"We started at a quarter to eleven, and soon arrived at the Alt-na-Dearg, a small burn and fall, which is very fine and rapid. We got off our ponies, and walked a long way on the top of the very steep hills overhanging the loch, to the Stron, and the Moss of Monelpie, whence you overlook all the country belonging to Lord Panmure, Mount Keen, the Ogilvie Hills, etc. Here I suddenly missed my watch, which the dear old Duke had given me; and, not being certain whether I had put it on or not, I asked Mackenzie—one of our keepers,



LOCH-NA-GAR.



LOCH DHU ("BLACK LOCH").

and a very good man, who lives at Alt-na-Giuthasach—to go back and inquire.

"We walked on, until we reached the higher part of the Glassalt, which we stepped across. We had passed over the tops of these hills on that expedition to the Dhu Loch, three years ago, when the ground was so soft that ponies could scarcely get along, the roads were so very bad.

"Then we began the descent of the Glassalt, along which another path had been admirably made. From here it is quite beautiful, so wild and grand. The Falls are equal to those of the Bruar at Blair, and are 150 feet in height; the whole height to the foot of the loch being 500 feet. It looked very picturesque to see the ponies, and the Highlanders, winding along. We came down to the Shiel of the Glassalt, lately built, where there is a charming room for us, commanding a most lovely view. Here we took the cold luncheon which we had brought with us; and after that we mounted our ponies, and rode them to the Dhu Loch, along a beautiful path which keeps well above the burn, that rushes along over flat great slabs of stone. The scenery is exquisite. In half or three quarters of an hour, we were at the wild and picturesque Dhu Loch."



LOCH MUICH.

We give an illustration of Loch-na-Gar. The mountains, the highest peak of which attains an altitude of 3,789 feet, are "steep frowning glories," the rocks "wild and majestic," to which the beauties of lawn-like meadows and wooded hills seem "tame and domestic," as on the verdant banks of the Dee, at Balmoral or Invercauld.

The "Cairn" erected by Her Majesty on the top of Craig Lowrigan, near the Castle, is mentioned in her Journal of May 19, 1863. It is there described as "a fine sharp pyramid admirably constructed of granite without any mortar." The Queen had mentioned the building of this monument in a preceding entry, August 21, 1862, which we transcribe:—

"At eleven o'clock, started off in the little pony-chair, drawn by the Corriemulzie pony, and led by Brown, with Bertie" (the Prince of Wales), "who had come over from Birkhall, on foot, and the two little boys, who joined us later, for Craig Lowrigan; and I actually drove in the little carriage to the very top, turning off from the path and following the track where the carts had gone. Grant and Duncan pushed the carriage behind. Sweet Baby (Beatrice) we found at the top. The view was so fine, the day so bright, and the heather so beautifully pink—but no pleasure, no joy! all dead!

"And here at the top is the foundation of the Cairn, forty feet wide, to be erected to my precious Albert, which will be seen all down the valley. I and my poor six orphans all placed stones on it; and our initials, as well as those of the three absent ones, are to be carved on stones all round it."

INCOMPLETENESS.

IF none were sick, and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think, if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our belovèd never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die, and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.—ANON.

The Queen's Income.

MOST people know that the cost of Republican government often exceeds that of a Limited Monarchy. But so much nonsense is constantly talked, and such errors prevail about the Queen's income, that it may be well to give the simple facts.

By an Act passed soon after Her Majesty's Accession, in which the Queen waived her right to and interest in certain *hereditary* rates, charges, duties, and revenues, equal now to about £395,000, which by her prerogative she *might* have claimed, the civil list—*i.e.*, her income—is fixed at £385,000 per annum.

Now we suppose some of her subjects possess an income exceeding this: but the main point is that the Queen's income is not, as in the case of her subjects, really at her own disposal. With the exception of £60,000, payable so long as Her Majesty lives, the income is assigned to certain necessary outlay to keep up State Royalty.

Thus £131,260 is for the payment of the numerous official personages who form the Queen's Household: and £172,500 is expended in Royal housekeeping, and semi-public entertainments. The remaining sum, £13,200, is devoted to "Royal Bounty Grants," "Special Service Awards," "Maunday Gifts," and "Pensions to Distressed Ladies."

It will thus be seen that the Queen's income is not only below that of some of her subjects, but the greater portion of it only passes into her hands to find a speedy outlet in really national objects. Originally also the whole was hereditary, as other property is. The whole amount represents about one-sixth of a penny income tax.

Quarrelling.

"A LITTLE explained, a little endured, a little passed over, and the quarrel is ended."

"Better to suffer without cause, than to have cause for suffering."

"It costs more to resent injuries than to bear them."

"In a hundred ells of contention there is not an inch of love."

"To cast oil on the fire will not put it out."

"Go not to law for the wagging of a straw."

"How often we are mistaken."

"When one will not two cannot quarrel."

"An enemy gained is a friend won."

"A victory over temper is a victory indeed."

"Prayer for one's self helps us to think charitably of others."

"There would be no quarrelling if we loved our neighbour as ourselves."

"He that loveth God will love his brother also."

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADE.

XIV. My first is superfluous;
My second is common;
My whole is uncommon.

L. O. S.

CONUNDRUMS.

67. Why is a bad cold like the House of Commons?
68. How does hot weather spoil the temper?
69. Why is a cross husband like a bad fire?
70. When has a boy two pairs of hands?
71. Why could not postage-stamps be used in the reign of Henry VIII.?
72. Why is a civil war like an earthquake?
73. What river in England runs between two seas?
74. In what English word do all the vowels follow in order?

ANSWERS. (See JULY No., p. 165.)

CHARADES.

XIII. Coltsfoot.

CONUNDRUMS.

57. Maid of Orleans.
58. Because of the sand which is there (sandwiches there).
59. A five-pound note, because it is doubled in my pocket, and when taken out I see it in-creases.
60. Every corps (core) has its colonel (kernel).
61. Because it is the centre (scenter).
62. It cuts against the grain.
63. W, O man. (Double you.)
64. Go to a magistrate, and get myself redressed.
65. It is pasturage (past-your-age).
66. Driving rains (reins).



"WHAT SHALL I DO?"

"Face the foe like a man, and a goose will never frighten you,"

The Young Folks' Page.

XXVI. "OUR QUEEN'S GLAD JUBILEE."

THE following Jubilee Hymn, by the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, was sung at a service for the young folk held in Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair, on the Sunday before Jubilee Day. No fewer than ten of the Queen's grandchildren were present. These were their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales; their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, the children of the Crown Prince and Princess; his Royal Highness Prince Alfred of Edinburgh; and their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Marie, Melita, and Alexandra of Edinburgh. – *The Ed.* "*H. W.*"]

As we hear the summer breeze
Sweep across the fresh-bloomed trees,
Murmuring with a soft delight
'Mid the young leaves waving bright;

So, as through this nation move
Heartfelt sympathy and love,
Let the children's voices sweet
Join this happy time to greet.

To the King of kings we raise
Songs of thankfulness and praise,
For the blessings He has shed
On our gracious Sovereign's head.

By His loving grace and power
God has kept her to this hour,
'Mid her royal pomp and state,
Trustful, tender, truly great.

All her people's joys her own,
All their sorrows reach her throne;
So this gladsome day rejoice,
Every heart and every voice.

Bless, good Lord, thro' years to come
Our loved Sovereign and her home:
Keep her in Thy love and fear,
Bless her children's children dear.

And at last when life is done,
When there dawns the Eternal Sun,
Which, beyond the sea's far brink,
Nevermore in night shall sink;

Then, we pray, in Thy great love,
Welcome her to heaven above;
Grant her from Thy Throne on high
Crown of immortality.

God, Almighty Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Hear the hymn we sing to Thee,
On our Queen's glad Jubilee.

XXVII. WHAT "LOYALTY" IS.

"NEVER be ashamed, boys and girls, to be proud of your country; never be ashamed that you love and honour your Queen. A long time ago, when I myself was a boy, I saw Her Majesty coming out of a house where she had been to visit a sick person. I heard one workman say to another, 'I like the Queen, Bill. I like having somebody to look up to;' and his companion replied, 'Yes; and she is so good.' To have somebody to look up to, and feel that she was so good, is loyalty."—*Rev. Teignmouth Shore.*

XXVIII. "THE VERY REASON."

A NOBLE little fellow was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said one of his companions; "for if your father should find out that you had them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you."

"*That is the very reason,*" replied the boy, "why I should not touch them. It is true my father would not hurt me; yet my disobedience would hurt my father, and that would be worse that anything else."

XXIX. CYRIL, THE MARTYR CHILD.

AT Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, a child named Cyril, in a time of heavy persecution, called continually on the Name of Jesus Christ, and neither threats nor blows could divert him from it. Many children of his own age persecuted him; and his father, who was a heathen, turned him out of doors. At last they brought him before the judge, who both threatened and entreated him; but he said, "I rejoice to bear your reproaches; God will receive me; I shall have a better mansion. I fear not death, because it will introduce me to a better life."

In the end he was condemned to the flames, with a full expectation that he would recant and save his life; but he persisted, saying:—"Your fire and your sword are insignificant: I go to a better house, and more excellent riches; despatch me presently, that I may enjoy them." They did so, and he suffered martyrdom amidst a throng of wondering spectators.

The Bible Mine Searched.

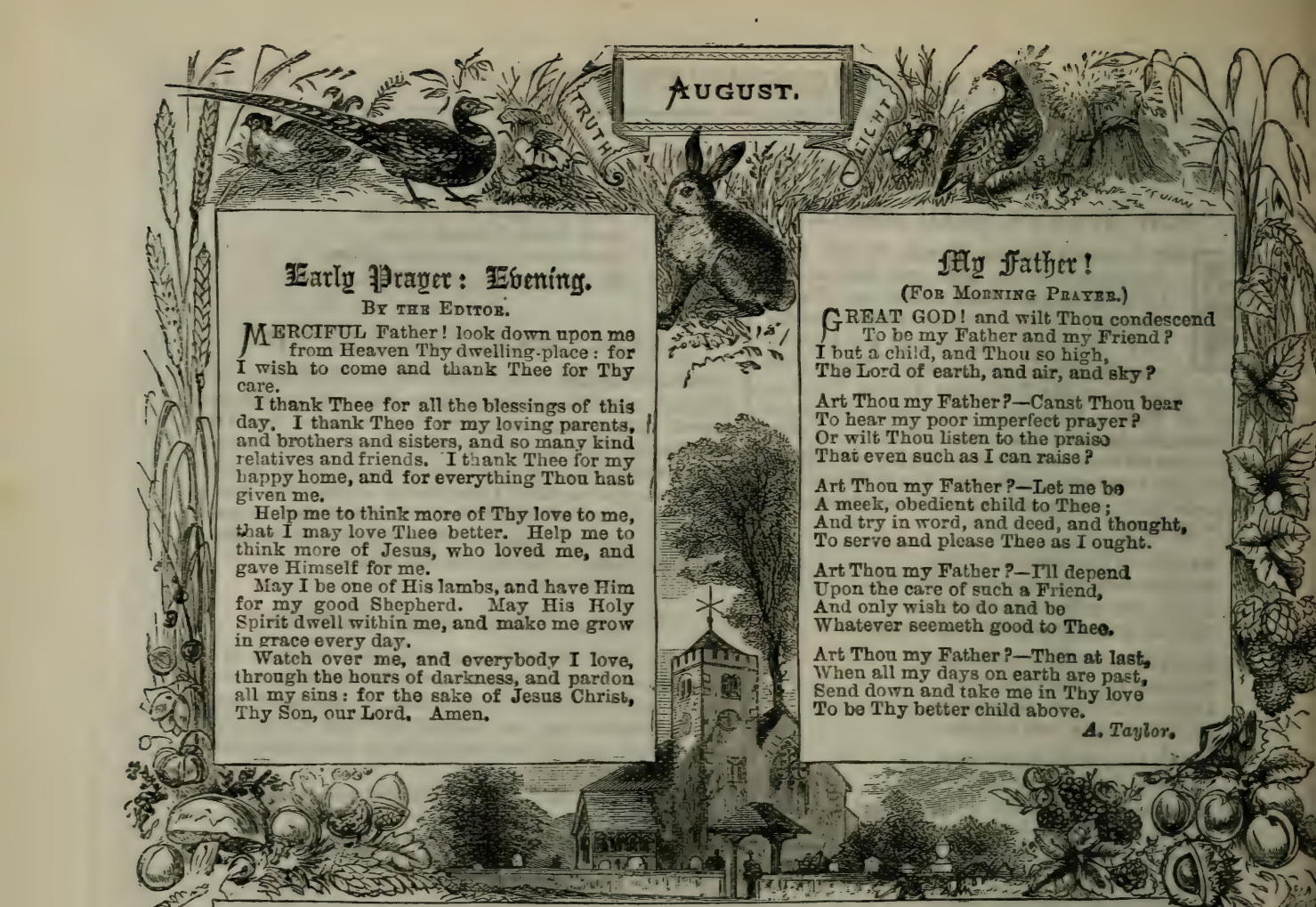
SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. QUOTE some texts showing that "clapping hands" signified great joy among the Jews.
2. What writer refers to the migratory habits of the swallow?
3. In which Epistle does St. Paul mention certain events following his conversion, which are not recorded in the Acts of the Apostles?
4. In what way did the Christians at Rome show their sympathy with St. Paul, when he was being taken to that city as a prisoner?
5. What lawyer is mentioned as one of St. Paul's great helpers in the work of the Gospel?

ANSWERS (See JUNE No., p. 143).

1. Prov. xvi. 32.
2. The Philippian Church (Phil. iv. 15).
3. "Hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?" (Job xxxviii. 22, 23).
4. "I am like a pelican of the wilderness;" "I am like an owl of the desert;" "I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop" (Ps. cii. 6. 7).
5. The Nile the emblem of Egypt; the Tigris of Assyria; the Euphrates of Babylon (Jer. xlvi. 7; Isa. viii. 7; Isa. xxvii. 1).



Early Prayer: Evening.

By the Editor.

MERCIFUL Father! look down upon me from Heaven Thy dwelling-place: for I wish to come and thank Thee for Thy care.

I thank Thee for all the blessings of this day. I thank Thee for my loving parents, and brothers and sisters, and so many kind relatives and friends. I thank Thee for my happy home, and for everything Thou hast given me.

Help me to think more of Thy love to me, that I may love Thee better. Help me to think more of Jesus, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.

May I be one of His lambs, and have Him for my good Shepherd. May His Holy Spirit dwell within me, and make me grow in grace every day.

Watch over me, and everybody I love, through the hours of darkness, and pardon all my sins: for the sake of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

My Father!

(For Morning Prayer.)

GREAT GOD! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I but a child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

Art Thou my Father?—Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That even such as I can raise?

Art Thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

Art Thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

Art Thou my Father?—Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

A. Taylor.

"That we Show Forth Thy Praise."

"I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving."—Ps. cxvi. 17.

1	M	Ye are a peculiar people. 1 St. Pet. ii. 9.
2	Tu	That ye should show forth the praises of Him
3	W	Who hath called you out of darkness.
4	Th	Let the redeemed of the Lord say so.
5	F	I was with thee whithersoever thou wentest.
6	S	Thou hast brought me hitherto. 2 Sam. vii. 18.
7	S	**9th S. aft. Trin.** *Every day will I bless thee.*
8	M	I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies.
9	Tu	God hath dealt graciously with me.
10	W	I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live.
11	Th	Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. Ps. civ. 35.
12	F	I will sing praises unto the Lord. Ps. xxvii. 6.
13	S	O the depth of the riches of the wisdom of God!
14	S	**10th S. aft. Trin.** *His ways...past finding out.*
15	M	Joyful in the Lord. Ps. xxxv. 9.
16	Tu	A man of understanding walketh uprightly.
17	W	Praise is comely for the upright. Ps. xxxiii. 1.
18	Th	They shall show forth all My praise.
19	F	My soul shall make her boast in the Lord.
20	S	His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
21	S	**11th S. aft. Trin.** *He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.* 1 Cor. i. 31.
22	M	Thou art My servant. Isa. xliv. 21. [21.
23	Tu	Thou shalt not be forgotten of Me. Isa. xliv.
24	W	S. Bart. *My servants shall sing for joy of heart.*
25	Th	My mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips.
26	F	When I remember Thee upon my bed.
27	S	Rejoice in the Lord alway. Phil. iv. 4.
28	S	**12th S. aft. Trin.** *I desired Thee in the night.*
29	M	With my spirit within me will I seek Thee.
30	Tu	Bless the Lord, O my soul. Ps. ciii. 1.
31	W	Forget not all His benefits. Ps. ciii. 1.

Sun.—1st day. Moon.—Full, 3rd, a. 8.40.
Rises 4.25. Sets 7.46. ,, New, 19th, m. 5.39.

1. Slavery was abolished in the Queen's dominions, 1834.
6. Duke of Edinburgh born, in 1844.
25. Michael Faraday, the distinguished chemist, died, 1867.
26. The Prince Consort was born, 1819.
27. Sir Rowland Hill died, 1879.
27. Julius Cæsar landed in Britain, B.C. 55.
31. John Bunyan died, 1688.

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THE VEN. ARCHDEACON BARDSLEY, D.D.,

THE NEW BISHOP OF

SODOR AND MAN.

From a Photograph by Mr. S. A. Walker, *Regent Street.*

AS·FOR·ME & MY·HOUSE WE·WILL·SERVE THE·LORD·

HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Venerable Archdeacon Bardsley, D.D.,

THE NEW BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE name of Bardsley is associated in many localities with zealous and unsparing devotion to the work of the ministry in the dear old Church of England: and we need hardly say, the appointment of the Venerable John Wareing Bardsley, Archdeacon of Liverpool, to succeed Dr. Rowley Hill, the late beloved Bishop of Sodor and Man, has been welcomed with universal satisfaction.

The new Bishop is the eldest son of the late Canon Bardsley, of Manchester, who was laid to his rest about a year ago, and of whom it has been said that he was, under God, the means of introducing no fewer than forty clergymen now actively at work to the ministry in the Church of England. While Curate of Keighley, the late Canon married Sarah, daughter of John Wareing, Esq., of Greenacres, Oldham. Their family consisted of seven sons, and a daughter, who died in infancy. All seven sons followed in their father's steps, and became clergymen, and we believe also total abstainers. The Bishop-designate has now three brothers in the ministry: The Rev. James W. Bardsley, Vicar of Huddersfield; the Rev. R. W. Bardsley, Vicar of Skelton, Yorkshire; and the Rev. Canon Charles W. Bardsley, Vicar of Ulverston. The Rev. Canon Joseph Bardsley, Vicar of Bradford, Yorkshire; and the Rev. Samuel Bardsley, Rector of Finchley, N., are his uncles.

Archdeacon Bardsley was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took the B.A. degree in 1859. He was ordained by the late Bishop Graham, of Chester, in 1859; and for the two succeeding years laboured as Curate of St. Anne's, Sale, near Manchester. He removed to Liverpool in 1861. For two years he worked in the central city parish of St. Luke, relinquishing the appointment to become Secretary of the Islington Protestant Institute. After three years' active work in this sphere, he once more returned to parochial duties, and accepted the Vicarage of St. John's, Bootle, near Liverpool. About this time also, he married the sister of Mr. F. S. Powell, M.P. for Wigan.

He found his new and large parish almost entirely destitute of parochial agencies; but at the end of his seven years' work he was able to leave behind him the largest schools in the neighbourhood, and working-men's clubs and other

useful societies in a most satisfactory condition.

In 1871 he was preferred to the Vicarage of St. Saviour's, Liverpool: and here his exceptional qualifications as a preacher and parochial organizer, his earnestness, force of character, and solidity of judgment promptly gained for him a crowded congregation and a wide reputation. It is fitting also that we should mention that the parish has derived considerable benefit from the indefatigable efforts and persuasive influence of Mrs. Bardsley and her daughters. Their removal will be a sore trial to many to whom they have endeared themselves by their devotion and self-sacrifice. As Archdeacon of Warrington, and lately of Liverpool, it is needless to say Mr. Bardsley gained the highest esteem of the clergy, from whom some time since he received a handsome testimonial and address.

He has always taken a deep interest in the Temperance movement: and is chairman of the Liverpool Diocesan branch, as well as a vice-president of the Church of England Temperance Society. Many years ago, in response to the question, "What made you an abstainer?" he wittily replied, as a life-abstainer, "I never was *made* a teetotaler, ''Specs I growed,' like little Topsy!"

A frequent hearer of the Archdeacon describes him as eminently a thoughtful preacher: "His style has literary graces, and is characterized by profound reasoning, and a subtle analysis peculiarly his own. When listening to his discourses, one is struck not only with the absorbed spirit of the preacher, but also with a fervency which breaks out when one least expects it. His voice, though not flexible, is clear and penetrating."

"As a speaker the Bishop-designate is not less happy in his utterances. He would despise all tricks of oratory or vulgar devices of rhetoric, by which many seek to excel. When he rises to speak, one experiences no electric shock and listens to no inflated sensationalism. But slowly and surely one finds one's self, perhaps unconsciously, following his words attentively. There is nothing to startle or arouse, but he is endowed with one pre-requisite to platform efficiency which many speakers, otherwise admirably equipped, fail to possess. It is difficult to give a definition. But we may describe it as an intuitive perception of the fitness of things, so that he who is endowed with it will always do that which is appropriate to the circumstances. Again and again have we known the Archdeacon, called upon to speak at the shortest notice, say exactly what was needed."

As an author, Archdeacon Bardsley's name is not unknown. His *Counsels to Confirmation Candidates* (Elliot Stock) is a valuable little book. As a result of his frequent visits to Palestine we have his lectures on *Those Holy Fields:* and his series of papers in the *Church Sunday School Magazine*, entitled *Bible Details Verified*, contains an inexhaustible store of materials on the Land and the Book. His lecture on *The Origin of Man*, read before the Victoria Institute, is invaluable, and contains a vast amount of scientific thought in a small compass.

May the new Bishop long be spared to carry on, with the strength and energy and winning earnestness which have ever characterized him, his valued and devoted labours!

Harvest Home.

OH, for an anthem peal of joy to-day!
Angels descend again with hymns of peace,
And help us sing our hallelujah lay
Of thanks to God for Harvest Home increase.

For every grain of corn by Him is sent:
In sunshine's golden beams His light we see.
O Bounteous Father! now, in love's content,
Our litany of thanks we chant to Thee.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

Ready, aye Ready!

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW;" "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOOD ADVICE.

"GOOD afternoon, Mrs. Stuart. Fine day! Well—and how's the world getting along with you?" asked Mrs. Mason.

Mrs. Stuart looked as if the world were not getting along with her at all. She gave Mrs. Mason scant welcome.

"My fire's took to smoking like mad; smoked me out, if I didn't want to be turned into a dried herring," said Mrs. Mason. "So I thought I'd just look in here for half an hour, and ask you for a neighbourly cup of tea."

Mrs. Stuart rose to her full length, like a big snake rearing itself on end, and stalked like a pair of huge compasses to the fireplace.

"I've brought my knitting," said Mrs. Mason. Forthwith she pulled out a half-made stocking, and set to work upon it.

Mrs. Stuart stalked back again.

"The kettle don't seem to be of a mind to boil yet. Kettles are uncommon perverse articles," said Mrs. Mason. "I'm in no sort of a hurry, so it don't matter—not in the very least. But perhaps you're expecting company, in which case I'd best make myself scarce, seeing I'm not come by invitation."

Mrs. Mason knitted and smiled, as she talked, showing no bodily inclination to budge.

"I'm not expecting no company," said Mrs. Stuart, with the intonation of a deeply injured woman.

"How's Archie to-day?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"He's well enough," said Mrs. Stuart.

"Fine-looking young fellow he does grow, to be sure! I don't know a finer in the neighbourhood!"

Mrs. Stuart looked glum.

"And I can tell you, other folks think so as well as me. Why, there's the Dunns!"

Mrs. Stuart's wrath exploded suddenly. "Don't talk to *me* of them Dunns!" she cried.

"Why, dear me!" uttered Mrs. Mason. "And they such friends of Archie's!"

Mrs. Stuart couldn't sit still. She had nothing particular to do, standing up, but she marched to the dresser, and carried off two plates to a cupboard. Then she rubbed away vigorously at a spot of grease on the table. Then she poked the fire.

"I'm sure I don't wonder, neither," pursued Mrs. Mason. "They're the nicest family I know in all Littleburgh. Yes, the very nicest."

Mrs. Stuart tossed her head.

"And Nannie Dunn is the sort of girl one don't come across often," said Mrs. Mason. "She's the best-trained I ever saw. And the best-behaved. And the prettiest. And the neatest-dressed. I'm sure now, to hear Miss Wilmot talk of her! And as for that poor thing, Bess Gardiner,—why, she's a different creature altogether. I do believe there's nothing on earth she wouldn't do, if Nannie bid her. Mrs. Gardiner can't make her out. There's a lot done among girls by a good example. And I always do say Archie 'll have a pretty little wife, and a good one too, some day."

Mrs. Stuart wheeled round upon Mrs. Mason, snorting contemptuously.

"My Archie's not a-going to marry Nancy Dunn," she declared, her nostrils quivering with anger.

"Why now, you don't say so! And everybody counting it a settled thing," said Mrs. Mason.

"Everybody's got no business. It's not a settled thing. It's never a-going to be a settled thing," said Mrs. Stuart.

"Just suited for one another too," said Mrs. Mason.

"My Archie's in the trade," said Mrs. Stuart majestically; "and his father was in the trade afore him, and *his* father afore *him*. And Dunn's a labourer. Archie's not a-going to marry yet. And when he does, he'll marry somebody of his own proper standing. And that's all I've got to say about it."

"Pity!—ain't it?" said Mrs. Mason. "And Dunn pretty near as well able to handle the tools as any men in the trade, if it wasn't for

trade restrictions; and better read by a long way than any other man at the works. And you don't count Nannie good enough for your Archie! Dear me, now! I shouldn't have thought it."

"It don't matter who thinks, nor who don't," said Mrs. Stuart, impatiently pouring water from the kettle into the teapot. "I've my own mind in the matter."

"But, Mrs. Stuart, Archie has *his* mind too," her visitor said. "And he's getting to be a man fast. And I suppose a man has a right to his mind, as well as a woman."

"Maybe!" Mrs. Stuart said shortly. Perhaps the idea had not struck her before.

"If I was you," Mrs. Mason went on, "I'd just take care not to pull the cord too tight—that's what I'd do. For if you don't, I shouldn't wonder but some day or other your boy may chance to break loose from it. It's not all young fellows as 'ud wait so patient as Archie's waiting now. And if I was you, I wouldn't go too far. You don't know but what the temptation might be too strong for him, if you do. His heart's just set on Nannie, and there's nothing except your will keeping the two apart."

Mrs. Stuart snorted again.

"I'm not saying that Archie has a mind to marry yet awhile, for I know he hasn't: I've heard him say so. And there's no need for you to fret and worry, expecting that. Archie knows well enough his first duty is to his mother. You've done a deal for him; and he knows it, Mrs. Stuart. He don't mean to marry till he can earn enough to keep a wife as well as his mother. I shouldn't wonder if he hasn't said so much to you. It's not a subject you're over-fond of talking about, if I'm not mistaken. But Archie knows his duty, and he does mean to do it. And if he didn't, there'd be none quicker to blame him than Mrs. Dunn."

Mrs. Stuart grunted this time.

"Howsomever, I do say his mind is set on Nannie Dunn,—and I don't wonder!" said Mrs. Mason. "If I was a man, I wouldn't look at another girl in the place beside her! And I do say, you'll be wise to give in to your boy, and let him be happy. You don't like me saying so much!—no, of course you don't. And it isn't none of my business,—no, of course it isn't. But I do say, if I was you, I wouldn't risk snapping of the cord by pulling of it too tight. For there's never no knowing how much a young man 'll stand."

Grunt the second.

"Now if Nannie was a bad sort of girl, and one as couldn't be expected to make Archie a good wife, why, you'd be right to hold out all you could. But when there's no sort of manner of reason!—and when she's the best and sweetest and prettiest girl that ever was!—and when Archie just dotes on her!—and when she's willing!—and when her father and mother don't object!—why, I do say, Mrs. Stuart,—[just you lend me a pair of scissors for one moment, will you?]—I do say, Mrs. Stuart, you'll be wise to give in. And if you're angry with me for speaking out, I can't help it; for I made up my mind I'd speak out, and when I make up my mind to a thing, I'm not easy stopped. And Archie's behaved so pretty of late, I do think he deserves it."

Mrs. Mason was a person of some influence among her neighbours, accounted by them to possess an uncommon amount of common-sense. Her words were not without effect. Mrs. Stuart made no answer; but she did not snort or toss her head. When Mrs. Mason was gone, she actually sat quite idle, with her hands before her, thinking the matter over.

After all, there was much truth in Mrs. Mason's words, and Mrs. Stuart knew it. She began almost to wish that she could see some mode of giving way to Archie, without hurting her own dignities. Like many people of rather small minds, Mrs. Stuart had the greatest possible objection to acknowledging herself in the wrong. She always was right, and she always had been right; and if she once said a thing, she stuck to it like a limpet to a rock. So the difficulty was, how she could possibly slide out of her former position into a new position, without giving anybody the power to say, "Mrs. Stuart has changed her mind." Mrs. Stuart prided herself on not changing her mind. Infallible people never do change their minds; for why should they ever become wiser to-day than they were yesterday?

Still, without condescending to change her mind, or to acknowledge that she had been mistaken, Mrs. Stuart had certainly obtained a new view of the question. And the grand puzzle was—how to beat a retreat without seeming to do so?

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RECTOR'S WISH.

EXACTLY one quarter of an hour after Mrs. Mason's departure there came a rap at the door. Mrs. Stuart went to open it. Outside stood a respectably dressed young woman, tall and plain-featured. The shawl drawn over her head in lieu of a bonnet marked her out as a "factory-girl."

Mrs. Stuart had a puzzled recollection of knowing the face, but she could attach no name to it. So she only stared solemnly at the new-comer, who returned the stare with interest, while demanding bluntly—

"Mrs. Mason here?"

"No," said Mrs. Stuart.

"Plague!" muttered the other. "And they told me she was."

"She's been here," said Mrs. Stuart.

"Where's she gone, then?"

"What's she wanted for?" asked Mrs. Stuart.

"One o' the Handcock children's been and pulled a kettle o' boiling water over, and got itself scalded. Nancy Dunn's in there, but Mrs. Dunn's out, and Nancy thought Mrs. Mason 'ud help best. So I said I'd fetch her, and they told me she was gone here."

"Why, whatever in the world was the mother about not to look after the child?" demanded Mrs. Stuart.

"Mrs. Handcock? She's off at the factory all day."

"More shame for her!" said Mrs. Stuart—"with four babies to look after, and a husband getting good wages."

"Well, she is,—and the children's locked up at home commonly. Nancy heard the screams, and called help, and the door was broke open somehow. They had a job to get in. The child's badly hurt."

"I shouldn't wonder if Mrs. Mason was—what's your name?" inquired Mrs. Stuart.

"I'm Bess Gardiner." The girl's freckled face coloured up.

"You Bess Gardiner! I never! Why, I shouldn't have known you."

"That's what I am," said Bess hardily.

"I shouldn't have known you, anyway," repeated Mrs. Stuart.

"It's Nancy's doing," said Bess.

"What's her doing?"

"Me!" said Bess curtly. "If I'm different, it's all Nancy."

"*You* aint a friend of Nancy Dunn's," said Mrs. Stuart, with a toss of her head.

Bess flashed out, understanding more than Mrs. Stuart would have expected.

"No,—that's what I'm not. You're right there. I'm not good enough to be Nancy's friend. But she's the best friend to me ever I had in all my life. *She* don't cock up her head and look down upon everybody as isn't as good as herself. She just takes 'em by the hand, and helps 'em on. If it hadn't been for Nancy——" Bess came to a stop. "But I've no business waiting here. You can't tell me where I'm to find Mrs. Mason?"

"No, I can't," said Mrs. Stuart.

"Might as well ha' told me so at first!" and Bess dashed away.

Mrs. Stuart made no effort to detain Bess further. She went back to her seat and her darning.

Not, however, to remain long undisturbed. Visitors were plentiful this day. Another rap at the door—gentler in kind than the last—drew Mrs. Stuart thither again.

"May I come in?" asked the Rector's pleasant tones.

Mrs. Stuart backed before him in a flutter of pleasure. As Archie had said, she "set great store" by Mr. Wilmot. A call from him made a red-letter day in her calendar. Mr. Wilmot was a thorough gentleman, never more so than in the homes of working-men, and his kind considerate courtesy had long ago won Mrs. Stuart's heart. Immediately her eyes fell on him, she made up her mind not to speak as yet about the scalded child, lest he should instantly start off for the Handcocks' cottage.

"Pray do come in, sir," said Mrs. Stuart, with an air of much alacrity, dusting a chair which required no dusting.

Mr. Wilmot found his way to it, with a faint smile of response. He looked very pale and weary, and for two or three seconds he did not speak. Mrs. Stuart watched him in an uneasy fashion.

"I'm afraid you're ill, sir," she said at length.

"Not very well," Mr. Wilmot answered. "Would it trouble you much, Mrs. Stuart, to give me a cup of tea?"

Trouble her! Mrs. Stuart was delighted. She put back the kettle on the coals, brought out china and teapot anew, and cut some

delicate slices of thin bread-and-butter, quite disregarding Mr. Wilmot's assurances that he wanted nothing to eat.

Then she stood by the fire, waiting till the water should boil. Mrs. Stuart was far too good a housewife to make tea from a singing but not boiling kettle.

Mr. Wilmot leant back in the big wooden easy-chair, as silent as herself. Mrs. Stuart, unlike Annie, knew illness when she saw it, and she was much struck with his air of exhaustion. It seemed so unlike Mr. Wilmot. Generally when he came in he was bright and chatty, asking her about all her interests and belongings.

"I'm afraid you've been very bad, sir, lately," she said. "There's a good many of us have seen it. You've lost a deal of flesh."

Hardly any answer came to this. The water was boiling at last,—evidenced by the straight rush of steam from the spout and by the dancing lid. A very few minutes more, and Mr. Wilmot was gratefully sipping a cup of excellent tea.

"You certainly are an adept in the art of tea-making," he said.

"And I'm sure I'm proud to make it for you, sir," asserted Mrs. Stuart, with a geniality of manner which would have astonished many of those acquaintances who knew her only as a human icicle. An icicle needs to be thawed before it can possibly become warm; and not many people in Littleburgh possessed such thawing powers as Mr. Wilmot.

"Sit down, Mrs. Stuart. Pray don't stand," he said kindly.

Mrs. Stuart complied.

"And you'll eat something,—won't you now?" she entreated. "My bread's every bit home-made, and I'll answer for it as it's wholesome. You do look better for the tea, sir, already. I didn't like to see you as you was when you come in."

"Mrs. Stuart, if you see my daughter, don't mention this to her," said Mr. Wilmot. "She is quite anxious enough already."

"No, sir. She'd need be anxious, I'm sure," said Mrs. Stuart, unaware that it is often by no means the height of wisdom to tell an invalid how ill he is looking. "For I don't know as I ever did see anybody change for the worse, sir, in a few months as you've done,—and you as used to be so strong! Why, you've grown as thin! And not a bit of strength in you."

"Not very much sometimes," admitted Mr. Wilmot. Then with a grave smile he added, "But isn't it a happy thing to be able to say, not only 'To live is Christ!' but also 'To die is gain!'"

"Mercy, sir! You're not a-going to die," exclaimed Mrs. Stuart, though she had often of late asserted a belief in the fatal nature of Mr. Wilmot's illness.

"That neither you nor I can tell. It will be as my Master wills. If He calls me, I am ready."

"But, sir——"

Mrs. Stuart stopped. Something in his look affected her strangely. She might talk to others in a glib style about his failing health, assuming to possess a gift of foresight, yet all the while not fully believing her own words. To hear him speak thus was another matter. A sudden lump in her throat checked utterance.

"It matters little—if one is ready—whether the call Home comes a few years earlier or later," mused Mr. Wilmot. "But—if one were not ready——"

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Stuart huskily,—"I'm sure it wasn't that as I meant, though I did say to Mrs. Mason as I'd never seen nobody so changed, and Mrs. Mason said—she says——"

Actually a tear rolled down Mrs. Stuart's cheek, and fell on her lap. Ashamed, she turned away her head.

"My kind old friend!" Mr. Wilmot said, quickly, touched by the sight. "But I did not mean to distress you, Mrs. Stuart. I was speaking then in general terms,—about you or me or anybody; not about myself alone. The call may come to any one among us, any day; and I should like to feel that you and all are indeed ready for it."

Then passing naturally to another subject, he asked, "How is Archie?"

"He's well, sir," said Mrs. Stuart, heaving a deep sigh.

"Getting on well at the works?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a good son to you, Mrs. Stuart?"

"Yes, sir." Mrs. Stuart's tone grew more dubious, and also harder. "I don't complain."

"Have you anything to complain of?"

"He's got his faults," said Mrs. Stuart stiffly.

"Why, yes,—he would hardly be human if

he had not," said Mr. Wilmot, smiling. "What of his liking for bright little Nancy Dunn?"

Mrs. Stuart's face became grim. All softness and geniality had died out of it.

"She is a good girl, Mrs. Stuart," said the Rector.

"She aint the sort for *me!*" said Mrs. Stuart.

"I am sorry for that. She seems to me just the sort for your Archie."

Mrs. Stuart was silent.

"Another person can, perhaps, hardly judge for a mother in such a matter," observed Mr. Wilmot. "But take care, Mrs. Stuart. It is rather a serious responsibility for you to refuse your consent, if there is *not* a sufficient reason. I have wished for some time to have a few words with you on this subject."

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Stuart, with unsmiling visage.

"Don't count it interference on my part. You and I are old friends, and I am thinking about your son's happiness. Archie is, I do believe, earnestly seeking now to serve God; and Nancy Dunn is one who would help him on in the right path. If you stop the thing altogether, Archie's next fancy may be for a very different kind of girl. I want you to think over the idea. Archie is no longer a child at your knee, and sooner or later he must decide for himself. I hope he will not go against your will; but it is very important that your will should be distinctly on the right side. Probably years may pass before Archie will be in a condition to marry. Meantime, I can scarcely fancy any greater help in keeping him steady, than that he should be engaged to such a girl as Nancy."

Mrs. Stuart was silent.

"Come, you will reconsider the matter, perhaps," said Mr. Wilmot, standing up. "Second thoughts are often best. Thank you very much for your nice tea. I must not wait longer, for somebody has appointed to see me at home. Good-bye, Mrs. Stuart."

"Good-bye, sir," said Mrs. Stuart.

Mr. Wilmot turned back on the threshold to say in a kind tone,—"I wish you would give your consent."

Then he was gone.

(*To be continued.*)

Harbest Praise.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., RECTOR OF LONDESBOROUGH, E. YORKS, AUTHOR OF "SUNGLEAMS," ETC.

FAIRER than summer rose,
A smile of golden glory meets the view;
To right and left, by woodland green it glows,
And by the ocean blue.

Sweeter than summer bird,
We catch the music of a rippling voice:
With a melodious undertone 'tis heard
To whisper and rejoice.

But soon the standing sheaves
Lift up their hands to heaven and shout aloud:
Like waves at sunset all the landscape heaves
With the exulting crowd.

And at that pleasant sight,
And joyous sound, *we* smile, and grateful raise
Our song for fields unto the Harvest white,
And the Creator praise.

It is the Lord alone
Who calls the tender shoot from the rough clod,
And crowns the springing blade with ear full-grown
And bids it graceful nod.

'Tis His kind Hand that sheds
The rain and sunshine on the yellowing corn,
Until a glittering host of helmèd heads
Each glorious field adorn.

He sends the genial hour
For gathering in the kindly fruits of earth:
He flings abroad the bounteous autumn dower
Of annual Harvest mirth.

Oh, then, let all men lift
Their heart and voice to God with praises meet;
But yield their highest thanks for His best Gift,
The dying "Corn of Wheat!"

Summer Days.

AS down we wander by the brook,
The rippling, gurgling water flows
So softly in its pebbly bed,
And all around blithe Nature glows.

The bee hums on its lonely way,
As sinks the sun in golden rays,
Laden with spoils of daily toil
Gathered from flowery mead and braes.

And over us the deep blue sky
Reflects its glory all abroad;
And we with them unite to sing
The praises of our Father, God.

W. ANDERSON.

The Teaching of the Flowers.

A FLOWER SERMON.

BY THE REV. T. C. MULHOLLAND, VICAR OF ST. JAMES'S, STOCKTON-ON-TEES.*

"The flowers appear on the earth."—*Canticles* ii. 12.

THERE may be much language without sound. There are schools where all the scholars learn in silence. The poor children are deaf and dumb. Thank God, dear children, for your *common* blessings. But I mean more than this. There is much to learn from the things which God has made. They speak to us about His power, His wisdom, His skill, and especially His love. Just as this Book which I hold in my hand speaks to me from its leaves, telling me its Author's thoughts, so it is with flowers. They are leaves from God's great book of Creation; they tell me sweet thoughts of God; they teach me many lessons.

All the world over, flowers have spoken to the hearts of men. They have been used instead of words to express thoughts and feelings.

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their hopes and fears;
Each blossom that blooms in their garland bowers,
On its leaves a wonderful language wears."

In many countries the people name their little girls after flowers. In Japan, I believe, every girl is so named. Here in England we have children called Flora, or May, or Violet, or Daisy, or Lily, or Rose. Are any of you so named? If so, I shall expect you to listen very attentively.

In olden days, plants and flowers were associated with human life from the cradle to the grave. When a little child was born, a piece of palm was sent to express good wishes for its victory over evil. So in illness, laurel or buckthorn was placed across the lintel of the sick person's door. At death the head was crowned with blossoms, and the urn answering to our tombstone, was hung with wreaths. The Romans went so far, in superstitious ignorance, as to worship flowers, and appointed a day for the goddess Flora, April 28. In Ceylon, at this day, heathen temples are festooned with flowers, and probably worshipped. But *we* know better. Although we decorate with flowers God's house, and bring gifts of flowers to be presented in His Name to the sick and sad, we do not worship *them*, but *Him*.

"Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer:
They are nature's offering—their place is *there!*
They speak of hope to the fainting heart;
With a voice of promise they come and part;
They sleep in dust through the winter hours:
They break forth in glory: bring flowers, bring flowers!"

Let us hear some of the things which the flowers say to us.

* This Flower Sermon, preached in Stockton, will interest the young folk, and we are sure the old folk too, in every parish in which *Home Words* finds a welcome.—*The Editor, H.W.*



SUMMER-TIDE.

"Hark! how the birds in concert sing, with yonder village chime!"

There is the Snowdrop; first flower of the year, coming to visit us when all other flowers have gone. It says, "I am a friend-in-need. I speak of hope in dark days." Yes, it speaks of One who is our Best Friend, Jesus our Saviour, who will never leave us nor forsake us. It bids us be, like Him, a friend-in-need to the solitary and sad, and tell them of their true Hope for life or death. Then, there is the Crocus, which comes soon after, breathing a similar lesson. It means "Cheerfulness," and it bids us be bright even in outward gloom for the sake of others. Now comes Hyacinth. You will all like this lesson, for it speaks of "Play!" And your play may be Christian as well as your work, if you make this your prayer:—

"In our work and in our play,
Jesus, be Thou ever near;
Guarding, guiding all the day,
Keeping in Thy holy fear."

Here in my hand is a Pansy. It says, "Children, entertain good thoughts." Its other name is Heartsease: and if you want heart's ease, you must have and keep right thoughts of God. Read no bad books; hear and speak no bad words. Fill your mind with what is good. Ask your Heavenly Father to fill your heart with His Good Spirit. Then you will have heart's ease, along with "love, joy, peace," and all the other "fruits of the Spirit." Pansy has a little cousin named Violet. Violet is hard to persuade to appear before you; so I must speak for her. She gently breathes from under her shade of grass:—"Children, be humble and modest. Remember the ornament of great price in God's eyes—a 'meek and quiet spirit': and this you can obtain by learning of Jesus, who is 'meek and lowly of heart.'"

The Daisy—what a favourite flower this is! Hear what one says about daisies,—

"Thick set the English daisies grow,
The close fresh turf between:
On breezy downs, or meadows low,
In lawns, upon the banked hedgerow,
Star white, 'mid pastures green.
Daisies, they live in deathless rhymes
'Mid songs by poets given;
Nor blight nor winter mar their chimes:
Merrily live for future times,
Fadeless as flowers in heaven."

Daisy, or day's eye, opens her eye the first thing in the morning upon the sun, and keeps it fixed upon him all day. So should we be always "looking unto Jesus," who is the Sun of our souls. We cannot do as the daisy does, look at the sun in the skies; our eyes would be dazzled and injured. Yet one day our eyes "shall see the King in His beauty," and "behold His glory." Only now, we must "Look unto Him and be saved." Now, by faith, we must "see Jesus," as our only Saviour, and our perfect Example, in whose steps we should follow through the whole round of His holy character and conduct. Then daisy's word, "Innocence," will be our character, and fit us for that home where "none shall hurt or destroy," and "wherein entereth nothing that defileth."

And now what are these? Pink and Syringa. Pink speaks of "Pure love," and Syringa of "Brotherly love": that is why I put them together, like lovely twins. Oh, how much we could say about them! Pure love—the love of Jesus—so unselfish, so true and constant, so rich in its gifts, and so undeserved by us! Do you know it? Can you say as you look up into His Face, as He hangs bleeding on the Cross, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me"? You *may* do so, if you will. And then "Brotherly Love"—the message of Syringa—this will follow. You will "let brotherly love continue." It is your Heavenly Father's Commandment, "That he who loveth God love his brother also." You will find beautiful voices from these flowers if you read the third and fourth chapters of St. John's First Epistle.

There are many other flowers, but I must only name one more—the last and best of flowers—the Rose. For is not our dear Saviour called "The Rose of Sharon"? Is He not "the altogether lovely"? Is not His Name as "ointment poured forth," a sweet savour to God, and "precious" to those who know and love Him?

The Rose has nearly forty meanings or messages, according to its kind or colour. We must only mention one or two. One rose, the Montiflora, speaks of Grace, and reminds us of the Source of true beauty. Another, the Single Rose, speaks of Simplicity, and reminds us of the need of singleness of aim as Christians. There is one that speaks of Pride, which we must put away if we would please God. A crown of roses proclaims "The Reward of Virtue." Formerly, in the South of

England, in some places, when a young girl died, a garland of roses was carried before the funeral procession, and afterwards hung up over her accustomed seat at church. Would not that remind her companions who were left that a crown of glory (not a fading garland) awaits all who love and serve God here below? May we each gain it, my young friends—this true reward of virtue, which really is piety.

Youthful piety is specially attractive, like a sweet little rosebud. "A flower, when offered in the bud, is no mean sacrifice." You know this from the way the Bible speaks of good children: such as little Samuel in the temple; and the young king Abijah, in whom was "found some good thing toward the Lord"; and David, the brave shepherd boy; and Timothy, who was made "wise unto salvation" because he knew the Scriptures from a child; and, above all, Jesus, who loved His Father's house, and "increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man."

We must not forget that the Rose is peculiar in this; it grows in all parts of the world. So the Gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord is to be preached everywhere: for He is "the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe." As the Rose has been planted and cultivated in all lands, so we may do something to plant the blessed Gospel of God's grace and love in "all the world."



The Broken Vase.

THE owner of the famous Wedgewood potteries, in the beginning of this century, was not only a man of remarkable mechanical skill, but a devout and reverent Christian. On one occasion a nobleman of dissolute habits, and an avowed atheist, was going through the works, accompanied by Mr. Wedgewood, and by a young lad who was employed in them, the son of pious parents. Lord C—— sought early opportunity to speak contemptuously of religion. The boy at first looked amazed, then listened with interest, and at last with evident approval.

Mr. Wedgewood made no comment, but soon found occasion to show to his guest the process of making a fine vase; how with infinite care the delicate paste was moulded into a shape of rare beauty and fragile texture, how it was painted by a skilful artist, and finally passed through the furnace, coming out perfect in form and pure in quality. The nobleman exclaimed with delight, and stretched out his hand for it, but the potter threw it on the ground, shattering it into a thousand pieces.

"What can you be thinking about?" said Lord C—— in amazement. "I wished to take that cup home for my collection! Nothing can restore it again."

"No. Yet you forget, my lord," said Mr. Wedgewood, "that the soul of that lad who has just left us is of priceless value: that his parents, friends, all good influences, have been at work during his whole life to make him a vessel fit for his Master's use: and that you, with your touch, have, it may be, undone the work of years—so that no human hand can bind together again what you have broken."

Lord C——, who had never before received a rebuke from an inferior in station, stared at Mr. Wedgewood in silence. Then, "You are an honest man," he said, frankly holding out his hand. "I never thought of the effect of my words."

There is no subject which young men who doubt are more fond of discussing than religion, too often parading the crude, half-comprehended atheistic arguments which they have heard, or read, before boys to whom such doubts are new.

Like Lord C——, they "do not think." They do not probably believe these arguments themselves, and they forget that they are infusing poison into healthy souls which no after efforts of theirs can ever remove. A moment's carelessness may destroy the work of years.

ISRAEL AND JUDAH.—The Israelites derived their joint names from the two chief parts of religion: Israelites from Israel, whose prayer was his "strength" (Hosea xii. 3); and Jews from Judah, whose name means "praise."

Pictures at Home and Abroad.

BY A TRAVELLER.

VI. ALPINE HAY-MOWERS.

THE Swiss take extreme pains to avail themselves of every inch of soil on which pasture can possibly grow. Wherever foot can climb or hand can stretch, there the grass is cropt and added to the heap to be carried home. Mowers may be seen at work on their knees with short scythe or hook; and where there is a flat spot up among the rocks no larger than a table, it is cut again and again, and kept shaven as close and fine as an English lawn.

Châlets are even perched where there is little more than space for them on the skirts of wild ravines. The little village of Albinen is placed on the top of a rock 200 feet high, and approached from Leukerbad by a number of ladders placed one above another; and these the villagers,—men, women, and children,—are in the habit of traversing at all hours, "without any difficulty, and utterly unconscious of danger."

Many villages and habitations, perched among the Swiss mountains, seem to us as if quite inaccessible to man, and only to be reached by goats; yet the hardy mountaineer finds his way as a matter of course without even thinking of difficulty.

The intrepidity of the Alpine mower is scarcely less than that of the chamois hunter. Whether he is gathering grass for the cows, blue melitot to mix with the cheese, or medicinal herbs for the druggist, he starts forth provided with food and kirchwasser, the soles of his shoes fortified with pointed nails, and with hay inside to soften his fall when he leaps from rock to rock; his gaiters unbuttoned below, to leave him free at the ankles, and a whetstone stuck under his belt to sharpen the little scythe or sickle he carries over his shoulder.

Thus prepared for his arduous and perilous toils, he ascends to the hollows and crests of rocks on the brows and summits of mountains, ties the hay he cuts in firm bundles, and then hurls them downwards from the heights.

In this remarkable way he gains a scanty living during the summer. Nor in winter is his labour less perilous. Then he may be seen suspended by ropes over precipices and gorges, that he may reach fallen trees, to be displaced by his skill, and then made to slide downwards for fuel. Should he succeed in such daring pursuits in saving enough to warrant him in asking the hand of some mountain maiden, whose father has frequently only a little châlet, an Alpine pasture, and the milk of two or three cows, which she carries to sell in the valley, he marries, takes a similar dwelling, becomes in his turn a herdsman, and pursues a similar course.

Such occupations suggest the bold cragsmen of northern islands, who collect birds' eggs from the ledges of sheer precipices; or the samphire plant gatherer described by Shakspeare in "Lear," when Edgar says:—

> "Come on, sir; here's the place!—stand still.—How
> And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low! [fearful
> The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
> Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
> The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
> Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
> Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
> Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
> That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong."

Pithy Proverbs.

"PRAYER should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night."

"Pride in prosperity turns to misery in adversity."

"Religion is the best armour in the world, but the worst cloak."

"Thou canst not fly high with borrowed wings."

"Suffering for a friend doubleth the friendship."

"The maintaining one vice costeth more than ten virtues."



ALPINE HAY-MOWERS. [*See Page* 206.

The Home Life of the Prince Consort:

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

BY THE EDITOR.



E read in Her Majesty's own Journal (June 23, 1840) that Prince Albert, "when he was a child of three years old, was told by his nurse that he should marry the Queen; and that when he first thought of marrying at all, he always thought of her." "Coming events," thus, "cast their shadow before." The dream of childhood was at length realized: and the Queen found in the Prince Consort a loving, honest, truthful husband, whose influence for good to the nation can scarcely be over-stated.

In "The Home Life of the Prince Consort," * many extracts are given from the Prince's diary, some written before he was six years old, and all full of promise. He displayed an eager desire to be kind and helpful to others, and to show gratitude for acts of kindness, however trifling, to himself. As years advanced, his letters abounded in expressions of his affection for his father, of love for his home, and of his desire to improve himself and make the most of his time. He became also more and more distinguished for intellectual gifts and energy of character.

In 1836, the Prince paid his first visit to England. In April, 1837, there were rumours of an intended marriage; but the Queen tells us "nothing had been decided at that time."

In June, King William IV. died, and the Prince wrote in English a letter to the young Queen. It does not contain a word of flattering, but the first thought is of the responsibility of her new position.

"BONN, *26th June*, 1837.

"MY DEAREST COUSIN,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on the great change which has taken place in your life.

"Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high and difficult task!

"I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects.

"May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favoured them with till now? Be assured that our minds are always with you. I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time.

"Believe me always your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant,

"ALBERT."

After this the Prince for some months pursued his studies and travelled. Early in October, 1839, he again visited England, with a view to the betrothal. Her Majesty now told Lord Melbourne of her mind, and he said, in quite a parental tone, "You will be much more comfortable; for a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be." "Can you wonder," Her Majesty wrote in her time of sorrow, "that the Queen, recalling these circumstances, should exclaim, 'Alas! alas! the poor Queen now stands in that painful position!'"

On the 15th of October, by order of the Queen, the Prince was summoned to her room. What then passed is described in the following extract from "The Early Years of the Prince Consort":—

"After a few minutes' conversation on other subjects, the Queen told him why she had sent for him; and we can well understand any little hesitation and delicacy she may have felt in doing so; for the Queen's position, making it imperative that any proposal of marriage should come first from her, must necessarily appear a painful one to those who, deriving their ideas on this subject from the practice of private life, are wont to look upon it as the privilege and happiness of a woman to have

* "The Home Life of the Prince Consort." (London: *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.) A New Edition is now ready, price 2*s*. 6*d*.

her hand sought in marriage, instead of having to offer it herself."

How the Prince received the offer will appear best from the following few lines, which he wrote the next day to the old friend of his family, Baron Stockmar, who was naturally one of the first to be informed of his engagement:—

"I write to you," he says, "on one of the happiest days of my life, to give you the most welcome news possible"; and having then described what took place, he proceeds: "Victoria is so good and kind to me, that I am often at a loss to believe that such affection should be shown to me. I know the great interest you take in my happiness, and therefore pour out my heart to you;" and he ends by saying, "More, or more seriously, I cannot write to you, for at this moment I am too bewildered."

The Queen herself says that the Prince received her offer without any hesitation, and with the warmest demonstration of kindness and affection; and, after a natural expression of her feeling of happiness, Her Majesty adds, in the fervour and sincerity of her heart, with the straightforward simplicity that marks all the entries in her Journal: "How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it. I then told him to fetch Ernest, which he did, who congratulated us both, and seemed very happy."

The Queen thus announced what had occurred, on the same day, to the King of the Belgians:—

"WINDSOR CASTLE, *Oct.* 15*th*, 1839.

"MY DEAREST UNCLE,—This letter will, I am sure, give you pleasure, for you have always shown and taken so warm an interest in all that concerns me. My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him MORE than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in his position.

"These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all, that I hardly know how to write; but I do feel very happy.

"I wish to keep the dear young gentleman here till the end of next month. Ernest's sincere pleasure gives me great delight. He does so adore dearest Albert.

"Ever, dearest uncle, your devoted niece,

"V. R."

It was decided that the public announcement of the approaching marriage should be made in the first instance to the Privy Council. This was done on the 23rd of November, in the presence of eighty-three Privy Councillors, including the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell.

The Queen herself, in her Journal, gives an interesting account of the brief scene before the Council:—

"Precisely at two I went in. The room was full, but I hardly knew who was there. Lord Melbourne I saw looking kindly at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me. I then read my short declaration. I felt my hands shook, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most happy and thankful when it was over. Lord Lansdowne then rose, and in the name of the Privy Council asked that 'this most gracious and most welcome communication might be printed.' I then left the room, the whole thing not lasting above two or three minutes. The Duke of Cambridge came into the small library where I was standing, and wished me joy."

The Queen always wore a bracelet with the Prince's picture, and, referring to this bracelet, Her Majesty adds in her Journal: "It seemed to give me courage at the Council."

The marriage took place at the Chapel Royal, on the 10th of February, 1840, and the ceremony passed off in the most auspicious manner. The morning was, indeed, somewhat dismal with rain and fog, "but before the departure for Windsor the sun shone forth with all the splendour which distinguishes what is now proverbially called Queen's weather."

Domestic Happiness.

"DOMESTIC Happiness! thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the fall!"

Home and Paradise.

To Adam Paradise was Home. To the good among his descendants, Home is Paradise.

Royalty and Loyalty:

A TALK ON A LONDON 'BUS.



"CULTIVATED 'bus-driver" gives an amusing sketch in the *Globe* of a supposed discussion of the *pros* and *cons* of Royalty. The off-party on the box-seat represents one side, and a thin man who denounces "Royal folk" as "a bad lot—all of 'em," represents the other.

"'Of whom may you be speaking, sir?' said the off-party. 'Do you allude to our *English* Royalty?' I saw there was a bit of a row brewing by the way he got red in the face.

"'Of all of 'em,' says the thin man, coolly. 'What we want in England is a Republic. All men should be free and equal. I'm as good as any Prince, any day. Why should this gentleman here be driving an omnibus, and another be rolling in his carriage? 'Tain't common sense, nor Christianity neither. One man's as good as another.'

"All this time my first passenger had been fuming and fretting away till I thought he was going to drop off on to the horse's tail. Then he pulls out a case of cheroots, and he offers me one, and sticks one in his mouth—uncommon good 'uns they were, too—and says he to the thin man, sarcastic-like, 'I don't offer you one, sir, for fear of offending you. I shouldn't like to do anything towards spoiling your equality. If you've got as good as this in the way of smoke, you don't want any of mine; and if you haven't, you mightn't like to be reminded of the inequality between us. But all this bluster about equality and one man being as good as another,' says he, puffing away at his cheroot,—'what nonsense it all is! Where is there anything on a dead level in nature anywhere? Nature, sir, goes up hill and down dale; and there is only one man I have heard of in my time who said the world was flat. Reduce this earth to ashes to-morrow, and in twelve-months' time you would find somebody a millionaire from the business in potash. Holmes says that—or something like it. And then, how are you to hope for a dead levelling of men's circumstances, while the intellects of men are so hopelessly different? I declare I'm downright ashamed to hear this sort of nonsense talked by a man who can afford 2*d.* for a ride on a 'bus. Ain't you, coachman? Why, men are no more equal than your horses there!'

"'You are about right there, sir,' said I. 'It's all I can do to keep this near mare up to collar; and going down hill it's the other way round. The off horse, if he had his way, wouldn't never get to the bottom at all.'

"'I'm not saying all men are equal,' put in the thin man, angrily; 'I say they *ought* to be equal. And in a Republic——'

"'A Republic wouldn't make matters any better,' said the other. '"Ought to be" is not good enough for practical politics. And if you come down from theory to practice, my opinion is that things go on quite as well under a single man or woman at the head of a State, as if the direction of affairs were handed over to a set of town councillors, every man jack of them settling matters with one eye to his private interests and the other to the goodwill of those who will have to re-elect him. Then, monarchy has uses which you may call ornamental, but which I say are genuinely useful. In many ways Royalty can make business and encourage good works.'

"'Hear! hear!' said I; 'asking your pardon for interrupting you, sir. But that's just what I was saying to a pal of mine only the other day. It was some hospital bazaar or other, and he was reading out, sneering, "patronized by their Royal Highnesses, and so on." And says I to him, "Well! how would it be, do you think, if they stuck up 'patronized by Mr. ——, M.P.,' or 'under the special

patronage of Mr. ——, M.P.'—do you think the people 'ud come? Not they!" "P'raps not," said he, "not for the likes of *them*. But 'twould be another pair of shoes if they put up 'Patronized by Mr. ——, President of the Republic!'"

"'And I wish them joy of it,' said I, contemptuous; 'why, the gentleman, or any of them, 'ud make them a two hours' speech.'

"'For which they would be all the better,' said the thin man, enthusiastically.

"'Maybe they might,' said I; 'but the bazaar wouldn't. They'd have sold £200 worth of goods in that time if it had been a Prince and Princess just dropping in to smile a bit round and drink a cup of coffee. And if—Hullo! Near side down, Bill! Why, if the Republican gentleman ain't had enough of this conversation,' remarks I to the off-side party.

"'An ignorant fellow,' says he; 'just like them all. Only they ain't no good unless they get hold of people more ignorant than themselves. And that ain't me nor you, coachman.'

"'Thank you, sir,' says I. Which was true enough."

The Home Songster.

VI. THE LADDER OF LIFE: THE SONG OF THE CLIMBERS.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN SUNSHINE," ETC.

LO, a ladder, sheer, unbounded,
Narrowing upward to the view:
On the earth its base is grounded,
But its summit probes the blue.
As we stand agaze there-under,
Loom far phantoms up the height,
And we ask in awe and wonder,
How they won that eagle-flight.
They climbed to Heaven from solid ground,
Hand over hand, and round by round.

In the morning of existence
For the work their nerves they strung:
Dauntless courage, sheer persistence,
Won at length the lowest rung;
Still no respite from endeavour,
Slackened grip or backward eye,
Onward, upward, onward ever,
Till we lost them in the sky.
They climbed to Heaven from solid ground,
Hand over hand, and round by round.

Do you dream those heights of winning?
Cease to dream, begin to try;
Each defeat, each new beginning,
Gives you steadier heart and eye;
Though the gathering clouds astound you,
Though your foothold sways and jars,
God is with you, angels round you,
And your resting-place—the stars.
Then climb to Heaven from solid ground,
Hand over hand, and round by round.

Philip Henry.

WHEN Philip Henry was settled at Worthenbury, he sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mr. Matthews, of Broad Oak. The father demurred, saying that though Mr. Henry was an excellent preacher and a gentleman, yet he did not know from whence he came.

"True," said the daughter; "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him."

Mr. Henry records in his diary, long after the happiness of the union, which was soon after consummated:—"April 26th, 1860. This day we have been married twenty years, in which time we have received of the Lord twenty thousand mercies—to God be glory!"

"THE road is not bad, if I get home well." | "HIGH buildings have a low foundation."

The Claims of our Church.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH BARDSLEY, D.D., VICAR OF BRADFORD.

III. OUR CHURCH'S PAROCHIAL SYSTEM.

WE may further observe that our Church, besides providing an open Bible for the people of our land, and embodying its leading truths in her Liturgy and Articles, has devised our admirable Parochial system, which, when effectively worked, brings the benefits of the Christian Religion to the homes of our people.

It has been said that this system, so far from being in all cases a source of strength, is in some instances a cause of weakness to our Church. Whilst admitting the correctness of this statement, we believe it amounts to no more than an acknowledgment that the best contrived human systems have their blots and blemishes. The parochial system is based upon the theory that every parish is provided with adequate pastoral supervision. The very structure of the Book of Common Prayer assumes that the minister is ready to baptize every child in his parish, to catechise every young person with a view to confirmation, and to give spiritual counsel to all who seek it before coming to the Holy Communion, etc. The nature and ends of this admirable system are well expressed in those solemn words addressed by the Bishop to ministers at the time of their ordination—"See that you never cease your labour, your care and diligence, until you have done all that lieth in you, according to your bounden duty, to bring all such as are or shall be committed to your charge unto that agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, and to that ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ, that there be no place left among you either for error in religion or for viciousness in life."

It must be admitted that in some of our large cities and towns the parochial system is in practice but little more than a name compared with the above theory: yet even in these its advantages have been recognised by eminent ministers of other Christian communions. The late Mr. John Angell James, of Birmingham, in his book entitled "The Earnest Ministry," after referring at some length to the zeal and piety of many of the clergy, writes thus:—"I know their labours, and am astonished at them. Think of a clergyman, and multitudes of such there are, who, besides his other labours, spends four or five hours every day in going from house to house, visiting the sick, instructing the ignorant, comforting the distressed. Can we wonder that such men should lay hold on the public mind? Is it not in the natural course of things that it should be so? It is admitted that the clergyman of a parish has advantages for this species of ministerial occupation which we have not: he considers all the people within a certain topographical limit as belonging to him, as being in fact his cure, and most, if not all of them, except such as by profession belong to other denominations, look upon him in the light of their minister."

In this passage Mr. James declares his conviction that, for the purpose of winning the working classes to religion, there is great practical wisdom in regulating the duties of ministers by assigning them territorial districts rather than by making them exclusively pastors of congregations. Dr. Osborne, who was more than once President of the Wesleyan Conference, having evidently in his mind the parochial system of our Church, said:—"I look upon the Established Church as the greatest home missionary institution of which I have any cognizance."

I think it is generally acknowledged that as Nonconformist ministers recognise no cure of souls beyond their own congregations, the bulk of the working classes, except the Roman Catholics, even in our large towns, are mainly dependent for pastoral visitation upon the ministers of the Church of England. As Disestablishment and Disendowment would greatly impair, if not absolutely destroy, this admirable organization, we may cherish the hope that pious Nonconformists, who are Christians first and only politicians in the second place, will hesitate before aiding the mischievous agitation for Disestablishment and Disendowment.

(*To be continued.*)

The Rest Day;

THE WORKING MAN'S BARRIER AGAINST AVARICE.

LET us keep before us the fact that the Rest Day is the Lord's Day. Other theories will not in the long run stand. The Lord's Day is the only thing that stands between us and the tide of avarice. Once give up this Day to amusement; once give up the fact that it is the Lord's Day; once make it merely a matter of man's convenience; and you kick down the *barrier* which keeps back the tide of avarice. If you may amuse yourself, why should you not work? So your day is gone.

When the barrier is once broken down, working men will be told, "It is more reasonable to spend your day in earning money for your wives and children, than idling it about looking at pictures. If you are a man, go and work." Where is your rest gone then?—*Mr. Waddy, Q.C., M.P.*

A Word About Words.

AH me! these terrible tongues of ours!
Are we half aware of their mighty powers?
Do we ever trouble our heads at all
Where the jest may strike, or the hint may fall?
The latest chirrup of that "little bird,"
That spicy story "you must have heard,"—
We jerk them away in our gossip rash,
And somebody's glass, of course, goes smash.
What fames have been blasted and broken,
What pestilent sinks have been stirred,
By a word in lightness spoken,
By only an idle word!

A sneer, a shrug, a whisper low—
They are poisoned shafts from an ambushed bow;
Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave,
They pierce the mail of the great and brave.
Vain is the buckler of wisdom or pride
To turn the pitiless point aside;
The lip may curl with a careless smile,
But the heart drips blood, drips blood the while.
Ah me! what hearts have been broken,
What rivers of blood have been stirred,
By a word in malice spoken,
By only a bitter word!

A kindly word and a tender tone,
To only God is their virtue known!
They can lift from the dust the abject head,
They can turn a foe to a friend instead;
The heart close-barred with passion and pride
Will fling at their knock its portals wide,
And the hate that blights, and the scorn that sears,
Will melt in the fountain of child-like tears.
What ice-bound griefs have been broken,
What rivers of love have been stirred,
By a word in kindness spoken,
By only a gentle word!

ANON.

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADE.

XV. We're quickly made
In light or shade;
Broken as soon
At night or noon.
We joy produce;
To pain conduce;
Fond hopes we give;
Despair we leave;
We're heard or seen
By serf and queen.
Our ranks outvie
The stars on high.

Oft of great worth
We're made on earth;
But precious gold,
And wealth untold,
Seem baubles poor
And insecure,
When God above,
From out His love,
And in His plan,
Gives us to man.

W. F.

CONUNDRUMS.

75. Why is a clock the most modest thing in existence?
76. On a frosty day what two fish ought we to tie together?
77. What comes after cheese?
78. How would you put a horse on his mettle?
79. When is a wall like a fish?
80. What relation is that child to its father who is not its own father's son?
81. Why is a tale-bearer like a bricklayer?
82. Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet?
83. Why is an infant like a diamond?
84. Why need not a person perish from hunger in the desert?

ANSWERS. (See AUGUST No., p. 189.)

CHARADE.

XIV. Extraordinary.

CONUNDRUMS.

67. Because sometimes the eyes have it, and sometimes the nose (ayes, noes).
68. It makes people ready to take umbrage.
69. Both flare up, look black, and go out.
70. When he doubles his fists.
71. A queen's head was not worth a penny.
72. It is an internal commotion.
73. The Thames, between Chelsea and Battersea.
74. Facetiously.



Engraved from the Picture by A. E. PATTEN.] BLACKBERRY TIME. [*See Page 215.*

The Young Folks' Page.

XXX. BLACKBERRY TIME.

BY THE REV. S. B. JAMES, D.D.

(*See Illustration, Page* 214.)

A BLACKBERRY party is only a gathering party—not an eating party. Doubtless some of the party do eat, and eat freely, help themselves, make themselves at home, and would diminish, if sister Janet were away, the store that is slowly accumulating in yonder flat and open basket. But gathering is the prime business.

Not selfish gathering or mere gathering for self. Said a little child to his brother, unconscious that any one would overhear, "I'm so glad we're not a selfish family, Donald—so glad; that little Martingale is dreadfully greedy, and cries if he can't have cake and pudding. I *am* glad *none* of us are like that, Donald."

Sister Janet can evidently trust little Nellie, pointing now to the bushes, and little Tommy emptying out the blackberries into the basket, as he drinks in the autumn breeze. Tommy enjoys his blackberry party as much as if he were allowed to take his fill and to be as greedy as "that little Martingale." Little Tommy is already being trained, as almost all infants may be, to learn the necessary lesson that mankind and boykind, girlkind and childkind must be able to look at pleasures which they cannot share, and see eatables that are not especially for them to eat.

Out in the fields blackberrying is a remembrance that will get through many grey beards, into many eyes shaded by grey lashes and grey brows, round many hearts that beat to a slower and more solemn tune than formerly. How remote were the lanes and how wild and adventurous were the journeys of that ancient time! How large and black were the blackberries compared with what they are to-day, and what a long afternoon's excursion it was to that dog-rose lane! Why it was a good mile and a-half, and one might get lost in the big wood there, or a gipsy might come and steal one.

This very afternoon will be a time to date from in the reminiscences of the youngsters in our picture.

"Don't you remember, Janet, the afternoon we went blackberrying along Rosemary Lane, before mother died, and were so frightened by the big dog?"

Yes, yes, Nellie; Janet remembers that afternoon for another reason, too, which there is no reason for telling in letterpress. That afternoon was a long, long time ago; but it will seem a shorter time as years pass over you, till, at the last, as you get farther away from it, you will seem to return nearer to it.

XXXI. WONDERFUL SPECS.

One day the sweetest fairy—
Good Humour is her name—
With footsteps light and airy,
Into my study came.

"Write to the lads and lasses,"
She said, "throughout the land,
And say I have some glasses,
Most wonderful, on hand.

"Each pair the power possesses
So to affect the sight,
That nothing seen distresses—
For everything looks right.

"In fact, it is amazing
(So tell the girls and boys),
When through these glasses gazing,
How griefs turn into joys.

"What once seemed sad and dreary
Through them looks glad and gay;
The cloudiest day seems cheery,
And work appears but play.

"And now," she said, when starting,
"That you may know how true
Is all I've been imparting,
I'll leave a pair with you."

I've found that she related
Not half what might be told;
Their worth could not be stated
In rarest gems of gold.

They give to all things beauty,
And, lowly though it be,
There's charm in any duty
I through these glasses see.

So, children, get and prove them,
They'll cause you glad surprise:
And then do not remove them
A moment from your eyes.

For one must always use them,
I've learned—so bear in mind—
Or else he's sure to lose them,
And they are hard to find.

P. B. S.

The Bible Mine Searched.

SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE," ETC.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. WHO is it speaks of Enoch as a prophet?

2. What set form of blessing did God order for use by the High Priest?

3. Who are mentioned as the first Christian converts at Athens?

4. Quote a passage which shows that St. Paul lost all his worldly possessions and wealth by embracing Christianity.

5. Quote an Old Testament text which declares that work done for our fellow-creatures is done also to God.

ANSWERS (see July No., p. 167).

1. Job xix. 24.
2. When Jacob blessed the two sons of Joseph (Gen. xlviii. 14).
3. "The woman (of Samaria) saith unto Him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ. Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am He" (John iv. 25, 26).
4. St. Matt. x. 16.
5. Prov. xi. 25.
6. St. Luke xii. 22-24, and 7.
7. Acts xvi. 17.
8. St. James iii. 2, 6, 8.
9. 1 Peter v. 1.

SEPTEMBER.

Early Prayer: Sunday Morning.

BY THE EDITOR.

HEAVENLY Father, this is the Day which Thou hast made. Help me to rejoice and be glad in it.

May I enter the courts of Thy House with praise. Like Samuel, may I serve Thee in Thy temple, and hear Thy voice in the teachings of Thy Word.

May I learn more about Jesus to-day. Help me by the teaching of Thy Spirit to understand that all He did and suffered when He lived on earth, He did and suffered for sinners. Help me to believe in Him as my Saviour; and grant that His Blood may cleanse me from all sin. Make me holy, that I may be happy.

Bless our dear pastor, and all pastors and teachers everywhere. Give them grace to feed with spiritual food the sheep and lambs of the Good Shepherd's fold; and make them wise to win and bring into the fold those who are wandering out of the way in the wilderness.

Bless us in our happy Christian Home. May the light of Thy love shine on us all: and give us every good gift: for Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

"Father, Merciful and Mild."

"Our Father which art in Heaven."

(FOR EVENING PRAYER.)

NOW, the sun has passed away
With the golden light of day.
Now the shades of silent night
Hide the flowers from our sight;
Father, merciful and mild,
Listen to Thy little child.

Loving Father! put away
All things wrong I've done to-day;
Make me gentle, true, and good;
Make me love Thee as I should;
Jesus was a little Child:
Make me like Him, meek and mild.

Heavenly Father! hear my prayer,
Take Thy child into Thy care;
Keep me now, and when I die,
Take me to the glorious sky:
Father, merciful and mild,
Listen to Thy little child.

Anon.

'THOU BEING OUR RULER AND GUIDE."

"Order my steps in Thy Word."—Ps. cxix. 133.

1	Th	Without Me ye can do nothing. St. John xv. 5.
2	F	I can do all things through Christ. Phil. iv. 13.
3	S	Thou hast holden me. Ps. lxxiii. 23.
4	S	**13th S. aft. Trin.** *Thou shalt guide me.*
5	M	Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet.
6	Tu	By the word of Thy lips I have kept me.
7	W	A light that shineth in a dark place.
8	Th	Until the day dawn and the day star arise.
9	F	Whereunto ye do well that ye take heed.
10	S	Lead me in Thy truth and teach me.
11	S	**14th S. af. T.** *The meek will He teach His way.*
12	M	I will teach in the way which thou shalt go.
13	Tu	I will guide thee with Mine Eye. Ps. xxxii. 8.
14	W	Call unto Me, and I will answer thee. Jer.
15	Th	I will show thee great things. [xxxiii. 3.
16	F	That which I see not teach Thou me.
17	S	Blessed is the man whom Thou teachest.
18	S	**15th S. aft. Trin.** *The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.* Ps. xxiii. 1. [John x. 14.
19	M	I know My sheep, and am known of Mine. St.
20	Tu	My sheep hear My voice. St. John x. 27.
21	W	ST. MATT. *They follow Me.* St. John x. 27.
22	Th	He followed Jesus in the way. St. Mark x. 52.
23	F	He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness.
24	S	I give unto them eternal life. St. John x. 28.
25	S	**16th S. aft. Trin.** *They shall never perish.*
26	M	I seek out My sheep. Ezek. xxxiv. 11.
27	Tu	I will feed them in a good pasture. *Ibid.* 14.
28	W	So we the sheep of Thy pasture will give Thee thanks. Ps. lxxix. 13. [*them.* Isa. lxiii. 9.
29	Th	ST. MICHAEL. *The angel of His Presence saved*
30	F	Thou art the Guide of my youth. Jer. iii. 4.

SUN.—1st day. MOON.—Full, 2nd, M. 11.13.
Rises 5.14. Sets 6.45. ,, New, 17th, A. 2.0.

2. The great fire of London took place in 1666.
4. The present French Republic was proclaimed, 1870.
15. Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened in 1830.
20. The Battle of Alma, 1854.
27. Electric Telegraphy commenced in 1851.
30. George Whitefield died, 1770.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.





IN AN APPLE-ORCHARD.

Drawn by R. C. S.]

[*Engraved by* R. & E. Taylor.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

In an Apple-Orchard.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH, AUTHOR OF "KENTISH LYRICS," ETC.

HERE wandering in the early youth of June,
With bloom profuse swayed down, the pliant trees
Breathed fragrance all around, while the sweet tune
Of joyous song-birds floated on the breeze
In concert of most pleasant harmonies.
Since then, a hundred genial nights and days
Have passed, and winds and rains, and summer rays,
Changed the rich blossom into luscious fruit;
A thousand bushels on a hundred trees,
Whose loaded branches, bending to the root,
Display the wondrous crop. Whoever sees
This bounteous orchard, let not praise be mute;
Sing to the Lord! be joyful thanks exprest!
Then shall your garnered store be doubly blest.

The Story of the Sunbeams.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "EDIE'S LETTER," ETC.

IT is said that one day three or four Sunbeams came to their father Sun, and complained that they had been rejected and cast back from the dusty windows of a great city, and that they wished no more to go back to earth.

"No, no, my daughters, you must not stay. Go back to the earth, and do all the good you can." So said the Sun to them, and they did as he bade them.

And how did they succeed? I will tell you.

A little child had fallen and hurt herself, and was crying bitterly; but a Sunbeam entered the window, and the child tried to catch the Sunbeam, and so forgot all its sorrow.

A widow was sitting with her Bible before her, and a Sunbeam fell upon it; and she saw a sweet promise that cheered her heart, and sent her on her way rejoicing.

A prisoner was in his dark and gloomy cell. He was full of sad memories of days that were past; but a Sunbeam made its way through the iron grating and awakened a beam of hope. So he cried from a broken, contrite heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Aim to be a Sunbeam. You will if you remember Jesus, and try to be like Him. He was the Sun of Righteousness, and through His grace, reflecting His light, you may be a ray of sunlight too.

Ready, aye Ready!

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW;" "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM;" "SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

REST!



"FATHER, I expected you home nearly an hour ago," said Annie, meeting Mr. Wilmot at the hall door.

"Yes,—I could not come, dear."

"Mr. Page has been waiting ever so long in the study to see you."

There was an almost imperceptible sigh. "I should have been in time, but I was stopped. One of the poor little Handcocks has been terribly scalded. Of course I went at once to see."

"Oh, how dreadful! How was it?" asked Annie. She kept watching anxiously her father's face, even while keeping up in resolute style the cheerful manner which she had cultivated of late.

"The mother out, of course, and the four infants locked indoors alone. A kettle of water had been left on or close to the kitchen fire, and the eldest child pulled it over, trying to lift it farther away. The youngest child, crawling on the floor, narrowly escaped a complete deluge. Bad enough as it is."

"Who helped the poor things?"

"Nancy Dunn. Her mother was out, and Nancy behaved admirably. Bess Gardiner went off in search of Mrs. Mason."

"Bess Gardiner! Why, how was she not in the factory?"

"Some repairs going on in the machinery where she works. Annie, dear, I think I must sit down."

"O father!" Annie's start was self-reproachful. "How wrong of me to keep you here! Come to the drawing-room. Mr. Page is in the study."

"Better get that over. He has waited so long."

"I wish you would not. I am sure you ought to rest."

Mr. Wilmot stooped to kiss Annie.

"Nothing of consequence, I think," he said, as if answering her unspoken fear. "We will have a quiet evening. Come to me when Mr. Page goes."

But Mr. Page was sure to be long in going. Annie knew this well from past experience. She saw her father disappear within the study door, dragging one foot after the other. Then she busied herself in the drawing-room as best she could, waiting for the welcome sound of footsteps in the hall.

How Mr. Page's voice went on—on—on! Annie could seldom hear the sound of her father's voice in response. Mr. Page seemed to have a large amount to say; and he was very lengthy in the saying of it.

Suddenly a ring at the front door, and the opening of the study door. Mr. Page appeared alone, not followed as was usual by Mr. Wilmot.

"Good evening, Miss Wilmot—good evening," said Mr. Page. "Fine day, isn't it? Mr. Wilmot doesn't seem quite the thing, though,—no, certainly not quite the thing. He'll be getting away for a holiday soon, and that'll set him up. I tell him he wants a holiday, for he works too hard—a great deal too hard. Never any rest, morning, noon, or night, Sunday or week-day. Human nature wasn't made to stand it. I'm sorry to have had to stay so long, but there was a lot of things to settle. Good-bye, good-bye."

Mr. Page vanished, and a voice at the front door was requesting to "see Mr. Wilmot." Annie waited to see who it might be, then glided into the study.

The room was getting rather dark, and Mr. Wilmot had chosen a shady position, leaning back in his easy chair.

"Father, Mr. Page has been very long. Somebody else wants a word with you now."

A pause, and then—"I think—I can do no more."

The voice was not quite natural. Annie bent over him, trying to see his face.

"Are you very tired, father?"

"Yes,—strangely weary to-night."

He did not ask who had come. Annie had never before known such an omission.

"I will settle it," she said, and she went to the maid waiting just outside the study door.

"The man must come again to-morrow," she said. "My father is not well, and he must be quiet this evening. And please go yourself at once for Mr. Rawdon. If he is not in, leave a message, asking him to come as soon as he possibly can."

Once more in the study, Annie sat down close beside her father, watching him anxiously in the dim light. He did not appear to notice her, until she laid her hand on his, and then his fingers closed round it.

"Father, have you any pain?" she asked.

"No, my child. Nothing, except weariness."

"When did that come on?"

He hesitated, as if to recall,—then said only,—"I don't know."

His head was drooping, as if he had not strength to hold it up. Annie put her arms round him supportingly.

"Would you not like to lie down, father?" No reply came. "If you could get a little rest——"

"This is rest," he said dreamily.

Some minutes went slowly by. It was impossible that Mr. Rawdon should arrive yet. Annie did not like the heavy silence. It filled her with a nameless dread.

"Father, dear, I think you want food. May I get something?"

"No, darling. I am very comfortable."

"Really comfortable? You don't feel ill, father? Is it only rest that you want?"

"Only—rest," he said.

Another prolonged silence.

"The depths of His mercy——" she heard at length whispered.

"Yes, father."

But silence again.

Was that the front-door bell? Had Mr. Rawdon come?

She could not move to ring or ask. Mr. Wilmot was leaning against her, supported by her in a measure. It was as much as she could do to hold him up.

Steps sounded in the hall, and at the same instant Mr. Wilmot stirred. Annie was conscious of a slight start,—was it from pain? She could not tell. Two words fell from his lips with a singular distinctness, an intonation of surprise and joy,—

"READY—MASTER."

Mr. Rawdon entered the study. He walked straight towards the arm-chair, took Mr. Wilmot's hand, dropped it, turned to the table, and struck a light.

Annie noted first the changed look on his face. Then, as he relieved her of the weight she bore, she saw her father's face.

No signs of pain there, or even of weariness now. The eyes were lifted, looking upward, far beyond the enclosing walls of that small room, and the pale lips, smiling, said once more with exultant clearness,—

"AYE—READY!"

Then he seemed to fall quietly asleep. It was a sleep from which no earthly power, no human skill, might awake him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A LOSS.

ALL Littleburgh mourned for Mr. Wilmot, for he had been a friend to all.

Of Annie's grief it is needless to speak. The blow almost crushed her. She felt herself alone in the world, bereft of him who had been father, mother, friend, and companion to her. She had indeed other friends, and a choice of homes for the future, but none could ever fill his place in her heart.

Yet, in the worst of her woe, Annie could not but be thankful. She could not but know how very tenderly her Heavenly Father had dealt with them both. When she thought of the terrible death which might have been his portion, this most childlike falling "asleep in the Arms of Jesus" did indeed seem only mercy.

Almost all Littleburgh went to the funeral. So great a throng had never before been seen in the cemetery. Few dry eyes could be perceived throughout the concourse of people, and more than once a widespread burst of weeping drowned the voice of the clergyman who read the service.

For Arthur Wilmot had given up his life for others; had spent lavishly time and powers, money and strength, upon those who needed help. No marvel that years of outpoured sympathies should have brought a wealth of love in return.

Mrs. Stuart like others had been to the cemetery, and like others she had wept there freely for the friend whose face she could never see again on earth. Since returning

home, she had sat long in thought, giving vent to no remarks.

Archie had noted his mother's gravity and absence of mind since the day of Mr. Wilmot's death,—not grimness, which was usual, but a softened gravity which was unusual. He noted too that her manner of speaking was gentler, more humble, less stiff and self-asserting and haughty. He felt sure that she was grieving deeply over the loss they had all sustained.

"It was a wonderful sight this afternoon, mother, wasn't it?" he said, to break in upon a silence which lasted long. Archie had been to the funeral as well as his mother: and so had many scores of working-men, set free from work for the purpose by their employers.

"Ay," she said, with a deep sigh.

"There wasn't a soul stayed away that could manage to go," pursued Archie.

"Ay," repeated Mrs. Stuart. "'Twould have been a deal more wonderful if they hadn't gone, after all he's been and done."

"I'm afraid we'll never get another Rector like him, mother."

Mrs. Stuart sighed again.

"And to think of his being bitten after all by that dog,—and nobody knowing all this while what might come of it," said Archie; for the fact had become known in the town. There was no longer any reason for concealing what had occurred. It was well that the people should know to the full the brave and self-sacrificing spirit of the man who so long had lived among them. If any more were needed to make them cling to the memory of their beloved Rector, that "more" was now supplied. He had not indeed, in one sense, died from the results of the bite or scratch; but in another sense he perhaps had, since without it the break-down of his health might have been long postponed. There could be no question as to the tremendous and terrible peril which he had willingly incurred for the sake of helpless little ones.

"It isn't many would do what he did," said Mrs. Stuart.

"It isn't many would have thought of such a thing, either," added Archie. "I'm sure I shouldn't. But I liked that what the preacher said to-day, mother, about Mr. Wilmot being willing to give up his life for the children, and about God's pity being greater, and the Son of God giving up His life for us. It seemed to bring the thought out so clear. I don't know as I ever saw it quite so plain before. And I can remember Mr. Wilmot telling us how pretty near all the kindness and pity we do see round us was learnt from Christ."

Mrs. Stuart said "Yes" thoughtfully. After a pause she added,—"You put your life in danger too, Archie, for the sake of Nancy Dunn."

Archie was very much astonished at such a remark from his mother. He did not, however, show his astonishment, but said only,—"It wasn't for Nancy, mother. I didn't see her to be Nancy till after. I hope I'd do all I could for any girl in danger,—though what I did wasn't what Mr. Wilmot did."

"But you'd sooner help Nancy than any other girl," said Mrs. Stuart.

"Yes,—I *would*," said Archie, his face kindling. "Mother, I love Nannie so much—I do think I could die for her."

"That's easy enough said," rejoined Mrs. Stuart. "It wouldn't be so easy if you'd got to do it. But you're a brave lad, I know. And as the preacher told us to-day,—it's one thing to be willing to die for one that loves us, and another thing to die for them that hates us. There wouldn't be many who'd do the last."

"Only Christ," said Archie, wondering anew at his mother's mood.

"Only—Christ," she repeated. "Yes,—He did. I don't know as I've hated Him, like some do,—but I haven't cared. I haven't thought about Him; and that's bad enough, after all He's done. And I hope I shan't go on so—not any longer. You needn't tell what I'm saying—not to anybody, Archie. But it did seem as if I must say it to somebody. And Mr. Wilmot 'll never come again. He'd have helped me,—and there's nobody now."

"Mother, there's One," said Archie shyly; "there's One who'll help, if anybody asks Him,—and He's best of all. Mr. Wilmot would tell you to go to Him."

"But if He shouldn't want me?" she said.

"I shouldn't think there's any chance of that, mother," said Archie. "I should think, if He cared enough about you to die for you, when you weren't even born,—why, it isn't likely He'd stop caring, and turn away, just the minute you're beginning to want to know Him."

"No,—I think you're about right, Archie," said Mrs. Stuart. And she stood up slowly, left him alone, and went upstairs to her bedroom for awhile. There are times when one needs to be all alone with God.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW THINGS CAME ABOUT.

THE next evening Mrs. Stuart asked abruptly of her son,—

"Seen any of the Dunns to-day?"

"Just for a minute." Archie questioned with himself what might be coming next.

"Nancy Dunn?"

"Yes, mother. I'd hardly a word with her, though."

"And you're hankering after her just as much as ever?"

"Mother, there isn't another girl like Nancy in all the whole world! I give you my word for it," said Archie earnestly.

Mrs. Stuart began to sob.

"It isn't my way to give in," she said. "I'm not one o' those folks that's for ever chopping and changing. When I says a thing, I mean it, and I keep to it. And I did say I'd never have you marry Nancy Dunn. I didn't think her good enough. Nor I don't. Leastways, her father isn't your father's equal."

"Oh, bother!" broke out Archie.

"Yes, it's easy to say 'bother!'" she retorted, rather disposed to flare up. She had been somewhat irritable all day—no unusual state of things in the earlier stages of trouble, or of any marked change in heart and life. "But if you'd have a bit of patience and hear me out, you'd maybe speak in a different sort of way."

"Yes, mother," Archie said quite meekly, a sudden hope springing up.

"I did say I wouldn't have it," repeated Mrs. Stuart; "and I meant it too, and I'd have kept to my word. But he—he came in to see me, just the very same day he died—he did, Archie, that very afternoon. And I made him a cup o' tea, and he said—he said—I was the best tea-maker——"

"Yes, yes, mother, I know," said Archie, as she broke out crying. "You told me all that."

"And if I did," she retorted, "there was something else I didn't tell you nor nobody, and didn't mean to neither, till I'd made up my mind what to do. And I couldn't make it up till yesterday, when I was standing in the crowd, and all of 'em in black, and everybody crying round me, and Nancy Dunn with her pretty face all blistered—for there's no denying she's got a pretty face."

"Yes," assented Archie, with much warmth.

"It gave me a sort of a fellow-feeling with her, and I won't deny it," said Mrs. Stuart. "And it sort of made me think of his talking to me like that, about you and she, and how he hoped she'd be a good wife to you one day."

"Did he?" cried Archie.

"Yes, he did," said Mrs. Stuart, heaving another sigh. "And I won't deny as I was a bit grumpy, not thinking as it was the last time I'd ever see him again. O dear, dear me! to be sure! And the very last words he says, as he was going out of the door,—looking so bad, for all he was better for the tea, as I'm sure I'd a foreboding in my mind it couldn't be long,—and the very last words he says to me was how he wished I'd give in and let it be."

"And you will, won't you?" begged Archie.

"I'm not one to give in easy," repeated Mrs. Stuart. "But seeing it was, as one may say, his last wish, it do make a difference. And I won't deny neither that I've maybe been too stiff, and got to learn to be different. And understanding you don't mean to think of marrying for many a year to come——"

"Marrying! No," cried Archie. "Not yet, mother. Not till I'm earning enough to keep you and she too in comfort. But I do want to have her promise. I want to know she's safe to be my wife by-and-by."

"Folks chop and change," said Mrs. Stuart. "I'd sooner you'd keep yourself free. Maybe you'll get tired of it, or she'll change her mind. But there, you're set on the girl, and *he* wanted me to give in, and I'm not going to stand out against you no longer. So you just go and see Nancy Dunn, and say whatever you like, and have it settled."

Perhaps the consent might have been more graciously worded; but Archie was far too glad to be critical. He felt almost ashamed of his own gladness, at a time when everybody else felt sad; yet doubtless it was only natural, and it did not prevent his sharing in the sorrow of others for the loss they had all endured.

That same evening Archie made his way to Woodbine Cottage, and told the Dunns about his mother's newly-given permission. Nannie

looked hardly so pretty as usual, for her face was still blistered with many tears, and they threatened to flow fast again when she heard of Mr. Wilmot's last call on Mrs. Stuart.

"It don't seem as if we'd ought to think about ourselves yet," she faltered. But Archie could not take that view of the question.

"I've waited ever so long, and mother's willing at last," he said. No doubt the few months that he had been acquainted with Nancy did really seem long at his age. "You won't put me off, will you, Nancy? Say she won't, Mrs. Dunn. I do want to have it a settled thing. And you've as good as told me already you'd say 'Yes' if my mother didn't make difficulties. I don't mean that I'm thinking of marrying yet awhile. I've got my mother to keep, you know. But by-and-by——"

"It'll have to be a good long by-and-by, I shouldn't wonder," observed Dunn. "Mind you, Archie, I'm willing to have it all fair and straight between you and Nannie. I do believe it'll be for her happiness and yours too, please God. There *was* a time when I wouldn't have been so willing. But I do believe it's your wish now to be a servant of God."

"Yes," Archie answered heartily. "And if I may have Nannie, why, I hope she and I'll be able to serve God together, Dunn."

"That's it, lad. If I didn't think so, I'd be loth enough to give her to you. But look you here, there's something else I've got to say. You've got your mother to keep, and it's right you should do it. She's cared for you, and you must care for her."

"But I hope I'll soon be making enough to keep her and a wife too," said Archie.

"Maybe," responded Dunn. "You're a capable young fellow, and you're steady, and I hope you'll do well. Seems no reason why you shouldn't. Only mind this, Archie, you don't marry our Nannie till you've got a right good sum laid by in the Savings Bank against a rainy day. It is all very fine to be making enough to live on in comfort, and to spend every penny of what you've got, never giving a thought to the future. And if illness comes, or an accident lays you by, or trade grows slack and work fails, what's to be done then? No, no, I'll never give in to that for Nannie. I've seen enough of the misery of it for wives and children, let alone a man himself. If you're bent on marrying her, you may do it; but you'll marry with a good provision laid by; and, what's more, you'll not squander it all away on a fine wedding, nor on a lot of smart furniture."

Archie was quite content to bind himself by these conditions. Perhaps, like many young men, he thought them just a little needless. In his young vigour he could not yet believe that bodily strength would ever fail him. But he knew that in the abstract Dunn was right, and he knew that his mother would put no difficulties in the way. Before winter he would be receiving the wages of a full-blown artisan, and then, as she had often told him, would be the time to lay by. But Archie had not quite seen the necessity till now.

Laying by for the future must of course mean some measure of self-denial. It meant this often in Archie's case. What of that? His love for Nannie would have been a very poor sort of article, if it could not have endured the least touch of self-denial for her sake.

As time went on, months following months till they grew into years, while the amount down to Archie's name at the Savings Bank grew also, Archie became very grateful for the wise advice of Richard Dunn.

For, after all, though he and Nannie waited years for their wedding-day, they did not wait so long as must have been the case, if Archie had not persistently from the first put aside every little sum he could spare from present needs. Sometimes it was a few shillings, sometimes only a few pence. But "many a little makes a mickle," says the old proverb. Archie proved the truth of this proverb.

Little more need be said, except that when the wedding did take place, Annie Wilmot was present, besides many other kind friends. The wedding-cake was a present from Annie, as well as a beautiful family Bible, bound in morocco. Nannie made a sweet-looking young bride, in her neat brown dress and bonnet; and even Nannie's own parents scarcely saw her with more of fond pride than did Archie's mother. For Mrs. Stuart had long ceased to regret the thought of Nannie becoming Archie's wife; and on that wedding-day she gained a "daughter indeed" to be the comfort of her old age.

THE END.

The Home Songster.

VII. "WE ARE FIGHTING A FIGHT, MY LADS:" A SONG OF CONFLICT.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN SUNSHINE," ETC.

WE are fighting a fight, my lads!
The leaden hailstones fly,
The sabres sweep and the lances leap,
The death-reek blots the sky.
Would you carry the crowning height?
Be wreathed with the victor's bay?
Then trust no brand in your own weak hand,
But down on your knees and pray.

We are running a race, my lads!
Oh, stout must be the soul,
And sound the limb and the core of him
That hopes to reach the goal.
Does your tired head droop on your breast?
Do muscle and nerve give way?
Does your breath come thick and your heart turn sick?
Then down on your knees and pray.

We are reaping a field, my lads!
Already the night is nigh;
See, faint and afar, one pulsing star
Shines out in the kindled sky.
Would you level a goodly swath,
And trust that your Lord shall say,
"For burden and heat comes guerdon sweet"?
Then down on your knees and pray.

The Three Burdens.

BY THE LATE RIGHT REV. ROWLEY HILL, D.D., BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.*

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."—*Ps.* lv. 22.

BUT what is this burden, of which the Psalmist speaks? What is the load we are carrying about with us, and that he would have us cast upon the Lord? It seems to me that there are just three, which all of us have had to carry, or may yet be bearing. There is the burden which belongs to us by nature—sin; there is the burden which is put upon many of us—sorrow; there is the burden which we make for ourselves—care.

Now there is not one of these that we are obliged to bear: for God in His love has appointed One to bear them all for us.

Is not sin a burden? Does not the man who feels it say, "Mine iniquities are gone over mine head: as an heavy burden, they are too heavy for me"? Nor is it an argument against sin because so many do not feel its weight. These are dead in sins. And the dead one feels no burden. But the Bible says, "All we like sheep have gone astray, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

Is not sorrow a burden? How many are bowed down to the very earth with grief and pain of various kinds! "All his days," says the wise man, "are sorrows, and his travail grief." But we are taught to look to One of whom the Bible speaks: "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

Is not care a burden? Is it not one of our own making, too? We fret and worry about the present. Not content with that, we anticipate trouble in the future. We say, "All these things are against me." But the Bible tells us of One who takes our

* Our readers have often been indebted to the good Bishop of Sodor and Man for contributions to *Home Words*. We insert this month, in addition to the above, a valuable paper on "Gambling," which we earnestly ask our friends to place in the hands of our young men. We may add that, in *The Fireside Magazine* for August and September, a Biography and Portrait of Bishop Rowley Hill will be found.

load. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

Reader, have you thought of this? Why should you be carrying the burden of sin, of sorrow, or of care, when Jesus bears it for you?



The Lesson of the Acorn.

BY ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

[We cannot be too tender or considerate in dealing with the honest doubts of honest doubters. Our Lord's example in bringing conviction home to the heart of the Apostle Thomas ought never to be forgotten. But there are times when it is the truest wisdom, and the truest kindness also, to "answer a fool according to his folly." The telling reproof conveyed in "The Lesson of the Acorn" is a case in point.

We are all naturally disposed to account ourselves wiser than God, whenever His Providence runs counter to our mind. His Revelation, too, is often dealt with in the same spirit. Hence the folly of those who dream that they could have framed a book more worthy of its Author than the Bible—folly which might find its counterpart in one who, looking up into the midnight sky, and marking what seems to him the unordered aspect of the stars, gives the opinion that *he* could have arranged the firmament so as to secure a far more impressive aspect to the eye of the beholder. The astronomer would speedily tell him that the arrangement and the order are so marvellously, so

Divinely perfect in exactitude, that eclipses can be anticipated and described to the day, the hour, the second, years before they occur.

So with God's Providence and God's Word. There are no doubt "secret things" in both; but these do not really concern us. The "things revealed" belong to us; and these, if we observe them aright, will approve themselves to our judgment, our reason, and our faith, and teach us the wisdom of "trust" in the Infinite Wisdom, even where we cannot "trace." We might thus well add another reading to the Apostle's words, "Oh the depth of the riches of the wisdom of God!" when we note the vain imaginings of the heart of unbelief,—"Oh the shallowness of the poverty of the folly of man!"—THE EDITOR of *Home Words.*]

"METHINKS the world is oddly made,
And everything's amiss,"
A dull, presuming atheist said,
As stretched he lay beneath a shade;
And instanced it in this:

"Behold," quoth he, "that mighty thing,
A pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upwards cannot make it spring,
Or bear it from the ground;

"While on this oak an acorn small
So disproportioned grows,
That who with sense surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

"My better judgment could have hung
The pumpkin on the tree,
And left the acorn, lightly strung,
'Mongst things which on the surface sprung,
And small and feeble be."

No more the caviller could say,
Nor further faults descry;
For as he upwards gazing lay,
An acorn, loosened from its stay,
Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punished for the sin;
Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimsies would have worked no more,
Nor skull have kept them in.

Christians Dying.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY VAUGHAN, M.A.

I HAVE read of a painter who was painting "Death:" and he painted Death—as we generally see Death painted—*a skeleton and a scythe!* That is a horrid way of painting it! A skeleton—to show only our bones will be left, our flesh will go; and the scythe, to show that as we cut down the grass, so we are all cut down. A good man coming by said, "That is not the way to paint Death: you should paint him a beautiful bright angel with a golden key in his hand to open the door and let us into heaven." That is death to the Christian. When Bishop Beveridge was dying, that good man said, "If this be dying, I wish I could die for ever."

You remember, in the *Pilgrim's Progress,* when *Christian* (that is the name of "*the Pilgrim*") and his friend *Hopeful* come to die, it is represented as if they were crossing a river *Christian* gets somewhat afraid. "Cheer up, brother!" says Hopeful, "I feel the bottom, and it is quite firm and sound. Cheer up, brother!" Then after a little while *Christian* said, "I *see Him* again; and He tells me, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.'" Then he also found ground to stand upon, and the rest of the water was so shallow that he could walk in it. And after a few minutes more, they both found themselves at the gate of the Celestial City!

Betting and Gambling.

BY THE LATE RIGHT REV. ROWLEY HILL, D.D., BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.



WHEN a great race is over, the newspapers tell us of a few "clever fellows" who have pocketed very large sums of money by the event; but they do not say, and of course we never know, how many families have been involved in distress and ruin.

Next to the awful curse of drunkenness, there is nothing which is doing such harm amongst the working classes of our country as the system of handicapping and betting upon dogs and racehorses. In spite of the law, which has certainly done something to check the progress of the evil, it is notorious to those who visit amongst the crowded population, particularly of our northern towns, that in the manufactories and large places of business, where artisans and working men are daily brought together, the practice is extensively carried on. Nor is the evil confined only to the male portion of the population, but young women, and old, to their shame be it said, take as much delight as the men in the issue of the handicap. On one occasion, after the Doncaster races, the vicar of a parish had pointed out to him a woman far advanced in life, who had won the latest sweepstakes, and whom many in the street were envying for her good fortune.

The mischief thus wrought is untold. It undermines the moral training of our children and young people; it draws parents from home, and leads them to hang about the public-house; it goes far to destroy domestic peace and happiness; it is the ruin of many a man, body and soul, who might otherwise have gained for himself a good position in life. It is no use to say, as a man once did, that the practice was inbred in him, that he must have his bet and his wager. All we can reply is, that such a practice is not inbred in the Christian man, and that no one who professes to love and to serve the Lord Jesus would for a moment countenance a system so vicious and mischievous in its results.

For what does God teach us in the Bible? This must be our great authority in all the questions and difficulties of life. True, there is no passage of Scripture which distinctly points out by name the evils of gambling; but, apart from the tenth commandment, which clearly embraces the subject, there is many a precept in the Word of God which warns us to discountenance everything of the kind,—which teaches us to check all covetous desires and passion for gain,—and which forbids us seeking to enrich ourselves by the impoverishment of others.

It will be sufficient to remind our readers of three words which the Apostle Paul wrote in one of his letters to Timothy, as bearing upon this subject: for if men and women would only lay them to heart, as part of the inspired Word of God, they would see at once what is injurious in gaming, and they would have done with it altogether.

Betting and gambling *prevent a man being provident in his home.* What does St. Paul say? "If any man provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel" (1 Tim. v. 8). These are solemn words, and they are true. Faith without love and its works is dead: and if in any case the duty of love is plain, it is in connection with one's own relations and family. The infidel or unbeliever is taught this duty by nature, and recognises the obligation. Is not the professing Christian, then, who neglects it, worse than an infidel? It is sad indeed that so many of our people, who have the opportunity in clubs and benefit societies of providing for their families by

weekly contributions, should prefer to risk their earnings on the result of a handicap: and if they do not impoverish them in life, leave their relations unprovided for when they come to die.

But again, betting and gambling *rob a man of all contentment with what he has.* St. Paul says:—"Godliness with contentment is great gain: for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; and having food and raiment let us be therewith content" (1 Tim. vi. 6, 8). The great object of God in the Gospel is to make us happy and contented, to teach us that He has placed us all in our exact positions, and has given us all just as much as we need to live to His glory. His children may not have the luxuries and delights of life, but they have all they need. To risk this merely on the chance of grasping that which God will be sure to give us if necessary, is only to live a life of discontent and unhappiness with the arrangements of God. A gambler is never a contented man, and so his condition is only one of misery.

Once more, betting and gambling *encourage a man in the love of money and gain.* What does St. Paul say? "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, . . . for the love of money is a root of all evil!" (1 Tim. vi. 9, 10). This is the secret of the mischief. Men's hearts are set upon the wealth of this world, and they are determined, right or wrong, to be rich quickly. The devil sees very plainly on what they are bent, and he has no difficulty in encouraging their lusts. Thus drawn into temptation, they are hurried on step by step. They have recourse at length to any means to save themselves from ruin, or to increase their gains. The young man in the shop will embezzle, and rob his employer. The parent will neglect his children, and finally involve them in distress and poverty. Thus the love of money is a root of evil, and makes men fall into temptation and snares. Though in some few instances there may be what the world calls success, in nine cases out of ten unhappiness and ruin are the end of gaming.

The worst thing for the working man in regard to gambling is the example set him by the rich and those above him. Evil is always descending in the social grades. We do not follow the example of those beneath us, but we copy the bad habits of our superiors. And if we are to believe the newspapers, there never was a time when there was so much betting and gambling.

We would only entreat our readers to lay these few words seriously to heart, to think over them, to pray over them. Let us at once resolve to do all in our power, both by word and by example, to put a stop to this sinful practice in the workshop, in the parish, and in the town. It is a practice which hinders the advance of God's work, which destroys the happiness of many a family, and which can only bring ruin to immortal souls.

"The Ever-changing Seasons."

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. WALSHAM HOW, D.D., BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

THE ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

Oh, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,—

Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy Name may hallow,
And see at last Thy Face.

"The Royal Year:"

A CHRONICLE OF OUR GOOD QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

THE demand for one hundred and fifty thousand copies of *The Queen's Resolve* within a few months, has shown that it has been felt that a full personal life of the Queen is the best possible memorial of the Jubilee Year, and especially adapted to "enshrine its memory in the recollection of the young." The volume has been repeatedly out of print, owing to the difficulty of producing the required numbers in time. The Jubilee Year, however, is not yet over, and further editions will be rapidly produced.

A companion volume, or sequel to *The Queen's Resolve*, entitled "THE ROYAL YEAR: *A Chronicle of our good Queen's Jubilee*," compiled by the Editor of *Home Words*, is now ready. Cloth gilt, with many illustrations. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* It contains:—I. The Story of Jubilee Day; II. "Vivat Regina:" Jubilee Songs; III. Patriotism and Loyalty; IV. Praise, Prayer, and Practice; V. The Imperial Institute; VI. Jubilee Poems; VII. Jubilee Incidents and Anecdotes. The illustrations, by first-class artists, are numerous: an enlarged specimen is given on the next page.

Arrangements have been made by the Publisher to supply *The Royal Year* to the Clergy and Sunday School Superintendents on the same terms as *The Queen's Resolve:* 50, 25, or 12 copies, at 1*s.* each. But to guard against disappointment and delay, early orders should be sent to Mr. CHARLES MURRAY, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.

Rule the House Well:

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

BY JOHN W. KIRTON, LL.D., AUTHOR OF "BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

BABY'S RULE.

IF any woman ought to have been contented, Mrs. Maxwell certainly seemed to stand the best possible chance of being so. Such was the opinion of all who knew her.

She had been happy enough to marry a steady, industrious tradesman, who early and late was to be found strictly attending to his business, and when the toils of the day were over, always made his way home to share the evening with her in one way or another.

For the first year or so after her marriage, all went as smoothly as could be desired; but with the introduction of her first baby, things began to change gradually for the worse. It was all owing to a very slight but important mistake on her own part—although if any one had hinted so, it would have been considered a very great piece of impudence, such was her notion of her cleverness and skill in the arrangements of her domestic affairs. But if any one had dared to tell Mrs. Maxwell that she did not know how to take care of her little precious treasure, it would have been regarded as downright treason against her; and yet, after all, it was really correct—she did not. True, she loved her baby dearly, she treated it kindly, and, above all, she dressed it neatly. But all these put together did not by any means prove that she understood the word *care:* and for this simple reason, she did not know how to do so. She was like a good many more mothers when her first baby arrived, she did not appear in the least to know what to do with it, or how properly to take care of it in the right way.

For the first few weeks after its arrival, she was delighted with her newly found treasure. She kissed it, and fondled it, and nursed it, and talked to it. But by degrees she found that this joy, great as it was, had much in it of a somewhat mixed character. When it cried, she was frightened; and when it kicked and plunged, or screamed, she became quite nervous as to what was going to happen. She could not help regarding it as if it were a kind of delicate, costly toy, which she was almost afraid to handle for fear of some terrible accident occurring.

The result of this anxiety was, that she began to make all kinds of sacrifices to make her



HOME FROM THE PARK—THE JUBILEE MUG, JUNE 22.

Drawn by R. Barnes.]

baby happy. She neglected herself, her husband, her home—all for the darling baby. He was the first and last object to be considered, and all other matters had to take their chance.

She overlooked the fact that every baby ought to be taught, by kind, judicious custom, from its very earliest moment, to conform to certain rules which will be of benefit not only to itself, and help its own health and happiness, but also contribute to the welfare of others. He ought to be taught to do his part. Depend upon it, a baby will, sooner or later, be willing to fall in with a well-ordered plan. As a rule, it will be found that babies are very quick scholars, and soon apt to learn by experience whether they are masters of the house, or only babies who need training up in the way they should go.

It is wonderful how soon babies after their birth begin to learn, and, therefore, how important it is that they should be taught to be good, and to behave in some degree properly, instead of being taught to be tiresome. Many children are actually taught to be troublesome, and then mothers wonder how it comes about. Mrs. Maxwell made this mistake, and although, like many other mothers, she did it with the best intentions, she had to suffer the consequences. Many times might she be heard saying, "Baby is so cross," or "I can't have a moment's peace;" but if she had been asked the reason, she would not have been long before she discovered that it arose from her mistaken habit of "humouring," as she called it, the baby, instead of teaching him from the first that he must "obey" the rules of a firm, wise, and loving mother. He must give in to her orders, and not expect to be master of the whole establishment.

She used to say that "she could not bear to hear the little one 'cry:'" and often, without waiting to ask "Why," ran and took it out of its cradle, and fetched it down during the evening from the bedroom, and seemed ever so delighted if its little eyes sparkled at the bright light of the gas, or she was able to get him to doze away again on her knee. She never dreamt that she was doing her very best in these ways to spoil her child, and train him to bad habits instead of good ones.

In the lapse of time another baby was added to the home, and this, of course, brought along with it fresh care and a call for more attention. At first no very great change was noticed, but after a few weeks baby number one began to realize that "his nose was put out of joint," and was not backward in making this discovery known, by many clear and unmistakable signs.

Poor Mrs. Maxwell, as soon as she was able to get about to see after the daily duties of her house, found that her hands were full. Hard at work during the day, broken in rest during the night, no wonder that the bloom faded from her cheeks, her spirits became jaded, and life became a burden instead of a joy: *and all because the babies ruled the mother, instead of the mother ruling the babies.*

When her husband came home of an evening, after the cares and troubles of business life were over, it was to find his little ones in their night-dresses, the youngest one on its mother's knee, and the first-born running about the room as if it were morning instead of night. If he said, "How is it, my dear, the little ones are not asleep?"

"They didn't wake till nearly tea-time, my dear," she would reply; "and, of course, they won't be ready to go to bed until we do."

"I suppose not," he would answer: "and as a consequence you will not be able to go out with me to-night for a stroll, I suppose."

"No, dear, I shall not feel content to leave the children up; something might happen, you know."

When the dark nights of winter set in, it was the same. Husband and wife could never go out together to a place of worship, or to an entertainment, or even to spend an hour or two with friends. Week by week it was the same thing. The babies held fast possession of their gains, and the parents were obliged to submit to the dictates of their masters, and all for want of a mother's proper management and control. No wonder that the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell began to look anything but the pleasant, happy kind of thing which they both had so fondly and naturally expected. The result was that step by step one duty after another began to be neglected, and instead of a trim, neat, and bright home, there was an aspect of neglect, carelessness, and want of *something* which told a tale to any careful observer who might happen to drop in and see how they were getting along, or to inquire after the welfare of the babies.

(To be continued.)

Sunday School Prizes.

THE VILLAGE BOOK SHOP.

BY THE EDITOR OF "HOME WORDS."



VERY one knows how boys and girls value prizes; but these cost money, and fall into the hands of the best scholars in the school, who *least* need them. The right plan is to tempt the whole school to buy for themselves.

The Christmas holidays will soon be here again. A few pence saved weekly or monthly by each scholar would place the beginning of "a library shelf" in the homes of tens of thousands of our readers. It will be seen by an announcement below that a special opportunity for such an effort is now before them.

I would suggest the following plan especially to all who are interested in our Sunday Schools. Let these really attractive books—cheap at their full price—be offered to the scholars at *half the half price*—the shilling books for threepence. Many, I am sure, would gladly use their pence in this way, and thus *ten* shillings would be paid by the children themselves. Any benefactor providing the *other* ten shillings would in this way put into circulation books worth **£2** reaching the homes of the parents and supplying instructive family reading for autumn and winter evenings. I do not think half a sovereign could be better spent in any parish.

One more suggestion: in villages where there is no *Book Shop*, I would urge that one should be established.

"I have often wondered," writes a correspondent of *The Fireside News*, "how many parishes there are without a bookseller's shop, as compared with the number possessing a public-house. I do not say 'a baker's shop,' although I suppose food for the mind is really as *necessary* as food for the body—only nineteenth-century 'progress' can scarcely be expected to take this in at present. Ladies and others, in rural parishes, might do a world of good by a very little outlay in promoting and aiding the opening of *Cottage Book Shops*, in the window of which tempting and attractive books and papers might be displayed. Even if none were purchased, the villagers would look at the pictures and read what they could for nothing; and a daily change would make the window a kind of pulpit for diffusing useful and interesting information all the week round.

"In vacation ramblings I have been really startled to find large villages where 'ignorance' still seems to be regarded as 'bliss,' and no effort beyond the single or double sermon—one hour at most per week—is made to cultivate the intellectual faculty of the adult inhabitants. It can scarcely yet be said that 'the printing press is abroad.'

"I should like to know whether the plan I suggest has been carried out in any country parishes. Would it not be possible to make up 'a stock in trade parcel,' just to start a hundred *Parish Book Shops?*"

I think this thought is worth pursuing. It could soon be tried. With a little help from the clergyman or squire, a real village worker might speedily become a real village benefactor, and establish a paying business as well. If any readers of *Home Words* wish to make an effort in this direction, I will gladly give them any hints I can. Address, The Editor of *Home Words*, 7, The Paragon, Blackheath, S.E.

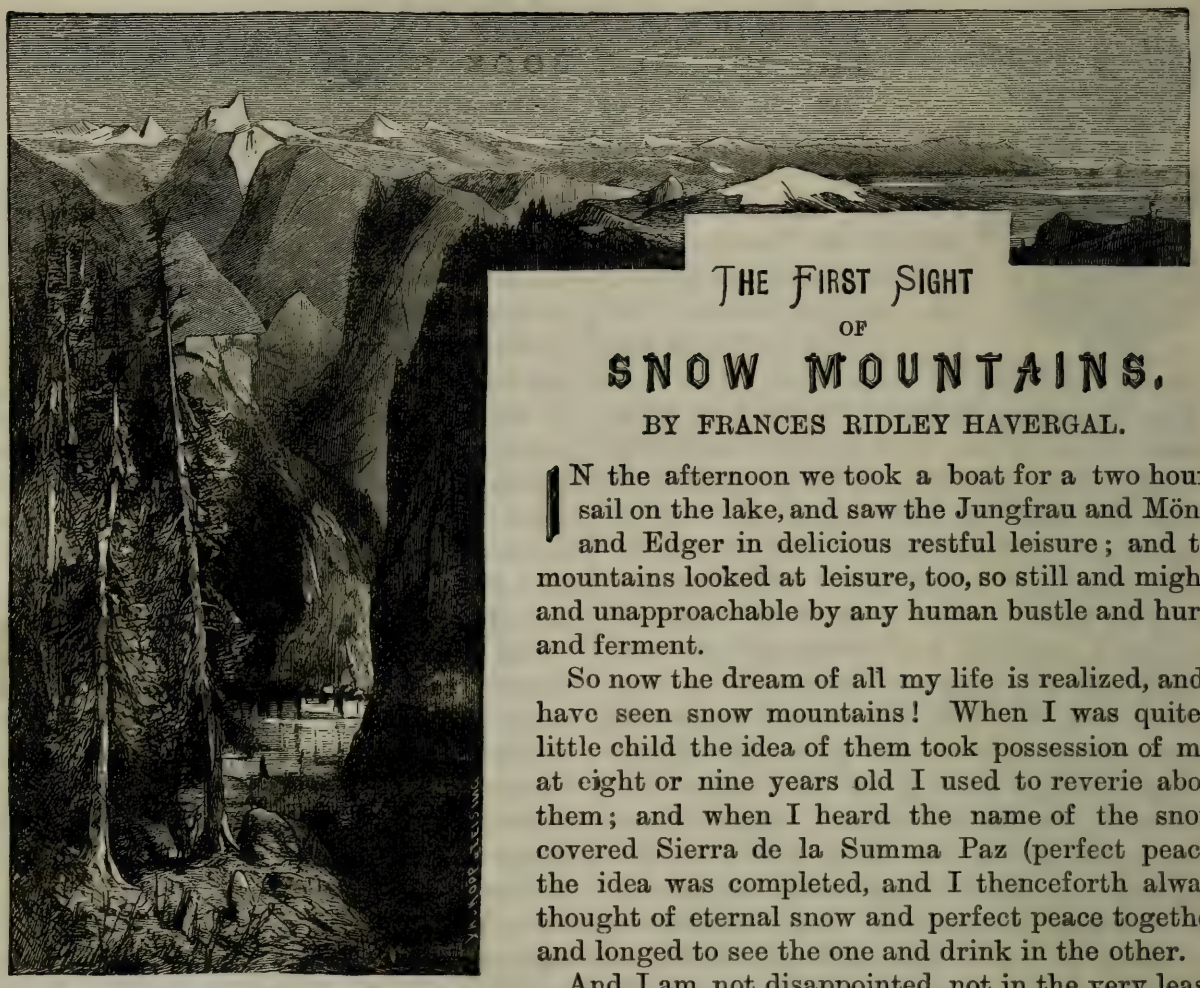
To the Clergy, School-Superintendents, and Friends of Pure Literature.

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THE FIRST SIGHT OF SNOW MOUNTAINS.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

IN the afternoon we took a boat for a two hours' sail on the lake, and saw the Jungfrau and Mönch and Edger in delicious restful leisure; and the mountains looked at leisure, too, so still and mighty and unapproachable by any human bustle and hurry and ferment.

So now the dream of all my life is realized, and I have seen snow mountains! When I was quite a little child the idea of them took possession of me; at eight or nine years old I used to reverie about them; and when I heard the name of the snow-covered Sierra de la Summa Paz (perfect peace), the idea was completed, and I thenceforth always thought of eternal snow and perfect peace together, and longed to see the one and drink in the other.

And I am not disappointed, not in the very least; they are just as pure and bright and peace-suggestive as ever I dreamt them. It may be rather in the style of the old women who invariably say, "it's just like heaven," whenever they get a comfortable tea-meeting; but really I never saw anything material and earthly which so suggested the ethereal and heavenly, which so seemed to lead up to the unseen, to be the very steps of the Throne; and one could better fancy them to be the visible foundations of the invisible celestial city, bearing some wonderful relation to its transparent gold and crystal sea, than only snow and granite rising out of this same every-day earth we are treading, dusty and stony.

"IT IS NOON UPON THE MOUNTAINS."

IT is noon upon the mountains, and the breeze has died away,
And the rainbow of the morning passes from the torrent spray,
And a calm of golden silence falls upon the glistening snow,
While the shadows of the noon-clouds rest upon the glen below.

It is noon upon the mountains, noon upon the giant rocks;
Hushed the tinkling of the goat-bells, and the bleating of the flocks;
They are sleeping on the gentians, and upon the craggy height,
In the glow of Alpine noon-tide, in the glory of the light.

It is noon upon the mountains: I will rest beside the snow,
Glittering summits far above me, blue-veined glaciers far below;
I will rest upon the gentians, till the quiet shadows creep,
Cool and soft, along the mountains, waking me from pleasant sleep.

Wayside Chimes.

VII. A Pillow Song.

BY CLARA THWAITES, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF LABOUR AND LEISURE."

PILLOW my head on a promise Divine,
Comfort my soul with a word that is Thine: [psalm,
Calm me and rest me and soothe me with
Breathe o'er my spirit a message of balm!

Spare me a seraph out of Thy host,
Send me the angel who loveth Thee most:
Let him but whisper the praise of Thy Name,
Till my tired spirit can murmur the same.

Cradle my soul on Thy wonderful love,
Teach me the song that they warble above!
If in the night watch, Thou callest for me,
Peacefully, swiftly, I'll hasten to Thee!

Old Times.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE;" EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV

THE IRON ROAD.—A VOICE IN 1825.—HIGHWAYMAN OR ENGINEER?—THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.—GEORGE STEPHENSON.



WE have already said somewhat about Railway travelling; but the Railway forms such a distinct and distinguishing feature of the Victorian age that we may well devote a special chapter to the "iron road."

There are now between seventeen and eighteen thousand miles of railway open in the United Kingdom. Looking at this bare fact, and then reflecting upon it, means a vast deal as regards the capital invested in these undertakings, the number of people they employ directly, and the trades and occupations to which they give indirect support. Looking also upon the effect which railways have upon the country commercially, socially, and politically, one can but think with amazement upon the advance which has been made during the last half-century (for it is but little more than fifty years since the first passenger line was opened), and with wonder also upon the opposition which they had to encounter.

It is amusing to read how, in 1825, a member of the House of Commons stood up in his place, and asked his colleagues, in a most impressive manner, if they were aware of "the smoke and the noise, the hiss and the whirl, which locomotive engines passing at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour would occasion? Neither the cattle ploughing in the fields or grazing in the meadows would behold them without dismay. Iron would be raised in price 100 per cent. or more—probably exhausted altogether. It would be the greatest nuisance, the most complete disturber of quiet and comfort in the kingdom that the ingenuity of man could invent." Further, the same speaker put it to the members, "How any person would like to have a railroad under his parlour window?"

Another speaker objected to the noise of "hissing railroad engines," because they would destroy the noble sport of hunting; whilst a third—this was Colonel Sibthorpe—declared that railways were "dangerous and delusive speculations," "unsatisfactory and unknown to the constitution of the country," clenching his denunciations by saying, "I hate the very name of a railway;" and as to those who planned them, "I would rather meet a highwayman or see a burglar on my premises than an engineer; he would be much more safe, and of the two classes I think the former more respectable." Mr. Gurney, a banker, also declared in 1842, "I have never travelled by rails; I am an enemy to them; I have opposed the Norwich Railway, and have left a sum of money in my will to oppose railroads."

Another objection to the railways was that they would render useless the turnpike roads

of the country, as well as other public or cross-roads of equal or greater extent. Again, cattle would stray on the line. Everybody recollects how Stephenson, on being asked if it would not be a very awkward circumstance if a cow got in front of an engine that was going at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, answered, "Very awkward indeed—for the coo!" Nor was the Press less hostile than personal critics. The *Quarterly Review*, it may be remembered, asked what could be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage-coaches, and trusted Parliament would limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour; whilst a Tyneside journal asked "what person would ever think of paying anything to be conveyed from Hexham to Newcastle in something like a coal-waggon, upon a dreary waggon-way, and to be dragged for the greater part of the distance *by a roaring steam-engine?*" Another paper sneered at the notion of steam carriages that were to travel at a speed "almost equal to the fleetest horse."

Sentences like these might be multiplied without end. But the same sort of thing has been written and said about other great inventions and movements. Gas, steamships, the electric telegraph—all have had their turn of ridicule. It is not every one that has faith even in his own project, such as George Stephenson had when he said of railways—on the approaching completion of the Stockton and Darlington line in 1825—"I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day, though I may not live so long, when railways will come to supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country; when mail-coaches will go by railway, and railways will become the great highways for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a working man to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know that there are great and almost insurmountable obstacles that will have to be encountered; but what I have said will come to pass, as sure as I live."

That is the sort of confidence, the singleness of purpose, the self-reliance, the indomitable will, the industry, the "steering right onward," which made out of the untutored colliery-boy a man whose name the nation reveres!

The Claims of our Church.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH BARDSLEY, D.D., VICAR OF BRADFORD.

IV. SERVICE TO LITERATURE.



A FURTHER claim which the Church has constituted to favourable consideration is the rich and varied contributions which her members have made to every form of literature. The late Rev. Paxton Hood, in his farewell address on leaving Manchester a few years ago, asked:—"From whence come our best books—the books which stirred, which taught, the books of criticism and exegesis, the books of the scholar, the poet, and the historian? . . . Did they not come from the Church of England?" Equally strong is the testimony of the Rev. J. G. Rogers, of Clapham. In his book entitled "The Church Systems of England," he says: "The injustice which they have suffered does not prevent them (Dissenters) from appreciating the rich contribution which the English Church has made to the intellectual, the political, and the religious life of the nation"; for he adds, "Certain it is that in every department of learning the conspicuous men, with but few exceptions, own allegiance to the Established Church."

To these more recent Nonconformist testimonies, I will add that of the late John Angell James, which occurs in his "Defence of the Principles of Nonconformity." Speaking of the Church of England, he says: "Its divines have covered its altars with works more precious than the finest gold of the ancient sanctuary of Israel. Its literature is the boast and glory of the civilized world; its armoury is filled with the weapons of ethereal temper, which its hosts have wielded, and with the spoils which they have won in the conflict with Infidelity, Popery, and Heresy."

Surely in all this we find additional reason for preserving the connection between Church and State, as there can be little doubt that this connection has largely been instrumental in bringing to the service of religion such vast stores of human learning as those indicated by these Nonconformist testimonies.

V. OUR CHURCH'S INCREASED EFFICIENCY.

Having regard to the services which our Church has thus rendered to the nation, it seems strange that the agitation for Disestablishment should have commenced soon after the Church had become increasingly useful and efficient; and that this agitation should have increased with its growing efficiency, for it is universally

admitted that within this century there has been a marvellous increase of true Religion within her pale.

In briefly touching upon this revival I will quote some words from the context of the passage which I have already given from John Angell James's work entitled "The Earnest Ministry." He asks, "Can we see this new sight, the whole Church Establishment, with all its comprehensive agency of Pastoral Aid Societies, Ladies' District Visiting Societies, Scripture Readers, Church of England Tract Societies, and other means of influence and power, in busy commotion, dotting the land all over with churches and schools, . . . and not see our need of an earnest ministry, not only if we would maintain our ground, but make any advance?"

The late Dr. Robert Vaughan, before the Congregational Conference at Birmingham, declared that the revival of religion in the Church of England during the previous half-century had been marvellously great. Dr. Osborne declared:—"After watching the religious condition of this country, with more or less advantage, for more than half a century, I have no hesitation in saying that I do not believe there ever was such a revival of religion as that of which the Established Church of this country has been the subject during the last half-century. Looking at its origin, tendencies, and results, there is nothing in ecclesiastical history that can be put side by side with it."

So universally is this great change for the better admitted, that the *Edinburgh Review*, in an article written a few years ago, expressed its astonishment that the Church should now be threatened with Disestablishment. Speaking of the clergy, the article says:—"They have rooted out a multitude of abuses. They have raised in many places in the land a lofty standard of what the Christian clergy of a free and enlightened people ought to be. . . . They have everywhere given new life and vigour to the spiritual work which is the leaven of society."

I have said that the agitation for Disestablishment commenced soon after the marked revival of true religion in our Church. The late Dr. Pye Smith, writing at the time this movement was started, frankly declared:—"I must profess my opinion that the increase of vital piety in the Established Church, within the last thirty or forty years, has been, proportionately and comparing the measure of advantages, greater than amongst us." This eminent Nonconformist made some further remarks well deserving of consideration at the present time. He thus addressed his brethren:—

"We are not building a new edifice upon unoccupied ground. Admitting the abstract argument to be in our favour, its practical application would require the greatest caution, and holy wisdom such as I dare not look for in man. The religious Establishment of our country has been for ages wrought into the connections and habits of the nation. To break its manifold connection with our civil institutions, in any way than by the gentle operation of conviction in the minds of its own members, would be venturing upon a dark, and, perhaps, very perilous course."

When Disestablishment is brought about, he hopes the Church's endowments will be "equitably distributed," and "that no spoliation will ever be suffered." In another place he gives his reasons for hoping that no spoliation will be allowed. "I know," he says, "that there are some, and those persons of unquestionable moral excellence, and who would abhor any violation of what is strictly just, who recommend the resumption (or rather it would be the assumption —for the State could not resume what it never gave) of the Church property by the Government as a part of the desired reform. This, to my apprehension, would be downright robbery. May our country never be dishonoured by it!"

Dr. Pye Smith thought Church Reform impossible without a separation of Church and State. Since his day, however, much has been effected in this direction; and we have reason to believe that within a short time much more will be accomplished. I fail to see why this connection should interfere with Church Reform wherever that Reform is necessary.

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADE.

XVI. My first is in the sky; my next is
In the sea; my whole oft in the air.

W. F.

CONUNDRUMS.

85. What is the difference between perseverance and obstinacy?

86. When does a lawyer work like a horse?

87. Why is a doctor better taken care of than his patient?

88. What crack is invisible to the naked eye?

89. Who is the man that works with a will?

90. Why does a miller wear a white hat?

91. What word is there of three syllables to which, if you add two, you will make it one syllable?

92. Why should Ireland be the richest country in the world?

ANSWERS. (See SEPTEMBER No., p. 213.)

CHARADE.

XV. Promises.

CONUNDRUMS.

75. Because it holds its hands before its face, and however good its works may be, it is always running itself down.

76. Skates and soles.

77. A mouse.

78. Shoe him.

79. When it is scaled.

80. His daughter.

81. Because he raises stories.

82. Because it is always in fun.

83. Because it is a dear little thing.

84. On account of the sand which is (sandwiches) there.



The Order of the Bath.

Good people all! have a care of your skin,
Both that without and that within;
To the first you'll give plenty of water and soap,
To the last little beside water, we'll hope.

Sir Alfred Power.

The Young Folks' Page.

XXXII. THE DISCONTENTED TREE.

WITHIN the forest glad and free,
Though suns were hot and winds were keen,
A little pine grew straight and fine,
But clad, for leaves, with needles green.
This did not please the little tree,
Which gayer, brighter, longed to be.

"How prettily my mates are dressed
In gay green foliage, one and all!
But not a child will look at me,
Although I'm growing straight and tall.
Oh, if the wish were not too bold,
I would have leaves of shining gold!"

'Twas night, and all the forest slept,
And with it slept our little tree;
At morn it woke with golden leaves,
And was not that a sight to see?
"There's not in all the wood so fine
A tree," it said, "with leaves like mine."

But long before the day was done,
A money-lender came that way;
He had a sack upon his back;
And when he saw the glittering prey,
He gathered all the leaves of gold,
And left the branches bare and cold.

The sapling hid its head in grief,
And mourned its glittering leaves of gold.
"My mates," it said, "are nicely clad,
While I stand naked here and cold.
I dare not wish again, alas!
Or else I'd wish for leaves of glass."

'Twas night again, and all things slept;
And with them slept our little tree;
It woke with leaves of crystal clear—
It was a brilliant sight to see.
"No tree," it said, "like me can shine,
Or has such pretty leaves as mine."

But soon a mighty wind arose
That turned and tossed the branches all;
As on it swept across the wood,
It made the crystal leaflets fall,
And morning found them there, alas!
Scattered and broken on the grass.

The sapling gave a heavy moan,
It looked so naked, poor, and mean,
While all the other trees stood there,
Still glorious in their dress of green.
"I'm sure," it said, "this wish were best,
That I had green leaves like the rest."

When all things slept at eventide,
And woke again at morning gray
Adorned with young and juicy leaves,
The little tree was glad and gay.
"They've leaves," it said, "and I've the same—
I need not hang my head for shame."

A goat came down the mountain-side
In search of fields and pastures fair;
Its young ones wanted grass and herbs,
But all the hills about were bare.
It spied our sapling's foliage green,
And set to work and ate it clean.

Our little tree again was bare,
And sadly to itself it said,
"No more I'll wish for leaves again,
Or green or yellow, white or red.
I'm sure I never should complain
Had I my needles back again."

It sadly slept at eventide,
And sad at morning woke the tree;
But when the sun shone out it looked,
And nearly laughed aloud for glee.
The reason of its joy was plain—
Its needles all were there again.

A.R.

XXXIII. HOW TO LIE DOWN AND SLEEP.

THERE was a man named Abelard, Duke of Wirtemberg. A great many kings and dukes met together to talk of the great kingdoms they had got, their vast vineyards, and valuable mines. The Duke of Wirtemberg said,—

"I cannot boast of possessing great mines and vineyards; but I can tell you that if I were to go all through my kingdom alone, by myself, with nobody to protect me, no soldiers, or guard: and I were to be in any wood in the night, and any one of my subjects came by, and I were to say to that man, 'Lie down upon the ground, and let your bosom be my pillow,' I have not a subject in all my country who would not lie down on the ground, and let his bosom be my pillow. I should be quite sure nothing could hurt me, for everybody loves me. I could make everybody my pillow. They all love me."

How sweet to lie down on the love of God, and feel that our pillow is Omnipotence.—THE REV. J. VAUGHAN.

The Bible Mine Searched.

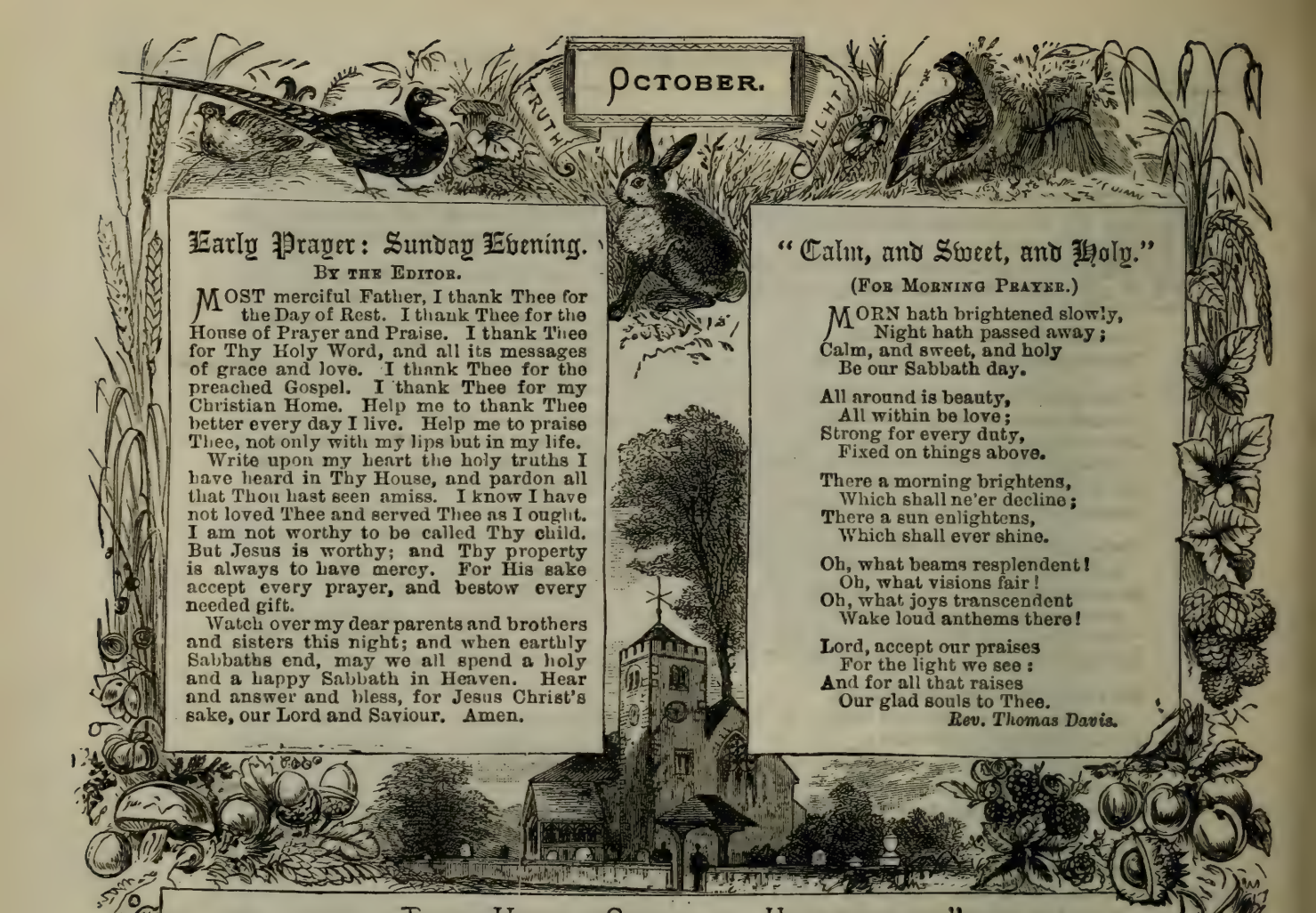
SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE," ETC.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT question and answer in one of the Psalms tells us that the Bible is the book for young men?
2. What is the only occasion on which our Lord called Himself Jesus Christ?
3. What New Testament believer calls Jesus the Son of Man?
4. Give two passages of the Old Testament in which He is called the Son of Man.
5. Where is God's omnipresence taught by three questions?
6. Where are four questions put by Jesus to encourage us to pray?
7. What question from the prophets teaches man's inability to change his own heart?
8. In which verse from the prophets are praise, prayer, and preaching all enjoined?
9. Where is the Father's reception of the penitent prodigal described by a prophet?

ANSWERS (see AUGUST No., p. 191).

1. 2 Kings xi. 12; Psalm xvii. 1; xcviii. 8.
2. The prophet Jeremiah, when he says, "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times: and the turtle, the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming" (Jer. viii. 7).
3. In the Epistle to the Galations (Gal. i. 13-24).
4. They went to meet him as far as the "Appii Forum" and the "Three Taverns" (Acts xxviii. 15).
5. "Zenas the lawyer" (Titus iii. 13).



Early Prayer: Sunday Evening.

By the Editor.

MOST merciful Father, I thank Thee for the Day of Rest. I thank Thee for the House of Prayer and Praise. I thank Thee for Thy Holy Word, and all its messages of grace and love. I thank Thee for the preached Gospel. I thank Thee for my Christian Home. Help me to thank Thee better every day I live. Help me to praise Thee, not only with my lips but in my life.

Write upon my heart the holy truths I have heard in Thy House, and pardon all that Thou hast seen amiss. I know I have not loved Thee and served Thee as I ought. I am not worthy to be called Thy child. But Jesus is worthy; and Thy property is always to have mercy. For His sake accept every prayer, and bestow every needed gift.

Watch over my dear parents and brothers and sisters this night; and when earthly Sabbaths end, may we all spend a holy and a happy Sabbath in Heaven. Hear and answer and bless, for Jesus Christ's sake, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

"Calm, and Sweet, and Holy."

(For Morning Prayer.)

MORN hath brightened slowly,
Night hath passed away;
Calm, and sweet, and holy
Be our Sabbath day.

All around is beauty,
All within be love;
Strong for every duty,
Fixed on things above.

There a morning brightens,
Which shall ne'er decline;
There a sun enlightens,
Which shall ever shine.

Oh, what beams resplendent!
Oh, what visions fair!
Oh, what joys transcendent
Wake loud anthems there!

Lord, accept our praises
For the light we see:
And for all that raises
Our glad souls to Thee.

Rev. Thomas Davis.

"Thy Holy Church Universal."

"Peace be within thy walls."—Ps. cxxii. 6.

1	S	Known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God. Eph. iii. 10.
2	S	**17th S. aft. Trin.** *One Body and one Spirit.*
3	M	The whole family in heaven and earth.
4	Tu	Ye are all one in Christ Jesus. Eph. iii. 28.
5	W	Put on therefore . . . kindness . . . meekness.
6	Th	Be kindly affectioned one to another.
7	F	In honour preferring one another. Rom. xii. 10.
8	S	As Christ forgave . . . so also do ye. Col. iii. 13.
9	S	**18th S. aft. Trin.** *Let us mind the same thing.*
10	M	The Church which is His Body. Eph. ii. 22, 23.
11	Tu	The fulness of Him that filleth all in all.
12	W	Of His fulness have all we received. John i. 16.
13	Th	Ye are complete in Him. Col. ii. 10.
14	F	Christ is the Head of the Church. Eph. v. 23.
15	S	The Church is subject unto Christ. Eph. v. 24.
16	S	**19th S. aft. T.** *He is the Saviour of the body.*
17	M	In His love and in His pity He redeemed them.
18	Tu	St. Luke. *He knoweth our frame.* Ps. ciii. 14.
19	W	Now ye are the Body of Christ. 1 Cor. xii. 27.
20	Th	Your bodies are the members of Christ.
21	F	That there should be no schism in the body.
22	S	Forbearing one another in love. Eph. iv. 2.
23	S	**20th S. a. T.** *Walk circumspectly, not as fools.*
24	M	Walk in love, as Christ also loved us. Eph. v. 2.
25	Tu	Ye are God's building. 1 Cor. iii. 9.
26	W	Ye are built up . . . a spiritual house. 1 Pet. ii. 5.
27	Th	Builded together for an habitation of God.
28	F	St. Simon & St. Jude. *Christ the Corner Stone.*
29	S	The building groweth unto an holy temple.
30	S	**21st S. a. T.** *The Marriage of the Lamb is come.*
31	M	The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!

Sun.—1st day.
Rises 6.2. Sets 5.37.

Moon.—Full, 2nd, m. 3.47.
" New, 16th, a. 10.35.
" Full, 31st, a. 9.31.

8. The destruction of Chicago by fire took place, 1871.
11. Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, was killed at Cappel, 1531.
12. Columbus landed at San Salvador, 1492.
Robert Stephenson died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, 1859.
14. Death of King Harold at the Battle of Hastings, 1066.
16. The Houses of Parliament were burnt, 1834.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.





THE LIFEBOAT. [See Page 243.

AS FOR ME & MY HOUSE WE WILL SERVE THE LORD

HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Lifeboat.

BY THOMAS CRADDOCK, B.A., AUTHOR OF "THE VOYAGE OF LIFE," ETC.

(*See Illustration, Page* 242.)

THE ship was sailing gallantly,
Her canvas all outspread;
The wind was whistling in her shrouds,
And wailing overhead;
Yet on she flashed along the sea,
And cut the creamy tide,
And threw it back, in shivered spray,
Athwart her creaking side.
Three months are gone, since, glad for home,
She left the southern main,
And wooed the traders to her side,
And dared the hurricane;—
Three months are gone, but now at last
Her port is hard at hand,
And ere the night, they hope to hear
The mast-head boy shout—Land!
But gloomily the day has past,
And night draws swiftly on,
The watch is set; and, with a sigh,
He marks the setting sun—
Setting amid the gathering clouds
That drape the gloomy west,
As if some corpse were lying there,
With cerecloth on its breast.

It comes! The storm hath flashed its sign,
Then sullen, growls afar.
It comes! The signal hath been fired—
The heavens are bent on war;
The furious band are up—they rush—
The canvas flies—the ship
Reels in the surge, and feels her keel
Strain in the storm-wave's grip.
A bow-shot leeward lies the shore—
The watcher from the mast
Saw the grim headland, when the sun
His final blood-beam cast;
And now it lies in mist and foam,
The helmsman knows not where,
But casts about to catch its point
Amid the lightning's glare.

With bent eyes straining through the gloom,
A woman lingers there,
And clasps a boy, and moves her lips
In low, beseeching prayer.
"My mother! thou art trembling,
And thy glance is fixed and wild!
Oh mother! more than all the storm,
Thy look alarms thy child.
You told me as the gliding seas
Rolled white before the wind,
And baffling gales and fogs came on,
They brought thy home to mind;
You told me how the welcome lip,
The welcome clasping hand,
The heart-glad smile, the blessing warm
Would hail us to the land;

You told me how the bounteous feast,
  And friends around would greet
The gold-field rovers to the shore,—
  Their father's hallowed seat."

"Hush! hush, my boy; though but a span
  Divides us from our home,
Where we in peace may calmly rest,
  And never after roam;
Yet in that span I see the shapes
  Of hideous demons loom;
I see the glaring, eager eyes,
  Shoot lightnings in the gloom;
I hear their voice—it shouts and howls
  In rigging and in shrouds,
And piercing through the tossing night,
  Growls thunder from the clouds;
The mast sways, groaning, and the lines
  Sing out a burial dirge.
And a grave yawns to cover us,
  In every crested surge.
O God preserve us! only Thou
  Canst lay the rabid wind,
And touch the waves with harmlessness,
  And guide the weak and blind."

Ha! what was that?—the ship has struck—
  She grates upon the rock;
She rises now, and now again
  She thuds with quivering shock;
The waves rush on her, tearing off
  The armour of her sides,
And, spar by spar, her decks upturn—
  Her riven keel divides.

"But, mother, look! look forward! see!
  Along the yeasty crown
Of wave by wave, a dusky line
  Is boldly bearing down,—
A flash hath opened up the scene—
  It floats like sea-fowl on,
And rowers to their broad oars lean,
  'Tis there! ah, now 'tis gone!"
"It comes! the lifeboat comes to save;
  My boy, thou yet shall see
Thy mother's home, and share her love
  Beneath the chestnut tree."

The African Church in Kisulutine.

OUR readers will not have forgotten our appeal in *Home Words* for the new church at Kisulutine, to which many of them so generously responded. The Rev. A. Downes Shaw (who, it will be remembered, married a niece of Frances Ridley Havergal) gives in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* a most interesting account of the dedication of the new structure by Bishop Parker on June 24th, when some English missionaries and several hundred native Christians were present. In the course of his letter describing the service, Mr. Shaw writes:—

"I commenced the service by reading the offertory sentences, as it was considered advisable to let the people unburden themselves of the corn and other produce they had brought. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. When the people heard the sentences, they did not wait for the collectors to come to them with the bags—they poured out of their seats, up the aisles, and forced their money on the collectors. The bags and plates were too small to contain all; so the money was poured into the font, which was half-filled with coins. The collection amounted to Rs. 565.20."

Next day sixty-three candidates were confirmed in the church, and there were 150 communicants.

"GOD IN NATURE."

A WRITER who knew the eminent naturalist, Frank Buckland, "very intimately," in referring to his religious belief, says of him in a local paper:—

"He never lost a chance of teaching something, and especially did he rejoice in an opportunity of pointing out the Providence of God in His works; for he regarded with the bitterest feelings the unbelieving speculations of some modern men of science. When I have been dissecting with him, he would often call my attention to a nerve or a process, and point out its especial use, and add in a caustic way, 'That looks as if it made itself, doesn't it?'"

Ralph's Rescue:

A TALE OF THE SHARK'S BACK.

BY MRS. CHARLES GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW," "LOYALLY LOVED," * ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ZILPHA'S HOME.

RUNSTON is a fishing village with several shops, three public-houses, and a stone-built church, which stands on the edge of the Moor, half a mile away from "the town," as the villagers named their little settlement.

Runston, or Runstean as the Saxons called it, has stood here for hundreds of years. The church is very old, and has a deep porch. Here, in summer evenings, as the bells jingle out their urgent clamour on the still air on Sundays, the neighbours gather and talk of village matters. Presently the clergyman with his wife and three children come up the flagged path, and then the bells cease, and, doffing their hats, the neighbours enter the church. The doors and windows are left open, and through them comes the melody of the old hymns sung lustily in voices hoarse with calling in the storm.

A mile to the south, across the Moor, is a dependent hamlet, so small that it claims no name save the "Street." More fisher-folk live here, but all are related by birth or by marriage with their neighbours of Runston. Together they form one little community, in whose guttural language one comes here and there on old Danish and Saxon words long since lost in other parts of England.

A hard-working, upright, old-fashioned community they are. The youths now and again go away on long voyages—in almost every cottage one sees curious things from across the ocean—but they always come back, those at least who escape the hungry deep, and settle down as fishermen, as their forefathers have done ever since the days of the Vikings. The men go away, the women never—that is, never for any time. Here and there a girl will take service in the neighbouring but still distant seaport town, but their ways are too independent, their manners too rough to please mistresses; and as for the girls themselves, they pine for the free hard life of their homes, and never "settle." At the most but a few weeks pass, and then the maidens, who are at once too bold and too modest for town life, are back again. Zilpha Burnicle had, for her part, never left the Street. She was, as were all the rest, a fisherman's daughter. Her father and three brothers went out in the coble and dragged a dangerous subsistence from the heart of the treacherous sea. She and her mother netted the nets, but she alone dried and re-dyed them, and baited the lines. Meanwhile, her mother minded the house and mended the clothes.

Only on Monday mornings, Zilpha rose before the day broke, and fetched the water from the well.

She carried her great skeel on her head full to the brim, but with so steady a balance that she lost none of the water over, though the road was roughened by the cart-ruts, and the side stone path worn in uneven edges by the use of ages. All Monday morning she was busy washing the clothes; in the afternoon she carried them by basketfuls again on her head up to the Moor, and laid them out to bleach and dry on the heather. She would pause before she turned homeward again, and, shading her eyes with her brown strong hands, would look seawards. Her dress of coarse brown woollen homespun cloth, hung in straight folds round her shapely figure; a red cotton handkerchief was knotted round her throat; her arms and legs were bare—so were her feet: for only on Sundays did the fisher maidens sacrifice freedom and comfort to fashion, and wear shoes. Bare also was her head, and the brown, sun-goldened waves of hair rippled over her forehead, and were plaited up in a great coil behind, held in its place by a long antique silver pin, left to her by her grandmother. It had been in the family, and so handed down from the "old days," and Zilpha set as great store by it as her mother did by the heavy necklace which matched it, and which also would one day be hers.

So Zilpha would stand on the breezy upland and look out to sea, past the crowded

* "Loyally Loved," a Tale by Mrs. Garnett, price 2*s.* 6*d.* (London: *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square), is a splendid book for Christmas-tide.—*Ed. H. W.*

cottages of the Street at her feet—past the three long flat ridges of foam which marked the entrance to the bay—past even the light-house, which stood on a mass of rock a mile out to sea. She looked farther still, and watched for a home-coming schooner, which had sailed away to China months ago, and which was not, Zilpha well knew, due home for months more. Still, she loved to look out from the hill-side and fancy she saw it return; but she never looked out with that eager light in her hazel eyes, that blush on her cheek, that quiver on her lips, save when she was quite alone.

Monday was a harder but not less busy day than the others of the week. Every one in the Street worked. In the morning, when the cobles came in, Zilpha and the other girls would run down to the strand, unload the boat, and pack the fish in baskets and barrels which their brothers heaved into the fish-carts and then drove away. Then the girls would wash the nets and spread them on the sands to dry; and then they would go on to the Shark's Back and scramble about gathering bait-flithe which clung so closely to the rocks. They had to wait till low tide to do that, for the Shark's Back was slippery, and a false step on its shelving sides might plunge them into deep waters.

The ridge of rocks so called, ran right away from the shore out to the Lighthouse. Sometimes it was broken off, then rose again above the ocean—cruel and sharp. At low tide the waters left yards of the rocks at either side of the centre ridge bare, and lapped gently round the black stones; but at high tide the Shark's Back was not seen, only marked by one band of foam; and when winter's storms came on, the waves were driven on to its outer side, leaping and straining madly to overtop the barrier, sending sheets of foam high into the air, and with a cruel hiss sinking back into the waves only to rush again and again on to the jagged wall of rock, tearing against it with demoniacal fury. Often had ships been caught in the current which swept round the shore, and, dragged along by it, been thrown upon the Shark's Back and there ground to pieces, the human cries of despair unheard amidst the laugh and jeer of the cruel breakers. In old days, to warn passing vessels of this danger, a beacon used to be lighted on the church tower; the blackened stones are there still. Now the Lighthouse stands on the Shark's Head and casts a steady warning glow twenty-five miles north, south, and east, out and over the boiling waters, and tells the home-coming sailors of the treacherous foe lying at its feet.

But it was summer still. The women joked as they sat baiting the lines outside their cottage doors, the children played in the hot sunshine, and the girls, when the day's rough work was over, put on gay-coloured print gowns and gossiped as they knitted their father's blue stockings, wandering in twos and threes about the Street. The men stood in groups looking seawards, and one and another would have a cheery word for Zilpha. But Street was an old-fashioned hamlet with strict old-world notions, and no young man would dare openly to make love to a Street girl, though many a silent attention was both paid and understood under the very eyes of the old people, who, maybe, saw and knew more than the youngsters thought.

Sometimes the maidens would suddenly grow shy and silent as a brawny young fisherman passed, or some sailor, just returned from a foreign port, went by in his smarter dress—his round neck bare and a tattoo showing on the back of his hand, his knife-cord white, and his hat at the back of his head. The pause of silence would be followed by a fluttering stir and a chirrup of voices, and one would say to Zilpha,—

"He's almost as handsome as young Ralph, isn't he?" and laugh; but the girl only shook her head as she blushed and turned away.

So passed Zilpha Burnicle's life for nineteen years: and then came a day which showed what she was made of.

She had been as others were till then. That moment drew her to a higher level. It was in her to rise, and she rose; but when the occasion went past, she dropped back into the usual round of duty, and was no more than she had been before—no more outwardly, that is, but surely something more in herself. *The knowledge of power possessed and once used is an inheritance for ever.*

CHAPTER II.

THE GATHERING STORM.

THE Lighthouse on the Shark's Head is built massively into as well as on to the rock. The Shark's Head is flat as a table; black as ink

when wet with spray, it bleaches in the hot summer, and the pebbles and bits of mica and spar sparkle and glisten in the sunshine. This crown of rock rises some feet above the Shark's Back, and projects from one to half a dozen yards beyond the base of the Lighthouse. Heavy iron posts guard its outer edge, connected with each other by a cable chain. Against the outer wall of the Lighthouse, looking landwards, is a wooden seat; here old Mike Burnicle, Zilpha's grandfather and head lighthouse-keeper, sits on fine evenings and smokes his pipe. On this landward side, too, is the door of the Lighthouse. One enters first a large and dark store-room. Here are kept barrels of oil, the rocket apparatus, boxes of balls, a keg of powder, bacon, flour, biscuits, ropes, and other stores.

The room above, lighted by three narrow windows, deep set in the walls, is light and cheerful. Against the wall are the three berths, where Mike Burnicle, his son Uffa, and the lad who helps them, sleep. Mike is an old man-of-war's man, "cap'en of the for'castle," and wounded in the wars with the French. The ball struck his right knee, and is there yet; when the weather changes he feels it still. Mike has all things kept "ship shape" in the Lighthouse living-room: the floor is regularly holystoned, and even the fishing lines have to hang at a given angle. The pewter platters and mugs—he will have no others—gleam in the delf-rack like silver; and though generally a good-natured old man, he has been known to fly into a passion and even to snatch up a rope's end and give the boy a cut with it on seeing some potato parings thrown carelessly under the table.

"A capital place to take a lad from," says the Captain of the Coast Guard, when he comes now and again to look round.

There is plenty to do in the Lighthouse. Mike and Uffa spend hours each day in cleaning the lamp and burnishing the great reflectors; and then, too, they keep an outlook for passing vessels, and divide the night watches between them. Uffa hopes, when his father dies, he shall succeed him in his post. He, too, for years served on board a man-of-war, and he has a wife and four children living in a cottage at Runston. Amongst the Burnicles the Lighthouse is looked on very much in the light of a family estate, and grandfather's word is law in the homes of all his children.

The autumn had been hot; the golden corn had in one day burnt to a russet red, and the women and boys who were at home hastened to reap and gather it in from the fields on the edge of the moor; for the air was still, the atmosphere was heated as from the mouth of an oven, and a lead-coloured sky, through which the sun glowed like a ball of fire, hung motionless over the land. The Vicar had for weeks past been often entreating his people to whitewash their cottages, and clear away the decaying heaps of fish, but in vain. Now his forebodings had come true, and fever was raging in several of the cottages. The first one it struck down was Hacca Burnicle, Lighthouse Uffa's eldest and best-loved child.

And he grew worse as the week passed on: for no breeze, not even an evening cat's-paw, came to relieve the atmosphere; and blazing days passed into stifling nights without a break. The leaves on the scorched trees withered and the hot ground cracked, and still motionless hung the leaden sky with a dull under-glow of saffron in it.

Uffa Burnicle would never have left his boy's side could he have had his way, for only when his father was holding his hot hand did the lad sleep. But this might not be: for, angry at old Mike's strict discipline, the helper had without any notice run off and shipped himself on board an outward-bound vessel, and no successor had yet appeared.

Friday morning came. Very slowly had the cobles the previous night made their way out to sea; but at ten o'clock on that Thursday night a freshening had sprung up, and the fishermen, who had been idle all the week, had eagerly availed themselves of it.

In less than an hour there was not a man nor youth left in Runston or the Street, or a single coble within sight. The wind dropped during the night, and Friday morning was more suffocating than any previous one. Through the palpitating heat Uffa's boat was seen by Zilpha putting off from the Lighthouse. At nine o'clock he walked into their cottage.

"Have you heard aught of Hacca?" he asked.

Slowly and reluctantly Zilpha's mother replied,—

"Yes. I sat up with him last night."

"Well, is he better? There was a wind last night!"

"Yes; the cobles all got out nor'rards."

"I saw 'em. But what of the lad?"

"He is no better."

"But he's not worse?"

Zilpha's mother threw her apron over her head and cried.

Uffa rose to his feet and took off his cap. Tears rolled down his cheeks; his face worked, and the veins knotted themselves on his hands as he grasped his cap to his chest. Zilpha stood sobbing by his side, for they all loved the bright fun-making boy, and it seemed so sad that *he* must die.

At last Uffa spoke,—

"The will of the Lord be done. There—*it's said*, Lord: Thou knows it's said—and I mean it too." And then he paused and gave one great sob. After that he put his cap on again, and turned to the door. Presently he said:—

"Zilpha, grandfather's knee is terrible bad: will you take my boat and go and bide with him to-day, and fettle the lamps? I'll be back this evening."

"Nay, uncle, don't come if Hacca wants you. I can mind the lights for one night, and nobody will tell the captain; and if they do, he'd say nought: he's often talked to Hacca, and he likes our lad."

"You're a good girl, Zilph; God bless you," said Uffa, as he turned and went away.

"Zilpha, take grandfather these greens and a new cake," said her mother; "and when you've gone I'll lock up and lie down a bit: we had a terrible night with yon poor boy—off his head all the time. I doubt Uffa will see the last of him to-day;" and the good woman burst into a fresh fit of weeping.

With a heavy heart Zilpha got into the boat and pulled out seawards. She could row as well and almost as strongly as a man; but to-day the mile to the Lighthouse, of which she thought nothing, seemed an endless distance; and when she had made the boat secure at the landing-steps, she felt more exhausted than perhaps she had ever done in her life before.

Her grandfather, who was sitting smoking on the bench, did not come forward as usual to welcome her. One could see at a glance that he was hot and cross.

Even the sight of his favourite greens only mollified him slightly. He told his granddaughter to mind and cut a nice piece of bacon to boil with them, and then to go up to the lantern and get the reflectors polished, and that he would come up presently, and see she had done them rightly.

"And if there's a speck on one of 'em, you'll have to begin over again," he assured her.

Zilpha was quite glad to get away from him up to the lantern. It was awfully hot up there. As she rubbed away at the great reflectors, she paused often to look out. Plains of ocean stretched around her. Slow-moving sails shone here and there through the misty distance, and any of these might be bearing home her lover. For Ralph's schooner, the schooner that is to say on board which he was second mate, was due home now.

Every morning and night Zilpha prayed for him. That at least she could do for him, and no one but God and herself would know about it. But now, as she gazed out from the lofty lighthouse lantern, she prayed he might not be out in the storm which she saw was coming—for fisher folk, even the women, are weather-wise.

The boats crept out nor'rard that Thursday night. The fishermen toiled all night, like those of old did on the Sea of Galilee, but they likewise "took nothing." The heavy atmosphere pressed like a sheet of lead on the waters, and the fish refused to rise. By noon the next day every bit of iron about the cobles was too hot to touch, the broken patched sails hung dank and motionless, and the men sat in silence waiting.

Now and again a sea-bird flew landwards, passing them close with a harsh scream. All the afternoon they waited, and some of the younger hands grumbled and wished the wind would come.

"Ah!" said Mike Burnicle, Zilpha's father, "when it does come we shall run sure enough—such a race as some of you young uns have never seen—a hurricane behind. Pray God to keep us up afore the storm till we get in sight of the Danish camping ground! Or, instead of making the harbour, we shall all make Davy Jones's locker afore midnight."

"Father, do you really mean that?" asked his second son.

"Ay! ay!" answered the eldest, "he does: and he's right—and there are my Mammy and two little ones at Street!"

Mike finished his pipe, looked carefully into the bowl before he knocked the ashes out, and put it in his pocket. Then he stood up, took off his cap, and said, "Let us pray."

They heard him in the cobles about, and the men in them also uncovered and listened as in earnest words he committed their lives, their wives, and children, into an Almighty and All-loving Father's hands.

When he finished, "Amen! Amen!" rose fervently through the sultry air.

He told his sons to tie in the sails. "Leave naught; not a stitch to catch the wind," Mike said: and then he lighted another pipe and sat down again to wait.

Five, six, seven o'clock, and then the leaden sky, which had grown murkier, moved. A shiver ran across the level ocean, the cobles felt it and quivered, and Mike Burnicle put his third pipe out as he cried in a sharp voice, "Now for it," and seized the tiller. Ten minutes more, and the cobles were racing harbour-wards on the back of a plunging sea; and Uffa in the cottage chamber at Runston said in an excited whisper, "Wife, open the window. Fasten it back. Hacca's coming to. He smells the sea spray. Please God, he'll live yet!"

One brother was with all his strength fighting with the elements, the hurricane wind and hungry waves, for life—his own and the lives of his loved ones. The other brother, with iron nerves, was holding death back from his boy, and welcoming the voice of the storm as the very voice of God.

And neither of them, in those supreme moments, gave a thought to the Shark's Head Lighthouse, where an old man and a girl were preparing to fight a more terrible battle still—not for those they loved, but for the *unknown*, for strangers, with no claim upon their devotion save the claim of need and of a common relationship to the same Father.

(To be continued.)

Links in the Chain.

THE blast that drove the storm-cloud across the heavens shook the oak; and the acorn-cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway. The cloud burst; a rain-drop filled the acorn-cup.

A robin, wearied and troubled by the fury of the storm, hopped on the path when all was calm, and drank of the rain-drop. Refreshed and gladdened, he flew to his accustomed place on the fence of the poet's garden, and there he trilled his sweetest, happiest song.

The poet heard, and, rising from his reverie, wrote a chant of grateful rejoicing. The chant went forth into the world, and entered the house of sorrow, and uttered its heart-stirring accents by the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted, and the sick were cheered.

Many voices praised the poet. He said, "The chant was inspired by the robin's song."

"I had not sung so well if I had not drank of the rain-drop," said the robin.

"I should have sunk into the earth had not the acorn-cup received me," said the rain-drop.

"I had not been there to receive you but for the angry blast," said the acorn-cup.

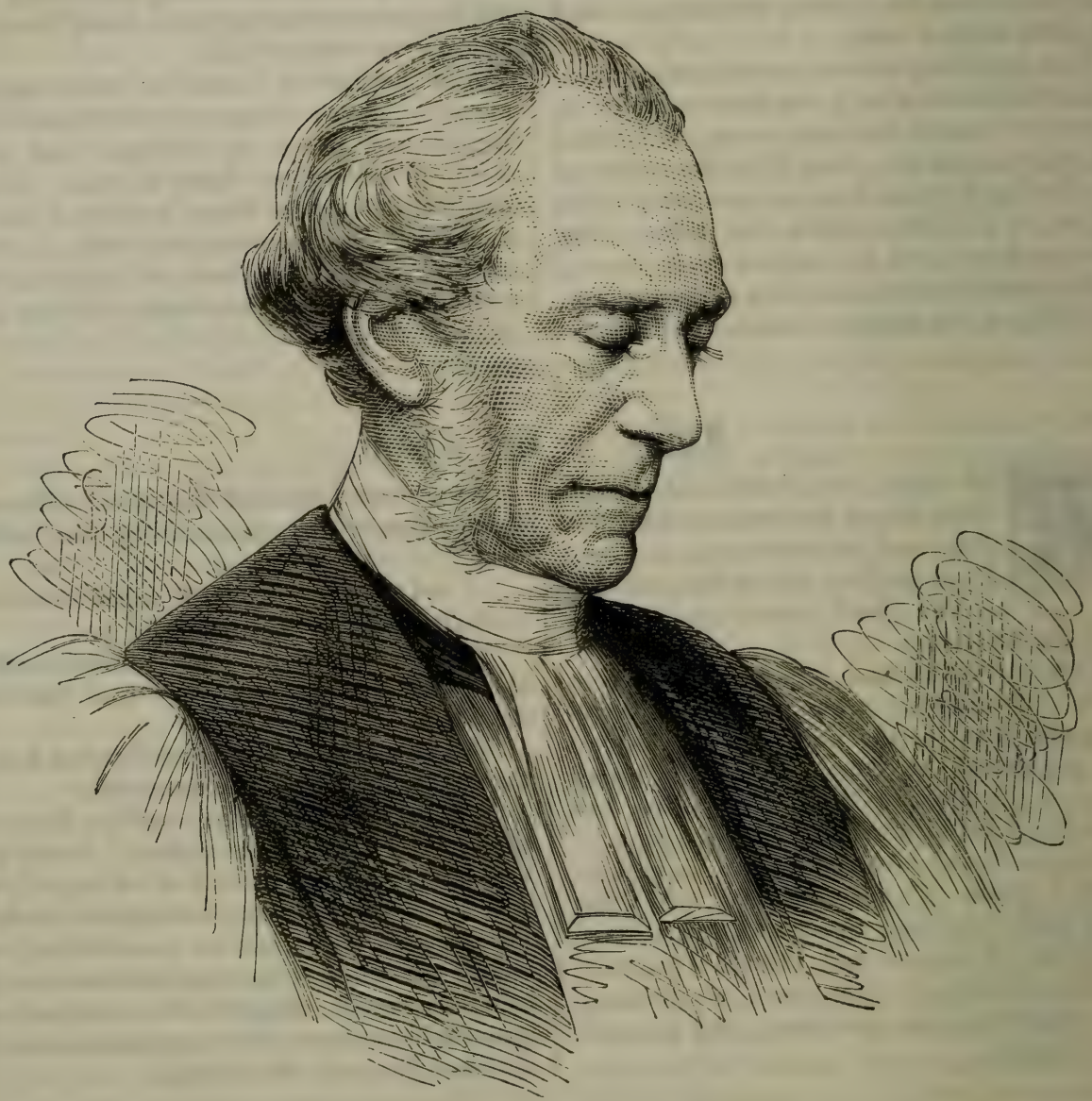
And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the blast replied, "Praise Him at whose word the stormy wind ariseth, and who from darkness can bring light; making His mercies oftentimes to pass through unseen, unknown, and unsuspected channels, and bringing in due time, by His own way, the grateful chant from the angry storm-cloud."—*Original Fables by Mrs. Prosser.*

THE NOBLEST MEN.

THE noblest characters are found among those men who in youth yielded most to a mother's influence.

A well-known writer has said, "In my best moments I find again my mother in myself." Usually man is the son of woman in his best gifts.

"A kiss from my mother," said West, "made me a painter." To love your mother well, is a liberal education of head and heart. And you shall love your mother rightly, if you have the spirit of Timothy, or rather of Timothy's Saviour, Whom even the agonies of the Cross, the great work of Redemption, and the near prospect of Glory did not separate from His mother, and Who, before He gave up the ghost, said unto her, "Woman, behold thy Son."—*Anon.*



THE RIGHT REV. CHARLES PERRY, D.D.,

FORMERLY BISHOP OF MELBOURNE.

"Christ shall give thee Light."

AN ADVENT CALL.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM A. BATHURST, M.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, EASTBOURNE.

"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."—*Eph.* v. 14.

"AWAKE!" cast off the shrouds of night;
"Arise!" be robed in life Divine;
"And Christ shall give thee"
In His resplendent "light." [grace to shine

The shadows flee, the morn doth break,
The Coming of the Lord draws near:
Up, up! from sloth, from guilty fear,
From sin, from self, "awake!"

The faith of many fails and dies,
And some their early love have lost:
Repent, return! count well the cost,—
Thy Saviour calls,—"Arise."

Thy Saviour calls, go in His might;
Meet duty's claim, or trial's ill:
Thy Father watches o'er thee still,
"And Christ shall give thee light."

His gift it is. Lord, be it mine
To walk in light while life shall last,
And, at the Archangel's trumpet blast,
"Awake," "arise," and "shine!"

The Right Reverend Charles Perry, D.D.,

FORMERLY BISHOP OF MELBOURNE.

DR. PERRY, youngest son of the late John Perry, Esq., of Moor Hall, Essex, was born in 1807. He was educated at Harrow, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1828, being Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman. He was elected Fellow of Trinity in 1830, and acted as Tutor for some years. In 1841 he vacated his Fellowship and severed his connection with the College by marriage. At Cambridge he threw himself heartily into evangelistic work in the outlying and poor parish of Barnwell. By his energy and zeal, he succeeded in erecting two churches in it—Christ Church and St. Paul's, the latter of which he held himself until his consecration as Bishop of Melbourne in 1847.

When the Bishop went out in 1848 there were only 3 clergymen, and the Diocese was then purely pastoral and agricultural; in 1851 the number had increased to 16; and in 1871 the number of parochial clergymen was about 110, exclusive of curates and lay readers. The number of churches and other buildings in which Divine Services were conducted in 1871, was 401, made up as follows:—214 churches, 95 school-houses, 32 public buildings, 60 dwelling-houses.

The Bishop resigned his See in 1876, after nearly thirty years' continuous work, having gained the highest esteem and affection of the entire diocese.

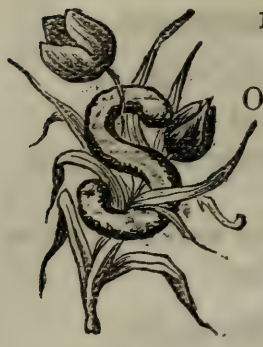
Since his return to England, he has taken an active interest in religious and philanthropic movements, and has rendered invaluable services to the Church Missionary and other Home Mission Societies. He has attended and spoken at several of the Church Congresses, and preached one of the opening sermons at Reading. In 1878, he accepted a canonry at Llandaff.

Dr. Perry is the author of "Lectures on Science and on the Bible," and "Lectures on the Bible; its Evidences, Characteristics, and Effects."

Two Golden Thoughts of a Great Man.

FOR ADVENT.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, DOVER, AUTHOR OF "STRONG AND FREE," "BRIGHT AND FAIR," ETC.



SOME years ago I met with a few lines which contain within them a rich store of instruction. The words were these:

"Think truly, and thy thoughts shall the world's famine feed:
Speak truly, and thy words shall be a good and fruitful seed:
Live truly, and thy life shall be a great and noble deed."

But right thinking—thoughts of truth and sincerity, thoughts guided by the teaching of Holy Scripture, are the spring and foundation of all right speaking and right living.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

So that it is most necessary to keep the heart with all diligence, to seek to check and restrain vain and unruly thoughts, and by the aid of the Holy Spirit to cherish all such as will purify, strengthen, and elevate the character. It was once said of Archbishop Whately that he "would rather pass a friend in the street without speaking than lose a good thought."

Two thoughts I have lately met with from the lips of one of England's greatest philanthropists. Many a precious legacy has the late Earl of Shaftesbury left behind him in the various good works in which he was engaged. But these two thoughts, uttered by him at different times, seem to me worthy of being treasured up in our hearts as another legacy which may enrich every soul that ponders them.

I. On one occasion the late Earl was sitting at his desk, and a friend with him in the room. He looked up and said to him: "*I could not live if I did not believe that the Lord Jesus were with me just here—just here.*"

Surely here is one golden thought for the servants of Christ to bear in mind. The close presence of the Lord Jesus is the antidote for every care and sorrow. He has promised it: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (St. Matt. xxviii 20). "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you" (St. John xiv. 18). What a strength is this in all work for Christ! We need not be surprised to meet with a few rebuffs, or even to have hard words spoken to us or against us.

But here is the rock of our confidence: "*I go on the King's business, I speak in His Name and not my own, and He Himself stands by me, and will make good His own cause, and work His own work in the hearts and consciences of those to whom I speak.*" Whenever you go on the Master's errands, bear this in mind. In the cottage or in the school, pleading with a careless sinner by the wayside or striving to guide an anxious soul in the way of life, look up and believe that the Lord Jesus is close by you, guiding your words, giving you wisdom and courage, and ready to make the message profitable to the one to whom you speak.

Neither let this thought be forgotten in times when you are sorely tried and troubled by personal sorrows or cares. In times of loneliness, left alone by the loss of friends, or having to bear a heavy burden of pain in the sick-chamber with f[illegible] comfort you—to know that [illegible] self is very nigh, to hear His [illegible] words of hope, to feel that though alon[illegible] you are not alone, for the Great Friend [illegible] by your side, "just here," not a yard fro[illegible] the spot where you are sitting or lyin[illegible] —here is a refuge and a resting-place where many a burdened spirit has forgotten

its sorrow and learnt to sing a song of praise and thankfulness.

"O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean,
Help me throughout life's changing scene
By faith to cling to Thee.

"What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee."

II. Another golden thought I should like to put side by side with the one already given. It gives a second motive and ground for a Christian's confidence in the various conflicts through which he must pass. The Earl was speaking of his enjoyment in bright, pleasant, social intercourse. At the dinner-table he was often full of life and humour, and he said such conversation—the "word-frolic," as he termed it—had its charm for him. But very soon his thoughts reverted to the desire of his heart. "There are not two hours of the day but I think of the second Advent of our Lord. That is the hope of the Church, for Israel and the world. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Here, too, is a thought to be cherished by the Christian continually. It is well to *look back* with gratitude to the great Sacrifice of the Cross, the love that effected it, and the innumerable benefits that flow from it. It is well to *look up* and see the living Redeemer pleading our cause at the Father's right hand, and yet by virtue of the Divine nature abiding with us, walking with us along our pilgrimage, ever nigh at hand to hear our cry, and to guard and bless us. But we need still more. We must *look forward.* We must look for the day of His appearing, when He will make all things new. He will rid the world of the terrible vice, iniquity, and ungodliness beneath which all creation groans. He will raise His people from the grave, and perfect them in His own glorious image. He will fulfil to the utmost all those marvellous promises of blessing to His true Church which are scattered so freely through the pages of Holy Scripture. The King shall have a manifest victory over all the powers of darkness, and will exalt His own people to share His throne and kingdom.

"Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain;
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again."

Christian, let this be your joy! Be sure that your hope rests only on the Word, the blood, and the all-sufficient grace and power of the Lord Jesus. Let sin be abhorred: and covet earnestly the gifts of faith, humility, holiness, and love. Walk in the footsteps of the Good Shepherd, and then watch and wait for His appearing. Study those portions of Scripture which so plainly reveal it. Hide them in your heart, and often dwell upon them. Be persuaded that the Lord Jesus will return and fulfil every word that He has spoken. And in the strength of this confidence be steadfast in your allegiance to His cause, be zealous of the spread of His kingdom, and be patient and submissive to the will of God in seasons of darkness and sorrow.

"A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er;
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away."

A CHEERFUL HEART.

"Serve the Lord with gladness."—*Ps.* c. 2.

HAYDN was once asked how it was that his church music was always so cheerful. The great composer made this reply:—

"I cannot," he said, "make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me if I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

The Royal Year.

A CHRONICLE OF OUR GOOD QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

COMPILED BY THE EDITOR OF "HOME WORDS."

"THE *Royal Year*" is simply a sequel to "*The Queen's Resolve.*" The one book anticipated the coming Jubilee, the other aims to chronicle the main features and incidents of the wonderful celebration, which from first to last was, in Queenly words used on another occasion, "a complete and beautiful triumph—a glorious and touching sight."

The Queen *herself* was the *heart* of the Jubilee. "She has striven to be good, and that has been to England more than genius and more than statesmanship. In her marriage and in her motherhood she has set an example, in things which are more precious than wealth, and more powerful than victories." As mother and wife, as well as Queen, the name of Victoria will ever stand out uniquely on the pages of history.

"The grandest thing in all the Jubilee was just this. 'The hearth,' says an Indian proverb, 'is not a stone, but a woman.' *We have a great Home, and its hearth is a Royal woman.*"

The Royal Year is now ready, price 1*s.* 6*d.* It contains:—I. "The Story of Jubilee Day"; II. "Vivat Regina: Jubilee Songs and Choruses"; III. "Patriotism and Loyalty"; IV. "Three Jubilee Notes: Praise, Prayer, and Practice"; V "The Queen and the People's Palace"; VI. "The Children's Fête in Hyde Park"; VII. "The Imperial Institute"; VIII. "Jubilee Presents to the Queen"; IX. "Jubilee Poems"; X. and XI. "Jubilee Incidents and Anecdotes"; XII. "The Majesty of Woman." The Illustrations, by first-class artists, number more than thirty. Specimens are annexed.

Arrangements have been made by the Publisher to supply *The Royal Year* to the Clergy and Sunday School Superintendents on the same terms as *The Queen's Resolve:* 50, 25, or 12 copies, at 1*s.* each. But to guard against disappointment and delay, early orders should be sent to Mr. CHARLES MURRAY, *Home Words* Office, Paternoster Square, E.C.

Rule the House Well:

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

BY JOHN W. KIRTON, LL.D., AUTHOR OF "BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

MOTHER'S RULE.

IT is impossible to describe the various evidences of discomfort which gradually one by one found their way into the once bright, happy home of the Maxwells. Suffice it to say that Mr. Maxwell felt disposed now and then to stop out later than usual, in order to be free from the annoyance of the spoilt children, and also to escape the irritating words of his once kind-hearted but now over-done, loving wife. Things had reached this crisis when one evening an old friend of Mrs. Maxwell's called to see them at about ten o'clock. On being shown into the sitting-room by the servant, she exclaimed, as she saw the two little ones running about the place in their nightdresses, "Why, my dear, how is this—the children not in bed yet? It's quite time they were gone to roost?"

"Oh, no; they never go until we do," was the fond mother's languid reply.

"Never go till you do?" was the response of Mrs. Branton, the visitor. "You surprise me. I never heard of such a thing."

"Perhaps not," joined in Mr. Maxwell. "But it's a regular thing here, I can tell you."

"A regular thing! I wonder how you stand it, Mrs. Maxwell; it would have killed me."

"So do I wonder how I stand it," was the reply. "But, to tell you the truth, I begin to feel jaded, and almost worn out."

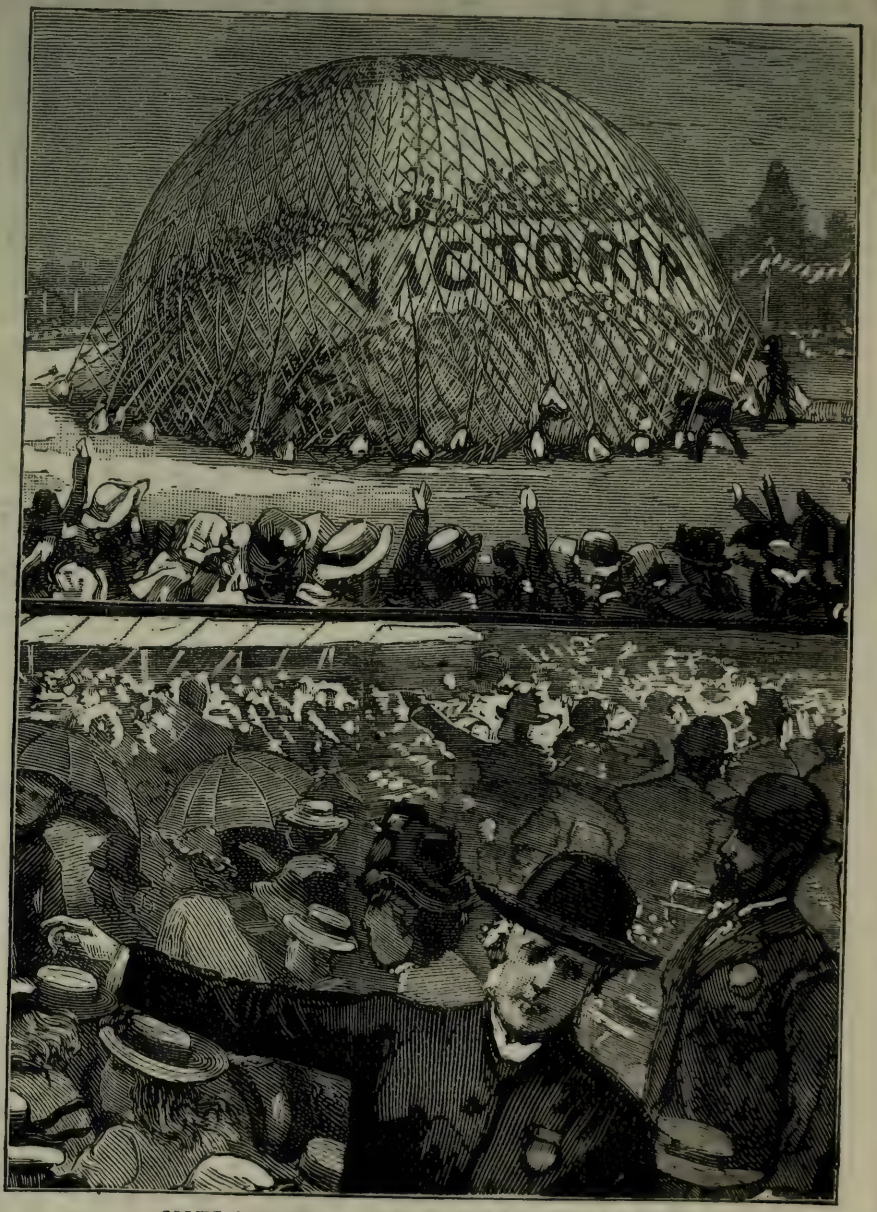
"And no wonder, Mrs. Branton," joined in Mr. Maxwell, "when I tell you that she doesn't go out from one week's end to the other, and do what I can, I cannot get her to move."

"And for this very good reason—I haven't a moment of time," was Mrs. Maxwell's excuse.



H.R.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA.

From the Picture by RICHARD WESTALL, R.A., *Painted in* 1830, *and now in Windsor Castle.*



INFLATING THE GREAT BALLOON,

At the School Fête in Hyde Park, June 22, 1887.

From "THE ROYAL YEAR."]

"Not time, my dear?" asked Mrs. Branton. "Then I'd see if I could not make time somehow."

"Ah! it's all very well to talk about making time; but if you had two children to look after, as I have, you would soon find that the days would slip through your hands as quickly as I do."

"But I have more children to look after than you have," replied Mrs. Branton; "and yet you see I am out to-night, and I manage to go out with my husband other nights as well, from time to time. Not that I mean to say I am out every night. No; a mother with a family, and the ordinary duties of a home, can't do that, if she is to do her duty; but with proper management she can—nay, I go further, I say in justice to herself she ought, to be able to get out now and then, if she is to keep up her health, and in this way be ready for the proper discharge of the duties of her daily life."

"Well, I wish I could do it," was Mrs. Maxwell's reply. "But the more I try, the farther I seem to be off."

"It isn't merely trying, my dear Mrs. Maxwell," said Mrs. Branton; "it depends upon how we try. I have seen scores of mothers fail, not for want of trying, but for want of trying in the right way."

"Well, what do you consider the right way, Mrs. Branton? Perhaps a few hints from your book of experience, which is larger than ours, may help us a bit," said Mr. Maxwell. "I'm sure we shall only be too glad to profit by what you have to say."

"I shall be most happy to do what I can to put you in the way of getting over the difficulty," responded Mrs. Branton. "But I can't do much; it is you—yes, both of you—that must do the most important part;" and, turning to Mr. Maxwell, she said, "Do you wish to kill your wife?"

"Kill my wife! I hardly understand what you mean. Please explain yourself."

"I will, if I can. I can see by her looks, and I know from past experience, that if she continues in the same way of life I find her in now, that ere long she will break down in health, and you will run the risk of losing her altogether."

"God forbid that!" said Mr. Maxwell. "I'd do anything which lies in my power to avert such a terrible calamity."

"I believe you would, and that is why I have taken the liberty of putting such a plain question to you. Now, as you do not wish to kill your wife, you will be ready to do all you can to keep her alive, won't you?"

"Certainly: with all my heart."

"Then, let me begin where I see the gravest signs of danger abound;" pointing to the two children, she added, "There, there is the weakest spot."

"In what way?" asked Mrs. Maxwell.

"In this, my dear. *The children rule you.* Now you must reverse that at once. *You must rule the children.*"

"In what way?" asked Mr. Maxwell.

"In every way; for I perceive that your wife, out of mere mistaken kindness to your children, has been doing them a great unkindness, and the result is you both are suffering already from the consequences."

"Be pleased to point out these consequences to me," said Mrs. Maxwell, who was beginning to feel a little touchy upon the matter.

"Now, don't be displeased with me when I say, my dear, that you have been mistaken. We are all liable to be so; and mothers are especially exposed to it, from the fact that their feelings are apt to govern their judgments when dealing with such delicate, tender beings as babies—their own sweet ones. But let me ask you, is it kind to let these two dear ones be up at this time of night, and especially without proper clothing upon them?"

"But they won't go to bed."

"Won't go? Don't tell me that, my dear. It is for you to say they *must* be made to do so. It only wants a little management. Now let me ask you, When did they sleep last?"

"Nearly the whole of the afternoon," was Mrs. Maxwell's reluctant reply.

"That's just what I expected to hear you say. Now, is it any wonder, my dear, that they do not want to go to sleep now? This makes it very evident that there is room for some alteration in that—is there not?"

"That's certain; but how is it to be done?" was Mrs. Maxwell's very earnest question.

"Done? Why, easy enough; but it will, of course, take time now to bring about the change. Let me ask you, At what hour do they get up in the morning?"

"Sometimes nine, and often later."

"And play about during the morning, after

they have been washed and had their breakfast?"

"Oh, yes; I've no trouble about that," was Mrs. Maxwell's ready reply.

"Just so. Now, I want you just to notice this: it is not a question of sleep or play, but *when* it is to be done. Now, who do you think ought to be the best able to decide about this—the babies or the parents?"

"Well, I should think the parents ought to do that," said Mr. Maxwell, "provided it can be done."

"Done? It must be done, my dear friend, and you must help your wife to do it. Long before you were so pleased to say, 'Baby takes notice,' he had begun to do so. As his eyes vacantly roamed round this room, though he did not seem to notice, yet he was doing so all the time. So it was with your actions. If he saw that by crying he could get a thing, or by screaming he was taken up out of bed, depend upon it, if you didn't think of it he did."

"But I do not like to hear the poor little dears cry," said Mrs. Maxwell.

"No, nor do I, or any mother who has proper feelings. But, at the same time, you must bear in mind that a little crying will not hurt a child, if it is in anything like good health; and if it has really nothing to cry for, it will not cry long. But to take it up every time it cries is one of the most foolish things any mother can do."

"Then what would you recommend as the best way to prevent the children crying?" asked Mrs. Maxwell.

"Something like this: keep to one hour as near as possible for the child while young to rise in the morning, and also for it to go to bed at night. It will be surprising to you how soon a baby will know when that time arrives. Have a proper time for feeding and dressing it. Teach your child as early as possible to lay on its back on the floor, so that it may exercise its legs and arms. While it is doing so, you can attend to many little household duties in comfort, because you will feel that the child is happy. Take care of yourself as well as your baby. Now and then, if the little dear gets tired of amusing itself, you must do something to help it. About 11 to 12 o'clock, according to age, let him have his morning nap, and if he does not wake at the proper time for dinner, then you should gently arouse him. After dinner, if the weather is fine, you should see that he is dressed and taken out for a little fresh air; and then, after a good tea of plain, proper food, you will find, from six to seven, he will want to go to bed. Indeed, you will be astonished with the readiness with which a baby will fall in with your plans, if properly and firmly enforced."

"Why, all that seems like clockwork," said Mr. Maxwell.

"Yes; and so things have to be done, as a rule, in all well-ordered families," replied Mrs. Branton. "Indeed, without order no family can enjoy as much happiness as they ought to do; hence it is said 'Order is Heaven's first law,' and I often think that if we had a little more 'order' and a little less 'dis-order' in our homes, they would be more like Heaven than many of them are."

"I see it as clear as possible," said Mrs. Maxwell. "I have been letting the babies rule me, instead of my ruling the babies. But, thank God, it's not too late to turn over a new leaf, and by God's help I'll begin with to-morrow morning."

"Do, my dear," added Mrs. Branton. "But don't expect to succeed all at once. You will find that at first your little ones will be inclined to rebel. But you must be firm. Keep the end in view, and you will discover after a few days, that by altering the time of sleep to the right part of the night and day, nature will come to your help, and the victory will be secured."

"I sincerely hope it may," said Mrs. Maxwell.

"I'm sure it will, if you only persevere," replied Mrs. Branton.

"Then let us resolve by God's help to do so," said Mr. Maxwell, as turning to his wife, he added, "What say you, my dear?"

"With all my heart," she responded.

"And you may rest perfectly satisfied that you will be sure to succeed," said Mrs. Branton. "But as I see it is getting late, you must excuse me staying longer; but I will call in now and then to see how you are getting on, and if any of my experience is of value to you, rest assured I shall be most happy to place it at your service."

It need only be added that Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell kept their promise, and began the very next day to rule the babies. At first there was, as they expected, some signs of re-

bellion. Over and over again, by crying, etc., the young ones tried to assert their supremacy; but it was all in vain, and gradually they submitted, and became dutiful and loyal subjects. As the weeks passed by, it became as natural for them to want to retire to bed early in the evening, as it used to be to run about the parlour until a late hour in their night things. The good results soon became manifest even beyond their expectations. The health of Mrs. Maxwell was restored, the bloom came back to her cheeks, the smile to her face. The haggard and worn expression disappeared, and she became as cheerful and as light-hearted as it was possible. Her husband also was a sharer of her joys. Now and then he found they could go out together with pleasure in the evening, knowing that the children were asleep safe in their beds; and if he spent an evening at home reading to his wife while she was doing some needlework, they found the time pass quickly and pleasantly away. Over and over again they expressed to Mrs. Branton, when she called in, how thankful they were for her homely advice, and to this day they are ready to say to all mistaken fathers and mothers who have let the children rule them, instead of ruling the children:—Follow our plan; be firm, be loving, be true to your trust, and you, too, will have the joy of knowing the blessedness of those who

"RULE THE HOUSE WELL."

Wayside Chimes.

VIII. FAITH.

BY KARL STEIGER; TRANSLATED BY THE REV. J. KELLY.

FAITH is a fire that riseth
To heaven from hearts on earth,
And every spark emitted
By it hath equal worth;
And greater will it ever grow
If thou dost care enough bestow.

Faith is an eye that looketh
To Jesus Christ on high:
Christ, to the soul that longeth
For Him, it bringeth nigh:
It is an eye oft dimmed by tears,
That cannot rest till light appears.

Faith is a hand that graspeth
The Saviour's grace and power:
And when it failure feareth
In sore temptation's hour,
Yet doth the Lord uphold it still,
And kept by Him hold fast it will.

Faith is the foot that brings us
To Christ our Saviour nigh:
Though slowly it progresseth,
Yet onward doth it hie:
The Saviour comes to meet His own,
Who yield themselves to Him alone.

Working Men in Pursuit of Knowledge.

THE Rev. W. J. Smith, Vicar of St. John's, Kilburn, in a recent lecture illustrated the great success of working men in the pursuit of knowledge by the following examples:—

In one of my college vacations I spent some days amongst the hills between Yorkshire and Lancashire. On the Saturday evening it chanced that a friend and I, being caught in heavy rain, sought shelter at a village draper's. We were invited through the shop into the one room, which was kitchen and parlour both. Here we found a dozen or more genuine working men smoking their pipes and engaged in earnest, intelligent conversation. A tall, long-boned dyer, with a keen eye and prominent features, was a sort of leader amongst them; and proud as I was of my standing as a University undergraduate, and fresh as I was from my classics, I soon found that he knew pretty nearly as much as I did about Homer and Virgil, although he had only read them in translations: and that when we turned to history and to English literature, I might indeed become a learner at his lips. The others also were well able to hold their own in

the various discussions: so that I have rarely whiled away a couple of hours under more interesting circumstances.

Now I might to-night narrate to you incidents in the lives of certain distinguished Presidents of the American Republic. I might tell you the story of Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter; of James Garfield, who paid for his schooling at Geauga Seminary by working mornings and evenings, and Saturdays, at the carpenter's bench; or of General Grant, who commenced his career in a tanyard; or I might trace for you the history of George Stephenson, the collier, who founded our railway system; and of Hugh Miller, the stonemason, who became editor of a newspaper and one of the leading geologists of his day. In the same spirit I would tell you of William Ross, the house-painter, who had to live upon potatoes and oatmeal for weeks at a spell, and who had to do this again and again, and who died an ordinary working house-painter, his only promotion being that he was for awhile secretary to a trades' union. Yet this man used to travel far and wide to see ancient buildings, and to study antiquities.

Then there was John Duncan, the Alford weaver, who was visited at eighty-three years of age by two gentlemen, who found him living in a one-roomed weaving-shed, and sleeping in the dark loft over it. This man had a choice library and a wonderful collection of plants, including a unique selection of *Cryptogamia*. This last was his peculiar treasure, and the little old man chuckled with glee as his visitors untied one string and paper, and then another string and paper, and so on, until after unwinding five folds of covering, the precious volumes of carefully pressed and preserved and scientifically named grasses lay open before them. Like him, too, was Robert Dick, the Thurso baker, who in the intervals between his morning baking and the evening kneading, trudged miles the country round, studying its botany and geology. Nothing distressed and offended him more than the idea that folks were talking about him, or that his name should appear in print. But perhaps the most remarkable of them all was Thomas Edward, the Banffshire naturalist, who died last April, and whose life Mr. Smiles has written in one of the most entertaining of books.

Now all these men were working men to the end of their days, and they never aspired to be more. It is true that Edward had for the last few years of his life a pension of £50 from Government, which was assigned to him when he was too much crippled with rheumatism from his nightly wanderings after bird and beast to earn his living as a shoemaker. But that does not take him out of the class of men of whom I am speaking. It is examples such as these I would place before you, because they are within every one's reach, and they show what can be done upon narrow means and with no particular advantages.

One thing I notice common to them all, and common to most men like them of whom I have read, and it is this—they were all temperate men. It was not often that they were seen inside a public-house, and it was not much they took when they did go there. Small earnings and hard fare were their lot, and they were content with it. Their search for knowledge elevated them in the truest sense. They were above degrading pursuits, and they were too self-respectful to indulge in shameful habits.

But you may say, What is the value of this search for knowledge? Robert Nichol, the farm labourer and poet, answers the question. He wrote to a friend that "intelligence meant freedom, and ignorance slavery."

A TYPE-FOUNDER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE type of a Glazier should be Diamond.
The type of an Oyster should be Pearl.
The type of a Jeweller should be Agate.
The type of an Honest Man should be Nonpareil.
The type of a Citizen should be Bourgeois.
The type of a Schoolmaster should be Primer.
The type of a Bull should be English.
The type of a Maiden should be Paragon.
The type of a Mother should be Double Paragon.
The type of a Soldier should be Canon.
The type of an Author should be Script.
The type of a Preacher should be Text.
The type of Aristocracy should be Title.
The type of a Baby should be Small Caps.
The type of an Alderman should be Extended.
The type of a Drunkard should be Back Slope
The type of a Barber should be Hair Line.
The type of our Foundry should be Excelsior.

Our English Prayer-Book.

BY L. M. HOARE.



NO book, except our English Bible, has such a place in the hearts of the English people as the Book of Common Prayer. To many of them its words are almost as familiar as the words of Scripture; and as they fall on their knees for private prayer, they find themselves framing their requests in the well-known words to which they are so much accustomed; for those words seem always suited to our needs. In times of joy our hearts are raised in thanksgiving as we join in the triumphant praise of the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate;* in times of sorrow, we find comfort as we join with those around us in seeking "Help in time of need," and in striving "in all our troubles" to "put our whole trust and confidence in God's mercy."

Yes, whatever his frame of mind may be, the true Christian finds his needs expressed in our Liturgy. And not only is it a source of help and comfort to the individual, but it is a bond of union with innumerable worshippers throughout our land, and throughout the world. From the splendid cathedral full of architectural grandeur, and from the simple village church; from the crowded congregations in our large towns, and from the "two or three gathered together in Christ's name," the same words of prayer and praise ascend Sunday after Sunday to the throne of grace. Is it not a source of comfort and pleasure to those who, having "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," are yet separated by earthly circumstances, perhaps by seas and continents, to feel that they can thus unite in worship?

"And so they part,
On their divided ways with cheerful heart,
Knowing that in all places they will call
On the same God and Father over all:
And part not wholly, since they meet whose prayer
Meets at the throne of heaven."—*Trench.*

But, although many thus value their Prayer-Book, a very large proportion know little or nothing of its history, or to whom they are indebted for that which they use so frequently and appreciate so highly.

Our Book of Common Prayer is one of the blessings conferred on us by the Reformation. Up to the year 1542 the service-books of the Roman Catholic Church were used throughout England. They differed somewhat from those in use on the Continent, but contained and inculcated the erroneous doctrines of that Church. The services were numerous, viz., matins, lauds, prime, vespers, and compline, and the service books were numerous also. The Breviary contained an abridgment of the Daily Services of the Church, and services for Sundays and Saints' Days. The Missal contained the service of the Mass. The Manual contained the occasional services, *e.g.*, Baptism, Marriage, etc., and the Primers were short books of devotion and instruction. Each diocese had its own service-books, which were called by its name, as the York Use, the Sarum Use, etc.

There was therefore before the Reformation no Book of Common Prayer in general use throughout the country. It was not till the year 1542 that any change was contemplated. In that year King Henry VIII., who had resolved to throw off the yoke of Rome, appointed a Committee of Convocation to revise these numerous service-books. The service-books were to be "corrected, reformed and castigated from all manner of mention of the Bishop of Rome's name." Henry would have nothing more to do with the Pope, or Romish saints, of whom mention was also to be erased.

Cranmer, who was on the Committee, and his friends, set themselves to the work of revision, but it was a long and complicated task. The service-books contained much that was good which they wished to retain, and a great deal of error which they wished to reject. They also aimed at simplifying the Rubrics, which, in the course of years, had become very elaborate. This part of their work they accomplished first. They next published the Litany, in 1544, very much as it now stands. It was included in King Henry's Primer, a book of instruction compiled for the general use of the people, at about this time.

(To be continued.)

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADES.

XVII. Ye have seen me in the skies,
Yet beneath the ground I rise;
Sometimes far above your head,
Sometimes deep beneath your tread.

Laughing eye and dimpling smile
May be even me awhile;
Playful words, like javelins thrown,
As myself you often own.

Many a sunny stream ye trace,
Rippling in my calm embrace;
Still I watch the secret shrine
Of the rich and ruddy wine.

Nave, and choir, and aisle, I trow,
All to me their glories owe;
Even a seraph form by me
Greater, fairer yet may be.

Many a loved one may be laid
In my sadly solemn shade.
On your brow I now may dwell;
Can you not my fair name tell?

FANNY R. H.

XVIII.

My first is a name of the masculine gender;
My second you feel when you sit near the fender:
My whole I do hope that you never will be
In your feelings of friendship and kindness to me.

S.

CONUNDRUMS.

93. When is a man like frozen rain?
94. Who is the man who carries all things before him?
95. Name that bird which if you do not you must die.
96. Which is the Queen of the Roses?
97. What question can only be answered by saying yes?
98. What are they which, placed at a distance, meet without moving?
99. Why is London milk like a bank-note?
100. How is punctuality immaterial?
101. Of what trade is the sun?
102. Say exactly how many peas there are in a pint.
103. How does a horse show to man an example of philanthropy?
104. Why is a door like the subjunctive mood?
105. Why is good advice like a sickle?
106. Why is the moon like a sword?
107. What is the difference between a schoolmaster and an engine-driver?

ANSWERS. (See OCTOBER No., p. 237.)

CHARADE.

XVI. Starling.

CONUNDRUMS.

85. One is a strong will, and the other is a strong won't.
86. When he draws a conveyance.
87. Because when he goes to bed, somebody is sure to rap him up.
88. The crack of a whip.
89. The Probate judge.
90. To keep his head warm.
91. Syllable—Monosyllable.
92. Because its capital is always (Dublin) doubling.

"Ring the Bells!" "Home Words" for Christmas.

WE are, as usual, obliged to issue our *Christmas Supplemental Number* with the *November* "*Home Words*" in order to get a sufficient number printed in time to meet the immense demand.

In addition to other Christmas reading, and first-class Illustrations, the Number this year contains two Christmas Tales, entitled:—

"EXCEPT ONE; or, Forgive and Forget,"
By R. M. BALLANTYNE; and
"LOST IN THE HOUSE,"
By CANON BARDSLEY.

The Price, *with* the November Magazine, is *Two-pence;* but further single copies, price *One Penny* each, can be ordered from the Booksellers.

To save disappointment in the supply, the Publisher has arranged to send with the November Magazines a proportionate number both to the Clergy who localize "*Home Words*," and also to the Trade. Copies unsold, if any, will not be charged, but should be returned as early as possible *before* Christmas Day.

The Number will be suitable for a "Christmas Box" for the Guests at Parish Gatherings, Robin Dinners, etc. In quantities it can be supplied direct for 6*s.* per 100. Address: The Manager, "*Home Words*" Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

"The Fireside" Christmas Number.

This is also now ready. It is full of Christmas reading, and is worth entertaining for the entertainment it will give at any Fireside. Price 6*d.* London: "*Home Words*" Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.



"TANGLED!" [*See Page* 263.

The Young Folks' Page.

XXXIV. "TANGLED!"

IT is a thorough wet day, one of those drenching downpours when even Charlie Brockley doesn't care to venture out. And Charlie is a lad who delights to be out of doors. Give him a good skate in winter, a game of cricket in summer, and he is thoroughly happy; indeed, Charlie takes to any kind of recreation in the open air, as naturally as a duck takes to water.

Here he is however, kept in all day, because it is raining so heavily: and after ransacking the drawers from top to bottom, and trying to settle down to something in every room in the house, he has at last found a job which it will tax all his cleverness to get through.

His mother has given him a big skein of worsted to unravel. So placing two chairs back to back, he has got along very cleverly for nearly ten minutes. But now he is terribly puzzled, for the skein is so tangled that he cannot possibly make any further progress, without "thinking." Charlie knows that, as far as he has gone, it is all right. He has got quite a big ball in his hand already, and he must not let that come undone, or he will have all his work to do over again. So there we will leave him "thinking the matter over." One thing is certain, he is learning two useful lessons: the one to think for himself; the other to practise patience.

Many boys and girls—yes, and grown men and women too—never take the trouble to think for themselves. To think *for* one's self—not to think *of* one's self, which is a very different matter—is a capital aid to success in life: while the habit of being patient is without doubt one of the most happy possessions a person can possibly have.

Charlie is not going to be beaten. There is the sturdy look about him of which heroes are made, and we may feel quite sure that he will not leave his post until that tangled skein has been unravelled without the breaking of a single bit of the worsted. But it's best not to tangle things at all.

XXXV. EVENING THOUGHTS.

Did I this morn devoutly pray
For God's assistance through the day?
And did I read His sacred Word
To make my life therewith accord?
Was I obedient, humble, mild?
As well becomes a Christian child?
Have I bad thoughts restrained, and tried
To check ill-humour, anger, pride?
Did I my lips from words refrain
Which God offend and good men pain?
And for no purpose ever try
To hide the truth or tell a lie?
Did I with cheerful patience bear
The little ills we all must share?
From evil spared, with favours blest,
Have I my grateful thanks expressed?
My Saviour God! be Thou my Friend!
Thy comforts, Holy Spirit, lend!
My sins and frailties, Lord, forgive,
And teach me better still to live!

Rev. W. L. Pope.

XXXVI. THE QUEEN'S DAUGHTERS.

A good many years ago, when Her Majesty was spending a short time in the neighbourhood of the Trossachs, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice paid an unexpected visit to an old female cottager on the slopes of Glenfinlas, who, knowing that they had some connection with the Royal household, bluntly ejaculated, "Ye'll be the Queen's servants, I'm thinkin'?" "No," they quietly rejoined, "we are the Queen's *daughters*." "Ye dinna look like it," was the immediate reply of the unusually outspoken Celt, "as ye hae neither a ring on your fingers, nor a bit gowd i' your ears!"—From *The Royal Year*.

XXXVII. THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE MOTTO.

The colonies of Australia, in applying to the Bible Society to send out a supply of New Testaments for Sunday scholars, asked the Society to get Her Majesty the Queen to write some text of Scripture and sign her autograph. She did this most readily, and chose a text of Scripture for the children of the Australian Sunday Schools. This was the text:—

"'On earth peace, goodwill towards men.'
Victoria, *Windsor Castle, March* 8, 1887."

XXXVIII. "WELL PLAYED."

When the Royal Procession on Jubilee day reached the corner of Westminster Bridge, the Prince of Wales laughingly drew the attention of several of his neighbours to a device which has become quite common:—

"50; not out; well played."

From "The Royal Year."

The Bible Mine Searched.

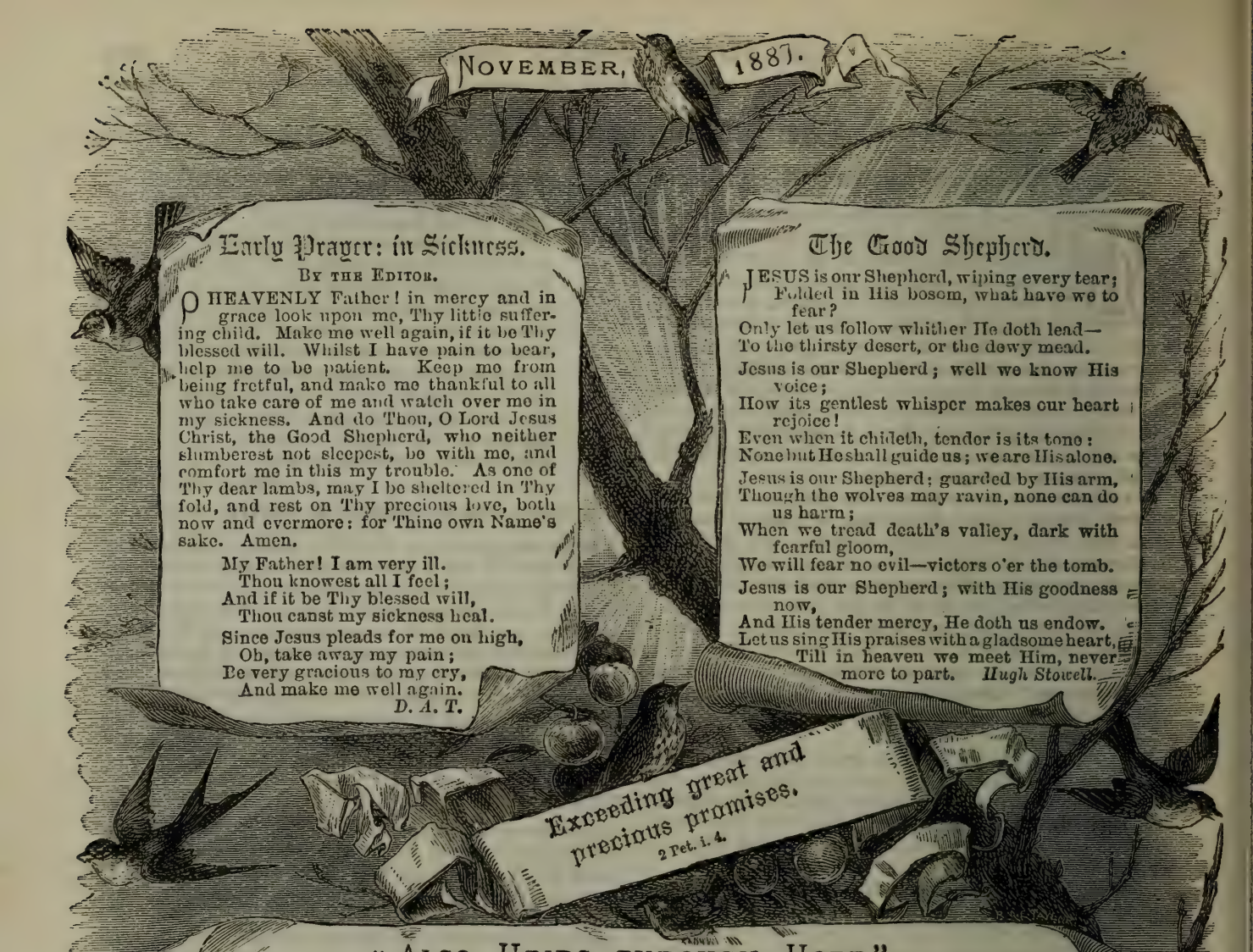
SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE," ETC.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. WHEN did a king rise early to worship in the temple?
2. What command regarding God's Word was written for kings, before there was any king in Israel?
3. When were the lives of 276 persons preserved for the sake of one righteous one?
4. What little word in the Acts of the Apostles tells us when St. Luke became St. Paul's travelling companion?
5. What expression used by St. Paul shows his kindly remembrance of Timothy's affection for him?
6. When was the beginning of the year changed to commemorate a great event?
7. What Jewish ruler testified against those who traded on the Sabbath?
8. What prophet warned the Jews of the calamities which would follow the profanation of the Sabbath?
9. What expression used by Jesus in naming one of His people shows the tenderness of the union between Him and them?
10. What metaphor used by St. Paul shows the inseparableness of this union?

ANSWERS (see September No., p. 215).

1. St. Jude in his Epistle (ver. 14).
2. Num. vi. 24–26.
3. Dionysius the Areopagite and woman named Damari (Acts xvii. 34).
4. "Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ" (Phil. iii. 8).
5. "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again" (Prov. xix. 17).



Early Prayer: in Sickness.

By the Editor.

O HEAVENLY Father! in mercy and in grace look upon me, Thy little suffering child. Make me well again, if it be Thy blessed will. Whilst I have pain to bear, help me to be patient. Keep me from being fretful, and make me thankful to all who take care of me and watch over me in my sickness. And do Thou, O Lord Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd, who neither slumberest not sleepest, be with me, and comfort me in this my trouble. As one of Thy dear lambs, may I be sheltered in Thy fold, and rest on Thy precious love, both now and evermore: for Thine own Name's sake. Amen.

My Father! I am very ill.
Thou knowest all I feel;
And if it be Thy blessed will,
Thou canst my sickness heal.

Since Jesus pleads for me on high,
Oh, take away my pain;
Be very gracious to my cry,
And make me well again.

D. A. T.

The Good Shepherd.

JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead—
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd; well we know His voice;
How its gentlest whisper makes our heart rejoice!
Even when it chideth, tender is its tone:
None but He shall guide us; we are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd; guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may ravin, none can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil—victors o'er the tomb.

Jesus is our Shepherd; with His goodness now,
And His tender mercy, He doth us endow.
Let us sing His praises with a gladsome heart,
Till in heaven we meet Him, never more to part.

Hugh Stowell.

Exceeding great and precious promises.
2 Pet. i. 4.

"ALSO HEIRS THROUGH HOPE."

"If children, then heirs."—Rom. viii. 17.

1	Tu	ALL SAINTS. *They shall walk with Me in white.*
2	W	They that are with Him are faithful. Rev.
3	Th	Whose names are in the book of life. [xvii. 14.
4	F	Rejoice because your names are written.
5	S	He . . . the First-born among many brethren.
6	S	**22nd S. af. T.** *Bringing many sons unto glory.*
7	M	Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.
8	Tu	I will wait upon the Lord, I will look for Him.
9	W	My soul, wait Thou only upon God. Ps. lxii. 5.
10	Th	My expectation is from Him. Ps. lxii. 5.
11	F	The expectation of the poor shall not perish.
12	S	Thine expectation shall not be cut off.
13	S	**23rd S. aft. Trin.** *We look for the Saviour.*
14	M	My soul waiteth for the Lord. Ps. cxxx. 6.
15	Tu	More than they that watch for the morning.
16	W	He shall choose our inheritance for us.
17	Th	Heirs according to the hope of eternal life.
18	F	Heirs according to the promise. Gal. iii. 29.
19	S	This is the promise, even eternal life.
20	S	**24th S. aft. Trin.** *A King shall execute justice in the earth.* Jer. xxiii. 5. [earth.
21	M	We according to His promise look for a new
22	Tu	Doth His promise fail? Ps. lxxvii. 8. [Pet. iii. 9.
23	W	The Lord is not slack . . . but long-suffering. 2
24	Th	He is faithful that promised. Heb. x. 23.
25	F	When shall I arise and the night be gone? Job
26	S	The night is far spent. Rom. xiii. 12. [vii. 4.
27	S	**Advent Sunday.** *Behold, the Day cometh.*
28	M	Let us put on the armour of light. Rom. xiii. 12.
29	Tu	That ye may know what is the hope of His calling. Eph. i. 18. [ness. Isa. xxxv. 10.
30	W	ST. ANDREW. *They shall obtain joy and glad-*

SUN.—1st day. MOON.—New, 15th, M. 8.8.
Rises 6.55. Sets 4.31. " Full, 30th, A. 3.20.

2. The "judicious" Hooker died, 1600. [opened in 1869.
6. New Blackfriars Bridge over the Thames
7. The *London Gazette* was first published, in 1665.
20. Williams the missionary killed, in 1839.
21. George Moore, the Philanthropist, died, 1876.
28. The *Times* was first printed by steam, 1814.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.



Drawn by A. HUNT.] "HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING." [*See Page* 267.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Christmas Morn:

"HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING."

THE church is quaint, and carved, and olden; [golden,
The sunlight streams in wavelets
This Christmas morn, [stories,
Through stained glass scenes from Bible
On ancient knights whose sculptured glories
The aisle adorn.

Among their tombs the sunlight lingers,
Then halts between the anthem-singers,
And warriors grim.
For there, 'midst many a warlike relic,
Fair children sing the song angelic,
Christ's Birthday hymn.

In reverie wrapt, I pause and listen,
I watch the darting sunbeams glisten
On floor and wall;
Then pass from dead to living graces,
And on the children's happy faces
In splendour fall.

Gone are the days of gloom and error,
Love's sceptre breaks the rod of terror
In our fair isle:
And as the children sing His message
Of Peace on Earth the joyful presage,
They win God's smile.

ANON.

At Bethlehem.

ST. JEROME, to whose translation of the Bible we owe so much, is said to have lived for thirty years at Bethlehem. When he was offered high earthly honours, he exclaimed, with child-like simplicity of faith:—

"Take me not away from Bethlehem, the cradle where my Lord was laid. Nowhere can I be happier than there. Where God gave me His Son from heaven, there will I resign to Him my soul for heaven." "And there," he wrote in his old age, "do I often hold converse with Him, and say to Him, 'Ah, Lord Jesus, how can I repay Thee?' And He answers, 'I need nothing; only sing thou, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men.' And when I say, 'Nay, but I *must* yield Thee something,' He replies, 'Thy silver and gold I need not, for the heaven and the earth are Mine: give them, if thou wilt, to the poor; but if thou *must* give something unto Me, give Me thy sins, thy evil conscience, thy final condemnation.'" "And then," he writes, "do I begin to weep bitterly, and to say, 'Oh, Thou beloved Jesus, how hast Thou moved my heart! I thought that Thou wouldest some gift of price, but Thou willest what I possess of evil. Oh, take what is mine, and give me what is Thine; so shall I be set free from sin, and secure of everlasting life.'"

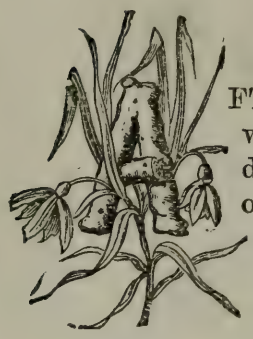
Ralph's Rescue:

A TALE OF THE SHARK'S BACK.

BY MRS. CHARLES GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW," "LOYALLY LOVED," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE LIGHTHOUSE.



AFTER a couple of hours' hard work in the lantern, Zilpha descended to the living-room of the Lighthouse to prepare dinner. She found her grandfather resting his wounded leg on another chair placed before him, and every now and then giving vent to a half-suppressed groan, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead with his blue and white handkerchief.

"Is your knee very bad, grandfather?"

"Yes, child, terrible bad; I don't ever remember it jumping like it does to-day. There must be a vast of thunder about."

"After dinner I'll bathe it, grandfather."

"Well, child, you shall; and perhaps a bit of something to eat will do me good. I never was the man to let a bit of pain interfere with keeping my watch; and it's noon bells now—so dinner's what we've got to consider."

Zilpha had often smiled to herself at her grandfather's enjoyment of his food. When one is young and strong, a piece of dry bread is sweet; with the old it is different. The young do not live by "bread alone," there are so many other things to think of. The future is full of promises, the present of expectancy. There is not much time or thought to spare on the moment that *is*: the hour that *may be* is of infinitely more importance. But with the aged in this life there is no future, and the past is a long way off; so *now* is all one has, and one must make the best of it.

Very critical and self-absorbed was old Michael: or he must have noticed that his granddaughter ate very little, that she was wonderfully quick in washing up the dinner things and tidying the room, and that her hand shook as she bathed the old man's knee.

Presently, as the pain was soothed, she persuaded him to lie down in his berth, and hurried back to the lantern.

The place had always held a strange fascination for the girl. There, in the Lighthouse lantern, with all the world of waters far below, the solitary spectator feels himself in another world. A profound silence—a stillness which may be felt—enwraps this half-way refuge between the waves and the clouds.

Zilpha bowed her tall head and crept out through the slit of a door on to the gallery which runs round this upper storey of the Lighthouse. The side looking seawards was in shadow, and there she stood, her fingers swiftly moving with mechanical precision as she knitted, and her eyes gazing out to the east. She only left her post once, and that for a short time, to prepare tea, and then hurried back. As the afternoon went on, from her elevated position she watched the signs of the coming storm.

Far away, on the most distant verge of the horizon, where her father in his coble, miles away to the north, could only see a glowing saffron band, she saw now and again sharp quivering lines of lightning flash; and the whole leaden sky came lower and lower above her head.

Then sea-gulls, cormorants, and sand-dabs went by, flying in affrighted circles, and uttering warning screams. Sometimes they swooped close to the motionless figure on the Lighthouse gallery—so close that Zilpha raised her hand to ward them off from her face.

Every sail that slowly passed by she watched eagerly, calculating the distance they were out at sea and from the nearest harbours north and south. It was awful standing there all alone and guessing the chances for other lives. Zilpha was an untaught, ignorant girl, and she could not have put her thought into words, but it "made her feel main queer," sent the blood throbbing back to her heart, and left her cheeks pale as death. The lightning flashes were playing now constantly along the horizon. At first they had only shown here and there; but the line had extended, and the flashes were constant and innumerable along the whole line of vision. The sails too had disappeared: only one was left. It could be clearly seen, for the haziness had lifted, and the waters below were black as ink, with touches of snowy foam flecking the waves for miles around the Light-

house. The sky was almost as dark, save where the fiery glow lighted the east in a long straight band.

Her knitting fell from her hands. Zilpha clasped them in agony as the awful thought struck her that the distant sail she was watching might be that of Ralph's ship. She gave a scream like one of the terrified sea-birds, and then turned and rushed down to her grandfather.

"Lend me your glass, grandad; there's a vessel in the offing."

"I'll come myself," said the old man, rising stiffly from his chair. "You go and light the lamps: it will soon be dark as pitch. I wonder why Uffa's not come back; he ought to be here by now."

"Oh, grandad, can't I have the glass first?"

"No, child; our first duty's to get them lamps alight."

Zilpha felt it was useless standing there arguing, so she turned and ran up the metal stairs again, and heard the old man come slowly after her.

Zilpha had often been with her grandfather and uncle when they had lighted the lamps, and was soon out on the gallery by the old man's side. Not a quarter of an hour had passed since she stood on the gallery before, but now she clearly saw the sails were nearer.

"Grandad, she's coming landwards! What are they thinking on?"

"Yes, she's coming this way, sure enough. They can't know of the Shark's Back, or have lost their reckoning."

"What is she?"

"Wait a bit, and I'll tell you."

How easy for the old man to say so quietly, "Wait a bit;" how very hard for the girl to obey. She would have snatched the glass from his hands, had she dared; and her quick young sight would have assured her in a moment of what she wanted to know.

At length the old sailor pronounced slowly:—

"She's a schooner—heavy tonnage. Here, you can look, and——"

"Yes, she's a schooner, sure enough; and coming landwards, too."

"If they keep on that tack another hour, she'll be caught in the current, and be on the Shark's Back in no time."

"Do you think she's as big as the *Maid of the North?*".

"Ay, about that."

Zilpha crept away round the gallery to the other side of the Lighthouse, fell on her knees, and buried her face in her hands in a passion of tears.

The *Maid of the North!* Then she might see Ralph die before her very eyes, and not be able to help him. Yes! He might die and never know how she loved him. Oh! how well she remembered that walk home from church, the Sunday evening before he sailed, and how he had told her how he loved her; and she, feeling shy and strange, had answered him with a laugh—would only take his words as a joke—had turned from him to talk with another neighbour's son, and had seen him walk away with a sad face to Runston without another word. She had often been sorry since, and had told herself she would "make it up" to him when he came back: and now he might never come back at all, or be washed up bruised and cut and dead at her feet to-morrow morning. Involuntarily she cried out, "Lord, don't:" and then all the force of her God-fearing, God-trusting bringing-up came to her aid, whispering, "A present help in trouble," and she began to pray. She prayed with all her soul for Ralph's life, as she had never prayed before.

How long she stayed there she did not know; but when she crept back to her grandfather's side the wind had risen, and she had to hold to the iron railing.

"Grandad, how near she is!"

"Yes, child, they can't know this coast; they certainly ought to have tacked near an hour ago."

"Then you don't think she's the *Maid of the North?*" cried Zilpha, with a happy ring in her voice.

"No," said the old sailor slowly; "in course not; there are four or five lads on board the *Maid* from Runston and Street. They know the Shark's Back as well as you do. No, *sartainly* not."

Zilpha never dreamed of doubting her grandfather's word, and her heart was so full of joy she could have sung aloud. The next moment she was ashamed of herself. "Poor things, they've got wives and girls at their homes just the same;" but still she could not help feeling a different creature, and going about saying, "Thank God! thank God!"

Now Michael could not hear her: for the

wind had risen, and the billows were striking with a crash on the Shark's Head rocks at the foot of the Lighthouse.

Clinging together and to the railing, the two crept round to the north side of the Lighthouse.

"Ah!" cried Zilpha, and could say no more.

"Well!" said her companion slowly, "but we'll have more sea on yet afore the night's through."

It seemed impossible.

One long uneven band of foam rose in a livid line to the shore. The moors, the cliffs, the villages were no longer visible: only a living, leaping, irregular ridge connected the Lighthouse rocks with the intense blackness beyond. Suddenly the heavens opened: the whole canopy above their heads was ablaze: the cliffs, the whitewashed cottages, the square church tower on the hill, were all visible: the fountain of foam along the Shark's Back turned flame-colour and rose in sheets of fire at their feet.

Involuntarily Michael grasped the girl's arm. They looked at one another; and then they and all around them were in inky darkness again, and the strong tower seemed to tremble as they leaned against its solid walls round which the thunder was crashing.

It was vain to try and speak. The old sailor drew the girl through the narrow door into the lantern, and closed it: and then the two stood gazing at one another.

"The voice of the Lord is on the waters," said the old man, dropping his cap. He stood silent a minute and then added, "We will bide here, Zilpha, and watch."

CHAPTER IV.

"YOU HAVE SAVED THEM!"

THE great reflectors cast three mighty bands or pathways of brightness over the black waters. Between these bands the sea was dim. Nearer and nearer approached the schooner.

"They must, at first, have mistaken our Lighthouse for the one on the Nab, at the mouth of the Harbour," said Michael, "and steered right for it. Now a hundred steam tugs couldn't turn 'em. She's caught in the current," said the old man.

Sometimes they lost sight of the ship for half an hour at a time, but always when she next was seen she was nearer to the fatal rocks. For more than two hours the lightning poured forth and the thunder-claps crashed and roared continuously; and the breakers flung themselves over the Shark's Head in a white heavy sheet. The wind, which had risen to a furious gale, churned all the outer sea to foam.

"Jockeys are riding all the breakers, my lass; and we can't see her for the murk. All we can do is to go down and watch for her striking."

"Grandad, can't we move the mortar and have the rockets ready?"

"We will do so, my girl; but we've only got three rockets: the winter box hasn't come."

They went down into the living-room, and Zilpha relighted the fire and put on a great pan of water. Her grandfather got out his whole store, which mainly consisted of cold bacon and a loaf.

"If any of 'em get off, there ought to be some bit ready. Now, Zilpha, let's go and do our best."

The mortar was very heavy; it took all their united strength to wheel it to the door. They had nearly succeeded in getting it there, when a crow-bar, which, unseen, was lying in the way, gave the gun a sudden jerk, Michael's lame knee gave way, and with a groan he came heavily on to the stone floor. The pain was extreme; his face blanched, and for a moment Zilpha thought he was dying. She rushed upstairs and brought him some rum; she put it to his lips, and when he had swallowed a little he opened his eyes.

"Oh, are you badly hurt?" cried the poor girl.

"Yes," he said. "I can't move, but it's only a bit of a shock. Never fear, my little 'un, it will be better presently: but I'm sadly afeared now we can't get that mortar out. Can you see aught of the ship? Go out and look."

The pitch darkness was lifting, and the Shark's Back was visible here and there in uneven patches, but the wind had not moderated and was blowing great guns.

Zilpha left the Lighthouse only a minute before she was blown back against its wall: but in that minute she had seen a sight which made her turn sick. The masts of the schooner were not ten yards beyond the Shark's Head.

The ship was all but on that reef on which so many others had been lost. No miracle could save her; she was in the jaws of destruction. Five more minutes, and Zilpha knew she might see a handful of loose timbers flung about by the waves, and the sailors who were now clinging in the rigging struggling in the boiling breakers. She could not close her eyes; she could only gasp out, "Lord, help them!" And then came a crash, and above the noise of the wind and waves an awful shrill human shriek.

Zilpha threw herself on her hands and knees and crept forward. She distinctly saw the ship rise, as though it was alive, and spring again on to the rocks. This time it did not, as before, fall back into the waters, but stuck midway in the wall of foam. She saw men on the masts and heard their wild cries for help, and then she crawled back.

She told her grandfather all.

"Can we do nothing?" she asked. "Must we see 'em die afore our eyes?"

"There's only one thing now, and I don't know if I ought to let you try: you may get killed, and oh! my lass, we cannot part with you." And the stern old sailor drew his cuff across his eyes.

"I *must* try—it's my *duty;* tell me, grandad, what to do."

"I'll try myself first," said the old man. He rolled over painfully, and dragged himself (one leg hanging useless) on one knee and his hands out of the door: but then the pain was so great he could go no farther.

"Oh, it's no use; to think I should have come to this!" he groaned.

"Quick, grandad, tell me what to do."

"Well, child, as the mortar is no good, all we can do is to try and throw a ball and line on board her; see, it's all fixed ready, the line on to the cable, the cable to that ring. I'll fasten a life-belt round you, and a rope round that, and haul you in; but you'll have to creep to the edge of the Head, and throw the line; and I doubt it's just impossible, for seas are coming over it every few minutes enough to knock the life out of a horse. No, you can't do it, child; you can't."

But already Zilpha had the jacket buckled on, and the rope in her hand.

"Here, tie it round me," she said. And the old man obeyed her. She fastened a bag of shot to the end of the line which was attached to the coil of cable on the floor, twisted the line round her arm, and took the shot-bag between her teeth, and crept out. Michael steadied himself against the bench and wall, and watched her with a beating heart. He saw her creep slowly forwards, the wind blowing so hard that she with difficulty made headway; but he did not know the agony of that progress.

As Zilpha got away from the protection of the Lighthouse wall, the wind caught her breath and suffocated her, and she had to stop each yard or two, panting, for the pain was intense.

At length she reached the edge of the rock, and clinging with both arms round one of the iron posts, dared for the first time to look up.

The ship, pitched on the ragged edge of the Shark's Back, had evidently had her bottom stove in—in fact, she was speared. Each time a wave struck her, she ground and scrunched on the rocks, and a shiver ran through her which threatened to loosen all her timbers. One terrible blow had hardly fallen before another and another followed; and the hissing waters sprang hungrily upwards to seize the sailors, who were clinging on to the rigging as best they could.

Zilpha saw it all as in a flash, even the faces of the men; and the cry of the little frightened cabin boy, whom one of the men was holding, came to her ears:—

"Oh! do help us—please help us."

Then Zilpha looked away to the north. A great billow was rolling in; before it touched the Shark's Head the line must be thrown, or all chance would be gone. She hastily scrambled up, unwound the line, took the shot-bag in her hand, and with all her might and a wild cry, "Lord, let it light," threw it, and was down upon her knees again, clinging with her arms about the post as the great wave swept over the rock. It took her off her knees, and flung her against the barrier chain, and swirled her round the post; but still she clung. When it retreated, she lay on the rock like a broken shred of seaweed. The thunder had ceased to roar: for down had come the blessed rain. Falling in a heavy cloud of milky whiteness on the billows, it broke them up; and tumbled and heaving though they still were with the late conflict, the rainstorm beat the waves to rest. But its splashing drops drew no sigh from Zilpha's lips. White

and limp, she lay motionless—a broken, carelessly flung away spoil of the storm.

Sobbing and crying, old Michael hauled her to his feet. Her left arm hung broken by her side. Her face was ghastly in its pallor. The old man gathered the precious burden to his breast, and dragged himself and her indoors. There he hung over her, rubbing her hand and wetting her lips, and crying out to her,—

"My lass! my bonnie little lass! why did I let you go, my brave little lass?" And then, as she gave no sign, he burst into passionate prayers: and even as he prayed, she opened her eyes.

"Did they catch it?" she asked faintly.

The old man had forgotten the shipwreck entirely. He now glanced at the great coil of rope which lay at the door. It was slowly unwinding.

"Yes, you have saved them! They've got the line!"

"Thank God!" she said, and swooned away again.

Zilpha was very weak and ill after that night. Her father and her Uncle Uffa rowed out and brought her home next day; and her mother nursed her back to health. All the weeks that she was ill, a constant visitor at the fisherman's cottage was Ralph from Runston; and every time he came, Zilpha gained strength.

She was quite her old self on Christmas morning, when, with her father, mother, brothers, and a tribe of cousins, including Uncle Uffa's Hacca, she stood with a happy face and a great bunch of autumn roses in her hand in the chancel of the old church; and Ralph in his smart mate's dress took her proudly and tenderly "for better or for worse" as his wife.

"I *had* to say it, grandfather," the bridegroom remarked to the Lighthouse master, "but there's no worse about my Zilpha; and no one will ever make me think so. She's the bonniest, bravest lass, man ever wed."

Lessons of a Sprained Ankle.

I. "One fall the less."
II. "Fearfully and wonderfully made."
III. "Without your Father . . . not a sparrow falleth."
IV. If *God* did it, there is *good* in it.
V. "Patiently wait."
VI. A slip—physical, moral, spiritual—may cause a world of pain.
VII. "Two"—ankles—"are better than one."
VIII. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."
IX. "Lead me in a plain path."
X. "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."
XI. Thank God for the ankle *not* sprained.
XII. "I will run"—when Thou shalt heal.

C. B.

God's Rest.

"God rested on the seventh day."—*Gen.* ii. 2.
"I gave them my Sabbaths."—*Ezek* xx. 12.

MAKE preparation for this hallowed guest,
Nor let it find thee with thy week-day cares
All clustered round thy Home. It is God's Rest!
Should it not then be thine? Early arise
To give attendance, lest His golden robe
Of morning light shine on thy slumberous eyes
Unheeded; lest He greet thy Home
With, "Peace I bring to thee," yet none reply!
The Temple gates of God, thy Father, stand
All open wide: there seek the hallowed way,
Following the footsteps of the happy band
That walk His courts, to keep an Holy Day
The Saviour's Hands
Are full of Sabbath blessings: only say
Which shall be thine. Anon.

The Highest Christmas Thankfulness.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "HOME WORDS," FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER.



MOTHER, who for more than thirty years has not seen to read even so much as a Psalm, and who frequently could not distinguish the faces of her children, said, the other day, that she did not doubt that her blindness had been to her a mercy, and she could be thankful for it. When her eldest born, a loved son, died, she quietly said, "Taken from the evil to come." And so, after each new trial—and many stormy gusts have swept over her life—she has seen in it a mercy and a blessing in disguise. Cheerfully she has gone about each duty, and her life has been and is a hymn of thanksgiving.

Her secret is not hard to discover. The two lines—

> "In each event of life how clear
> Thy ruling Hand I see"—

explain the whole matter:—God overruling all, and that with loving care for her best good.

The highest thankfulness ever springs out of trial; and the Christmas Carol, "Thanks be unto God for His Unspeakable Gift," is a true "song in the night" for all Christmas sorrowers. He who gave His Son, "will He not with Him also freely give us all things?"

"God with us," at Bethlehem is a sure pledge and promise that He will "never leave us nor forsake us." Let Christmas then bring with it the thought, "God *so* loved us."

> "His love is as great as His power,
> And neither knows measure nor end."

And then New Year's grace and guidance for life's pilgrimage will be the earnest of a welcome in the eternal and sorrowless Home above.

A Child's Bounty.

BY THE REV. F. LANGBRIDGE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN SUNSHINE," ETC.

A WEARY woman was begging her bread,
As a little maid passed by;
No word of entreaty the pale lips said,
But strong was the pray'r in the eye;
She had not a penny, the child that stood
And gazed in that wistful face;
But she gave her a gift that was full as good,
A look of pity and grace.
That blessèd look like a sunbeam stole,
And brightened the gloom of the outcast's soul.

The door of the alehouse grated wide,
And out to the golden day,
With steps that staggered from side to side,
A drunkard made his way.
She looked in dread at the drooping head,
The bleared and brutal gaze,
And "Father, have pity," the child-lips said,
"And win him from evil ways."
Through the gates of heav'n that whisper stole,
And the angels joyed for a rescued soul.

Though it mayn't be much that a child can do,
That has neither lore nor wealth,
It can scatter the grace the wide world through,
Of its bountiful youth and health.
It can dimple and dance from place to place,
As a wandering sunbeam strays;
And the world will bless its innocent grace,
And its gentle and loving ways.
Oh, sweet to think that your sunshine stole,
And brightened the gloom of some hopeless soul!



The Old Year and the New.

"But thou hast brought the New Year in thine arms!
Lovely and innocent, and stainless now,
Breathing beatitudes and heavenly charms,
With spotless lilies blooming on her brow.
Come in, sweet Visitant! a welcome Guest,
Come, with thy ringing joy-bells far and near,
With watch-night hallelujahs, and the zest
Of home embraces and of social cheer.
Come with old sins acknowledged and forgiven,
And new-made vows, cemented on our knees;
That love on earth may be like love in heaven,
And the New Year bring new-born melodies."

B. Gough.

The Old and the New Year.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.



MUSED as the midnight hour drew nigh, and methought the Old Year stood before me. Weary and wayworn he seemed, and in his hand was an hour-glass, whence the last sands were fleeting. As I looked upon his wrinkled forehead, memories both pleasant and mournful came over me. Fain would I have constrained his longer stay, and spake earnestly to him:—

"Many blessings hast thou brought me, for which I give thee thanks. New have they been every morning, and fresh every moment. Thou hast indeed, from my heart's garden, uprooted some hopes that I planted there. With their clustering buds they fell, and were never quickened again."

Then he said, "Praise God, both for what I gave and what I took away. And lay up treasures in heaven, that thy heart may be there also. What thou callest blighted hopes are oftimes changed into the fruits of righteousness."

But I answered, "Thou hast also hidden from my sight the loved and the revered. Clods are strewn upon their faces; they reply to my call no more. To the homes that they made so fair, they return not; and the places that once knew them, know them no more for ever."

Still he said, "Give praise to God. Trouble not thyself about those that are with Him. Rather make thine own salvation sure, that thou mayest go unto them, and be parted no more." Then, in a faint voice, he murmured, "My mission unto man is done. For me, the stone is rolled away from the door of the sepulchre. I will enter in, and slumber with the years beyond the flood, till the last trumpet soundeth."

I gazed upon his wan brow, and to me it was beautiful. Fain would I have swept away the snows that gathered around his hoary temples; but he suffered me not, and stretched himself out to die. By his side I knelt, and said, "Oh, departing year! I behold a scroll folded beneath thy mantle. What witness shall it bear of me at the judgment?"

Low and solemn were his last tones. "Thou shalt know when the books are opened, and the dead, small and great, stand before God."

The midnight clock struck. And I covered my face, and mourned for his death who had once been to me as a friend. I remembered with pain how oft I had slighted his warnings, and the opportunities he had given me of doing good; and had cast away the wealth of time, that priceless boon from the Eternal. Methought from the dying lips came a feeble sigh, "Farewell! farewell!" Then a passion of weeping fell upon me. And when again I lifted up my head, lo! the New Year stood in the place of the departed.

Smiling, he greeted me with good wishes and words of cheer, while around me lay many bright tokens of friendship and of love. But I was afraid. For to me he was a stranger; and when I would have returned his welcome, my lips trembled and were silent.

Then he said, "Fear not, I come unto thee from the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

"New Year, whither wilt thou lead me? Art thou appointed to bring me joy or sorrow, life or death?"

He replied, "I know not. Neither doth the angel nearest the throne know. Only Him who sittest thereon. Give me thy hand, and question not. Enough for thee that I accomplish His will. Make that will thine own, and thou shalt taste an angel's happiness even here below. I promise thee nothing. Be content to follow me. Take, with a prayer for wisdom, this winged moment. The next may not be mine to give. Yet, if we walk onward together, forget not that thou art a pilgrim for eternity. If I bring thee the cup of joy, be thankful, and pitiful to those who mourn; and let all men be unto thee as brethren. If the dregs of bitterness cleave unto thy lip, be not too eager to receive relief, lest thou betray the weakness of thy faith. God's perfect discipline giveth wisdom. Therefore count them happy who endure. When morn breaketh in the east, gird thyself in the Holy Spirit's strength for thy duties with a song of thanksgiving; for God is near to those who trust Him, and rejoice in His ways. And when night putteth on her coronet of stars, kneel and ask that the day's sins may, for Christ's sake, be forgiven thee; so that when I have no longer any days or nights to give thee, and must myself die, thou mayest bless me as a friend and a helper on the road to heaven."

Wayside Chimes.

IX. "In Remembrance."

"This do in remembrance of Me."—1 *Cor.* xi. 24.

"IN remembrance," O my Saviour,
Of Thy great exceeding love;
"In remembrance" of Thy mercy,
Thou didst give Thy life to prove;
"In remembrance" of Thy friendship,
When with sinners Thou didst eat;
"In remembrance" of Thy pardon
To the wanderer at Thy feet.

"In remembrance," O my Master,
Of Thy life of doing good,
Of Thy sweet compassion, feeding
Fainting multitudes with food;
"In remembrance" of Thy vigils
On the lonely mountain side,
Of Thy healing hands extended
To the sick at even-tide.

"In remembrance," Lord most loving,
Of Thy sorrow for mankind;
"In remembrance of Thy weeping
Over wilful souls and blind;
"In remembrance" of Thy patience,
Of Thy tenderness exprest;
"In remembrance" of Thy bidding
Weary souls in Thee to rest.

"In remembrance," O Redeemer,
Of Thine ever-saving Name;
"In remembrance" of Thy taking
Man's just punishment and blame;
"In remembrance" of Thy passion,
Of Thine every sorrow-smart;
"In remembrance" of Thy dying,
Of Thy pierced and broken heart.

"In remembrance," King and Saviour,
Of Thy rising from the grave,
Of Thy glorious Ascension,
Of Thy living now to save;
"In remembrance," lowly trusting,
Humbly we draw near to Thee;
Grant us, Lord, all else forsaking,
Ever to remember Thee.

E. M. Dawson.

Sympathy in Cats and Dogs.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Spectator*:—"I know you have a high opinion of the dog's character, but of the 'harmless, necessary cat' perhaps you may not think so well as he or she deserves. The following anecdote of my own 'Black Beauty,' or 'Professor Blackie,' as I often call him, may find a place in your generous paper.

"A favourite Pomeranian dog was cruelly blinded by a carter's lash, and while his owner tenderly bathed the inflamed eye, 'Blackie,' the sleek tom-cat, always sat by with a kindly look of pity in his luminous green eye. Well, 'Laddie,' the blind dog, was called in at night, but often failed to find the door, or would strike his venerable head against the posts. 'Blackie,' having noted this difficulty, would jump off his warm cushion by the kitchen fire, trot out with a 'mew' into the dark night, and in a few minutes return with 'Laddie' shoulder-to-shoulder, as it were, and the friends would then separate for the night.

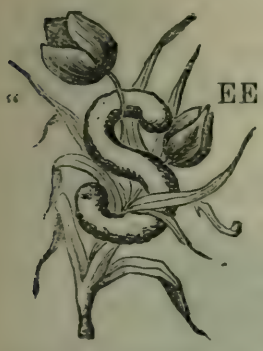
"'Laddie,' when younger, had quietly resented the attention shown by his owner to a fascinating kitten, who used to frolic with his long fringed tale; but he was too noble to show active dislike. When the kitten died in convulsions—a victim to nerves and a ball of cotton—and its owner bent over the stiffened form in grief, 'Laddie' came gravely up and kissed it. He followed to the grave, and for many days was seen by his mistress to go up to the garden and sit upon the sod. Was this his way of showing remorse for the former coldness, or might it be an expression of sympathy for his bereaved owner?"

LOOKING BACK.

AH! five-and-twenty years ago, had I but planted seeds of trees,
How now I should enjoy their shade, and see their fruit swing in the breeze. Anon.

Clean Hands:

"THREE CHEERS FOR ROB!"



"SEE what I've got!" cried Rob, exultingly, holding high in the air a large and handsome pocket-knife. "That Ned Howe's a perfect ninny! It was his own doing; we swapped at school to-day. He took a fancy to my top, and asked me to change. It was a perfectly fair bargain."

"Are your hands clean, Rob?" asked Mrs. Mason, with seeming irrelevance.

"Tolerably so, mother," Rob replied: "but I'll give them a rinse, and be ready for dinner in a jiffy."

"So you think your hands are clean, Rob?" asked Mrs. Mason again, as Rob returned from the rinsing process.

"Dear me, mother!" said Rob, holding up his hands, "don't they look all right?"

"Very tidy-looking hands, Rob: and yet again I must ask, are your hands clean?" said Mrs. Mason, with a significant glance.

"Oh, you mean about the knife," said Rob, colouring. "I don't see how I soiled my hands there. Ned proposed the swap, and I simply agreed to it."

"Yet you called him a ninny for making the proposal. He's younger than you, and he's apt to yield foolishly to a passing fancy. Ought you to have let him take the top? He'll repent of it by to-morrow."

"Shouldn't wonder if he did, the great goose! But a bargain's a bargain all the same."

"You know the Bible says so much about 'clean hands'—hands clean from dishonest gains, and from tampering in any way with unclean things. He who ascends the hill of the Lord must have clean hands and a pure heart; and another verse says, 'He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.' Soiled hands mean a soiled character; clean hands mean strength and peace. It's the clean hands which receive the blessing."

"Well, mother, I'll give back the knife. I'm afraid my hands are not quite clean. I did jump at the bargain. I suppose I ought to have reasoned with Ned; indeed, I suppose I oughtn't to have swapped, anyway."

"Here's your knife, Ned," said Rob next morning, "and you may give me my top. It wasn't a fair exchange."

"Father said I was a goose, and that you were a sharper; but whatever I am, you are all right," said Ned, cordially.

"You see, I want clean hands," said Rob, eagerly, "more than I want a knife. Mother has such a fashion of harping on 'clean hands' that I have to look pretty sharp to my ways; and I know she's right, too."

Rob needed to have a strong desire for "clean hands" to be proof against the temptations which assailed him.

Standing on Clinton Bridge the following Saturday, with a group of comrades, Rob watched the boat-race with boyish enthusiasm. Bets as to the probable result of the race were being exchanged by their elders, and the betting spirit soon extended to the boys.

"I'll have nothing to do with anything of the kind," said Rob, promptly. "Mother says it's but another form of gambling."

"Some mighty fine people indulge in it, nevertheless," said Sam Hooper; "and what do you care if you are in good company? You are as full as you can stick of narrow notions!"

"Well, I'm content to be narrow," said Rob, bravely. "The right or the wrong of a thing is the point."

"Three cheers for Rob! Give me your hand, Rob," cried Dick Harlow, a leader among the boys. "You're a brave fellow. Boys, don't let's bet; let's follow Rob's example. My father talks about the courage of one's convictions; that's what Rob has, and a capital thing it is, too. Let's have convictions, boys, and stick to them. Now, three rousing cheers for Rob!"

Dick's words had reached other ears than those for which they were intended, and some stranger voices joined in the cheering.

"I like that kind of cheering," said a gentleman who stood near. "Too many boys cheer on the other side."

Rob went home elated, and yet bewildered, by his sudden popularity.

"It always pays to do right," said his mother, "although sometimes it may seem otherwise. In the end, character must command respect. I hope my boy will always be one of those 'to dare nobly, to will strongly, and never to falter in the path of duty.'"

C. A

The Shortest Day.

(December 21st.)

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

"Shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—*Prov.* iv. 18.

THOU rising and thou setting sun,
So early ended, late begun;
This is thy darkest, briefest day,
So soon its moments pass away!

Brief is thy life, and dim thy light,
The day soon changing into night;
Deep and yet deeper sinks the gloom,
Like youth fast hast'ning to the tomb.

The struggling dawn that brought the morn
Must early to its bed return;
And, having scarce illumed the sky,
Sinks into darkness, there to die.

And yet is there a day more bright
Than is the day of longest light;
For 'tis the dawn and rising up
Of future promise and of hope.

As after anguish, after pain,
A sweet relief is felt again;
The tide doth at the ebb return,
The darkest hour precedes the morn.

Thus out of darkness, Faith and Hope
Look out along the distant scope,
To days of brighter, longer light,
And less and less of waning night.

Remember, then, "the shortest day"
Is threshold of the sunlit way;
The door that opens out of gloom,
And leads to brighter days to come.

As tide at ebb, when, from its grave,
The ripple rises, then the wave—
And then the billows, tossing high,
Break on the shore, and, murmuring, die.

O blessed Promise, blessed Hope,
The brighter prospect, looking up
For suns that yet more early rise,
And later set in evening skies!

So then, thou rising, setting sun,
So early ended, late begun,
Thou art the herald of the light,
Of longest day and shortest night!

Mother Hubbard.

AN OLD TALE RE-TOLD.

EVERYBODY, or, at least, nearly everybody, knows the old nursery rhyme which tells us that—

"Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To fetch the poor dog a bone:
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."

It is a very old story: so old, indeed, that many wise heads have been puzzled as to its origin, and some folks have even gone so far as to doubt if ever there was such a person at all as "old Mother Hubbard."

Now when little Catherine heard of this the other day, she was much excited, and very nearly angry. She declared that it was "a shame, a great shame, a very great shame, for clever people to be always spoiling the pretty tales;" and with a merry laugh she called Ponto to her side—he's our dog, and a fine, faithful friend of the family he is too—and straightway they had a splendid game of playing at old Mother Hubbard. Everything fitted in beautifully; for our parlour has a fine cosy cupboard, and it was quite, quite bare of anything to eat, for even Ponto couldn't eat china cups and saucers, and things of that kind; so, as Catherine said, it really was exactly the tale of old Mother Hubbard over again.

By-and-by, when Catherine was quite tired of running backwards and forwards to the cupboard, she sat down to think; and she thought that it would be a sad thing if people who kept doggies found at feeding time that there was nothing in the cupboard to give them to eat—and she told her mother so.

Then the dear mother said that in London,

and, indeed, in all the large towns in the country, there were, that very night, many empty cupboards. Little boys and girls would be sent to bed hungry and supperless, because their mothers could find nothing in these empty cupboards to give them.

And Catherine's round eyes filled with tears as she nestled closer to her mother's lap and gently whispered, "Mother, can't we try and put something in somebody's empty cupboard this Christmas-time?" And then she remembered that there was ever so much in her money-box, and she begged that it might be opened there and then.



From the Picture] "AN OLD TALE RE-TOLD." [*by* BRITON RIVIÈRE.

Oh, what a rattle the farthings and half-pennies and pennies made as they tumbled on the table when the piece of wood in the bottom of the box was removed! Ponto wagged his tail and bow-wowed with delight, and Catherine nimbly sorted the coins, while mother counted it all up, and found it to be just four and-sevenpence.

What to do with it was the next question, and it was determined to leave this to father to settle when he came home to tea.

What do you think was father's advice? Never mind guessing—I will tell you. He said Catherine's four-and-sevenpence should be sent up to "Robin" for the Robin Dinners. "By itself four-and-sevenpence won't do much, Kitty; but when it is put with the money sent by others, it will help 'Robin' to give a dinner to thousands of poor little boys and girls who come from homes where the cupboards are often like that of old Mother Hubbard."

Perhaps the picture of Catherine on another page, will make some boys and girls in happy homes open their hearts and unlock their money-boxes, and think of the poor little "Robins" in the homes where there are empty cupboards.*

Our English Prayer-Book.

BY L. M. HOARE.

HENRY VIII. did not live to see the accomplishment of the whole work of revision and re-arrangement: for it was not till the year 1549 that the first English Prayer-Book was published. It was called the first Service Book, or the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI. It did not contain the first part of the Prayer-Book now in use, but began with the Lord's Prayer.

The Reformers seemed to have followed chiefly the Sarum Use (that of the Diocese of Salisbury), which had also been employed in the Diocese of Canterbury. The services for matins, lauds, and prime were compressed into our Morning Service; those for vespers and compline were united in "The Order for Evening Prayer," thus diminishing greatly the number of services. Our arrangement of the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels is taken chiefly from the Sarum Missal, whilst the Communion Service was partly original, and partly derived from more ancient liturgies, compiled in the third and fourth centuries by ancient Fathers of the Church.

In the same year (1549), an Act of Uniformity of Service was passed by Parliament, establishing the use of the new Prayer-Book in the churches. This was to begin on Whit-Sunday. But the people did not receive it everywhere without a protest. In Devonshire they forcibly opposed it, preferring the older form of service to which they were accustomed. In Cornwall they did the same, declaring that the new service was "like a Christmas game." These revolts, however, were quickly subdued, and the book came into general use.

Whilst this work was going on in England, similar books had been published on the Continent. In Germany, Melancthon and Bucer were busy compiling a Prayer-Book, which was called "The Consultation of Hermann, Archbishop of Cologne," and aimed at reforming the worship and doctrine of the Church in that country. This book was published in 1543, and translated into English in 1547.

Calvin, too, was trying to supply the needs of the French-speaking Protestants. His "Directory" was written for the Reformed Church at Strasburg; and when the members of that Church had to seek refuge in England from the persecutions which had arisen, they brought their Prayer-Book with them.

These two foreign liturgies were both more decidedly Protestant than the Book of Common Prayer, and the Reformers of the Continent felt somewhat dissatisfied with their English

* "Robin Dinners" ought now to be, as the *Sheffield Post* says, a "National Institution." There should be one in every parish, especially in cities and large towns. The Church of England Young Men's Association in Norwich last year collected funds and gave "Robin Dinners" to more than five thousand Robins. Our readers should start a "Dinner" in their own parishes, and then if any "crumbs" are left, send them to "Robin," care of the Editor of *Home Words*, 7, The Paragon, Blackheath, S.E., for the London "Robins," who can—never be counted.

brethren. Cranmer, too, and his friends, were now prepared, either through stronger convictions or greater courage, to make still further reforms. In the year 1552, therefore, the Prayer-Book was again revised, and all the changes made gave it a more distinctly Protestant character. Forty-two Articles, which have since been reduced to thirty-nine, were introduced into the Book. The Sentences, Exhortation, Confession, and Absolution, were placed at the commencement. The Reformers by this time probably recognised the futility of private confession to a priest, and wished to lead the people to the Scriptural and humble acknowledgment of sin before God, which is the characteristic of the early part of our services. Several other minor changes were made, all tending in the same direction.

Thus this great work was accomplished by our English Reformers; but it was not destined at once to become the common Prayer-Book of the Church of England. The young king Edward sank into his early grave very shortly after the Compilation of the second Prayer-Book, and was succeeded by Queen Mary. Immediately the Mass and other Roman Catholic services were restored, the new Prayer-Book was set aside, and Cranmer, who had taken the leading part in preparing it, was burnt as a heretic at the stake.

But his work survives him. When a Protestant reaction again set in under Elizabeth, the Second Prayer-Book of Edward VI. was accepted as the Prayer-Book of our Church, and its vigorous, yet spiritual, words of prayer and praise, are those which are to this day so dear to many of us.

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

ANSWERS. (See NOVEMBER No., p. 261.)

CHARADES.—XVII. Arch. XVIII. Lukewarm.

CONUNDRUMS.—93. When he is hale (hail). 94. The waiter. 95. Swallow. 96. The rose of the watering pot, which rains (reigns) over them. 97. What does Y E S spell? 98. Extremes. 99. Not current without the water-mark. 100. It is the soul of business. 101. He is a tanner. 102. One—P. 103. He always stops at the sound of woe, and is willing to let you take the very bit out of his mouth. 104. It is would or could or should be (wood). 105. It cuts against the grain. 106. It is the glory of the Knight. 107. The one trains the mind, the other minds the train.

"Home Words" Christmas Reading.

A HAPPY Christmas-tide depends a good deal upon Christmas reading. Our "bill of"—mental—"fare" for Christmas, 1887, will, we hope, prove an attractive one. We think we may safely say, no one can eat too much at this table.

1. **The Fireside Annual,** 7*s.* 6*d.* **The Day of Days,** 2*s.* **Home Words,** 2*s.* **Hand and Heart,** 2*s.*
2. **The Queen's Resolve.** *A Jubilee Volume.* By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. With 18 Portraits and Illustrations. 150th Thousand. Large Edition. Cloth Gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.* People's Edition, 1*s.* 6*d.*
3. **The Royal Year: a Chronicle of our Good Queen's Jubilee.** *A Sequel to the "Queen's Resolve."* Compiled by the Editor of *Home Words.* With Thirty Illustrations. Fifth Thousand. Cloth gilt, 1*s.* 6*d.*
4. **His Grandfather's Bible: a Tale of Furness Fells.** By the Rev. Canon BARDSLEY, M.A. 3*s.* 6*d.*
5. **Loyally Loved.** By Mrs. GARNETT. 2*s.* 6*d.*
6. **The Royal Law.** By EMMA MARSHALL. 2*s.* 6*d.*
7. **The Crown of the Road: Leaves from Consecrated Lives.** (With Portraits.) Second Thousand. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. 5*s.*
8. **The Two Homes.** By EMMA MARSHALL. 3*s.* 6*d.*
9. **The Nameless Shadow.** By AGNES GIBERNE. 5*s.*
10. **Dayspring.** By EMMA MARSHALL. 5*s.*
11. **Our Folks.** By AGNES GIBERNE. 1*s.* 6*d.*
12. **Stephen Mainwaring's Wooing.** By E. S. HOLT, and other Authors. 2*s.* 6*d.*
13. **Puzzledom:** Fireside Amusement. 2*s.* 6*d.*
14. **Bridesmaid and Bride.** By Mrs. JOHNSON. 3*s.* 6*d.*

"Home Words" and "The Day of Days" for 1888.

New Tales by R. M. BALLANTYNE, EMMA MARSHALL, and the Rev. T. S. MILLINGTON will appear during the year 1888. These are Twin Magazines, alike in size and price (1*d.* each). We want our readers to take both; and then each reader to gain another.

"The Fireside News."

A Newspaper is a home necessity. *The Derby Mercury* says of *The Fireside News*:—"We are more pleased than ever with its thorough manliness of tone, its outspoken comments on passing events, and the admirable summary of events of the day contained in its columns." 1*d.* every Friday. All Booksellers.



Drawn by H. R. Robertson.] JACK'S CHRISTMAS.

The Young Folks' Page.

XXXIX. THE SAILOR'S PRAYER.

MIGHTY God, be ever nigh,
Watch us with Thy pitying eye;
Trustful in Thy power to save,
We would bid our hearts be brave.
Guard and guide on sea and shore;
Be our Friend for evermore.

Borne before the rushing storm,
We would see Thy gracious Form;
On the wild tempestuous sea
We would find our hope in Thee;
Wind and wave obey Thy will—
Speak the word, Lord, "Peace, be still."

When the ship is lashed with foam,
Cheer the weary hearts at home.
Oh! to think of Him who trod
Restless waves as Man and God.
Ever, Lord, the sailors keep
'Mid the perils of the deep.

Saviour, steer us on our way,
Be our Pilot night and day;
Storm or sunshine, heat or cold,
Be Thou with us, as of old.
Saved through mercy, sin forgiven,
Waft us to the Port of Heaven.

XL. "LEAN ON THE ROCK."

I HAVE thought much of a word a friend once spoke to me as I was climbing up to the summit of the Eggischorn, a beautiful mountain in Switzerland. In one part the path was very narrow, and there were one or two awkward corners to turn; but on the left side of the path the rock jutted out, and was a convenient height. So my friend, who was on before, called out more than once, "Lean on the rock;" "Cling to the rock." I found it very good counsel, and thus, with the help of the rock, I was able to reach the top, and enjoy the glorious view of the Veisshorn, the Wetterhorn, and the other peaks and glaciers round about.

The message of my friend is a little word I would repeat in another sense to my young readers: "Lean on the Rock," "Cling to the Rock." I don't think you could have a better motto for ending the Old Year and beginning the New. Jesus is the Rock of Ages on whom we may lean at all times, and especially when danger and difficulty meet us.—REV. G. EVERARD.

XLI. "NOTHING BUT LOVE."

A FRIEND was speaking to a Cornish miner who had long followed Christ. He was once talking to his aged wife. "I don't think I shall be long here, wife," he said: "something seems to tell me I shall soon go home; but remember that if anything happens to me, there is nothing but love between God and my soul."

Not long after he was killed in a colliery accident; but it was always a comfort to his wife to remember his words. She was sure, for he had said it, that there was "nothing but love between God and his soul."

XLII. THE DISCONTENTED SCISSORS.

As the Scissors, one day,
Were cutting away,
Quoth one of the Blades
To the other—"I say,
This *Rivet* between us
Has nothing to do:
We don't want it, I think;
But, friend—what say you?"
"Ask the Rivet himself:
I don't like abuse;
Perhaps he can show
He is some sort of use."
"Mister Rivet," said I,
"We've been thinking that you
Are not of much use:
We can do *without you!*"
"Oh indeed," said the Rivet,
"I'd like you to try;
Alone—*you* are useless,
And I'll tell you why:
You're *opposed* to each other,
And without any tether,
Till I take you in hand,
And keep you together.
Your work would soon cease,
If it were not for *me;*
So I *am* of some use,
As I think you must see.
Your words have been *pointed,*
And very *sharp,* too:
But I freely forgive you;
Now, go to *work*—do!
And despise not the Rivet,
For in all kinds of weather
It helps *you* to work,
And it keeps you *together.*"

J. STROUD.

The Bible Mine Searched.

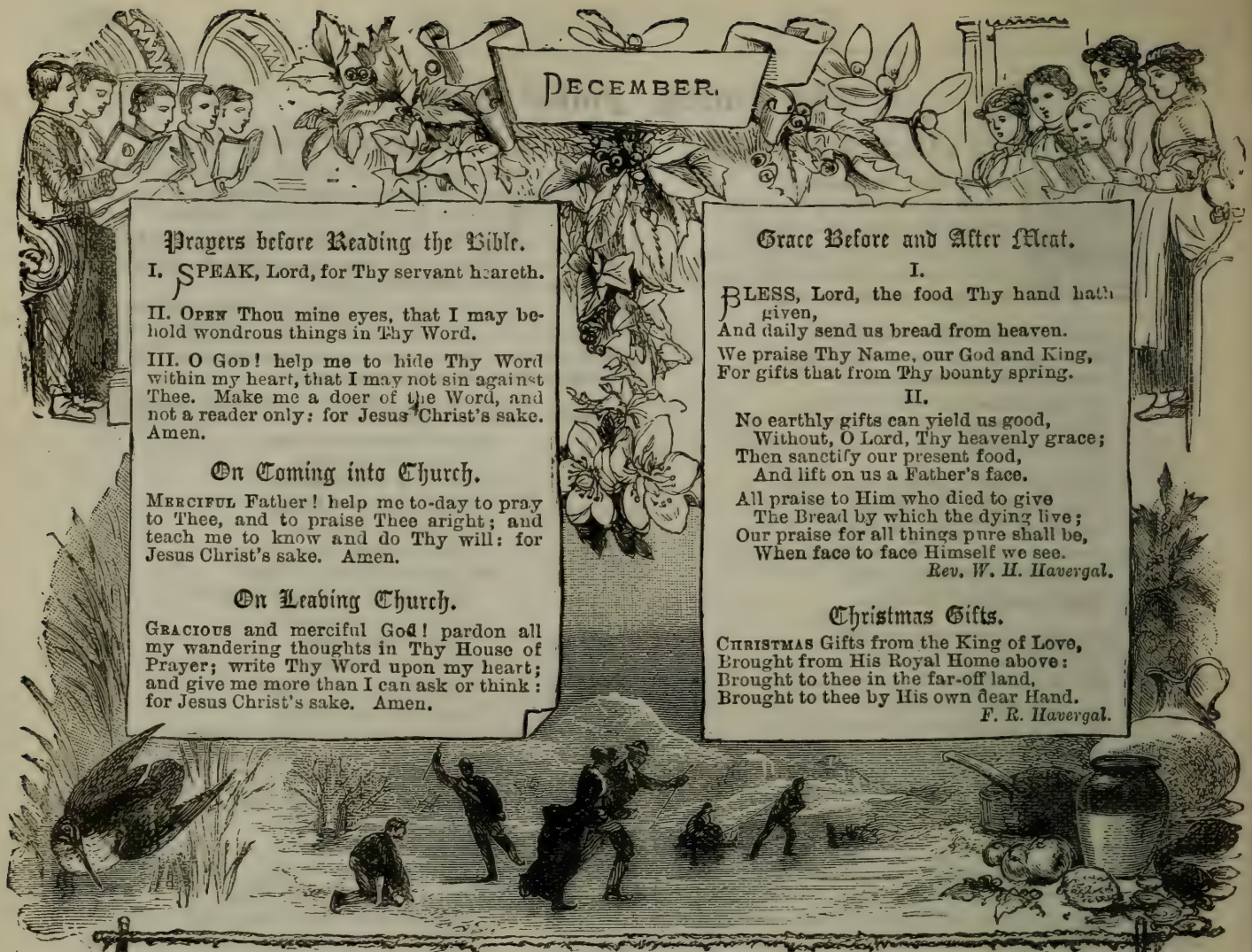
SELECTED BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "THE DAY OF DAYS," AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE," ETC.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT does our Blessed Lord say concerning the watchful care of God over little children?
2. What is often spoken of in the Bible as an emblem of joy?
3. At what place was it that Moses struck the rock to bring out water for the Israelites?
4. What Queen is mentioned by name in the New Testament?
5. What spot in Judæa was noted for the beauty of its trees?
6. On what occasion was an angel sent as a messenger of the Gospel?
7. Who is it that speaks of our Blessed Lord as being "the Just One"?
8. Four altars were built upon Mount Moriah—by whom, and for what purpose?

ANSWERS (see OCTOBER No., p. 239).

1. Ps. cxix. 9.
2. St. John xvii. 3.
3. Acts vii. 56. (Stephen.)
4. Ps. lxxx. 17; Dan. vii. 13.
5. Jer. xxiii. 23, 24.
6. St. Luke xi. 11-13.
7. Jer. xiii. 23.
8. Isa. xii. 4.
9. Jer. xxxi. 18-20.



Prayers before Reading the Bible.

I. SPEAK, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.

II. OPEN Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things in Thy Word.

III. O GOD! help me to hide Thy Word within my heart, that I may not sin against Thee. Make me a doer of the Word, and not a reader only: for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

On Coming into Church.

MERCIFUL Father! help me to-day to pray to Thee, and to praise Thee aright; and teach me to know and do Thy will: for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

On Leaving Church.

GRACIOUS and merciful God! pardon all my wandering thoughts in Thy House of Prayer; write Thy Word upon my heart; and give me more than I can ask or think: for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Grace Before and After Meat.

I.

BLESS, Lord, the food Thy hand hath given,
And daily send us bread from heaven.
We praise Thy Name, our God and King,
For gifts that from Thy bounty spring.

II.

No earthly gifts can yield us good,
Without, O Lord, Thy heavenly grace;
Then sanctify our present food,
And lift on us a Father's face.

All praise to Him who died to give
The Bread by which the dying live;
Our praise for all things pure shall be,
When face to face Himself we see.

Rev. W. H. Havergal.

Christmas Gifts.

CHRISTMAS Gifts from the King of Love,
Brought from His Royal Home above:
Brought to thee in the far-off land,
Brought to thee by His own dear Hand.

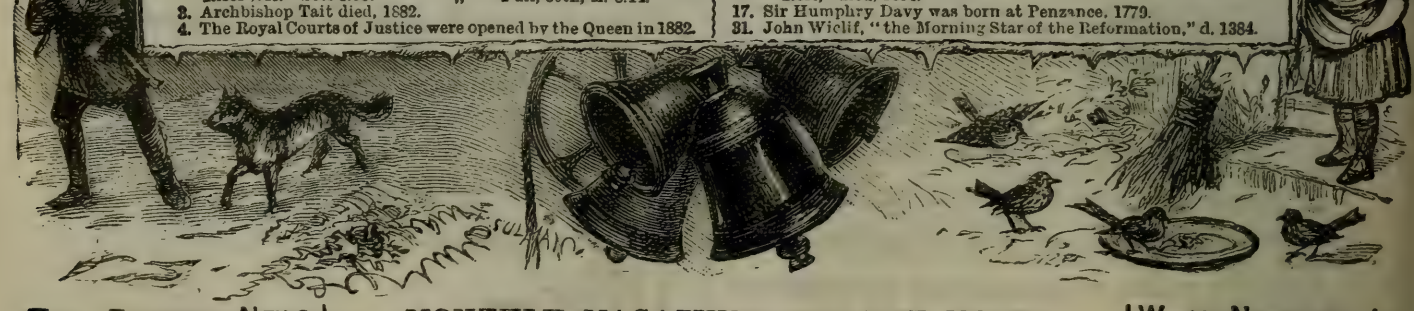
F. R. Havergal.

"I LOOK FOR THE RESURRECTION."

"I saw a new heaven and a new earth."—Rev. xxi. 1.

1	Th	The power of His Resurrection. Phil. iii. 10.
2	F	Those things that are before. Phil. iii. 13.
3	S	We are not of the night nor of darkness.
4	S	2nd S. in Advent. *Behold, I come as a thief.*
5	M	Watch ye therefore, and pray always.
6	Tu	Many of them that sleep shall awake.
7	W	We shall not all sleep:
8	Th	But we shall all be changed. 1 Cor. xv. 51.
9	F	This mortal must put on immortality.
10	S	O death, where is thy sting? 1 Cor. xv. 55.
11	S	3rd Sun. in Advent. *Behold, I come quickly.*
12	M	Death is swallowed up in victory. 1 Cor. xv. 54.
13	Tu	Waiting for the redemption of our body.
14	W	Your redemption draweth nigh. Luk. xxi. 28.
15	Th	Blessed is he that waiteth. Dan. xii. 12.
16	F	This one thing I do. Phil. iii. 13.
17	S	All the days of my appointed time will I wait.
18	S	4th Sun. in Advent. *Behold He cometh ... every eye shall see Him.*
19	M	Whom mine eyes shall behold. Job xix. 27.
20	Tu	We shall see Him as He is. 1 St. John iii. 2.
21	W	ST. THOMAS. *Dost thou believe on the Son of God?*
22	Th	Lord, I believe. St. John ix. 38.
23	F	My flesh shall rest in hope. Ps. xvi. 9.
24	S	His salvation is nigh. Ps. lxxxv. 9.
25	S	Christ. Day. *He gave His only begotten Son.*
26	M	ST. STEPH. *Be thou faithful unto death.* Rev. ii. 10.
27	Tu	ST. JOHN. *Ye shall drink indeed of My cup.*
28	W	INNOCENTS' DAY. *He took them up in His arms.*
29	Th	The fellowship of His sufferings. Phil. iii. 10.
30	F	There shall be no more death. Rev. xxi. 4.
31	S	For the former things are passed away.

SUN.—1st day. MOON.—New, 14th, A. 7.22.
Rises 7.46. Sets 3.53. ,, Full, 30th, M. 8.14.
2. Archbishop Tait died, 1882.
4. The Royal Courts of Justice were opened by the Queen in 1882.
8. Richard Baxter, the author of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest," died, 1691.
17. Sir Humphry Davy was born at Penzance, 1779.
31. John Wiclif, "the Morning Star of the Reformation," d. 1384.



THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.

HOME WORDS

FOR

HEART AND HEARTH.

CONDUCTED BY THE

REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER;

EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

"There'll be a comforting fire,
There'll be a welcome for somebody;
One in her neatest attire
Will look to the table for somebody.
Though the star's fled from the west,
There is a star yet for somebody;
Lighting the Home he loves best,
Warming the bosom of somebody."

CHARLES SWAIN.

"I crown thee King of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, Home-born happiness."

COWPER.

1888.

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From a Photograph by F. HANFSTAENGL.

A BIT OF HEATHER.

[*See Page 3.*

"Heather Lintie, tell me, pray, why the snow-wreath went away."



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Home Songster.

I. HEATHER LINTIE (*A Scotch Linnet*).

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"HEATHER Lintie, tell me, pray,
Why the snow-wreath went away."

"Silent Snow-wreath sat alone,
Till she heard the laughing call
Of the merriest stream of all
In the land.
Down the steep from stone to stone,
Shyly creeping, smiling, weeping,
While a sunbeam held her hand,
Snow-wreath found her home ere long,
Silence melted into song.
Now she flows, but not alone,
Singing and rejoicing."

"Heather Lintie, tell me, pray,
Why *you* do not fly away."

"Heather Lintie plumed her wing,
Sang about a happy nest,
Made with one who loved her best,
In the Spring,
Where beneath a boulder-stone,
In the heather, altogether,
Warmly nestle all her own.
Heather Lintie will not roam
From her sweet and hidden *Home*.
So *she* sings, but not alone,
Loving and rejoicing."

Jeff Benson; or, The Young Coastguardsman.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE, AUTHOR OF "THE IRON HORSE," "THE YOUNG TRAWLER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

OUR HERO INTRODUCED WITH SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.



A POOR schoolmaster named Benson died, not long ago, in a little town, which shall be called Cranby, on the south-east coast of England.

He left an only son, Jeffery, and an elder brother, Jacob, to mourn his loss. The son mourned for his father profoundly, for he loved him much. The brother mourned him moderately, for he was a close-fisted, hard-hearted, stern man of the law, whose little soul, enclosed in a large body, had not risen to the conception of any nobler aim in life than the acquisition of wealth, or any higher enjoyment than a social evening with men like himself.

The son Jeffery was a free-and-easy, hearty, good-natured lad, with an overgrown and handsome person, an enthusiastic spirit, a strong

will, and a thorough belief in his own ability to achieve anything to which he chose to set his mind.

Up to the time of his father's death, Jeff's main idea of the desirable in life was—*fun!* Fun in all its more innocent phases seemed to him the sum of what was wanted by man. He had experienced it in all its scholastic forms ever since he was a little boy; and even when, at the mature age of fifteen, he was promoted to the rank of usher in his father's school, his chief source of solace and relaxation was the old play-ground, where he naturally reigned supreme, being the best runner, rower, wrestler, jumper, gymnast, and, generally, the best fellow in the school.

He had never known a mother's love, and his father's death was the first blow that helped to shatter his early notions of felicity. The cloud that overshadowed him at that time was very dark, and he received no sympathy worth mentioning from his only relative, the solicitor.

"Well, Jeff, what d'you think of doing?" asked that austere relative, two days after the funeral. "Of course at your age you can't carry on the school alone."

"Of course not," answered the boy, with a suppressed sob.

"What say you to entering my office and becoming a lawyer, Jeff?"

"Thanks, uncle, I'd rather not."

"What will you do, then?" demanded the uncle, somewhat offended at this flat rejection of his proposal.

The lad thought for a moment, and then said, quietly but decidedly, "I'll go to sea."

"Go to the world's end if you like," returned the uncle, who was proud and touchy, and hated the sea; "but don't ask me to help you."

"Thank you, uncle," replied the lad, who was as proud as himself, though not touchy, and had a strong affection for the sea; "having no particular business at the world's end just now, I'll put off my visit to a more convenient season."

They parted, and we need scarcely add that the brief intercourse of uncle and nephew which had thus suddenly begun, as suddenly ceased.

It is not usually difficult for a strong, active lad, with merry black eyes and cheery manners, to obtain employment. At least, Jeffery Benson did not find it so. A few miles from his native town there was a seaport. Thither he repaired, and looked about him. In the harbour lay a small vessel which looked like a yacht, it was so trim and clean. On the quay near to it stood a sea-faring man with an amiable expression of countenance.

"Is that your schooner?" asked Jeff of this man.

"Yes, it is."

"D'you want a hand?"

"No, I don't."

Jeff turned on his heel, and was walking away, when the sea-faring man recalled him.

"Have ee ever bin to sea, lad?" he asked.

"No, never."

"D'ye know anything about ships?"

"Next to nothing."

"D'ye think you could do anything, now, aboard of a ship?"

"Perhaps."

"Come along, then, wi' me to the office, an' I'll see to this."

Thus was Jeff introduced to the skipper of the coasting vessel in which he spent the succeeding six years of his life. At the end of that time his schooner was totally wrecked in a gale that sent more than two hundred vessels on the rocks of the British Isles. The skipper was washed overboard and drowned, but Jeff was saved, along with the rest of the crew, by means of the rocket apparatus.

By that time our hero had become a tall, powerful man, with a curly black beard and moustache. Through the influence of a friend he was offered a situation in the coast-guard; accepted it, and, to his great satisfaction, was stationed in the neighbourhood of Cranby, his native town.

Now, near to that town Jeff had a confidante, into whose sympathetic bosom he had poured his joys and sorrows from the days of little boyhood. Of course this confidante was a woman—a thin, little, elderly creature, with bright blue eyes, and grey hair that had once been golden, who had a sort of tremble in her voice, and whose frame was so light that the fishermen were wont to say of her that if she was to show her nose outside when it was blowing only half a gale, she'd be blowed away like a fleck of foam. Nevertheless, Miss Millet was a distinct power in Cranby.

Being off duty one fine afternoon, our coast-guardsman walked along the beach in the direction of Cranby, bent on paying a visit to Miss Millet, whom he had not seen for several years. On his way he had to pass a piece of

common close to the town, where he found that a number of the townsmen and some of the fishermen from the neighbouring hamlet had assembled to hold high holiday and engage in athletic exercises. The memory of school-days came strong upon him as he watched the sport, and he longed to join, but was modest enough to feel that his offering to do so in connection with games which seemed to have been already organized might be an intrusion.

Two men were wrestling when he joined the circle of spectators—one was a fisherman, the other a huge blacksmith of the town. They were well matched; for, although the fisherman was shorter than the blacksmith, he was an unusually powerful man.

Great was the excitement as the two herculean men strove for the mastery, and loud was the cheer when at last the blacksmith prevailed and threw his adversary.

But the enthusiasm was somewhat damped by the boastful manner in which the victor behaved: for it is not easy to sing the praises of a man whose looks and words show that he greatly over-rates himself.

"You don't need to look so cocky, Rodger," cried a cynical voice in the crowd. "There be lots o' men as could throw thee, though they be n't here just now."

Rodger turned sharply round, intending to give an angry defiance to the speaker; but seeing that it was only Reuben Drew, a white-haired old shoemaker of small stature, he burst into a sarcastic laugh.

"Well, I won't deny," he said, "that there may be many men as could throw me, but I defy any of ee now present to do it."

This was an opening for Jeff Benson, who was not slow to avail himself of it. Stepping into the ring, he threw off his coat.

"Come along, Rodger," he said, with a good-humoured look; "you'll have to make good your words."

Of course our hero was received with a cheer of satisfaction: for although Jeff was two inches shorter than his adversary—the latter being six feet two—it could be seen at a glance that he was at least his match in breadth of shoulder and development of muscle. But in truth the young coastguardsman was much more than the blacksmith's match, for at school he had received special training in the art of wrestling from his father, who was a Cornishman, and hard service in the coasting trade had raised his strength of limb to the highest possible point.

"Surely I've seen that young man somewhere," whispered one of the spectators to Reuben.

"So have I," returned the latter. "Don't he look uncommon like the old schoolmaster's son? Hallo!"

And well might Reuben exclaim "hallo!" for Jeff, instead of grasping his opponent round the waist, had suddenly seized him with one hand by the neck, with the other by the leg, and lifting him completely off the ground, had flung him on his back.

The people were too much astonished at first to cheer. They burst into a fit of laughter, which, however, extended into a hearty cheer when Reuben cried out, "It is Jeffery Benson, as sure as I'm alive," and claimed him as a townsman.

"You're right, Reuben," said Jeff, as he put on his coat, "though I am a good bit changed, no doubt, since I was here last."

"Then the townsmen have beaten the seamen after all," exclaimed one who was inclined to triumph.

"Not so," returned Jeff, quickly, "for I'm a seaman myself, and take sides with the fishermen."

"Well said; give us your hand, mate," cried John Golding, one of the latter, holding out his hand, which our hero grasped warmly, for he had known the man in former years. "You've done well in savin' the credit o' the sea."

"An' better still," said little Reuben, "in doin' credit to the land in refusin' to boast."

Nevertheless, though Jeff Benson did not boast, it is but just to say that he *felt* considerable satisfaction in his triumph, and rejoiced in the possession of so powerful a frame, as he continued his walk to Miss Millet's house. It did not occur to him, however, to thank God for his strength of body, because at that time "God was not in all his thoughts."

Miss Millet was a woman of action and projects. Her whole being was absorbed in one idea—that of doing good; but her means were small, very small, for, besides being exceedingly poor, she was in delicate health and getting old. She subsisted on quite a microscopic annuity; but, instead of trying to increase it, she devoted the whole of her time to labours of love and charity. The labour that suited her health and circumstances best was knitting

socks for the poor, because that demanded little thought, and set her mind free to form unlimited projects.

The delight which Miss Millet experienced in meeting with her old friend Jeffery Benson was displayed in the vivacity of her reception of him and the tremulosity of her little cap.

"It's just like coming home, auntie—may I still venture to call you so?"

Jeff had been wont to sit on a stool at the good lady's feet. He did so now—on the old stool.

"You may call me what you please, Jeff. It was your child-fancy to accord to me that honourable relationship: so you may continue it if you will. How you are grown, too! I could not have known you had I met you—so big, and with that horrible black beard."

"Horrible! Miss Millet?"

"Well, terrible, if you prefer it. It's so bushy and unnatural for one so young."

"That can hardly be, auntie," rejoined the youth, with a smile that sent quite a ripple down the objectionable beard, "because my beard was provided by Nature."

"Well, Jeff," returned the spinster promptly, "were not scissors and razors provided by—— no, it was art that provided *them*," she continued with a little smile of confusion; "but they *are* provided all the same, and—— But we won't pursue that subject, for you men are incorrigible! Now tell me, Jeff, where you have been, and why you didn't come to see me sooner, and why your letters have been so few—though I admit they were long."

We will not inflict on the reader all the conversation that ensued. When Jeff had exhausted his narrative, Miss Millet discovered that it was tea-time: and, while engaged in preparations for the evening meal, she enlarged upon some of her projects, being encouraged thereto by Jeff, whose heart was naturally sympathetic.

"But some of my projects are impossible," she said, with a little sigh. "Some small things, indeed, I have accomplished, with God's blessing; but there are others which are quite beyond me."

"Indeed! Tell me now, auntie, if you had Aladdin's wonderful lamp, what would you ask for?"

"I'd ask for—let me see (the old face became quite thoughtful here)—I'd ask for a library. You see, Cranby is *very* badly off for books, and people cannot easily improve without reading, you know. Then I would ask for a new church, and a schoolroom, and a town-hall where we might have lectures and concerts, and for a whole street of model-houses for the poor, and a gymnasium, and a swimming-bath, and——"

"A swimming-bath, auntie!" exclaimed Jeff. "Isn't the sea big enough?"

"Yes, but children won't learn in the sea. They're too fond of running about the edge, and of romping in the shallow water. Besides, the bath could be used in winter, when the sea is too cold. But I'm praying for all these things. If God sees fit, He will give them. If not, I am content with what He has already given."

A somewhat sceptical smile rested for a moment on the young man's lips. Happily his heavy moustache concealed it, and saved Miss Millet's feelings. But she went on to vindicate the ways of God with man, and to impress upon Jeff the fact that in His good wisdom "ills" are "wells," and what seems to us evil only works out gracious ends.

Jeff listened, but said little, and evidently his difficulties were not all removed. Presently, observing that three cups were laid on the table, he asked, "Do you expect company?"

"Yes, my brother the captain is coming to tea. He is about to start for China, and I'm so glad you happen to be here; for I'd like you to know each other, and you're sure to like him."

Jeff did not feel quite so sure on that point, for he had counted on a long *tête-à-tête* with his old friend. He took care, however, to conceal his disappointment, and before he had time to reply, the door opened with a crash.

"What cheer, old girl? what cheer?" resounded in bo'sun's-mate tones through the house, and next moment a rugged sea-captain stood before them.

CHAPTER II.

A SEA-CAPTAIN RELATES HIS ADVENTURES, AND REFUSES TO DRAW MORALS.

Captain Richard Millet, like his sister, was rather eccentric. Unlike her, however, he was large, broad, and powerful. It would have taken considerably more than "half a gale" to blow *him* away. Even a gale and a half might have failed to do that.

"Glad to meet you," he said, extending his

solid-looking hand with a frank, hearty air, on being introduced to Jeff. "My sister Molly has often spoken of you. Sorry to hear you've left the sea. Great mistake, young man—great mistake. There's no school like the sea for teaching a man his dependence on his Maker."

"The school is not very successful, if one may judge from the character of most of its pupils," replied the youth.

"Perhaps you misjudge their character," returned the captain, with a look of good-natured severity.

"I'm *sure* he does," cried Miss Millet, with enthusiasm. "Noble-hearted, simple men, who would probably never go wrong at all if it were not for their unsuspecting trustfulness and bad companions! Come, sit down, Dick. Tea is ready."

"Yes, young man," continued Captain Millet, "you misjudge 'em. You should not judge of a school by the shouting and mischief of the worst boys, who always flaunt their colours, while the good ones steer quietly on their course. You'll understand that better when your beard is grey. Youth is fond o' lookin' at the surface, an' so is apt to misjudge the character of men as well as the ways of Providence."

Jeff took the rebuke in good part, readily admitted that youth was prone to err, and slily expressed a hope that in his case coming in contact with age might do him good.

"If you mean that for a shot at me," cried the captain with a loud guffaw, "you've missed the mark: for I'm only forty-five, an' that isn't age; is it, Molly?"

"Of course not. Why, you're little more than a baby, yet," replied Miss Millet, who greatly enjoyed even a small joke—indeed, she enjoyed almost everything, more or less, that was not wicked. "But now, Dick, I want you to tell Jeff some of your adventures in foreign parts—especially those that have a moral, you know."

"Why, Molly, that's a hard job—you don't want me to *draw* the moral, do you? I never was good at that, though I've known fellows with that peculiar cast o' brain as could draw a moral out of a marline-spike if they were hard put to it. Seems to me that it's best to let morals draw themselves. For instance, that time when I was wrecked on the South American coast, I came to a shallow river, an' had to wade across, but was too lazy to pull off my boots, 'cause they were long fisherman's boots, right up to the hip an' raither tight: so in I went, boots an' all. Just as I was gettin' to the other side, a most awful alligator seized hold o' my right foot. It's wonderful how easy my boot came off just then! Although I was used to tug, an' shove, and gasp, and pull, at that boot of a night, no sooner did the alligator lay hold on it than my leg came out like a cork out of a bottle, and I was out o' the water and up the bank like a squirrel. Now, Molly, what would you say was the moral that should be drawn from that—never use an alligator as a bootjack—eh?"

"I should say, never wade across a South American river without your boots on," suggested Jeff.

"Well, now, *I* should say, never wade across a South American river at all," said Miss Millet; "but, brother, that's not what I meant. Before you arrived, Jeff and I had been talking about God's ways with man, and I was trying to show that disasters and what we call misfortunes are not necessarily evil, but are often the means of great blessing. I don't think Jeff quite sees that. I can't explain myself clearly, brother; but you know what I mean."

While the old lady was speaking, the captain had become thoughtful.

"Yes, I know what you mean," he replied, "and I agree with you heartily. Is it not written of our Saviour, 'He hath done all things well'? and is He not unchangeable? Of course it is not to be expected that we shall always see through and understand His ways, though we can always trust Him; but sometimes He lifts a corner of the veil and lets us see. Very odd, Molly," continued the captain, extracting a large black pocket-book with some difficulty from a breast pocket, "very odd that you should have touched on this question, for I have somethin' to say to you that bears on it. Look here. What's that?"

He handed an oblong piece of paper to his sister, who examined it slowly.

"Why, Dick, it's a cheque for £500."

"Just so, old girl, an' it's yours."

"Mine!"

"Ay, I might have given it to you when I first came back, but I took a fancy to keep it as a little surprise for our last evenin' together, so that I might leave you with a good taste in your mouth. Now, listen, and I'll spin you an'

Jeff a yarn. But first fill up my cup. I'm fond o' tea—nat'rally, bein' a teetotaler. Up to the brim, Molly: I like a good bucketful. Thankee—now, let me see."

The captain put his hand to his rugged brow, became thoughtful for a few moments, and then resumed.

"Just before startin' on my last voyage to China, I ran down to Folkestone to see Rosebud—that's my little daughter, Jeff. Surely you must have seen her when knocking about here?"

"You forget, captain, I have not been in these parts for six years. Nevertheless, I did see Rosebud some ten or twelve years ago with her nurse in this very room."

"Yes, so you did," chimed in Miss Millet. "She was six at that time, and the dearest little angel I ever saw."

"She was all that and a great deal more," said the enthusiastic father. "It don't become me to have much of an opinion about the angels, but I wouldn't give my Rosebud for the whole lot o' them, an' all the cherubs throw'd into the bargain. Well, as I was sayin', I ran down to Folkestone to the school where she is, and as we were partin', she made me promise when I got to Hong-Kong to run up the river to see an old schoolmate o' hers that had gone out there with her father. I was to give Clara Rosebud's dear love, and her photograph, and get hers in exchange. I would have done this, of course, for my darlin', anyhow, but I promised all the more readily because I had some business to do with old Nibsworth, the father.

"Well, after I'd got to Hong-Kong an' seen the ship all snug, I thought of runnin' up the river in a small steamer that was ready to start. It so happened that I got a letter that very day from Nibsworth himself, who had heard of my arrival, askin' me to come without delay, as there was a grand chance of doin' a bit of business that might turn in some thousands of pounds. But it would have to be settled next day, or the chance would be lost. You may be sure I didn't waste time after readin' this, but when I got to the river-side, I found that the steamer had started, and there wasn't another till next mornin'."

"*What* a pity!" exclaimed the sympathetic sister and Jeff in the same breath.

"Yes, wasn't it? Of course it wasn't a personal loss, but it was the loss of a splendid out-o'-the-way chance to do a good turn to the owners. It was an ill wind—Jeff, almost a disaster. Hows'ever, I had to grin an' bear it. But I couldn't rest till next day; so I hired a native boat, determined to do my best in the circumstances, and you may be sure I wasn't in the best of humours, as we went creepin' slowly up that river, when I knew that the hours of opportunity were slippin' away.

"It was not till the evenin' o' the next day that I reached old Nibsworth's house. Just before we rounded the bend of the river that brought it into view, I noticed smoke risin' pretty thick above the trees. Of course I thought nothin' of it till I found that it was the old man's house was a-fire! Didn't we bend to the oars then with a will!

"As we drew near, we found that all the servants and work-people about the place were runnin' here and there, shoutin' and yellin' for ropes and ladders. Most people seem to lose their heads in a fire. Anyhow, these people had: for nobody could find a ladder long enough to reach a top window, where I could see that some one was waving his arms for help. The moment we touched the beach, I jumped out o' the boat and ran up to the house. It was blazin' fiercely in the lower rooms, and I soon found that old Nibsworth and his daughter were inside—driven to the attics by the fire and smoke. They soon left the window where I had first seen the arms waving, and threw open another that was further from the fire.

"I saw that the old man was frail. The girl, they told me, was very delicate. 'Get straw, hay, branches—anything soft,' I shouted, 'an' pile 'em under the window.'

"'Him's too weak for jump,' gasped a native servant.

"'Do as I bid ye,' said I, with a glare that sent 'em all off double-quick. Happily I found a rope handy in a storehouse hard by. I made a coil of it. You know a seaman can usually heave a coil of rope pretty well. I made a splendid heave, an' sent it right in at the window. The old man caught it.

"'Make fast to a bed-post,' I roared, 'or a table, or chest o' drawers—anything big.'

"He understood me, I could see, and presently he looked over the window an' shook his head. Then I could see the face of a dark-haired, beautiful girl. Even through the increasing smoke I could tell that she was deadly pale, and drew back with a shudder. By this time a big pile of straw lay under the window. I saw there was no hope of such an

old man lettin' himself or his girl down by a rope, so up I went hand over hand. Many a time had I done the sort o' thing for a lark when I was a youngster; but bein' out o' practice, and a good deal heavier than in old days, I found it hard work, I can tell you. Hows'ever, I managed it, and got in at the window, an' didn't my heart give a jump when I saw that the old chap had only made the rope fast to a light bedroom chair. If I'd bin a stone heavier, I'd have pulled that chair right over the window!

"'God bless you!' cried the tremblin' old man; 'save my Clara!'

"There was no time for pretty speeches. I made fast the end of the rope to the leg of a table, made a loop on the other end, threw it over the girl, caught her round the waist, an' swung her over the window. I was in such a hurry, that the rope nearly took the skin off my hands; but I landed her safe on the straw below. The old man was heavier, and not so easy to manage; but I got him lowered safe, and then, slipping over myself, began to descend. The flames had by that time got headway, and were dartin' like fiery serpents' tongues out o' the windows below. One o' them gave me a wipe in passin', an' cleared eyelashes, eyebrows, and half the hair o' my head away. Another twined round the rope and singed it: so that when I was half-way down, it snapped, and I came to the ground with a thud that damaged my canvas ducks, though they were by no means delicate. Hows'ever, the pile of straw broke the fall, and I was none the worse.

"The gratitude o' that poor old man and his daughter knew no bounds, specially when he found I was the father of his Clara's favourite schoolmate.

"'Now, Captain Millet,' says he at partin', 'nothin' in this world can repay what we owe you. I know it would be insultin' to offer you money for such service, but sometimes men like you like to help a good cause. Will you accept of five hundred pounds for such a purpose?"

"'No, sir,' says I, 'I won't! But I've a sister at home who spends all her time in tryin' to do good. If you'll be kind enough to send it to her, she'll consider it a blessed windfall, and will lay it out to the best possible advantage.'

"'Good,' said he, seizin' his pen, an' writin' out the cheque. 'Is your sister well off?'

"'She might be better off,' said I.

"'Then pray beg her in my name to accept of a few shares in an Australian tin-mine which came to me a few days ago. They are not worth much, but I don't want to be troubled with them; indeed, will consider it a favour if she will take them off my hands.'

"The old fellow said this with a laugh—so there you are, Molly, £500 to the credit of your charity account, an' I don't know how much tin transferred to your own."

"Oh, brother, how good—how kind!" Miss Millet paused here, and gazed in silence at the cheque, for she had already begun to calculate how far that sum would go towards the library, and the church, and the town hall, and the model-houses, and the gymnasium, and the swimming-bath.

"And now, young man," said the captain, turning to our coastguardsman, "the missin' of that steamer, at which I growled so much that day, turned out to be a great blessin' after all, although it seemed such a misfortune. For it caused me to arrive just in the nick of time to save two human lives—besides givin' the old girl here somethin' to think about and work upon for the next twelvemonth to come—whereas, if I had arrived the day before, I would have bin sleepin' in the house, and mayhap have bin burnt alive wi' old Nibsworth and his daughter. Seems to me as if that little story had some sort o' bearin' on the subject you was discussin' wi' Molly. But I'm not good at drawin' morals, so I'll leave you to draw it for yourself."

(To be continued.)

GOSPEL GRACE.

The Bread of Life seeking the hungry.
The Living Water seeking the thirsty.
The Rest seeking the weary.
The Light seeking the darkness.
The Pardon seeking the guilty.
Mercy seeking the wretched.
Life seeking death.
The Saviour seeking the sinner.

H. M.

Edward Sunners.

"HAPPY NED," THE CABMAN'S FRIEND.

"HAPPY NED" is a title which all Liverpool will recognise. Edward Sunners was a very remarkable man, and a remarkable tribute was paid to his memory, when, less than a year ago, he was carried to his rest at St. James's Cemetery, Liverpool.



From a Photograph by J. B. Platt, Liverpool. *Engraved by R. Taylor.*

Thousands of genuine mourners extended the funeral procession considerably over a mile. Two hundred cabs followed the coffin; and there was not a cabman's whip to be seen throughout the city without a badge of crape mourning. Two of the carriages in the procession were those of the Mayor and the Bishop of Liverpool.

We are only able to give the portrait of "Happy Ned" this month. Next month we hope to give a sketch of his life. Perhaps the appellation he received will suffice to convey to us all a New Year's exhortation. We are told that a sunny smile and a cheery greeting to everybody formed, in his case, an inspiration, a veritable tonic—

> "To run more swift the heavenly race,
> And put a cheerful courage on."

So may it be with *Home Words* readers throughout the coming year. C. B.

FOUR RESOLVES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

I. To look up and not down,
II. To look forward and not back,
III. To look out and not in; and—
IV. To lend a hand.

"For Christ to Learn—for Christ to Teach."

A WATCHWORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

[Many of our Readers are Teachers; nay, *all* are Teachers, both by example and precept. "No man liveth to himself." We are all leading others onward or backward. Each must say, "I shall influence some one for good or evil every day of this New Year." We commend therefore to all, and especially to Parents and Sunday School Teachers, as a Watchword for the New Year, the following touching lines, which have been kindly sent to us for *Home Words* by His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin.—*Ed. H.W.*]

"FOR CHRIST TO LEARN—FOR CHRIST TO TEACH"—
O Lord, may this our watchword be!
What nobler destiny for each,
Than thus to live and work for Thee!

"FOR CHRIST TO LEARN—FOR CHRIST TO TEACH"—
His Cross in view, His Word in hand,
Up, fellow-soldiers, mount the breach,
Be true to Church and Fatherland!

"FOR CHRIST TO LEARN—FOR CHRIST TO TEACH"—
For Childhood's holy cause to fight,
This be our task—not idle speech—
Not vain delay—fast comes the night!

"FOR CHRIST TO LEARN—FOR CHRIST TO TEACH"—
To strive—nor lay our armour down!
Be this our warfare till we reach
The victor's goal, and win the crown!

How to get Good by Coming to Church.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "HOME WORDS," FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand;
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."

I.

"GO to Church regularly, and you won't like to miss." Good habits are not easily formed; but when once formed, they are great helps. Remember, if you are *needlessly* absent, you are doing *your part* to leave the House of Prayer without a single worshipper. Who would like *every* Church in the land to be in that case? Then don't let it be said, without good cause, *your* place in Church is empty.

II.

Have "the heart in tune" for worship, as well as the habit of attendance formed. We should think it very sad if our children did not love their Home, or care to come and see us when they had the opportunity. Then ought not our Heavenly Father's boundless love to draw our willing feet to the sanctuary where He "waits to be gracious"?

Happy the Sunday which we begin in the spirit of the Psalmist's words, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord"!

"Lord of the worlds above, how pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love, Thy earthly Temples are!
To Thine abode my heart aspires, with warm desire to see my God!"

III.

Try to understand the Prayer-Book. Read it over carefully at home, and get the right meaning and spirit of the services. Observe their order and connection. Our

* This Paper can be supplied for distribution in Packets of 20 copies for 4*d.*; 100 for 1*s.* 6*d.*; or 250 for 3*s.* Address The MANAGER, *Home Words* Office, Paternoster Square, E.C.

Lord teaches us to "agree" as to the things we "ask for."

IV.

Join heartily and audibly in the responses. Don't be afraid to speak out. The "Amens" in the ancient Church, we are told, used to sound like a clap of thunder. Letting the choir do, instead of helping *us* to do, our duty—or rather deprive us of our privilege—is almost as bad as the old plan of leaving it to the parish clerk. The "perfect" choir secures "common praise."

The great charm of our services is that we have so many responses to make. What life and kindly feeling seems to fill the congregation when the minister's prayer, "The Lord be with you," is met, as in a moment, by the universal response from heart and lip, "And with thy spirit"! And what a pledge of spiritual prosperity we have in the minister's touching, earnest plea:—"O God, make clean our hearts within us," and the people's ready answer, "And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us"!

V.

Bring your Bible with you, and follow the reading of the Lessons. Over two-thirds of our service is composed from the Bible itself; and every Sunday we get five or six fresh Psalms and a new Epistle and Gospel. Let the seed sown by the Divine Sower fall on prepared soil—"the honest and good heart." And then use your Bible well at home. Let Family Prayer testify, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

VI.

Take a warm and hearty part in the singing. "We ought not to wait," said the "sweet singer," Frances Ridley Havergal, "for 'the happier shore,' but here and now sing out of the abundance of a simply believing heart."

"While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue."

VII.

Above all, come to Church in the spirit of prayer—prayer for the minister, prayer for yourself, and for all. Come in a teachable frame of mind. Come anxious to "appear before God." Come with all your sins and all your troubles, and leave them at the feet of Jesus. In His Word, in His House, at His Table, He is the "Same Jesus," ever bidding us "Come." Let your cry of penitence and faith be simply this:—

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!"

You will never then be "sent empty away," but He will give you "peace and joy in believing." You will both "hear the Word," and "receive it with joy of the Holy Ghost."

Questions for the New Year.

I ASKED the New Year for some Motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet;
I asked and paused:—it answered soft and low—
"God's Will to *know*."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried;
But ere the question into silence died,
The answer came:—"Nay, this remember too—
God's Will to *do*."

Once more I asked: "Is there still more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
"Yea, this one thing, all other things above—
God's Will to *love*." ANON.

A Hero of the Line; or, the Brave Pointsman.

A TRUE STORY.

BY M. R. WARD, AUTHOR OF "DONALD MCPHERSON," ETC.



HRISTMASTIDE was over the land, with its glad welcomes—its voice of joy, and its kindly gifts, testifying of "peace and goodwill." It was a real Christmas too, with pure snow-wreaths lying deep on mountain and valley. Earth was dressed in her bridal white to greet the dawn of the New Year.

The year was but a few days old when a heavily laden passenger train left the grand old capital of the North, bearing back many of her sons to life's battle in our own great metropolis.

It was a treasure-laden train as to human life, and many a valediction followed it, as it sped away south.

But the bright dawn of that winter morning was soon obscured. Mists were gathering on the mountains which by mid-day were descending in heavy snow: but onward sped the fiery courser, as though scorning every obstacle in its course.

* * * * *

Daylight was fading, and at his post outside a main-line junction, stood a ready pointsman, intent on his work.

His next train was already overdue, and she must pass the points and put back into a siding to allow the express to pass.

Keenly anxious and alive to the peril caused by every moment of delay—for the "block system" was not then the universal law of the line—every faculty was at full stretch, when through the mist and darkness was heard the sound of the train.

"She's here!" exclaimed the pointsman with a gasp of relief.

But through, on—on went the train without slackening or pause, down the main line!

"Merciful God! what can it mean? Why, she'll have the express down upon her directly!" exclaimed the man despairingly.

"Is her driver dreaming?"

Ah, no! he has only followed his text-book of directions as in duty bound, and with signals standing at "clear," what could he do but go forward? He had not to question, but obey.

Then what of the signalman beyond? surely *he* is in fault?

No, he has worked his levers right nobly in spite of the strain from the storm, and set the signal full at "warning"; but, ah! the snow has weighted it and dropped the warning arm that should have barred the way down the main line.

For a moment the pointsman stood petrified at what had occurred: then a thought flashed upon him. He could not stay the express, then all but due, and it must be down upon the devoted train in no time; but he remembered a further danger ahead that might add horrors to the dreaded collision, for a train from the branch line might pass the "points" ahead, and plunge into the general *débris*.

"Could he reach those 'points' in the two minutes left, and set them for the siding?"

If one second too late, he might be caught by the very train and cut to pieces.

"Well, the *one* must be risked for the *many*;" and he could not hesitate.

At a race between life and death, the brave fellow flew over the distance, and had hardly changed the "points" when the whistle of the rural train sounded in the distance.

"God be thanked that's done!" he exclaimed, as he rushed to the signal-box to give notice of the dangers ahead, and tell what he had done.

While the words were yet on his lips, the express swept by and was gone like an arrow.

The rural train was arrested in her course as by a hair-breadth. But the breathless pause of suspense for the pointsman was soon broken by news flashed down the line of a terrible scene beyond.

Hastening ahead, the piled wreck of the trains blocked the line, while the cries and groans of the injured resounded everywhere.

"I'm not much hurt if you can but release me," said the faint voice of one of Scotland's fair daughters, as the brave pointsman drew near. Alas, for the pile of wreck that entombed the fair sufferer which no single arm could remove!

Sensation was already almost destroyed by the terrible crush, and before help could release,

the gentle spirit, calm in Christian hope, had gone upward to its home.

Toiling as best he could, until further help arrived, many a poor agonized sufferer was calmed and soothed by the brave fellow, and many another was beyond the reach of human help.

Over the rest of the sad picture we draw a veil; but years after, in our rounds through the accident wards, we were arrested by a countenance striking in its deathly paleness and the lofty calmness of its aspect.

We had never forgotten the incidents of that terrible railway disaster, and entering into conversation with the sufferer, found he was no other than the brave pointsman who had saved the rural train.

At last he had met with a severe accident costing him a limb, and a terrible shattering throughout: but the brave spirit was there still, and on his bed of pain almost the first words we heard were:—

"Thank God for such a place as this! I'm waited on like a king!"

Ah, that thankful spirit had its origin in something higher and deeper than mere bravery! The sufferer knew Him who is the Great Helper—our God in Christ Jesus.

We were with him until the last moment before the doctors bore him away to the operating-room for amputation, which, after months of keen suffering, he had at last to undergo, and we shall never forget the calm brightness of that pallid countenance. It reminded us of that of Stephen of old. "And they saw his face, as it had been the face of an angel."

On remarking, "Well, H., you know where to look for strength in this hour of need, and with wife and children to think of."

"Ah, I have known that long," was the earnest rejoinder.

Truly glad we are to say that the brave fellow, after long months of suffering, is now on foot again, and patiently toiling with but feeble strength at humbler work than he once could do. Faith and hope, however, are stronger for the trial, and his unhesitating testimony still is: "No, I wouldn't have been without this suffering. It has taught me blessed lessons, and the peace underlying all is wonderful! I seem to have no cares now."

This "hero of the line" was what is better still, one of God's heroes, and able to bear witness to His mighty power.

May all our good friends on the line know the same mighty God as THEIR Shield, *their* Helper, *their* Defender in and through Christ Jesus!

Standing lately by the bed of a mangled engine-driver recovering from imminent peril:—"Ah," said he, with deep emphasis, as he brushed away a tear, "I mean *Him* to have my life now."

May this resolve be echoed by many another brave railway man, and so shall *a last run on the line* bring him to the Court of the King of kings, and the presence of the Saviour who "loved us and gave Himself for us."

Making for Home.

A CHEERING GLEAM.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., RECTOR OF LONDESBOROUGH, E. YORKS.

MAKING for Home, he lifts on high
A light to cheer the longing eye
Of loved ones watching on the shore;
And sends a beam of hope before—
A bright assurance he is nigh.

What happiness beneath the sky
With dear domestic bliss can vie,
Which hastes to meet us at the door,
Making for Home!

But truer joys up yonder lie,
To burst upon us by-and-by;
Beyond these waves that round us roar,
Mansions of rest for evermore:
Hail, City of our God, we cry,
Making for Home!

THE FIRESIDE ALMANACK.

THE Fireside Sheet Almanack Texts have again been kindly selected by the Bishop of Killaloe. If hidden in the hearts of all who really *use* this Almanack, these texts would be the surest possible pledge of a revival of true Religion in every parish where it finds a place. About twelve chapters of God's Word would also be a rich portion for the memory to recall in hours of weakness. There is no comfort like "the comfort of Thy Word."



Drawn by] MAKING FOR HOME: A CHEERING GLEAM. [DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

[*See Page* 14.

Courtship and Marriage:

SIDELIGHTS OF HOME LIFE. (*New Series.*)

BY A BENEDICT.*

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD WEDDING WISH.—MISTAKES MADE.—CULTIVATION AND SELF-SACRIFICE.—HEAD AND HEART.—THE QUEEN'S OBEDIENCE.—THE HOUSE-BAND.—"LOVE," NOT "MASTERY."



HERE is an old wedding wish, and its wording could hardly be improved: "One year of joy, another of comfort, and all the rest of content." "A well-matched couple," it has been said, "carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carried the cluster of Eshcol. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them. This is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together, and when it drags a little heavily, or there's a hitch anywhere, they love each other all the more, and so lighten the labour."

This is certainly how it should be: and if it were so, Cowper might have stopped when he had written—

> "Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
> Of Paradise that hast survived the Fall!"

But, alas! things are not always as they should be; and the poet was constrained too truly to add, even of "domestic happiness"—

> "Though few now taste thee, unimpaired and pure,
> Or, tasting, long enjoy thee, too infirm
> Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
> Unmixed with drops of bitters, which neglect
> Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup."

The fact is, a great many mistakes are made by married people; and though I know it is very difficult to give, and still more difficult to take, advice, a few kindly hints and suggestions, not addressed to "any one in particular," may here and there supply some of my readers with "caps" which will not be rejected because they happen to "fit."

One thing is clear to most married people—even the "happiest pair"—they do not gain as much happiness from their marriage as they might. Courtship and the honeymoon too often seem almost like a dream of the past. May it not be that husbands and wives forget that plants, and especially rare plants, require careful tending and cultivation? The days of courtship were days of real—even *self*-sacrifice. What can I do to please or gratify? was a frequent question; and then "we got as much as we gave." Our own face was lighted up with joy, because we succeeded in making another—and that other very dear to us—glad. The law of life—assuredly of married life—seems to be this:—"Believe nothing, receive nothing; sow nothing, reap nothing." As a very comprehensive hint, therefore, to our married friends, I would say:—*Make it your guiding rule to Prolong throughout your Married life the days of Courtship.*

Starting from this fountain-head of counsel in order to Home Happiness, let me now enter a little into detail. There are at least half a dozen axioms which husbands and wives should never forget, if they would realize to the full the blessings of wedded life. The first will suffice for the present chapter.

1. *Don't mistake the province of Head and Heart.*

"What is the reason," said one Irishman to another, "that you and your wife are always disagreeing?" "Because," replied Pat, "we are both of one mind—she wants

* The chapters on "*Courtship*," in *Home Words* last year, can now be had—in Cloth, 6*d.*; Paper Cover, 3*d.* A reduction on quantities. (London: *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.)

to be master, and so do I." A husband who is "masterful," and a wife who resists the will of her husband (where conscience is not concerned), are equally undermining home happiness. The old couplet puts much wisdom in little space:—

"Man, love thy wife; thy husband, wife, obey.
Wives are our *heart;* we should be *head* alway."

Fuller says:—"The good wife commendeth her husband in any equal matter by constantly obeying him." And Longfellow gives the same truth in another form:—

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other."

At a wedding breakfast, a bride, in very bad taste, remarked that she entertained no intention of obeying. The clergyman who had performed the marriage ceremony fittingly rejoined, "Ah, madam, you little know the blessedness of obedience."

Our good Queen never shrank from the "obedience" of a wife. We are told that when the arrangements were in progress for the Royal wedding, the Archbishop of Canterbury waited upon her Majesty, and inquired if it were her wish that any alteration should be made in that portion of the Service appointed in the Liturgy for the solemnization of matrimony which included the promise of obedience—a curious promise for the Sovereign of Great Britain to make to her newly naturalized subject, Prince Albert, who had just taken the oath to her as his liege lady. The Queen, according to the report, replied that "it was her wish to be married in all respects like any other women, according to the revered usages of the Church of England: and that, though not as a *Queen*, as a *woman* she was ready to promise all things contained in that portion of the Liturgy."

The Queen, as we all know, reaped the rich reward of a true wife's devotion, and in her days of sorrow was able to describe the Prince Consort as having been to her "husband, father, lover, master, friend, adviser, and guide."

The *right* rule and the *right* obedience are what is needed. The "husband" should never forget his name and its significance. As the "house-band," his part is to "bind all together like a corner-stone"; but he is not a "ruler" to "crush everything like a mill-stone." His rule is to be the rule of the "head" that is *itself* part of the "body:" so that to rule *himself* is really the first qualification in order rightly to rule his household. As Jeremy Taylor says: "The dominion of a man over his wife is no other than as the soul rules the body; for which it takes mighty care, and uses it with a delicate tenderness, and studies to make for it fair provisions, and very often is led by its inclinations and desires, and does never contradict its appetites but when they are evil, and then also not without some trouble and sorrow. The *government* is no other than *provision*."

An older writer expresses this still more strikingly:—

"Woman was made out of a rib from the *side* of Adam—not out of his head to top him, not out of his feet to be trampled on by him, but out of his side, to be equal to him: under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be loved."

"Love," in a word, is "the fulfilling of the law" of married life, whether on the side of the husband or the wife; but, as Chaucer says,—

"When mastery cometh, then sweet love anon
Flappeth his nimble wings, and soon away is flown."

(To be continued.)

LIFE INDEED.—"We cannot arrest sunsets nor carve mountains: but we may turn every English home, if we choose, into a picture which shall be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed."—*Ruskin.*

A Trip to Old Norway.

BY ONE WHO WENT.

I. THE VOYAGE THERE.

NORWAY is old. The people fondly call it "Gamle Norge," or Old Norway: but to most English tourists it is quite a new country; and so it possesses the double charm of antiquity and novelty.

I had heard much of its grandeur, its wild sublimity, its mingled scenes of Northern sea and Alpine glacier, its simplicity of life and old-world charm, and my heart was set a-longing. Plans were formed, companion friends were found; and on Tuesday, August 9th, 1887, we sailed from Hull at 9.15 p.m. in the new steamship *Eldorado*.

We speedily disappeared to our berths, in the hope of getting to sleep at once. I succeeded for one; but the entrance of the stewardess with sundry preparations, and the enlivening information that we were nearing



GOING HOME FROM CHURCH IN NORWAY.

the sea, dispelled charming dreams, and the horrors of the night soon began.

Wednesday, a.m.—Stewardess enters.

"Ah, I see."

"Oh, stewardess! we think we'll get up."

Stewardess: "Well, there's nowhere for you to go. Everything's wet, even the deck above, and the waves coming over and in at the window. Let me shut it."

Enter later:—"I suppose you'll have a dry biscuit and nothing to drink — that's what they're all having."

Three p.m.—Enter stewardess again: "Well, we've never had such a sea all the year. Only seven passengers down to breakfast, and they've gone back, and ladies ringing you up to know if there's any danger, and I do believe yours is the only dry cabin. The sea's been down most of the ventilators, and people have been thrown out of their berths. One of your ladies (we were six in all) has a terrible bruise on her eye. We shan't get to Stavanger till nine to-morrow instead of eleven to-night, with the ship going up and down these mountains of waves."



A PINNACLE OF THE SVARTISEN GLACIER.

Sad sounds to the right, the left, and behind us! Groans from the men especially deep.

Between 3 and 5 p.m. the steamer lurched fearfully. We could only watch our most treasured possessions slide away from us, feeling too much like empty hot-water bottles ourselves to care whither. In the deck saloon all was wild confusion.

So passed Wednesday night. In the morning stewardess entered, telling us of fresh events—berths deluged, and an accident of an iron table breaking. We ask, "Are we not at Stavanger?"

"No; no hope of that till two at least; and only four down to breakfast. Well, you've not eaten your biscuit. They're all having tea; I'll bring you some."

Tea arrived; mugs only half full to suit vagaries of ship. Some of us swallowed it.

"Now stay where you are; it's washing over

on top, and I'll call you when the pilot comes."

At length we get ourselves up, one at a time. Cannonadings fast and furious against the mahogany sides of the berths, which had, however, been our true friends, and instrumental in keeping us in our places during the voyage. I emerge first, and find rocky slate-blue little hills appearing, covered in parts with grass, different trees, and now and then little wooden houses with red roofs, turreted from the top of the roof to the bottom.

About 2.30 p.m. we reached Stavanger, and landed for an hour. We were assailed by little boys with papers of strawberries and cherries. The people looked very English—even the women. Their distinguishing mark consists in tying a handkerchief over their head—simple fashion in hats!

We reached the cathedral, a grey stone building, of large size. The pulpit is a remarkable one, ornamented with vividly coloured carving, dated 1658. One panel represents the Nativity, the next the Shepherds, the next the Magi, the next the Annunciation, the next the Descent into Egypt; all in glowing colours. The cathedral has once been burnt down. It is now built in two styles, Norman and Gothic.

We aired our Norwegian, to the amusement of the natives, and having altered our watches to Norwegian time, 25 minutes faster, we returned on board.

Started again at 3.30 p.m., and about midnight reached Bergen.

(To be continued.)

Wayside Chimes.

I. "Just for To-Day."

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER FOR EVERY DAY.

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray; [sin—
Keep me, my God, from stain of
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work,
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed—
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify my flesh—
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips—
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace—
Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord—
Just for to-day. ANON.

OUR CHURCH'S TEACHING.

FOUNDATION GOSPEL TRUTHS.

WHO can read the formularies of the Church of England without seeing that a Personal Christ—His Incarnation, His Death for our sins, His Intercession for us at the Father's right hand, His gift of the Holy Spirit—is set before us in every page? Who can doubt that the Church of England also sets before us the Personality of the Holy Ghost; teaches us dependence alone on the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and to pray for the influence of a Personal Comforter to bring us to our Risen Lord?

With the clearest and most unhesitating maintenance of these great Gospel truths, with the clearest protest against errors which are dangerous to the soul on one side and on the other, the Church of England stretches wide its arms, and desires to bring souls to its Lord from all directions.—*Archbishop Tait.*

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

I. ELOQUENT FIGURES.

MR. BURT, who represents a large number of the working miners, in a lecture upon Temperance, hit upon a clever illustration of the great advantage which so many working men did to their own order when they saved themselves from wasting their money on drink.

"We are all wanting more work in this country, and how are we to get it? I will tell you. Every man who spends £5 spends it in something or other for his own house. If he spend £5 in shoes, £1 17*s.* of it goes for labour. If he spend £5 in linen, £2 goes for labour; £5 in earthenware, £2 4*s.* goes for labour; £5 in woollen clothes, £3 goes for labour—if made up into a suit, £4 goes for labour; but if he spend £5 in drink, then half-a-crown goes for labour."

That is a curious calculation, and no doubt Mr. Burt, who is a very reliable man, had these figures from very good authority.

II. A BISHOP'S TESTIMONY.

THE Bishop of Bedford, in a speech in the Victoria Hall, said:—

"I do not a bit believe in that sneer which one sometimes hears, which accuses those who take up this cause of making temperance or total abstinence into their religion. It is not true; they do not do so. I know very well that there are people who are not religious who take up this cause strongly. All honour to them so far as they go, but I say that a Christian man who knows what his religion is, is never in danger of such a stupid mistake. At the same time—and every day's experience proves it—unless he abstains from what is a danger and a temptation, he is not likely to rise to higher things, or lead a true Christian life.

III. A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

THE *Lancet* reports a conversation with Sir Andrew Clark in which the distinguished physician said that in seven out of ten of his hospital patients disease was caused by drink, and in the three others was often aggravated by it.

"At last," added Sir Andrew, "I have sometimes said to myself, Shall I not do more for the health of man if I give up the practice of medicine and go about the country in a crusade to prevent the use of intoxicating drinks?"

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADES.

I. My first was made to cross my second,
My whole a well-known town is reckoned.

II. My first is a carriage, my second a favourite,
Yet my whole is trampled under foot.

III. Tho' centre of the ocean deep,
Gigantic rule o'er the earth I keep,
E'en in the heavens maintain control,
While sun and stars without me roll.

C. E. C.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When is a man most easily seen through?
2. How many dog-days are there in the year?
3. Why need no man sit down and starve?
4. If a cobbler loses his tools, why is he like a ruined bankrupt?
5. What is the colour of the wind and the colour of the storm?
6. Name me, and you destroy me.
7. Why does a watch seem to be ashamed of itself?
8. When the Tower of London was on fire, what two historical characters would its walls invoke?
9. Why is O the only vowel you can hear?
10. What English county is most like a crop of weeds?
11. What English county ought farmers to avoid?
12. What English county has the best rampart?
13. Why is a beehive like a spectator?
14. How many generations can the oldest family in England reckon?
15. What is the difference between a good boy at school and one that is playing truant?
16. Who was the first whistler, and what air did he whistle?

The Fireside "News."

WHY the "News"? Because *N*orth, *E*ast, *W*est, and *S*outh are the ever-busy messengers who supply to us daily and weekly the *N, E, W, S* of the world.

We hope all who give a weekly welcome to *The Fireside News*, one penny, every Friday (*Home Words* Office), take care to spread the news abroad. Always ask, when the new paper comes, "*Where did I send the old one?*" Nothing is more welcome in the Colonies than "news from the old country." Order specimen from Bookseller or Railway Bookstall.

OUR "TWIN" MAGAZINES.

Home Words and *The Day of Days* are twin magazines, alike in size and price (1d. each). We hope our readers will not separate them in 1888. Sunday should have its own magazine.



Drawn by S. T. DADD.] [*Engraved by* R. TAYLOR.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

[*See Page* 23.

The Young Folks' Page.

I. MUSIC IN THE HOME.

BY THE EDITOR.



ERY good in the farm-yard, Master Dick! Music is never out of place. But the best place is in the Home. We don't see why Cottage Harmoniums should not become as common as cottages themselves. "The voice of joy and gladness" should be in every dwelling, especially at the beginning of the Year.

Perhaps Master Dick might charm father, mother, sisters, and brothers, to resolve to introduce the Harmonium as a New Year's gift for 1888, or if that can't be managed, at any rate for 1889. If only the year's bill at "the public" could be saved! Why three pints daily—a pint for the husband, a pint for the wife, and a pint divided amongst Dick and the others—would, at 2*d.* a pint, represent in the year a total of £9 2*s.*, which would do something more than buy a first-rate Harmonium.

Try and get it, Dick, if you can. Father might be charmed by your flute to begin "courting" again, and make music in "some one's" heart by a present to the "best of wives." The Home will seem more like a palace when the Harmonium is there.

"Home enjoyments are not crowned
Where Home music is not found.
Strike the anthem, raise the song,
Fireside harmony prolong."

"Let us sing," is a capital morning tonic, and a soothing evening pillow. The woods and lanes would lose half their charm if the birds never sang; and that is not half a Home where we never imitate the birds.

Something might be added, too, about the gain in good temper. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Since no one likes to be thought to have a *bad* temper, or a "savage breast," we will not urge this point on Dick or his family. But all will admit that the *best* of tempers might be a little better than it is; and the melody of sweet sounds is like an echo on earth of the songs in heaven, reminding us of the first paradise of love, and whispering the promise of a paradise to come. Who can hear that echo and not feel the better for it?

II. EARLY CALLED.

In 1847 the second son of Lord Shaftesbury, Francis, a boy of sixteen and a singularly striking character, was taken ill at Harrow where he was at school, and the sickness was "unto death." He knew his danger: he knew also his hope.

"Never have I known till now," wrote Lord Shaftesbury in his diary, "what I am possibly to lose. 'Read to me,' he said, 'about forgiveness of sins.' We then read and talked much of the free and full mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Above all, I urged him, as a calmer to every apprehension, to bear ever in mind that God is love, that human love is capable of great things; what then must be the height and depth and intensity of Divine love? 'Know nothing,' we said, 'think of nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.'

"After he had learned his extreme danger from the medical attendants, he said to me, 'Is it so?' I replied that it was. He then called me, saying, 'Come near to me, dear papa.' I went and knelt down by his bedside; he threw his arms around my neck and kissed me for a very long time, and then said, 'I want to thank you, dearest papa, for having brought me up as you have done, for having brought me up religiously. I now feel all the comfort of it; it is to you I owe my salvation.' No, dearest boy, I replied, it is the grace of God! 'Yes, it is true,' he said, 'but you were made the instrument of it.' Is there not consolation, almost Divine, in those precious sentences?

"After we had read and prayed together, the dear boy said, 'Dear papa, give me your blessing.' I might have replied, like St. John the Baptist, 'I have need of Thee, and comest Thou to me?' but he asked it, and, from my soul, I gave it.

"Yesterday it pleased Almighty God to take our Francis. It was the work of a moment, and we were like amazed persons, so great had been the promise, not many seconds before, of returning strength and vivacity. Yet we must not murmur or repine, for all is wisdom and mercy and love that cometh from God. The child, we doubt not, is with Christ, which is far better."

III. A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Oh, hear my simple prayer;
Stoop down and make my heart Thy home,
And shed Thy blessing there.

Thy light, Thy love impart,
And let it ever be
A holy, humble, happy heart,
A dwelling-place for Thee.

Let Thy rich grace increase,
Through all my early days,
The fruits of righteousness and peace,
To Thine eternal praise.

D. A. Thrupp.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

[At the end of the Year the Publisher of *Home Words* undertakes to supply to Superintendents or Teachers in Sunday Schools in which these questions are used, twelve copies or less of the Bound Volume at *half-price*, viz. 1*s.* each, to be given as prizes for the best answers. A Record should be kept monthly.]

MUSIC AND SINGING.

1. WHO was the inventor of musical instruments?

2. Find mention in the Book of Job of the three possible kinds of musical instruments.

3. When did music soothe a frenzy?

4. When did it inspire a prophet?

5. Show that the processes of agriculture, weddings, and funerals were attended with music.

6. Find the three great families to whom David entrusted the musical service of the tabernacle.

7. Who were contriving musical instruments when the state was perishing?

8. What is the vent for joy commended to us by Divine wisdom?

ANSWERS (see November No., p. 263).

1. 2 Chron. xxix. 20. (Hezekiah.)
2. Deut. xvii. 18-20.
3. Acts xxvii. 24-37.
4. Acts xx. 6. ("*We.*")
5. 2 Tim. i. 4.
6. Exod. xii. 2.
7. Neh. xiii. 15.
8. Jer. xvii. 27.
9. "Our Friend." John xi. 11.
10. Eph. v. 30.

JANUARY.

At Morn, at Noon, at Eventide.

BY THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

O LORD, it is a blessed thing
To Thee both morn and night to bring
Our worship's lowly offering.

And, from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray
For blessings on the coming day.

And night by night for evermore,
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.

O Jesu, be our morning Light,
That we may go forth to the fight
With strength renewed and armour bright.

And when our daily work is o'er,
And sins and weakness we deplore,
Oh, then be Thou our Light once more.

Light of the world! with us abide,
And to Thyself our footsteps guide,
At morn, at noon, and eventide.

Gems from Old Writers.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

"IF God be our Father—if we know it and realize it—we shall be content to let the vessel of our life drift where it will. If eternal love guide the helm, it cannot fail to fall upon the right track."—*C. B.*

"I see in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery. Now if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add it to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad to do greater things, but I will not neglect this."—*Cecil.*

"Oh! how many precious moments are wasted in softness and self-indulgence, in frivolous pursuits, in idle conversation, in vague and useless revelry, which, if rightly improved, might tell upon the world's destiny and the Redeemer's glory."—*Clarke.*

"The Rock does not shake or change, though the sea may ebb and flow round it."—*Rutherford.*

"MAY EVER HEREAFTER SERVE THEE."

"We are servants this day."—Neh. ix. 36.

1	S	**1st S. af. Christmas.** CIR. *Not your own.*	17	Tu	We should live...godly, in this present world.
2	M	Choose you this day whom ye will serve.	18	W	Doing service as to the Lord. Eph. vi. 7.
3	Tu	Therefore will we also serve the Lord.	19	Th	Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily. Col. iii. 23.
4	W	If any man serve Me, let him follow Me. St.	20	F	Doing the will of God from the heart. Eph. vi. 6.
5	Th	He...shall have the light of life. [John xii. 26.	21	S	Surely I will never forget any of their works.
6	F	EPIPH. *The true Light now shineth.* 1 John ii. 8.			
7	S	We will walk in the Name of the Lord our God.	22	S	**3rd S. aft. Epip.** *Thy work shall be rewarded.*
			23	M	His reward is with Him. Isa. xl. 10. [21.
8	S	**1st S. af. Epip.** *I am the Lord's.* Isa. xliv. 5.	24	Tu	Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Mat. xxv.
9	M	I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine.	25	W	CON. OF ST. PAUL. *Whose I am and whom I serve.*
10	Tu	Return unto Me,...I have redeemed thee.	26	Th	If I pleased men, I should not be the servant of
11	W	Having obtained eternal Redemption for us.	27	F	Be not ye the servants of men. [Christ.
12	Th	I am Thy servant, give me understanding.	28	S	Well done,...faithful servant. Matt. xxv. 21.
13	F	I understand,...because I keep Thy precepts.			
14	S	Deal with Thy servant; teach me Thy statutes.	29	S	**Septuagesima S.** *I will be his God...he shall be My son.* Rev. xxi. 7. [out fear.
15	S	**2nd S. aft. Epip.** *Hearken diligently unto Me.*	30	M	We being delivered...might serve Him with-
16	M	Thy servant heareth. 1 Sam. iii. 9. [Isa. lv. 2.	31	Tu	They serve Him day and night in His temple.

SUN.—1st day. MOON.—New, 13th, M. 8.39.
Rises 8.8. Sets 4.0. ,, Full, 28th, A. 11.19
The population of Great Britain, April 4, 1881, was 35,246,562; of London, 3,814,571.

POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK: Deposits from 1s. upwards. Interest, 6d. a year on each £1 deposited.
PARCELS POST: Under 1 lb., 3d.; under 3 lb., 6d.; under 5 lb., 9d.; under 7 lb., 1s.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.



Drawn by W. RAINEY. "ROBIN'S COMING HOME TO-DAY!" [*See Page* 27.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Home Songster.

II. "ROBIN'S COMING HOME TO-DAY."

OUR Robin sailed across the sea,
When shone the summer's sun,
Ere leaflets fell in dale and dell,
Or winter had begun.
He said, when came the verdant spring,
He would be sailing near,
And tidings come that close at home
To-day is Robin dear!

Our Robin, he comes home to-day,
O let our hearts rejoice;
For it is dear to have him near,
And hear his bonny voice!

The days have seemed so sad and long
Since he has been away;
None can replace his smiling face,
That beams so frank and gay;
And we have missed his merry laugh
That used our hearts to cheer;
But all is well, so tears dispel,
To-day is Robin near!

Our Robin, he comes home to-day,
O let our hearts rejoice;
For it is dear to have him near,
And hear his bonny voice!

ANON.

Jeff Benson; or, The Young Coastguardsman.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE, AUTHOR OF "THE IRON HORSE," "THE YOUNG TRAWLER," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

OUR COASTGUARDSMAN MEETS WITH A SERIOUS BUT VERY COMMON FALL.

WHETHER Jeff Benson drew the moral of Captain Millet's story for himself or not, we cannot tell: but it is certain that his mates found him after that date a man who was prone to solitary meditations, with occasional fits of absence of mind. They also found him a pleasant companion and a most active comrade in all the duties of his station.

Sometimes these duties involved great hardship, and frequent risk to life and limb: for, as is well known, our coastguardsmen not only perambulate our shores in all weathers, but often work the rocket apparatus for saving life from shipwreck, and are frequently called upon to assist the lifeboat-men by putting off to the rescue in their own boats when others are not available. In all these duties Jeffery Benson did his work with tremendous energy, as might have been expected of one so strong, and with

reckless disregard to personal safety, which was appropriate in a hero.

One evening, about a year after the period of which we have been writing, Jeff was returning along shore with a party in charge of the rocket-cart, after having rescued the crew of a small coasting vessel—four men and a boy, with the skipper's wife. The service had been prolonged and pretty severe, but feelings of exhaustion were, for the time at least, banished from the coastguardsmen's breasts by the joy resulting from success in their heroic work. On the way, the party had to pass close to Miss Millet's cottage—her "cottage by the sea," as the romantic old lady was fond of calling it.

Jeff—although fatigued and hungry, besides being drenched, dishevelled about the hair, bespattered with mud, and bruised, as well as lacerated somewhat about the hands—determined to pay a short visit to the cottage, being anxious to "have it out" with his confidante about that matter of good being made to come out of evil.

"Oh, Jeff!" exclaimed the horrified old lady when he entered, "wounded? perhaps fatally!"

"Not quite so bad as that, auntie," replied Jeff with a hearty laugh, for Miss Millet's power to express alarm was wonderful. "I'll soon put myself to rights when I get back to the station. I ought to apologise for calling in such a plight, but I've been thinking much since I last saw you, and I want to have a talk."

"Not till I have bound up all your wounds," said Miss Millet, firmly.

Knowing that he would gain his end more quickly by giving in, Jeff submitted to have several fingers of both hands done up with pieces of white rag, and a slight cut across the bridge of his handsome nose ornamented with black sticking plaster. He not only enjoyed the operation with a sort of reckless joviality, but sought to gratify his friend by encouraging her to use her appliances to the utmost, intending to remove them all when he quitted the cottage. The earnest little woman availed herself fully of the encouragement, but could scarcely refrain from laughing when she surveyed him after the operation was completed.

"Now, auntie, have you finished?"

"Yes."

"Well then, tell me, do you really think that at all times, and in all circumstances, God causes events that are disastrous to work out good?"

"Indeed I do," returned Miss Millet, becoming very serious and earnest as she sat down opposite her young friend. "No doubt there is much of mystery connected with the subject, but I can't help that any more than I can help my beliefs. Of course we know: because it is written, that '*all* things work together for good to them that love God;' but even in the case of those who do *not* love Him, I think He often sends sorrow and trouble for the very purpose of driving them out of trust in themselves, and so clearing the way to bring them to the Saviour. And is it not written, 'Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee'?"

The young man remained silent for a few moments.

"Well, now," he said, "what think you of this case? The skipper whom we rescued this afternoon, along with his wife, told me that he has been reduced to beggary. He owned the vessel which now lies out on the rocks there a total wreck. It was his last venture. He had put all that he possessed into it, and not a scrap of the cargo will be saved. Having been a lucky man all his life previously, he said he had determined to 'chance his luck' this time, and did not insure vessel or cargo: so that all is gone. His wife and several children are dependent on him. He has no relatives rich enough, or willing enough, to help him: and, poor fellow, he has received injuries while being rescued, which will probably render him helpless for the rest of his life. Now, do you think that good will come out of all that?"

"I am *sure* it will," returned Miss Millet, confidently, "and good to him too if he seeks it: though of course I know not how or when."

"But why are you so sure?"

"Because, Jeff, it is written that God does not 'afflict the children of men willingly.' He does it for their good, and that good cannot fail of accomplishment, sooner or later, unless they refuse the good and choose the evil."

Again Jeff became silent and thoughtful. "I have meditated much of late," he said, "about Captain Millet's adventure in China——"

"By the way," interrupted Miss Millet, "that reminds me that the captain's little girl Rose—Rosebud, as he calls her—is to come here this very evening to stay with me for a week."

"Indeed? that will be pleasant, auntie. I must come and see her as an old acquaintance."

"Oh yes, you must, Jeff. You've no idea what a sweet girl she has become. I am quite charmed with her—so modest, and unselfish, and clever, and good, and—and, in short, I call her the four F's, for she is fair, fragile, fervent, and funny."

"What a catalogue!" exclaimed the youth, laughing; "you may well be charmed with her. But what do you mean by funny? Does she try to make people laugh?"

"Oh dear, no! In company she can scarce be made to speak at all, but she *is* so fond of fun—has such a lively appreciation of humour, and laughs *so* heartily. She has grown quite into a woman since I last saw her when her father went to sea. There she is!"

Miss Millet sprang from her chair with the agility almost of a young woman, and ran to open the door, for a cab was heard pulling up in front of the cottage.

There was a delighted little shriek from "Auntie!" and the warmest salutations of welcome: and the next moment Miss Millet, with the captain's daughter, arm in arm, embracing one another, entered the parlour.

The coastguardsman was transfixed, for there, before him, flushed and panting, stood—

> "A maid with eyes of heavenly blue,
> And rippling hair of golden hue;
> With parted lips of coral too,
> Disclosing pearls—and——"

all the rest of it! Yes, no wonder that Jeffery Benson was transfixed. Still less wonder that Rosebud stood in much the same condition: for, a young giant in pilot-cloth, damp and dirty, dishevelled, bespattered with mud, tied up about the fingers and plastered over the nose, was not precisely what she had expected to find in Aunt Millet's parlour.

They were soon introduced, however, and on the best of terms: for the shrinking from Jeff's filthy appearance changed in a moment to hero-worship in the romantic heart of Rose, when she was told the cause of the youth's condition, and heard all the details of the rescue from his own manly lips.

It was love at first sight with both of them; more than that, it was first love at first sight! We have profound sympathy with young people thus circumstanced, especially when they are reticent, and don't give way to sentimental silliness. A good manly and womanly case of this sort of love, in which the parties concerned take a serious header and go deep down, without the smallest intention of ever coming up again, is pleasant to contemplate and agreeable to record.

Of course it must not be supposed that Rose Millet understood what had happened. She was fully aware, indeed, that something unusual had occurred within her inexperienced breast, but she quietly set it down to hero-worship. She had read Carlyle on that subject. She had seen occasional reference in newspapers and magazines to lifeboat work, and she had been thrilled by the record of noble deeds done by heroic seamen and coastguardsmen. At last it was her lot to come athwart one of those heroes. He quite came up to her conception—nay, more than came up to it! She regarded Jeff with feelings approaching to awe. The idea of love in connection with a damp, dirty, wounded, nose-plastered, hair-ravelled giant, with beard enough to make an average hearth-broom, never entered her fair head. If suggested to her, she would have laughed it to scorn—had it been possible for one so bright and "funny" to become scornful.

As for Jeff—he more than suspected what had happened in regard to himself. His experience of life had been varied and extensive for his years—at least, in a nautical direction—and that is saying a great deal.

"Done for!" he remarked to himself that evening, as he left the residence of Miss Millet and sauntered slowly homeward, divesting his fingers of the wrappings in an absent manner, as he went along; but he forgot the plastered nose, and was taken to task about it by his comrades.

"Why, wherever did you get the stickin' plaster?" asked David Bowers, an Anglo-Saxon much like himself in form and size, only that his locks and beard were yellow instead of dark brown.

"From a friend," replied Jeff.

"A female friend?" asked Bowers, with a sly glance.

"Yes," replied Jeff, so promptly, and with a look of such benignity, that the Anglo-Saxon felt constrained to give up his intended badinage.

That night, curiously enough, Rose and Jeff were beset by dreams exactly similar in kind, though slightly modified in form. Both were

in the midst of howling blasts and raging billows; but while the one was saving a fair and slender girl in circumstances of great but scorned risk, the other was being rescued by a young giant with a brown beard, in a style the most heroic, and in the midst of dangers the most appalling.

Next day, when Jeff—having got rid of the nose plaster, and removed the mud, and brushed the dishevelled hair, and put on dry garments—paid another visit to Miss Millet, the Rosebud formed a more correct estimate of her condition, became alarmed, and shrank like a sensitive plant before the gaze of the coastguardsman: insomuch that she drove him to the conclusion that he had no hope whatever in that quarter, and that he was foolish to think of her seriously. What *was* she, after all? A mere chit of a school girl! It was ridiculous. He would heave her overboard forthwith, and trouble his head no more about her. He would not, however, give up visiting his old confidante on her account—oh dear, no!

It was wonderful what an amount of guarding seemed to be required by the coast in the vicinity of Miss Millet's cottage during the following week! Any one observing the frequency of Jeff's visits to it, and his prolonged earnest gazing at the sea, would have imagined that the ancient smuggling days had revived, or that the old tendency of the French to suddenly come o'er and find the Britons awaiting them on shore, was not yet extinct.

One evening our hero, after paying a little unwonted attention to his toilet, prepared to set out for Miss Millet's cottage. He had obtained leave of absence for the evening, and had made up his mind to spend an hour or two in metaphysical discussion. Rose had not yet left her aunt, but no matter. If she could not assist in the conversation, she could at all events listen, and might be benefited.

In passing through the station, the officer on duty called to him.

"I want you, Benson, to take Wilson's place to-night. He is unwell and off duty. We may possibly require all our force, for the barometer has suddenly fallen much lower than usual."

No shade of disappointment betrayed itself on the grave countenance of the well-disciplined Jeff, as he replied, "Very well, sir," and went out; but profound disappointment nevertheless harrowed his broad bosom, for he had promised himself such a long and pleasant evening of discussion; possibly of benefit to the young girl for whom he cared nothing now—a mere passing fancy, pooh! But even while ejecting the "pooh!" he wondered why the disappointment was so severe. Was it possible that he was being taught by experience the lesson which Miss Millet's reasoning powers had failed to inculcate?

It was blowing hard when Jeff reached the cliffs, and, bending forward to the increasing blast, made his way to the rugged coast which was to be the scene of his night vigil. As he stood on the shore with hands in pockets and legs apart, to steady himself, and gazed out upon the darkening sea, he saw plainly enough that the prophetic barometer was right. Far out on the water a ledge of rocks, barely covered at high water, caught the billows as they rolled shoreward, broke them up, and sent them spouting into the air in volumes of foam. On the horizon the clouds were so black that the shrieking sea-birds passed athwart them like flakes of snow. Low muttering thunder was heard at intervals; and as night drew on, gleams of lightning flashed in the obscurity.

During one of these flashes Jeff thought he saw a vessel labouring heavily. He could not be quite sure, for by that time spray, borne on the whistling wind, was blinding him. Suddenly a red flash was seen, followed by a report. It was a signal of distress.

Every thought and feeling save that of duty was instantly banished from the mind of our coastguardsman, as he hurried away to give the alarm and join in the rescue.

CHAPTER IV.

A WRECK AND RESCUE.

TERRIBLE was the gale which burst that night upon the shores of old England, and awful the fate that awaited many of the vessels which were nearing port at the time. Better far for many of them had they met the foe in the open field of what seamen term blue water, for no place is so dangerous as the shallow waters off the coast when the storm-fiend is abroad.

Perhaps it may be news to some readers that the losses of this country by shipwreck form a perennial drain of life and wealth as regular and certain as the recurrence of the seasons. Over two thousand ships, two millions sterling, and nearly a thousand lives are lost each year

on the shores of the United Kingdom—sometimes more, sometimes less, but always about these numbers each and every year. We give round numbers, because they are more easily remembered.

On the particular night of which we write, many a gallant ship was driving over the sea, making for her port, nearing home and friends, rushing to her doom! Passengers and crews alike had by that time, doubtless, become so familiar with whistling gales and heaving seas, that they had ceased to fear them; but some among them had yet to learn, when too late, that the dangers of the deep are insignificant, compared with the perils of the shore.

Among these hapless ships was one to which we direct the reader's particular attention. She was a large ship, with a crew of between twenty and thirty men, bound from China to the Thames. She carried no passengers, and was commanded by our friend, Captain Millet.

No captain in the mercantile navy of Britain was better qualified than he to take his ship across the trackless main, and, if need be, carry her safely into port; but seamanship and knowledge of channels and bars and currents avail nothing when the sails and cordage of a ship are unseaworthy, and her timbers worn out.

The owners of the *North Star* cared little for human lives. They were economists of the strictest kind. Hence her condition was bad.

The gale overtook the *North Star* when she was not far from the coast where nestled her captain's native town of Cranby. A pilot had been signalled for in vain, for the night was thick as well as stormy. At last one was obtained, and all went fairly well until the vessel was off the black rocks on which the eyes of Jeff Benson had been resting for some time. Fearing that he was too near that point of danger, the pilot gave orders to go about. While the vessel was in stays, one of the ropes parted, and she missed. At the same moment a squall came down on her, and carried away the main and fore-topmasts with the jib-boom. Instantly the vessel was unmanageable, and drifted bodily towards the rocks.

Captain Millet and his men toiled like heroes to clear away the wreckage, and orders were given to fire the signal-gun. As we have seen, our coastguardsman was swift to carry the alarm to his station, and without delay the lifeboat was launched. At the same time orders were given to get ready the coastguard boat, in case its services should be required.

The regular crew of the lifeboat had, as usual, been on the alert, and the bright blue boat of mercy was at once run down to the beach, until her carriage reached the edge of the foaming sea.

"Now, lads, jump in!" shouted the coxswain.

It was found, however, when they had taken their places and seized the oars, that two of the crew were missing. Volunteers were instantly called for, and Jeff, with his friend David Bowers, sprang to the call. They put on the cork life-belts, took the vacant seats, and grasped the oars. Then the transporting carriage, with the boat and crew on it, was pushed by many willing hands as far into the sea as possible, the men bending forward with the oars out, ready to pull at a moment's notice.

The launching ropes were already manned. At another signal from the coxswain, the boat plunged into the boiling surf, the oars were dipped, ten strong backs were bent, and they shot away on their errand of mercy—drenched and filled by the first great billow through which they cut their way, but not swamped, for the water ran out through the discharging tubes as fast as it came in.

An hour of hard toil brought them within sight of the wreck. Keeping well to windward, the coxswain cast anchor, and the bowman, taking a turn or two of the cable round the bollard, allowed the boat to drop down to the wreck, stern foremost.

"Can't you get round to leeward of the wreck?" asked Jeff, who sat near the stern of the boat, keeping a firm grasp of his oar, which the rushing and breaking seas well-nigh forced out of his hands.

"No, not as the rocks lie," replied the coxswain, curtly.

On drawing a few yards nearer, it became evident that no boat could live in the seething caldron of rocks and foam that lay under the lee of the wreck. Their only chance lay in approaching from the weather side, which was not only a difficult and dangerous operation, but was rendered doubly so by the violent swaying of the wreck from side to side.

The roaring of the gale and thunder of the seas, combined with the darkness and the hurtling spray, rendered it impossible for the men in the lifeboat to distinguish anything

clearly, until close to the wreck. Then it was seen that the whole crew had taken to the rigging of the main-mast—the top mast of which had been carried away by the fall of the fore-mast and mizzen.

A lusty cheer told that the shipwrecked men were still strong in hope, though their situation was terrible; for every lurch of the hull shook the swaying top so violently, as almost to tear even the strong seamen from their grasp.

"Jeff," said Bowers, who sat on the same thwart with his friend, "did ye not recognise a voice in that cheer?"

"Ay, that I did," returned Jeff, with feelings of great anxiety. "'Twas uncommon like Captain Millet."

"Look out for the rope!" roared one of the lifeboat men, as he swung and discharged the loaded stick with a line attached.

The heave was successful. The men on the main-top of the wreck caught the line, and by means of it passed a stout warp between the mast and the boat, down which they began to shin like squirrels, for the prompt appearance of their rescuers had not left time for the exhaustion of their strength.

"Is your vessel the *North Star*, commanded by Captain Millet?" shouted Jeff in the ear of the first arrival, for the noise of raging elements rendered ordinary tones almost useless.

"Ay, she is," replied the man; "but you won't see *him* till the last of us is safe aboard."

"Hallo! Captain Millet!" cried Jeff, with a roar that almost equalled the elements.

"Ay, ay, is that you, Jeff?" came back in a similar roar (but greatly softened by distance) from the swirling spray-clouds that raged above the wreck.

"Cheer up, captain; we'll save you all right," returned our coastguardsman in another enthusiastic roar, which of itself did something to cheer up all who heard it.

About a dozen of the sailors had been got into the lifeboat, when a tremendous rending sound was heard, followed by a loud cry of alarm, as the mast broke off a few feet above the deck, and plunged, with the men still upon it, into the boiling sea. To add to the confusion and terror, some part of the cordage caught the lifeboat, and completely sank as well as overturned it.

To an ignorant observer it might have seemed that all hope was gone—that every man must perish. But this was not so. The buoyant qualities of the magnificent lifeboat brought it to the surface like a cork, the instant it was freed. Its self-righting qualities turned it on its keel. The self-acting discharging tubes emptied it in less than two minutes; and the crew, supported by their cork life-belts, caught the life-lines festooned round the boat's side for this very purpose, and clambered into her.

Of the men of the wreck who had been tumbled into the sea along with them, some clung to their rescuers, whose belts could each easily sustain two. Others were able to lay hold of the boat, and a few held on to the floating wreckage till they were saved.

Suddenly the voice of Captain Millet was heard: "Hold on, lads; don't go without me. My foot's jammed here, and I can't——"

He stopped abruptly, for the head of the mast plunged under water at the moment, taking the captain along with it.

Without a word Jeff rose and sprang into the sea at the spot where his friend had disappeared. Almost at the same moment the end of the mast re-appeared, and struck our hero on the side with terrible violence. In spite of the blow, however, he was able to free the captain, who was caught by several strong arms, and hauled inboard at the same moment that his rescuer laid hold of one of the hanging life-lines.

While they were still heaving at the captain, David Bowers heard Jeff's voice.

"Your hand, Davy."

The stout coastguardsman was not slow to obey, and he received a grip like that of a drowning man; but his mate made no other effort to save himself.

"Help here, two of you," cried Bowers.

Another moment, and six brawny arms embraced Jeff, and lifted him into the boat.

"Not hurt, I hope, Jeff?"

"Not much, Davy, at least not to speak of; only I'm a bit stunned. Just let me lie here. One o' the *North Star's* men can take my oar."

There was no time for delicate attentions or inquiries in the circumstances; for the wreck of the mainmast had already given the boat, strong though it was, some damaging lunges, as it shot wildly to and fro in the mad sea.

"All there?" demanded the coxswain of the saved men, who had been rapidly counting their numbers.

"All here, thank God," answered Captain Millet.

"Haul off, lads."

The men laid hold of the hawser, and hauled with a will—not a moment too soon; for the wreck was breaking up, and the sea around was strewn with heavy timbers. Having hauled the boat up to her anchor, the latter was got in, and the oars were shipped. These last, being made fast to the boat with strong lines, had not been lost in all the turmoil, though two of them were broken. These were replaced, however, by spare oars; and then the lifeboat, being pulled out of danger, hoisted her scrap of sail, and scudded away gaily before the wind for the shore with her rescued freight.

Of course the news spread like wild-fire that the lifeboat had come in with the crew of the wrecked *North Star*—some said the whole crew, others, part of the crew; for verbal reports of this kind never do coincide after travelling a short way.

"Jeff, I must go straight to my sister, and be first wi' the news," said Captain Millet, on landing. "You said my Rosebud is with her just now?"

"Yes; I'll go with ee, captain."

"Come along then, lad; but I fear you've got hurt. You're sure it isn't broken ribs?"

"Oh, nothing to speak of," replied the youth, with a light laugh.

"First, however, I must telegraph to the owners," said the captain.

This duty performed, and his men comfortably housed in a neighbouring inn, Captain Millet and Jeff went off to the cottage. It was about two in the morning when they reached it. No one had yet been there. In his excited state of mind, the captain, who had no nerves, thundered at the door.

If there was one thing that Miss Millet had a horror of, it was housebreakers. She leaped out of bed, and began to dress in terror, having roused Rose, who slept with her.

"Burglars never thunder like that, auntie," suggested Rose, as she hastily threw on her garments.

Miss Millet admitted the force of the argument, and then, somewhat relieved, concluded that it must be tipsy men. Under this impression she raised the window-sash—her bedroom being on the upper floor—and looked timidly out.

"Go away, bad, naughty men!" she said in a remonstrative tone. "If you don't, I shall send for the police!"

"Why, Molly, don't you know me?"

"Brother!" shrieked Miss Millet.

"Father!" exclaimed the Rosebud.

Need we say that, after a few more hurried touches to costume, the door was opened, and the untimely visitors were admitted? Need we add that when Rose, with a little cry of joy, leaped into her father's arms and received a paternal hug, she leaped out of them again with a little shriek of surprise?

"Father, you're all wet! a perfect sponge!"

"True, darling, I forgot! I've just been wrecked, and rescued by the lifeboat, through God's great mercy, 'long with all my crew; and there," he added, pointing to Jeff, "stands the man that saved my life."

If Rose loved the young coastguardsman before, she absolutely idolized him now. Something of the feeling must have betrayed itself on her fair face, for Jeff made a step towards her, as if under an irresistible impulse to seize her hand.

But at that moment he experienced an agonizing sensation of pain, and, staggering backwards, sat down—almost fell—upon the sofa.

"Nothing — nothing," he replied, to the anxious inquiries of Miss Millet. "Only a little pain, caused by the rap I got from that mast. Come now, auntie, don't fuss about me, but sit down and hear what the captain has got to say."

(To be continued.)

GOD'S PROMISES.

"Exceeding great and precious promises."—2 *Peter* i. 4.
"All the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him Amen."—2 *Cor.* i. 20.

GOD'S promises are the comfort of my life. Without them I could not stand for an hour in the whirl and eddy; but I cannot tell how He will fulfil them, any more than I can tell from just what quarter the first flock of blue birds will come in the Spring. Yet I am sure the Spring will come, on the wings of ten thousand birds.—ANON.

Maria V. G. Havergal.

FAITHFUL IN WORK: PATIENT IN SUFFERING.*

WE had hoped to give this month a memorial sketch of Maria V. G. Havergal, the biographer of the sweet singer, Frances Ridley Havergal, whose name will ever be "familiar to us as a household word." We are indebted to another sister, Mrs. Crane, for a volume which portrays, in the life so recently closed, a character equally worthy of emulation. Seldom have we read anything more touching than the introductory words of the autobiographical portion, in which Miss Havergal sums up "the epitome of her life."

"'Goodness and mercy,' and our 'own way,' are the epitome of my life. The days of that life are closing, and it is towards eventide — the shadows are merging into a sunset glow. Looking backwards from the home-height nearly gained, the evening radiancy lights up the pathway—the windings, the by-ways, the short cuts, the snares, the pitfalls, and all the mistakes of 'my own way.' And again, I see the golden line of God's everlasting, ever over-ruling love; I see the 'right paths' in which He has safely led me, and the goodness and mercy which has surely followed me. And now, tarrying as it were in the land of Beulah, I desire to write down recollections of the past: and may all I write be to the praise of the glory of His grace!"



From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry. *Engraved by* R. & E. Taylor.

Presently we propose to give some of these "Recollections of the Past," which are the more interesting because they introduce many references to the Sister she loved so devotedly. Meanwhile we are only able to glance at the record of closing days:—

"Her last entry in her diary was:—'My pulse is 120, but Jesus has the Key of death. O come, unlock the door, that I may fly away and see Thee!' She said but little. Her life had spoken. Humility marked all she did say. 'I just creep to the Saviour's feet, the lowest of all.'

"Her repeated petition was for 'patience to wait God's time.' Once she said, 'The gift of God is eternal life.' On May 24th she tried to sing Fanny's last piece—'Behold, God is my salvation: therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.'

"Rest came at last 'the footsteps of the end.' Her last words, caught at intervals, were: 'How good the Lord is! He has done it all! The First and the Last. Come. Amen! Amen! Amen!' And so she 'slept in Jesus.'"

* "Autobiography of Maria V. G. Havergal." (London: J. Nisbet & Co.)

Wayside Chimes.

II. "PRAY, ALWAYS PRAY."

BY THE RIGHT REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—*St. Luke* xviii. 1.

PRAY, always pray; the Holy Spirit pleads
Within thee all thy daily, hourly needs.

Pray, always pray; beneath sin's heaviest load
Prayer sees the blood from Jesus' side that flowed.

Pray, always pray; though weary, faint, and lone,
Prayer nestles by the Father's sheltering throne.

Pray, always pray; amid the world's turmoil,
Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and nerves for toil.

Pray, always pray; if joys thy pathway throng,
Prayer strikes the harp, and sings the angels' song.

Pray, always pray; if loved ones pass the veil,
Prayer drinks with them of springs that cannot fail.

All earthly things with earth shall pass away;
Prayer grasps eternity; pray, always pray.

Hints to the Confirmed.

ADAPTED BY THE EDITOR.

Acts viii. 15, 16, 17; xix. 6. Hebrews vi. 2.

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God."—*Eph.* ii. 8.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—*St. Luke* xi. 13.

BE HUMBLE.

ENDEAVOUR to live in a deep sense of your sin and weakness, and of the all-sufficiency of the grace of Christ.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."—*Prov.* xvi. 18.

"Without Me ye can do nothing."—*St. John* xv. 5.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—*Phil.* iv. 13.

"When I am weak, then am I strong."—2 *Cor.* xii. 10.

"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."—*Eph.* vi. 10.

BE WATCHFUL.

Remember that the enemy of your soul desires its ruin. Resist the beginnings of sin, whether they come by evil thoughts, evil company, or idleness. In conversation ask yourself, is what I am about to say *true?* is it *useful?* is it *kind?*

"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: whom resist steadfast in the faith."—1 *Pet.* v. 8.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—*Ps.* cxli. 3.

"Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."—*St. Matt.* xxv. 13.

BE PRAYERFUL.

Be constant in your attendance at Church. Pray also when you lie down and when you rise up. Pray—in your daily employments. Is anger rising? Pray. Are you inclined in the presence of others to be

ashamed of Christ? Pray. Does temptation assault? Pray.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."—*Ps.* cxxii. 1.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 *Thess.* v. 17.

"In *everything* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—*Phil.* iv. 6.

Romans viii. 26. 2 Corinthians vi. 16, 17, 18; vii. 1.

BE HOPEFUL.

Press forward. Rest not satisfied because you have been a partaker in this rite, but let your mind be directed at once to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. If you come not thither, there will be reason to fear that the blessing to be expected in Confirmation has been made light of by you to the injury of your soul.

Come, therefore, but with fixed purpose of heart, to "yield yourselves unto God as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God." Come "repenting truly of your former sins, steadfastly purposing to lead a new life." Come "with a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, and a thankful remembrance of His death." Come "in charity with all men." "So shall ye be meet partakers of that holy Sacrament," and shall go forth to "glorify God with your body and your spirit, which are His."

"And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."—*St. Luke* ix. 62.

"Remember Lot's wife."—*St. Luke* xvii. 32.

"For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's Death till He come."—1 *Cor.* xi. 26.

"This do in remembrance of Me."—1 *Cor.* xi. 24.

"But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that Bread, and drink of that Cup."—1 *Cor.* xi. 28.

PRAYERS AFTER CONFIRMATION.

Defend me, O Lord, with Thy Heavenly grace, that I may continue Thine for ever, and may daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until I come unto Thy everlasting Kingdom. Amen.

O God! I have *promised* to renounce sin, and to love and serve Thee. Teach me so to trust in Thee, that I may *perform* my vows, and take up my cross daily, and follow Christ unto my life's end. Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

DAILY MORNING PRAYER.

O Heavenly Father! I thank Thee for sparing me to the beginning of another day. Keep me from wicked thoughts, words, and actions. May I often through the day look up to Thee in prayer for Thy Holy Spirit. May I remember that "Thou God seest me." May I keep out of the way of temptation, and strive to live as a child of God should live. O Lord, I am weak: do Thou strengthen me, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, etc.

EVENING PRAYER.

O God! before I rest this night, I would ask Thee to pardon all my sins, and to give me Thy blessing. Make me thankful for all Thy mercies. The night of death cometh, when no man can work: may I be more careful to serve Thee, and may all my hope of salvation rest only on Thy dear Son, who died for sinners. Oh that I may walk in the light, and may His Blood cleanse me from all sin! Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, etc.

Search the Scriptures Daily.

Be Diligent in thy calling.

Be much in Secret Prayer.

Neglect not Self-Examination.

Let thy Words be few.

Live each Day as if it were thy Last.

"Be thou Faithful unto Death."

Keep thy Conscience as the apple of thine eye.

Do all, "Looking unto Jesus," and Resting on His Grace.

"And" (saith the Lord Christ)—

"I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE."

Courtship and Marriage:

SIDELIGHTS OF HOME LIFE. (*New Series.*)

BY A BENEDICT.

CHAPTER II.

DO NOT LOOK FOR PERFECTION.—A DISCIPLINE OF CHARACTER.—"OUR WIVES."—THE PERFECTION OF LOVE.—THE CULTIVATION OF LOVE.—TWO MODELS.



SECOND axiom in married life is, or ought to be: *Do not look for perfection in one another.*

The best of men are only *men* at the best; and whenever we are most disposed to find fault, it is certainly the wisest plan to begin at home. Each knows most of his or her own faults; and when we have well gone through these, there will probably be little or no inclination to travel further afield.

It is well to start with the clear understanding that marriage is a discipline of character. "Certainly," says Bacon, "wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity." The discipline, it is true, may be, in some cases, a little more severe than one could wish. A story is told in *The Fireside Magazine*, of a social gathering in Scotland, when "Our Wives" was one of the toasts. One of the guests, whose wife had a temper of her own, on being sportively asked if he would drink it, exclaimed, "Ay, heartily! Mine brings me to my knees in prayer a dizzen times a day, an' nane o' you can say the same o' yours."* Probably no one would wish to reach this experience, whatever its gain: but *moderate* discipline even of this severe kind may have its advantages. We are assuredly in the path of true wisdom, when we take the infirmities of those we love to One who "bears and forbears" even with ourselves.

The perfection of *love*, rather than any anticipation of perfection of *character*, should be aimed at as the crown of married life. The only strife should be for each to try to love the other most. This will prompt husband and wife to be equally on their guard against "the little foxes that spoil the grapes." Married people are especially "made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another is thus contrary to nature."

Moreover, like everything else, love grows by progressive cultivation. The husband and wife may and will discover more of the imperfection which clings to both than could possibly be known in the sunny days of courtship; but the tree that has been tested by many a storm stands all the firmer, for its roots are more deeply planted in the soil. Jeremy Taylor gives us a world of wisdom in a few words bearing on this point:—"Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom, and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken."

A practical example on either side—a model wife and a model husband—will show the way in which love may be per-

* From a paper in *The Fireside Magazine* for January, entitled, "To Marry or Not to Marry?" by the Author of "How to be Happy Though Married." We hope all our Readers will see a copy of *The Fireside* in its greatly *Enlarged* form, giving 80 pages, with 14 Art Illustrations. The *Times* says: "It is excellent, and wonderfully cheap." The price is still only 6*d.*, and it can be seen at all Booksellers.

fected, although *perfection* is not reached in married life.

One of our leading authors, in the early days when fame had yet to be attained, received an intimation that his services would no longer be required in the post he held. With a heavy heart he repaired to his humble home. His young wife saw the change, and stood waiting for him to break the silence. At length he faltered, "I am removed from my position." The good wife left the room, and presently returned with fuel and kindled a bright fire with her own hands. Next she brought pen, paper, and ink, and set them beside him. Then she touched the sad man on the shoulder, and, as he turned to her beaming face, she said, "Now you can write your book"—the book which she knew he had waited for time and opportunity to write. The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cave from which he had escaped. The book was written, and a marvellous success rewarded the author and his true-hearted wife.

As an example of the model husband, we quote the following from Cobbett's "Advice to Young Men." He says:—

"I began my young marriage days in and near Philadelphia. I had business to occupy the whole of my time, except sleeping hours; but I used to make time to assist my wife in the taking care of her baby, and in all sorts of things: get up, light her fire, boil her tea-kettle, carry her up warm water in cold weather, take the child while she dressed herself and got the breakfast ready, then breakfast, get her in water and wood for the day, then dress myself neatly and sally forth to my business. The moment that was over I used to hasten back to her again; and I no more thought of spending a moment *away from her*, unless business compelled me, than I thought of quitting the country and going to sea."

Some may almost think this was love in excess. It certainly reminds us of love in courtship; and, without finding perfection in one another, it must have been a near approach to the perfection of married love.

A Carol of Thanks.

BY "ROBIN."

ROBIN is *so* thankful to *Home Words* readers. The collecting forms in *Ring the Bells* have been flying back to his "Nest" at Blackheath in clouds of postage stamps and postal orders. Robin wishes he could "Ring the Bells" in every steeple in the land: but this is quite beyond his power, and he can only sing a quiet carol of "Thanks, thanks, thanks!" and wish all the givers could see what he has seen at the London Robin Dinners.*

Robin wishes, too, that he could have seen all the Dinners in the provinces. Thousands here and thousands there have been "made happy for an evening;" and he hopes the time will come when a "Robin Dinner" will be everywhere "a national institution."

Robin would like to print all the letters he has received in a big volume. There was one right away from Queensland, enclosing £3 2*s.* from hands and hearts that don't forget the old country. There was another from a deaf and dumb boy who managed to plead so well that he sent 6*s.* from about twenty givers. There was another from "Little Robert," Bilbao, Spain, containing no less than £5; and another from a little girl with rheumatic fever, who was "pining to think she could not get out to do some good," when one of the collecting forms gave her a mission.

But letters, and reports of Dinners, and lists of contributions can only be given in *The Fireside News;* and all Robin can do in addition to his "Carol of Thanks," is to point to the illustrations on the opposite page, and whisper —if birds can whisper,—

"Each kindness shown to birds or men,
Is sure to flutter back again."

* The total amount promises to be quite equal to what it was last year: so that Robin hopes to entertain at least 30,000 London human "Robins."



The Roast Beef



Advent of the Plum Pudding

ROBIN'S OWN CAROL.

If I could have my wish,
I would see to it, too,
That my message should be
"Merrie Christmas to you."

Edward Sunners.

"HAPPY NED," THE CABMAN'S FRIEND.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*See Portrait, January No., Page* 10.)



IT was truly said by one who knew Edward Sunners well that "there must indeed have been a power for good in a man whose funeral moved the heart of a great city like Liverpool." Two hundred cabs followed him to his grave, and not a cabman's whip throughout the city was without a badge of crape as mourning. His life had been eloquent for God, and so in death his testimony was still heard, and still speaks to many.

Edward Sunners, it appears, when arrested by Divine truth many years ago, was pursuing a reckless career. He could neither read nor write: but by the aid of a Christian friend he made rapid progress, and soon "mastered"—as he was wont to say—"Mr. Murray"—Murray's Grammar. He worked for some time at Fawcett's Iron Foundry, but at length became a Custom House officer. When asked in the preliminary examination—"What are you?" he at once replied, much to the surprise of his interrogator, "A servant of Jesus Christ."

Later on in life he became a City Missionary, especially amongst the cabmen. Through his influence and exertions "shelters" were provided for them in various parts of Liverpool; and, as we have seen, he gained to a remarkable extent their respect and affection. But Sunners was a worker everywhere, "in season and out of season." At the Aintree and Chester races he constantly and quietly reasoned with individuals and distributed tracts. He delighted, also, in visiting the poor in cellars and lonely parts of the city slums.

On one of these occasions he found the mother out, the grate full of ashes, the hearth unswept, the house all in a litter, with only a young girl left to do the best she could in it. Turning to the girl, he said, in his pleasant, happy way: "Come now, hurry up; let us straighten things and get all nice against your mother comes in." Setting at once to work, the two wrought on, till the fire blazed brightly in a clean grate, the hearth shone with whiteness, and the kettle was singing on the hob. Spending a shilling in provisions, which included two red herrings, he got a good tea ready for them all. Just as he was teaching the girl how to cook one of the two herrings, the woman returned and stood astonished at the door. "Oh, how do you do?" said Ned; "I've come to take tea with you." Down they all sat, and Ned spoke of his Master in a way not to be forgotten. Rising to go away, he said, "Now, lassie dear, mind you cook the other fish, and get it ready for father when he comes home from work."

On another occasion, when invited to the house of a wealthy citizen to dine, it was remarked that "he was quite a gentleman." On such occasions he would take "his little walk," as he termed it, and have a word with the servants in the kitchen. On one such visit he said, "I hope you don't mind; but I always like to shake hands with the servants."

His habits were most simple. Often his dinner was a glass of milk and a scone; and his supper was dry toast and buttermilk. He rose at half-past three a.m., read for two hours, and then went out to meet and converse with men going to their work. In the evening he often preached in the streets, or gave Temperance addresses in mission-halls.

To the sick and suffering he was always a welcome visitor; and though his salary was only £80 per annum, he always put

by a large proportion of it for the Master's service, denying self for His sake.

Only the day before his death he visited a gang of quarrymen in the pit at St. Domingo, and spoke to them in affectionate tones of a Saviour "mighty to save, even to the uttermost."

We have referred to the remarkable scene witnessed at his funeral. The Mayor and Bishop of Liverpool were both represented. Canon Postance, after reading a portion of the Burial Service, addressed the crowded assemblage, testifying to the great work Mr. Sunners had accomplished in Liverpool:—"There was something in his character that should touch them as Christians, and it was the lesson that Christianity was capable of making them happy. They were all intimately acquainted with the sunny smile of 'Happy Ned.' His conversation had brought about marvellous changes in the man, and this fact was the more forcibly brought home to them when they recollected the life he had led until he was twenty-one or twenty-two years of age."

A number of wreaths were sent by cabmen in the city, including those belonging to the stands at Lime Street, Williamson Square, Central Station, London Road, Lime Street Station, Pierhead, etc. The black plate on the coffin bore the following inscription:—

"Edward Sunners. Died 21st October, 1886, aged 70 years."

The Rev. S. Barber, Elmsett, Ipswich, writes:—"Edward Sunners was a man whose very presence at once awakened attention, and his manly bearing and genial smile kindled your affection. To know the man was to love him. His personal influence must have been great, and I think it was largely due to this: he readily saw and appealed to what was good in others; a noble art for preachers and teachers. I met him at intervals of sometimes a year or two. He always appeared the same, a joyful embodiment of thankfulness for that grace and gift of God in Christ which had rescued him from a debased and earthly life to a spiritual and heavenly one. His activity appeared surprising; as, indeed, his 'parish' required, being truly a 'town missionary!'"

Another friend testifies:—"During the many years of my acquaintance with 'Happy Ned,' I always felt it to be a real, refreshing benediction to meet with him. His greeting was so cheery that it formed an inspiration, a veritable tonic—

> 'To run more swift the heavenly race,
> And put a cheerful courage on.'

During his closing hours he retained his characteristic brightness of faith. While he lived, his joyous heaven-lit countenance afforded gladsome testimony to his manner of living with God: and as he went "home," while kneeling in prayer, "it seemed as if he and God talked together while He led His servant through the valley of the shadow of death."

The Bishop of Liverpool, speaking at a public meeting, on the day of the funeral, "gladly bore testimony" to "his great worth and noble work." He had known their good friend Mr. Sunners, the cabmen's bishop, ever since he came to Liverpool. Mr. Sunners called upon him one day, and said to him, "Brother bishop, I am glad to see you!" He (the speaker) replied, "Well, brother bishop, I am also glad to meet with you!" and he had helped him in various ways as far as possible. The old man had now gone home, and, as was well known, he was a happy man.

Yes, "Happy Ned" had surrendered his whole heart to God. This filled him with "the joy of the Lord," and thus reflecting in a large measure the likeness of his Master, he won many to walk in wisdom's "ways of pleasantness and wisdom's paths of peace."

May we follow him as he followed his Master!

A Trip to Old Norway.

BY ONE WHO WENT.

II. THE NORTH CAPE

PERHAPS before trying to tell what I saw *in* Norway, I may as well describe what is called "the region of the Midnight Sun."

Those who wish to see everything are sure to take one of the "tourist steamers," especially built and equipped for this service, which run from Trondhjem to the North Cape. These steamers stop only at the chief points of interest, and take only a week in the journey there and back. They are as comfortable as first-rate American liners; but unless the tourist is a good sailor, he will probably find the trip is not without its drawbacks. The climate, too, is not so pleasant as it might be. As the more northern regions are reached fog and cloud are often very troublesome, and not unseldom the traveller returns without having obtained even a glimpse of the Midnight Sun.

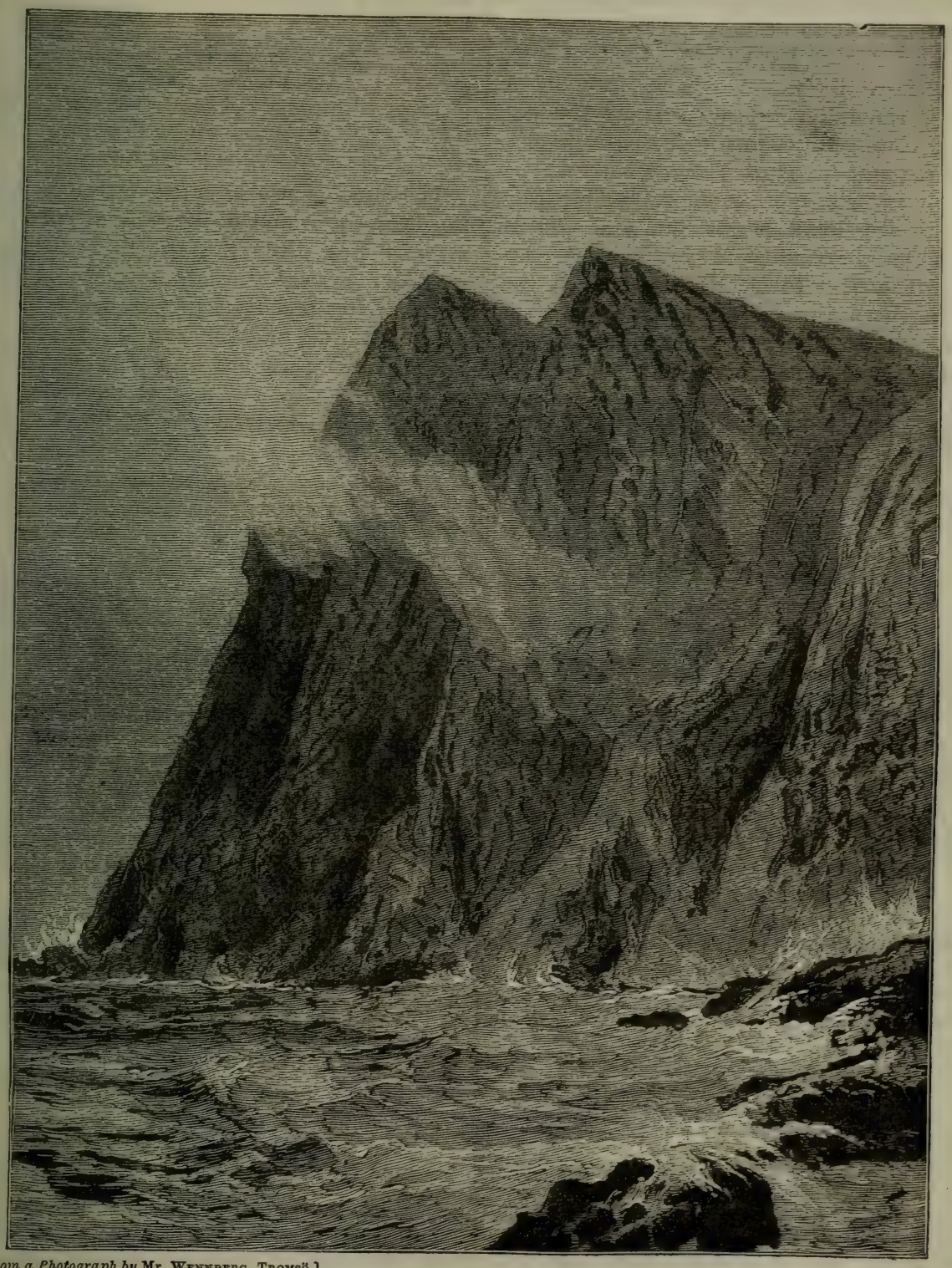


A PEEP THROUGH TORGHATTEN.

If, however, it be bright fine weather, the trip is simply enchanting—the evening glows in the heavens, the aspect of the sun at midnight just touching the edge of the sea to recommence its course without a moment's rest, the marvellous and ever-changing colours of the islands and rocky-bound coast, are indescribable; while the various towns visited by the way, the Lapp encampment, with its herd of reindeer, the quaint craft met with in the numerous harbours and out-of-the-way nooks, add additional interest to the magnificent panorama which is being ever unfolded.

First among the places of interest which we pass is the island of Torghatten. This rock, some 800 feet in height, is pierced almost in the centre by a species of tunnel. Legend tells us that the rock is a petrified giantess, who was pursued by her lover, whose arrow traversed her hat. Upon this, the sun, which in those days is said to have exercised a supernatural power, at once transformed the lady into stone. The importunate lover suffered the same fate, and may be seen in the form of a rock-like figure of a horseman (Hestmandsö), some hundred miles farther north. Through the tunnel daylight can be clearly seen from the sea. Our illustration, however, shows the view looking from the land, whence the sea, with the belt of rocks and islands, is very impressive.

Bleak and grand rocky scenery is skirted by the steamer throughout the journey, and glaciers of ice descend almost to the water's edge. We pass also the Lofoden Isles—the great fishing ground of Norway. Tens of thousands of cod are caught here by nets and lines; they are salted and dried, and form the staple food in winter of many a Norwegian



From a Photograph by Mr. WENNBERG, TROMSÖ.]

THE NORTH CAPE.

"And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

family. Farther north the once-famous Maelstrom is passed—that terrible whirlpool which legend was wont to declare had swallowed up many a noble craft, but which to modern eyes, even when at its worst, only appears like a foaming rapid, formed as it is by the sea rushing through a narrow, rocky passage.

The steamer stops at Tromsö, a busy little fishing town. This is one of the best points from which to see the Midnight Sun, and also to visit the Lapp encampments in the neighbourhood. The next town, Hammerfest, is the most northern in the world. It is a great starting place for Spitzbergen, or for explorers pursuing that forlorn hope—the attempt to reach the North Pole.

After a few hours more the North Cape itself comes in sight—a frowning mass of dark grey slate rock, so well described by Longfellow:—

"And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge."

The cape is not situated on the mainland, but is on the island of Magerö, off which the steamer lies while the travellers land and ascend the height, nearly a thousand feet, to enjoy, if fog and mist permit, a sight of the Midnight Sun and the magnificent view over the adjacent coast and over the Arctic Ocean, to whose northern extremity no living man as yet has penetrated.

(To be continued.)

England's Church.

I. THE LITANY AND THE COLLECTS.

BY THE REV. A. R. FAUSSET, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SCRIPTURE AND THE PRAYER BOOK IN HARMONY."



OUR Litany consists of four parts. In the first we invoke the several Persons of the Blessed Trinity; in the second we pray for deliverance from all evils, and especially from "deadly" presumptuous sins. This part concludes with thrilling appeals to our Saviour. "By Thine Agony and bloody sweat, by Thy Cross and passion, by Thy precious Death and burial, by Thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension, Good Lord deliver us."

In the third we intercede for all men of every rank, for our monarch, our clergy, our whole Church, and even our enemies; for those suffering under the various vicissitudes of life, and for ourselves, summing all up in the comprehensive prayer, "that it may please Thee to give us true repentance, to forgive us all our sins, negligences and ignorances, and to endue us with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to Thy Holy Word."

The fourth part of the Litany is Supplication, to which we are invited by the introductory, "Let us pray." Truly there is no possible exigency in the vicissitudes of man's earthly trial that is not provided for in our Litany. It is told of a pitman in Durham Diocese that, being found reading the Litany one day, he was asked why he loved the Prayer Book. He answered:—

"One sentence in this book, if there were none other, would of itself be sufficient to save the world. It is this:—'O holy, blessed and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God, have mercy on us miserable sinners.' Oh! sir, what I have experienced in these words! I have felt the sweet drawings of a Father's love, the cleansing power of a Saviour's blood, and the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit's grace, and I have felt my whole soul entwined, as it were, in the Sacred Three."

Then look at the Collects, so called because they "collect" into a short prayer the essence of some special portion of God's Word. The *attribute* given to God in the opening of each, beautifully harmonizes with our pleading for the main grace and blessing in the prayer. Precept and promise go hand in hand. Above all, the Lord Jesus, in His glorious Person and various offices, is made all in all. Take one instance, out of many—the Collect for the seventh Sunday after Trinity: "Lord of all power and might, who art the Author and Giver of all good things; graft in our hearts the love of Thy Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

These prayers are chiefly taken from Liturgies 1,300 years old. The closing prayer before the blessing is one out of St. Chrysostom's Liturgy. It forms a most appropriate conclusion to our prayers, renouncing all claims of merit in them, and acknowledging that it has been by the gift of God's grace alone that we have made our common or joint supplications.

The history of Chrysostom's life is a commentary on his prayer. He learnt in the school of affliction the folly of those earthly desires which his previous prosperity might have fostered. Nothing but a spirit chastened by trials could have given rise to this perfect resignation to God's will as to earthly things, and singleness of aim as to heavenly blessings, which breathe throughout this prayer.

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

IV. A STATESMAN'S TESTIMONY.



THE late Mr. Morley, M.P., whose Biography has just been published, said on one occasion :—

"This question of drink was, in his opinion, doing more to keep the people down socially, politically, and religiously, than all other causes put together. He presided over a large and representative meeting of relieving officers of the Metropolis, and their testimony was almost unvarying to this effect—that if they would go to the workhouses of their respective parishes, they pledged themselves that at least three-fourths of the inmates would tell them that they were there because of drink. It was a question that was blocking the way to an extent that constituted positive danger. He believed they were living over a volcano, and that unless they got into contact with their poorer neighbours, with an increasing condition of depression they would have a desperate work to do in their population.

"He had long withheld his support from Temperance Legislation, but did so no longer. It had become patent to all the world that citizens were exposed to greatly increased expenses because of the habits of men who drank and did mischief. A drunken vagabond came home the other day and poured boiling water over his family. They were in the hospital because of their injuries, and he was in prison to answer for his crime—all at great expense to the respectable and sober portion of the community. They must have law to deal with this terrible evil."

V. A GENERAL'S TESTIMONY.

GENERAL GORDON, writing from Khartoum, while Governor-General in 1877, bore the following testimony :—

"Now that I have given up all drinking of wine or spirits I am much better and sleep well; but it is a fever life I lead. Were it not for the very great comfort I have in communion with God, and the knowledge that He is Governor-General, I could not get on at all."—*Life of General Gordon*, p. 211.

As some writers have told us that on his arrival in Africa a few years before, General Gordon held the common opinion that spirits were a necessary protection against that deadly climate, it is interesting to find how that opinion was reversed by later experience.

VI. AN ARCHBISHOP'S TESTIMONY.

"IN no past time had the preachers of the Gospel to contend with the demon of drink as they have in this age of ours. To accept the Gospel, to live conscientiously under the precepts of the Gospel, to be followers of Christ, to be built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, to imitate our Master—and to drink!—the two things cannot co-exist. We must drive out the spirit of drink by the spirit of the Gospel. Veiled or unveiled, drink must be driven out, or else we have what we may call whole countries and whole regions inaccessible to the Word of Truth."—*Archbishop Benson.*

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADES.

IV. Enough for one, too much for two, and nothing at all for three.

V. My first has often made a suit;
My second is a suit when made;
Within my third, 'tis past dispute,
Full many a suit is deftly laid.

STELLA.

CONUNDRUMS.

17. Which is the hardest key to turn?

18. What is that from which, if the whole be taken, some will yet remain?

19. When was beef-tea introduced into England on a large scale?

20. What animal has four legs when it is alive, and only two when it is dead?

21. Why are ship passengers to New York like people going to be married?

22. Why should they laugh on arriving there?

23. At a cricketers' dinner-party, what kind of a pudding is most suitable?

24. What is a salmon on a gravel path most like?

ANSWERS. (See JANUARY No., p. 21.)

CHARADES.

I. Bridgwater. II. Carpet. III. The letter E.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When he has a pain in his heart and a pain in his back.
2. 365 :—Because every dog has his day.
3. He can always sit down and take a roll.
4. He has lost his awl.
5. The storm rose and the wind blew (blue).
6. Silence.
7. It always carries its hands before its face.
8. Wat Tyler, Will Rufus (What tiler will roof us?).
9. All the others are inaudible.
10. Cumber-land.
11. Westmoreland (waste moorland).
12. Corn-wall.
13. It is a beholder (bee-holder).
14. Only four—viz., those of their forefathers (four-fathers).
15. The one is learning his lesson, the other lessening his learning.
16. The wind; and he whistled "Over the hills and far away."



Drawn by JOSEPH CLARK.]

"THREE LITTLE KITTENS."

The Young Folks' Page.

IV. "THREE LITTLE KITTENS."



APPY kittens make happy kittens. Be happy if you would make happy. So we read the moral of the illustration. The position is not altogether comfortable. The weather is threatening, and Grandmother's umbrella has evidently seen good service in the past. Still it affords a shelter—a shelter for three: and three in good humour, who have learned to "share and share alike," are better than an "I by itself I," disposed to share with nobody.

If you ever have your photograph taken, remember the "Three Little Kittens," and try to look as sunny and bright as they do on a wintry day. Or rather let me say, remember your photographs *are* being taken *all the year round*; and there is an old proverb which is full of meaning to young folk, as well as to old—"Handsome is that handsome does."—C. B.

V. NEVER STAY BROKEN.

"An American gentleman, when talking to me of the dogged perseverance of his nation, gave as an instance the case of his own father. 'My father,' he said, 'failed in business six times, and then made a large fortune.' On expressing surprise that a man could do this in these days of keen competition, the American used words which I have never forgotten—'You don't know,' he said, 'the kind of man my father was; he was a man who would never stay broken.' Young as you are, my friends, some of you may have been broken in several ways during the year just ended, and certainly few of you have kept all the good resolutions you made at the beginning of it. What God puts into my heart to say to you, then, is this—*Do not stay broken.*

"If you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
Those who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky;
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try, and try again, boys,
You'll succeed at last."

THE REV. E. J. HARDY.

VI. GOLDEN KEYS.

A BUNCH of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.
"*Good morning!*" that's the golden key,
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, "*Good night!*" I say,
And close the door of each glad day.

When at the table, "*If you please*"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me,
I use the little "*Thank you!*" key:
"*Excuse me,*" "*Beg your pardon,*" too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkindly harm I've given,
With "*Forgive me*" key I'll be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I bind:
This is its motto: "*Be ye kind.*"

I'll often use each golden key,
And then how happy I shall be.—ANON

VII. "THE ROYAL YEAR."

THE *Church of England Sunday-school Magazine*, which so greatly furthered the circulation of *The Queen's Resolve* (London: *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.), says:—

"While publishers generally seem to have taken an early leave of the Jubilee, after providing a literature to meet only passing requirements, the author of *The Royal Year* has hit upon the idea of recording all the chief features—spectacular, social, literary, personal—everything that will remain as a memory of the great event of the year. The volume contains upwards of 200 pages, is full of charming illustrations, and handsomely bound. It is the best, most compact, and certainly the cheapest, memorial that has yet been produced."

Our *Young Folks* will be glad to know that *The Royal Year* (the only volume which really gives an account of *the Jubilee itself*) will be supplied to the Clergy and Sunday-school Teachers on the same terms as *The Queen's Resolve*, viz., 1s. each, in parcels of not less than 12 copies. It gives over 30 illustrations, portraits, views, torchlight processions, beacon fires, Royal presents, foreign visitors, etc.; and is "royally bound in crimson and gold." *The Queen's Resolve* has already attained a circulation of 150,000 copies, and we hope *The Royal Year* will do the same. Our loyal readers will, we are sure, make this offer known.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT was the name of King Ahab's steward, and what good deed is recorded of him?
2. Who is spoken of as the angel who "stands in the presence of God"?
3. How many miracles were performed by our Blessed Lord at Cana of Galilee?
4. On what occasions were the lives of many persons saved at the entreaty of one?
5. What person is mentioned as having a "school" at Ephesus?
6. What person first acknowledged Christ's kingdom to be a spiritual one?
7. Who are spoken of as "a weak people who inhabit strongholds"?
8. Where is the passage to be found, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?"

ANSWERS (See DECEMBER No., p. 283).

1. Matt. xviii. 10.
2. Oil—which Isaiah calls the "oil of Joy." Isa. lxi. 3.
3. At the rock of Meribah. Num. xx. 10, 11.
4. Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians. Acts viii. 27.
5. Libanus. Ps. civ. 16.
6. When an angel came to Philip the deacon, bidding him go on the way to Gaza, where he baptized the Ethiopian eunuch. Acts viii. 26
7. St. Stephen in his address, and Ananias when he was sent to recover St. Paul's sight. Acts vii. 52; xxii. 14.
8. First, by Abraham, for the offering up of his son Isaac; second, by David, to stay the plague; third, by Solomon, at the building of the Temple; fourth, by the captives returned from Babylon, in thanksgiving to God. Gen. xxii. 1-10; 2 Sam. xxiv. 18, 25; 2 Chron. iii. 1, and Ezra iii. 1-3.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

A Heart to Praise.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free:
A heart that's sprinkled with the Blood
So freely shed for me:

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best Name of Love.

C. Wesley.

Gems from Old Writers.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

"Keep our hearts from doing hurt, and getting hurt; from being defiled by sin, and disturbed by trouble; keep out bad thoughts, and keep up good thoughts."—*Matthew Henry.*

"See that your temper is Christian-like—that it is kind, merciful, considerate, and cheerful, meek and affectionate; and remember, if religion has done nothing for your temper, it has done little for your soul."—*Anon.*

"If I could but be master of that house-doll, myself—my own mind, my own wit, credit, and ease—how blessed were I! Alas! we have more need to be redeemed from *ourselves*, than from the devil and the world."—*Rutherford.*

"God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth; but He hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth."—*Quarles.*

"Yea, though my hard heart scarce to Thee can groan,
Remember that Thou once didst write on stone."—*Herbert.*

The Grace of God which bringeth Salvation.
Titus ii. 11.

"DAILY RENEWED BY THY SPIRIT."

"The Renewing of the Holy Ghost."—Tit. iii. 5.

1	W	Be renewed in the spirit of your mind.
2	Th	PURIF. OF B.V.M. *Cleanse me from my sin.*
3	F	The Blood of Jesus Christ...cleanseth us.
4	S	Without shedding of blood is no remission.
5	S	**Sexagesima Sun.** *The Lord give thee peace.*
6	M	We have peace with God through Jesus Christ.
7	Tu	Look unto Me, and be ye saved. Isa. xlv. 22.
8	W	Look upon mine affliction and my pain. Ps.
9	Th	The Lord...looked on our affliction. [xxv. 16.
10	F	I will look unto the Lord; I will wait. Mic.
11	S	My God will hear me. Mic. vii. 7. [vii. 7.
12	S	**Quinquages. S.** *They looked unto Him, and were lightened.* Ps. xxxiv. 5. [Num. vi. 25.
13	M	The Lord make His Face shine upon thee.
14	Tu	What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?
15	W	ASH WED. *Renew a right spirit within me.*
16	Th	Be not conformed to this world. Rom. xii. 2.
17	F	Transformed by the renewing of your mind.
18	S	Satisfy us early with Thy mercy. Ps. xc. 14.
19	S	**1st S. in L.** *They shall be abundantly satisfied.*
20	M	I have satiated the weary soul. Jer. xxxi. 25.
21	Tu	Thou hast delivered my soul from death.
22	W	Wilt not Thou deliver my feet from falling?
23	Th	Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee.
24	F	ST. MATTHIAS. *Our secret sins in the light of Thy Countenance.* Ps. xc. 8. [Isa. vi. 7.
25	S	Thine iniquity is taken away...thy sin purged.
26	S	**2nd Sun. in Lent.** *Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.* Ps. xix. 12. [cxix. 88.
27	M	Quicken me after Thy lovingkindness. Ps.
28	Tu	It is the Spirit that quickeneth. John vi. 63.
29	W	Thou hast kept me alive. Ps. xxx. 3.

SUN.—1st day. MOON.—New, 11th, A. 11.53.
Rises 7.42. Sets 4.48. „ Full, 27th, M. 11.58.

4. John Rogers martyred.
5. Sir Robert Peel born, 1788.
9. Bishop Hooper martyred.
13. Captain Cook killed, 1779.
23. Sir Joshua Reynolds died, 1792.
25. Sir Christopher Wren died, 1723.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, Id.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.





TRUSTY FRIENDS. [See Page 51.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Trusty Friends.

"NOW listen, Flo!
Don't *ever* fight with Pussy; let her spit, and don't you care one bit!
She knows no better, for she's but a cat, as stupid as she's fat,—
Fat as a pony when he's had his beans;
And you're my noble doggie, brave and strong,
Loving, obedient, trustful,—*such* a dear!"—THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.

Jeff Benson; or, The Young Coastguardsman.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE, AUTHOR OF "THE IRON HORSE," "THE YOUNG TRAWLER," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MISS MILLET RECEIVES A SURPRISE, ROSEBUD A DISAPPOINTMENT, AND OUR HERO ANOTHER BLOW.

MISS MILLET was one of those cheery, unselfish, active-minded women who are not easily thrown off their balance—deranged, as the French say—by untoward circumstances.

The arrival of any two friends at two in the morning would have failed to disturb the good nature or weaken the hospitality of that amiable creature. Her joy, therefore, at the sudden though untimely appearance of her brother and friend was not marred by selfish considerations; and although she was eager to hear what the captain had to say, she would not let him begin until he and Jeff had retired to an attic chamber and put on dry habiliments.

How male attire came to be so handy in a spinster's house is easily accounted for by the fact that her regard for the memory of her departed father was so great as to have induced her to leave his hat and stick in the passage in their wonted places after his death, and to leave undisturbed the chest of drawers which contained the greater part of his wardrobe. Nothing short of absolute necessity would have induced Miss Millet to disturb these sacred relics; but she knew that death might result from sitting in drenched clothes, and her well-balanced mind at once pointed out that here was a case which demanded a sacrifice. She therefore bowed to the inevitable, and handed her brother the key of the chest of drawers.

As the late Mr. Millet had been a large man, the result was that her visitors were admirably fitted out—the only disadvantage being that the captain had to turn up the legs of the trousers and the cuffs of the coat.

Meanwhile Miss Millet lighted a gas-stove,

which she had always ready for invalid purposes, and Rose arranged the table: so that when their visitors returned to the parlour, they were greeted with the sight of food and the singing of the tea-kettle.

"I can offer you brandy, brother," said the little hostess, "*as a medicine!*"

"Thankee, Molly—not even as a medicine," said the captain, with a benignant look; "tea is better in the circumstances. I can speak from a vast amount of experience. But of course I speak only for myself. I don't know what Jeff's principles——"

"My principles," interrupted the coast-guardsman, "are to leave every man to judge for himself. My judgment for myself is, that, as I don't require strong drink, I'm much better without it."

"*My* principles go much further than that," said Miss Millet, who was an enthusiastic total abstainer. "The Bible justifies me in denying myself the use of wine and all spirituous liquors *for my brother's sake:* so that I may set him an example, and also have more weight when I reason with him, and try to get him to adopt my views."

"Why, Molly, to hear you talk like that about giving up drink for your brother's sake, one would think that I had bin a tippler all my life!"

"You know that I refer to my brother-man, brother."

"Ah, of course—of course; and also your sister-woman, I suppose," cried the captain, seizing the loaf and beginning to cut it into inch-and-a-half slices. "What's *your* opinion, Rosebud, on the drink question?"

Rose, whose cheeks emulated her namesake flower, replied that, never having tasted wine or spirits in her life, or thought upon the drink question at all, she had no opinion to express.

"Long may you continue in that innocent and humble state of mind, my Rosebud," cried the captain, with a laugh which caused him to choke on his first mouthful of tea. After recovering himself and wiping his eyes, he said,—

"Now, Moll, I must tell you all about the wreck;" whereupon he launched out into a graphic description of what the reader already knows.

You may be sure that he did not underrate the services and heroism of Jeff, who sat wonderfully silent during the recital, and only acknowledged references to himself with a faint smile.

"But, brother," exclaimed Miss Millet with sudden energy when he had finished, "what will the consequences of this wreck be?"

"The consequences, my dear, will be that the owners will lose a good many thousand pounds; for neither ship nor cargo were insured. An' it sarves 'em right, for the vessel was not fit to go to sea; an' they knew it, but were too graspin' to go to the expense o' refittin'. Besides, they've bin what they call so lucky in past years that they thought, I fancy, there was no fear o' their luck departin'."

"But I was not thinking of the owners, brother; I was thinking of the consequences to yourself."

"Why, as to that, Molly, as I've lost my ship, I'm pretty sure to lose my situation; for, from what I know of the owners, they are sure to lay all the blame they can upon my shoulders, so that I won't find it easy to get another ship. Worse than all, I had made a little private adventure of my own which was very successful, and the result o' which I was bringin' home in gold-dust; and now every nugget o' that is at the bottom o' the sea. So you see, Molly, it's loss an' disaster everywhere—nothin' but a black horizon all round."

Jeff glanced quickly at Miss Millet. This seemed to bear somewhat on their recent discussions. Miss Millet as quickly returned the glance.

"I know what you are thinking, Jeff," she said, with an intelligent look.

"Well, auntie," returned the youth, "it does seem hard to think that any good can come out of all this—doesn't it?"

"Young man," said the captain, regarding Jeff with an almost stern look, "if a savage were taken into a factory and shown the whirling wheels and bands and rollers working in all directions, and saw filthy old rags boiled and mixed up with grass and evil-smelling substances, and torn to shreds and reduced to pulp in the midst of dirt and clattering noise and apparent confusion; and if that savage were to say, 'Surely nothin' good can come out of all this!' wouldn't you—knowin' that great rolls of fair and spotless paper were to come out of it—pronounce that savage a fool, or, at least, a presumptuous fellow?"

"True, captain; I accept the rebuke," said

Jeff, with a short laugh and a swift glance at Rose—who, however, was gazing demurely at her teacup, as if lost in the contemplation of its pattern. Possibly she was thinking of the absurdity of taking tea at all at such an hour!

"Well then, Jeff," continued the captain, "don't you go and judge unfinished work. Perfect men and women are, in this world, only in process of manufacture. When you see them finished, you'll be better able to judge of the process."

Jeff did not quite agree with his friend; for, gazing as he did at Rose, he could not help feeling that at least one woman had, to his mind, been almost perfectly finished even here! However, he said nothing.

At this point the conversation was turned by Miss Millet suddenly recalling to mind her brother's generous friend in China.

"You have no idea, Dick, how much good I have been able to do with that money. Of course it could not pay for the swimming bath, or the church, or—but here, I have a note of it all."

She pulled a soiled red note-book from her pocket, and was about to refer to it, when she was arrested by the grave, sad expression that had overspread her brother's countenance.

"Ah, Molly," he said, "dear Clara Nibworth was dying when I last saw her, and I fear her father won't survive her long. You remember, I told you the poor girl was delicate and her father old, and the excitement and exertion of that night of the fire was too much for both of them. When I arrived this time in China, I took a run up to their place to see them, and found Clara almost at the point of death. I had little time to spare, and meant to have returned the next day: but the poor broken-down father entreated me so earnestly to remain that I at last agreed to spend three days wi' them. Durin' that time I read the Bible a good deal to the poor girl, and found that she had got her feet firm on the Rock of Ages. She was very grateful, poor thing, and I never saw one so unselfish. She had little thought about herself, although dyin' and in great sufferin'. Her chief anxiety was about her old father, and what he would do when she was gone.

"It was impossible for me to stay to the end, for no one could guess how long the poor thing would hold out. I did my best to comfort the father, and then I left, bringing away a kind message to you, my poor Rosebud. She seems to have loved you dearly, and said you were very kind to her at school."

Rose had covered her face with her hands, and with difficulty restrained her tears.

"But you said the doctors had *some* hope, father; didn't you?" she asked.

"No, darling, the doctors had none—no more had I. It was her poor father who hoped against hope. Death was written on her sweet face, and it could not be far off. I doubt not she is now with the Lord. When I was leaving, she gave me a small packet for you; but that has gone, with everything else in the *North Star*, to the bottom. But we must be goin' now," continued the captain, rising. "I see Jeff is gettin' wearied—an' no wonder. Besides, it won't do to keep you two up here talkin' till daylight."

Jeff protested that he was not weary—that in such company it was impossible for him to tire! but Rose was too much distressed by her father's narrative to observe the compliment.

Still, in spite of his protest, there was something in our hero's manner and look which belied his words; and when he returned to the coastguard station that day, and was about to lie down for much-needed repose, his friend and mate, David Bowers, was surprised to see him turn deadly pale, stagger, and fall on his bed in a state of insensibility.

"Hallo! Jeff, what's wrong?" exclaimed Bowers, starting up, seizing his friend's arm, and giving him a shake, for he was much puzzled. To see a man knocked into a state of insensibility was nothing new or unfamiliar to Bowers, but to see a powerful young fellow like Jeff go off in a fainting fit like a woman was quite out of his experience.

Jeff, however, remained deaf to his mate's hallo! and when at last a doctor was fetched, it was found that he had been seriously injured; insomuch that the medical man stood amazed when he heard how he had walked several miles and sat up for several hours after his exertions and accident at the wreck. You see, that medical man happened to be an old bachelor, and probably did not know what love can accomplish!

"I very much fear," he said to Captain Millet, after inspecting his patient, "that the poor fellow has received some bad internal injuries. The mast, or whatever it was, must have struck him a tremendous blow; for his

side is severely bruised, and two of his ribs are broken."

"Pretty tough ribs to break, too," remarked the captain, with a look of profound distress.

"You are right," returned the doctor—"remarkably tough, but not quite fitted to withstand such a powerful battering-ram as the mainmast of a six-hundred-ton barque."

"Now, doctor, what's to be done with him? You see, the poor young fellow is not only my friend, but he has saved my life: so I feel bound to look well after him; and this isn't quite the sort o' place to be ill in," he added, looking round the somewhat bare apartment, whose walls were adorned with carbines and cutlasses.

"The wisest thing for him to do is to go into hospital, where he will receive the best of medical treatment and careful nursing."

"Wouldn't the nursing of an old lady that loves him like a mother, and a comfortable cottage, do as well?"

"No doubt it would," said the doctor, with a smile, "if he also had proper medical attendance——"

"Just so. Well, that's all settled, then," interrupted the captain. "I'll have him removed at once, and you'll attend him, doctor—who better?—that is, if you can spare the time."

The doctor was quite ready to spare the time, and the captain bustled off to tell his sister what was in store for her, and to order Rosebud to pack up and return to school without delay, so as to make room for the patient.

Great was his astonishment that his Rosebud burst into tears on receiving the news.

"My Bud, my darling, don't cry," he said, tenderly drawing the fair head to his rugged bosom. "I know it must be a great disappointment to have a week cut off your holidays, but I'll go down to Folkestone with you, an' take a lodging there, an' you an' I will have a jolly time of it together—till I get another ship——"

"Oh! father, it's not *that!*" exclaimed poor Rose, almost indignantly; "it's—it's——"

Not being able to explain exactly what it was that ailed her, she took refuge in another flood of tears.

"Oh!" she thought to herself, "if I might only stay and nurse him!" but she blushed at the very thought, for she was well aware that she knew no more about scientific nursing than a tortoiseshell cat! Three months of the most tender and careful nursing by Miss Millet failed, however, to set Jeffery Benson on his legs. He was very patient and courageous. Hope was strong, and he listened with approval and gratitude to his nurse's teachings.

There came a day, however, which tried him.

"You think me not much better, doctor?" he asked, somewhat anxiously.

"Not much," returned the doctor, in a low, tender tone, "and I fear that you must make up your mind never again to be quite the same man you were."

"Never again?" exclaimed the youth, in startled surprise.

The doctor said nothing, but his look was—"never again."

CHAPTER VI.

GOOD NEWS TO THE CAPTAIN—ALSO TO JEFF.

THERE is a period, probably, in the life of every man, when a feeling akin to despair creeps over him, and the natural tendency of his heart to rebel against its Maker becomes unquestionable. There may be some on whom this epoch descends gently—others, perhaps, who may even question whether they have met with it at all; but there must be many, of whom Jeff was one, on whom it comes like a thunderbolt, scathing for a time all the finer qualities of heart and mind.

"If it had only come at a later period of life, or in some other form, auntie," he said one day, as he lay on a sofa at the open window of the cottage, looking out upon the sea; "but to be bowled over at my age, when the world was all before me, and I was so well able—physically, at least—to fight my way. It is terrible, and seems so outrageous! What good can possibly come of rendering a young man helpless—a strong, capable machine, that might do so much good in the world, useless?"

He spoke in an almost querulous tone, and looked inquiringly in his nurse's face. It did not occur to the youth, as he looked at her, that the weak-bodied, soft, and gentle creature had been, and still was, doing more good to the world than a hundred young men such as he!

Miss Millet's face was a wholesome one to look into. She did not shake her head and look solemn, or shocked. Neither did she laugh at his petulance. She merely said, with

the sweetest of little smiles:—"You may live, Jeff, to be a very useful machine yet; if not *quite* so strong as you were—though even that is uncertain, for doctors are fallible, you know. Never forget that, Jeff—doctors are fallible. Besides, your living at all shows that God has something for you to do for Him."

"Nonsense, auntie. If that is true of me, it is just as true of hundreds of men who live and die without making the smallest attempt to accomplish any work for God. Yet He lets them live for many years."

"Quite true," returned Miss Millet; "and God *has* work for all these men to do, though many of them refuse to do it. But I feel sure that that won't be your case, Jeff. He finds work just suited to our capacities—at the time we need it, too, if we are only willing. Why, in my own very case, has He not sent you to me to be nursed, just as I had finished organizing the new night classes for the fisher-boys: and I was puzzled—absolutely puzzled—as to what I should do next, and here you step in, requiring my assistance, and giving me full employment."

"That's it—that's it," returned Jeff, hastily. "I am without means, and a burden on you and Captain Millet. Oh! it is hard—very hard!"

"Yes, indeed, it *is* hard to bear. Of course that is what you mean: for, as God has done it, we cannot suppose anything that He does is really hard. If your illness had been the result of dissipation now, or through your own fault, you could not have said exactly it was God's doing; but when it was the result of noble self-sacrifice——"

"Come, come, auntie; don't make me more vain than I am. I'm bad enough as it is, and —and—I'm *very* weary."

The poor youth's head fell back on the pillow, and he sighed deeply as his nurse brought him some strengthening food. He needed it much, for he was reduced to a mere shadow of his former self. His fine eyes had become quite awful in their size and solemnity. His once ruddy cheeks were hollow. His well-formed nose had become pinched, and his garments hung on, rather than clothed, a huge skeleton.

During all Jeff's illness Captain Millet was unremitting in his attentions, insomuch that a certain careworn expression began to take up its settled abode on his countenance. But this was not altogether owing to sympathy with his friend; it was partly the consequence of his financial affairs.

Having lost his situation, as he had expected, he found it difficult to procure another, and was under the necessity of living on the small capital which he had accumulated in the course of laborious years. Had his own subsistence been all his care, he would have had little trouble: but Rose had to be supported and educated, his sister had to be assisted, his charities had to be kept up, and now Jeff Benson had to be maintained and his doctor paid. The worst of it all was, that he could not talk on the subject to any of the three, which, to a sympathetic soul, was uncommonly hard—but unavoidable.

"Yes, quite unavoidable," he muttered to himself one evening, when alone in his lodging. "They think I'm a rich old fellow, but I dursent say a word. If I did, Jeff would refuse to eat another bite, an' that would kill him. If I told Rosebud, it could do no good, and would only make her miserable. If I told Molly, I—I really don't know what she'd do. She'd founder, I think. No, I must go on sailin' under false colours. It's a comfort, anyhow, to know that the funds will last some little time yet, even at the present rate of expenditure; but it's perplexin'—very."

He shook his head, wrinkled his brows, and then, rising, took a well-worn pocket Bible from a shelf, and sought consolation therein.

Some time after that Captain Millet was seated in the same room, about the same hour, meditating on the same subject with a few additional wrinkles on his brow, when he received a letter.

"From Hong Kong," he muttered, opening it and putting on his glasses.

The changes in his expressive face as he read were striking, and might have been instructive. Sadness first—then surprise—then blazing astonishment—then a pursing of the mouth and a prolonged whistle, followed by an expressive slap on the thigh. Then, crumpling the letter into his pocket, he put on his glazed hat, sallied forth, and took the way to his sister's cottage.

At that cottage, about the same time, a great change had taken place in Jeff Benson—spiritually, not physically, though even in the latter respect he was at all events not worse than usual. Having gone from bad to worse

in his rebellion, he had at last reached that lowest depth wherein he not only despaired of the doctor's power to cure him, and his own power of constitution, but began silently, and in his own mind, to charge his Maker with having made a complete failure in his creation.

"Life is a muddle, auntie, altogether!" he exclaimed when he reached this point. It was the lowest ebb—hopeless despair alike of himself and his God.

"A muddle, Jeff?" said the little woman, raising her eyebrows slightly. "How can that be possible in the work of a Perfect Creator, and a Perfect Saviour who redeems from all evil—your supposed 'muddle' included?"

Our young coastguardsman was silent. It was probably the great turning-point when the Holy Spirit opened his eyes to see Jesus, and all things in relation to Him. For a long time he did not speak. The lips of his nurse were also silent, but her heart was not so. At last Jeff spoke,—

"It *must* be so. Perfection is bound to work out perfection. This apparent evil *must* be for good. 'He doeth all things well.' Surely I have read that somewhere!"

In a low, clear voice his nurse said,—

"'He doeth all things well,'
We say it now with tears;
But we shall sing it with those we love
Through bright eternal years."

"I think the light is dawning, auntie."

"I am *sure* it is, Jeff."

Again they were silent, and thus they remained while the natural light faded until the western sky and sea were dyed in crimson.

The first thing that diverted their thoughts was a quick step outside, then a thunderous knock at the door, and next moment the captain stood before them beaming with excitement, panting heavily, and quite unable for some minutes to talk coherently.

"Sister," said he at last, "sit down an' listen. Jeff, open your ears."

He drew a crumpled letter from his pocket, spread it on his knee, put on his glasses, and read as follows:—

"'My dear Captain Millet,—

"'You will, I know, be grieved, though not surprised, to hear that your old friend Nibworth is dead. Poor fellow! his end came much as you and I had anticipated when we last parted. He followed his dear Clara about two months after her death. I suppose you know that she died three days after you left their house.

"'My object in writing just now, however, is to convey to you a piece of good news; namely, that Nibworth has left you the whole of his property, which, altogether, cannot amount to less, I should think, than eighty thousand pounds.'"

At this point the captain paused and looked over his glasses at his sister, who, with wide-open eyes, exclaimed:—

"Brother! he must be joking!"

"Sister," returned the captain, "my friend *never* jokes, except when in extremely congenial society, and then his jokes are bad—so bad as to be unworthy of repetition."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Miss Millet.

"Singular," murmured Jeff, whose thoughts seemed to be engaged with some far-off prospect.

"He goes on," continued the captain, reading: "'I am left the sole executor of his affairs. Pray, therefore, write as to what you wish done. I am not at present conversant with the precise duties of an executor, but of course I will get the best advice possible in the circumstances, and do the best I can. I would recommend you to do the same at your end of the world, and let me have your instructions as soon as possible. The enclosed statement will show you the nature of your property. The greater part, you will observe, is in hard cash. I may add that the house and grounds here would sell well at present, if you feel inclined to dispose of them.

"'In conclusion, allow me to congratulate you on this piece of good fortune—perhaps, knowing your character so well, I should have written, this good gift from God.'"

"Ay, my friend," said the captain, folding the letter, "you might have written, 'this unexpected and undeserved gift from God.' But now, Molly, what think ye of it all?"

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the good lady in reply; and beyond this word she seemed unable to go for a time, save that, after a strong mental effort, she varied it to "amazing!" Suddenly she seemed to recover, and said with a quick, earnest look,—

"Dick, what are you going to do?"

"Do?" exclaimed Captain Millet, smiting his knee and looking from his sister to Jeff with a broad smile, "I'll run up to London, an'

take a mansion in the West End; call at Long Acre in passing, and buy a carriage and four. Then I'll run down to Folkestone an' buy a villa there, or a castle if they have one in stock; if not, I'll order one o' the newest pattern, with gas, water, electricity, and steam laid on. After that I'll buy a steam-yacht and take a trip round the world, so as to calm my brain and think over it. Of course I'll drop in at Hong Kong, in passing, to have a look at my property; and then——"

"Hush, brother! don't run on with such nonsense, when we ought to be only filled with serious thoughts."

"How can a man be filled with serious thoughts, Molly, when a sort of Arabian Nights affair has tumbled on him all of a sudden—took him aback like a white squall, and thrown him on his beam ends?"

"And what a selfish fellow you are, too!" said Jeff; "not one word in all you propose to do about anybody except yourself—no mention, even, of Rosebud."

"Pooh! Jeff, are you so green as not to know that a wise man never puts his best foot foremost? Don't you know that it is usual, when a man makes a speech, to keep tumblin' out one point after another—clinckin' 'em all as he goes along—until he comes to the 'last, but not *least*,' point? If you had let me alone, Molly, I was comin' to Rosebud and yourself too; but as you've been so unmannerly, I'll keep these points till another time. By the way, when you write to Rosebud, not a word about all this. It might unsettle the darlin' with her lessons. An' that reminds me that one o' my first businesses will be to have her supplied wi' the best of teachers—French, Italian, Spanish, German masters—Greek an' Hebrew and Dutch ones too if the dear child wants 'em—to say nothin' o' dancin' an' drawin', an' calisthenics an' mathematics, an' the use o' the globes, an' conundrums o' that sort."

"Really, brother, if you go on like this, I'll begin to think your good fortune, as you call it, has turned your brain."

"Never fear, Molly; when I come to say what I'm goin' to do about the little church, an' the night classes, an' the soup kitchens, and the model houses and the swimming bath, you'll whistle another tune. But come, Jeff; it's time to ask how you are gettin' along. You look better, my boy."

"I *am* better, captain—much, *much* better," returned the youth, with a flushed cheek and sparkling eye, "for I, too, have got news this morning of a fortune which exceeds yours in value, and the security is better."

The captain was puzzled. "A fortune, Jeff?"

"Yes; but my news will keep. You are too much excited to hear about it just now. Enough to say that I am much better. Now, if you are wise, you will go without delay and take some steps about this affair."

"You're right, lad," returned the captain, rising quietly and clapping on his hat; "so, good-bye to 'ee both. I'll soon be back. At present I'm off to consult my—my—solicitor! though I don't know who he is yet, more than the man in the moon."

(To be continued.)

A Pinchbeck Ring.

BY KENNETT LEA, IN "THE HOME SONGSTER."

NAE, never fear for me, mother,
I am na going to dee,
For sic a cause I winna let
A teardrop dim my e'e.
And yet I could hae lo'ed him weel,
Had he been gude and true;
But as he's left me, and forgot,
Why, I'll forget him too.

I ga'ed him back the ribbon blue;
I ga'ed him back the ring;
'Twas only pinchbeck after a',
The little paltry thing.
And sure his love was just the same,
Deceitful and untrue;
And so, as he's forgot me now,
I'll just forget him too.

Now take my warning, maidens fair,
And listen while I sing;
All is not gold that glitters bright,
Like little Katie's ring;
And when your lovers faithless prove,
I'll tell you what to do:
Be sure they're only pinchbeck ones,
And just forget them too.



Our Church Portrait Gallery.

I. THE REV. EDWARD WYNNE, D.D.

THE Rev. Edward Wynne, D.D., Vicar of Christ Church, Park Gate, Rotherham, originally studied for the musical profession at the Royal Academy under Sir John Goss and others. Influenced by the late Canon Reeve, who was then at Portman Chapel, he decided to devote himself to missionary work. Passing through the Church Missionary College, he was ordained by Archbishop Tait, and went to India. After labouring some time his health utterly failed, and he was compelled most reluctantly to return to England, medical opinion deciding that his constitution was unsuited to a tropical climate.



THE REV. EDWARD WYNNE, D.D.,
Vicar of Christ Church, Park Gate, Yorks.

When his strength returned he undertook the curacy of St. Clement's, Worcester, and the charge of the Waterman's Church in that city. Here his work was greatly blessed, and he gained the highest esteem and affection. At the end of about three years he was led to undertake the charge of Park Gate, in Yorkshire. On leaving Worcester he was presented with a purse of £100, a gold watch, and other gifts, as tokens of grateful regard.

Park Gate has proved an arduous post, the population exceeding six thousand iron workers and miners; but a great work has been done. During more than twenty years of labour, a large church, schools, and residence have been built, the cost exceeding £7,000; and the usual parochial agencies have been zealously employed for the good of the people.

Mr. Wynne was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society in 1875, in recognition of a valuable paper written from the "Diary of his Travels:" and in 1884 the senate of the Western University, of which Bishop Hellmuth was Chancellor, on the recommendation of the two Archbishops and others, conferred on him the degree of D.D. His parishioners on this occasion presented him with robes and an illuminated address of congratulation.

Dr. Wynne has published several sermons, and numerous musical compositions.

Our portrait is from a photograph taken by Mr. Crosby, Rotherham.

MISSION WORK IN ONE LIFETIME.

THE first Malagasy who ever learned the alphabet died at the age of 72. He had lived to see 50,000 of his countrymen taught to read, and over 70,000 profess their faith in Christ.

Wayside Chimes.

III. "CRUCIFIED AND CROWNED."

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

BY THE RIGHT REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

"We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory."—*Heb.* ii. 9.

WEARIED in the strife of sin,
Foes without and fears within:
Listen, look! I hear, I see
Jesus, Crucified for me.

Listen how He pleads "Forgive;"
Look, my soul, on Him and live:
All my guilt on Jesus laid,
Perfect reconcilement made.

Counting all the world but loss,
Let me clasp the blood-stained cross:
What can sinners crave beside
Jesus only, Crucified?

Resting in His love, forgiven,
Thoughts will come of Home and Heaven:
Listen, look! I hear, I see
Jesus Crowned, and Crowned for me.

Listen to His mighty prayer:
He would have me with Him there,
With the saints before His throne,
Clothed in glory like His own.

Look! He reigns for ever now:
Many crowns are on His brow:
By His Father's side adored,
Priest and King and God and Lord.

Yea, Amen, Thy will be done:
All my prayers are breathed in one;
Jesu, let me rest in Thee,
Crucified and Crowned for me.

Christ Receiving Sinners.

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK HARPER, M.A., RECTOR OF HINTON-WALDRIST, BERKSHIRE.

"This Man receiveth sinners."—*St. Luke* xv. 2.

JOHN NEWTON said most books were like copper, some were silver, some few gold, but that the Bible was a Book of bank-notes. And this verse is one of the priceless notes God's Holy Word contains.

It is true, these golden words were first said by those who little understood their meaning; but our loving Lord took them immediately for His text, and unfolded their gracious meaning in wonderful parables of grace; and now we feel no grander legend can be written on the Cross of Calvary than this: "This Man receiveth sinners."

But if we would really enter into the spirit of these words, we need what the Scotch preachers call "brokenness." We need a broken heart and a contrite spirit. For only when we are taught by grace do we realize our share in the awful tragedy of Calvary, and feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Then we see each for ourselves, it was *I* who scourged Him: *I* plaited the crown of thorns, and put it on His head. *My* hands smote Him: it was *I* who cried, "Crucify Him, crucify Him."

Let me tell you how Charles Simeon lost the burden of his sin by casting it in faith on the Redeemer, and how he found to his endless comfort that Christ "receives sinners." When he was a young man of

about twenty, at Cambridge, he was for some months in great distress about his soul. This distress, as he says, might well have continued for years; but, as he tells us himself:—

"In Easter week, as I was reading *Bishop Wilson on the Lord's Supper*, I met with an expression to this effect: 'That the Jews knew what they did when they transferred their sin to the head of their offering.' The thought rushed into my mind—What! May I transfer all my guilt to Another? Has God provided an Offering for me, that I may lay my sins on His Head? Then, God willing, I will not bear them on my own soul one moment longer. Accordingly, I sought to lay my sins on the Sacred Head of Jesus; and on the Wednesday began to have a hope of mercy; on the Thursday that hope increased; on the Friday and Saturday it became more strong; and on the Sunday morning (Easter Day) I awoke early with these words upon my heart and lips, 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day; Hallelujah; Hallelujah!' From that hour peace flowed in rich abundance into my soul; and at the Lord's Table in our chapel I had the sweetest access to God through my blessed Saviour."

All manner of men the Lord Jesus draws unto Him; all kinds of sinners will He receive.

"He will receive the rich—Joseph of Arimathea, an example.
He will receive the poor—Lazarus the beggar, an example.
He will receive the learned—Dionysius the Areopagite, an example.
He will receive physicians—Luke, an example.
He will receive soldiers—the Roman centurion, an example.
He will receive fishermen—Peter, and others of the Apostles, examples.
He will receive extortioners—Zacchæus, an example.
He will receive tax-gatherers—publicans, examples.
He will receive thieves—the dying robber, an example.
He will receive harlots—the woman who was a sinner, an example.
He will receive adulterers—the woman of Samaria, an example.
He will receive persecutors and 'the chief of sinners'—Saul, an example.
He will receive persons possessed of devils—many examples.
He will receive backsliders—Peter, an example.
He will receive persons in trade—Lydia, a seller of purple, an example.
He will receive statesmen and courtiers—the eunuch of Ethiopia, an example.
He will receive families—that of Bethany, an example.
He will receive whole multitudes—those at the day of Pentecost, an example." (*Van Doren on St. Luke.*)

And to crown all, I may add, He rejoices to receive little children; for He took them up in His arms, put His hands on them, and blessed them.

His Cross enables Him to receive sinners. His Word promises that He will receive sinners. His love constrains Him to receive sinners. His honour—if that were needed—binds Him to receive sinners.

"This *Man* receiveth sinners." I rejoice to know my Saviour was Man. God is so great and holy that I should fear Him, stained as I am with sin. But the Face of Jesus Christ gives me confidence and joy—holy "boldness."

He receives them into His heart to be forgiven. If you have read the *Pilgrim's Progress*, you will remember that when Christian got to the "wicket-gate," he said, "'Here is a poor burdened sinner. I am come from the city of destruction, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would therefore, sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are willing to let me in?' Then Christ answered, 'I AM WILLING WITH ALL MY HEART,' and with

that He opened the gate." Yes, indeed, with all His Heart of untold love Jesus receives sinners. *He receives them into His school to be trained.* He educates them, and teaches them, and sanctifies them by His Spirit. He opens their understanding to understand the Scriptures. He is so patient, so loving, so gentle.

He receives them into His Home. "In My Father's house are many mansions" (many abiding-places). "I go to prepare a place for you" (St. John xiv. 2). He knows how we shrink from death, and the world beyond the grave: therefore He calls it Home. His Apostle assures all believers when they are absent from the body they are "*at home* with the Lord" (2 Cor. v. 8, R.V.). No one fears going home. And every Christian may say, "I am going home; I am going home."

The lips of an archangel could not say what Christ is, what Christ has done, what Christ is doing, what Christ will do, for His people. There are "unsearchable riches" in Christ, an unimaginable wealth of peace and joy and consolation and strength in Him!

"Father, you are comfortable now?" said one of his sons to a dying clergyman. And he replied, "*Oh, yes! I lie so comfortably resting on the 'finished' work of Christ.*"

God give us all simple faith in that "finished" work, and then the sweet words will be written by God's Spirit on the very heart: "This Man receiveth sinners."

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

WHEN William Hutton, in the middle of the last century, started from Nottingham (where he earned a scanty living as a bookbinder) and walked to London and back for the purpose of buying tools, he was nine days from home, six of which were spent in going and returning. He travelled on foot, dreading robbers, and still more dreading the cost of food and lodging at public-houses. His whole expenses during this toilsome expedition were only ten shillings and eightpence; but he contented himself with the barest necessaries.

If William Hutton had lived in these days, he would, upon sheer principles of economy, have gone to London by the Nottingham train at a cost of twenty shillings for his transit, in one forenoon, and returned in another. The twenty shillings he would have sacrificed for his conveyance; but he would have had a week's labour free to go to work with his new tools. His shoes would not have been worn out, and his feet blistered, in his toilsome march of two hundred and fifty miles.

A very few years ago it was not uncommon to hear men say that the railway, the greatest triumph of modern skill, was not a blessing: for the machinery had put some one out of employ. Baron Humboldt, a traveller in South America, tells us that, upon a road being made over a part of the great chain of mountains called the Andes, the government was petitioned against the road by a body of men who for centuries had gained a living by carrying travellers in baskets strapped upon their backs over the fearful rocks. Which was the better course—to make the road, and create the thousand employments belonging to freedom of intercourse for these very carriers of travellers, and for all other men; or to leave the mountains without a road, that the poor guides might gain a little for risking their lives in an unnecessary peril?—*The Fireside Pictorial Magazine.*

HEROISM AT THE FORTH BRIDGE.

IN a lecture given at Dundee, Mr. Baker, one of the Forth Bridge engineers, told a fine story of modern heroism.

Six men were one day working at the bridge, standing on a plank 104 feet above the sea level. One of the hooks supporting the plank gave way. With great presence of mind, three of the men sprang at the steel-work of the bridge, and held on; a fourth dived, was rescued, and it may be added incidentally, almost immediately resumed work. Of the three hanging to the steel-work by the arms, two were in particular danger; yet when the rescue party reached the first of them, all he said was, "I can hold on; *go to the other man—he's dazed.*"

"Hark!"

(A Specimen Illustration from *The Fireside Pictorial Magazine.*)

THIS simple exclamation is quite sufficient for Mr. F. J. Williamson's purpose in regard to his graceful and expressive statue. Given a rustic lad, with attention arrested and face upturned to the sky, exclaiming "Hark!" and what more do we want to suggest that he has caught the notes of the lark, and peers for the soaring songster, — in vain, probably, — through the blue or golden firmament from which that little leader of the feathery orchestra is raining down a flood of mellow quivering gladness.

How wonderful is the warbling of that musical atom! how marvellous the strength of its notes! How the air seems to be pervaded by the melody on all sides! The lark is nature's own first lyrist —though, perhaps, we are forgetting the nightingale when we say so.

For ever would we go on prating of the lark, and quoting from the poets. There is the lesson we all may learn from the position selected for its nest: "The bird that soars on highest wing, builds on the ground her lowly nest." The lark is safe in its lowly position. "He that is down need fear no fall." And humility, whether in birds or men, renders exaltation safe also. And then there is the lesson of praise. Dr. Norman Macleod once said: "He could never despair whilst he heard birds sing and saw flowers bloom." The lark should prompt early melody in every home and in every thankful heart.

"Let us sing," is a capital morning tonic.



"HARK!"

By F. J. Williamson. From the Royal Academy Exhibition.

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin;
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise."—*Cymbeline.*



OILING THE WHEELS.

"Oil is certainly not more necessary for machinery than for the comfortable and easy working of the complex and wonderful framework of our moral nature. . . . 'A word in season'—a word 'on wheels'—'how good is it,' and what an influence for good it may exert!"—*See Page 65.*

Fifty Years of Engineering Progress.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*See Illustration, Page* 63.)



AS president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. G. B. Bruce has given, in the annual address to the members, some very interesting information—facts and statistics—respecting Engineering Progress during the past fifty years. Mr. Bruce entered the works of Robert Stephenson, at Newcastle, in 1837, so that he was able to draw to some extent upon his own experience.

The first thing that struck him, he said, was the great change that had taken place in an engineer's workshop, where machine tools had now practically driven out hand labour. In 1837 the wages of an engine erector in Newcastle were 23*s.* per week of sixty-one hours; now they were 32*s.* per week of fifty-four hours. Taking into consideration the fact that the prices of necessaries had generally decreased, it was clear that the position of the mechanics had immensely improved during the Queen's reign.

With regard to locomotives, the only radical change introduced was the application of compound cylinders, upon which it was too early to pronounce any confident judgment based on experience. Engineering had had a great deal to do with the foundations, by means of cylinders or caissons, of such bridges as the new Tay viaduct, the Empress Bridge over the Sutlej, the bridges of Benares, and over the Hooghly, and the Forth Bridge. The introduction of Portland cement concrete had been a very important factor in the practice of the civil engineer, as there was hardly any description of work which had not been rendered more easy and more secure through the use of concrete.

The progress of railways was incidentally referred to. In 1837 there were under 200 miles open in the United Kingdom, whereas now there were 19,332 miles open, representing a capital of £828,344,254. In the manufacture of iron and steel they were indebted to Sir H. Bessemer and to Sir W Siemens, whose genius and skill had done so much to improve the manufacture of steel. The result of this was that steel rails, with a life far exceeding that of iron, were now produced at a price much below that at which iron rails were originally manufactured.

With regard to steamships, some interesting statistics were given. The first steamer which in 1838 sailed regularly between Liverpool and New York, the *Royal William*, was 175 feet long, and of 700 tons burden. The successive steps by which the mercantile marine of the world had been changed included the screw propeller, the introduction of iron and steel in the building of ships, the increase of pressure in the boiler, and the introduction of surface condensers.

In sanitary engineering, improvements had been introduced whereby the annual death-rate was much reduced. As an example of the value of hydraulic machinery, he cited cases in which vessels were loaded and unloaded by it with great rapidity. At Dundee hydraulic jiggers raised 5 cwt. bales of jute through a height of 25 to 30 feet, at the rate of 240 lifts per hour.

Mr. Bruce concluded his address by referring to the extensive application of electricity to modern requirements during the past fifty years, remarking that when we should have learnt the way of storing up properly the unemployed forces of nature, such as the winds and streams and tides, which could be so readily converted into electrical energy at trifling cost, then would it become a factor in the world's life compared with which the present was as nothing.

As a lesson not only for engineers, but for all workers, our illustration (page 63) is very significant. Mr. Power's famous tract, "The Oiled Feather," as every one knows, has a world-wide reputation; and oil is certainly not more necessary for machinery than for the comfortable and easy working of the complex and wonderful framework of our moral nature.

Too often we go creaking along the road of life, wearing out needlessly our bodies and our souls. Every one will agree in saying that it is much easier to go smoothly on some days than others. When the sky is a leaden grey, and the rain drizzles down, and the wind does not blow freely, but pecks and bites like a snapping dog, it is very difficult to avoid jarring with one's neighbours; and a general sense of being rubbed the wrong way is the usual consequence. A little oil may then be of the greatest service.

People have their small atmospheres, and *make* climates not only for themselves but for those about them. In the presence of some we are for ever under the influence of a moral east wind; with others there is a lulling sense of repose and summer-tide. And it is not *action* which causes these different influences to be felt; the mere *presence* is enough either to irritate or to soothe: and if the "soothing ministry of the beautiful" be a beneficial and Divine ministry, what benefactors we should all be could we carry about with us the sunshine that some possess!

One part of the business of life should undoubtedly be "oiling the wheels." A cheerful countenance and a kindly glance may contribute more to the world's happiness than great effort or costly sacrifice. The latter often is only *self*-movement; the former sets in motion other machinery; and even "a word in season"—a word "on wheels"—"how good is it," and what an influence for good it may exert!

A Trip to Old Norway.

BY ONE WHO WENT.

III. THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

HAMMERFEST, as we have said, is the most northern town in the world. The Gulf Stream warms the sea: so that the port is never closed by ice, and at certain seasons of the year it swarms with fish. Hence there are often more than fifty vessels and steamers —English, Russian, Norwegian, Swedish, and German—taking cargoes of salted or dry cod-fish, cod-liver oil, etc. The town has a population of about 2,500, and as it has three newspapers, it is not quite "out of the world."

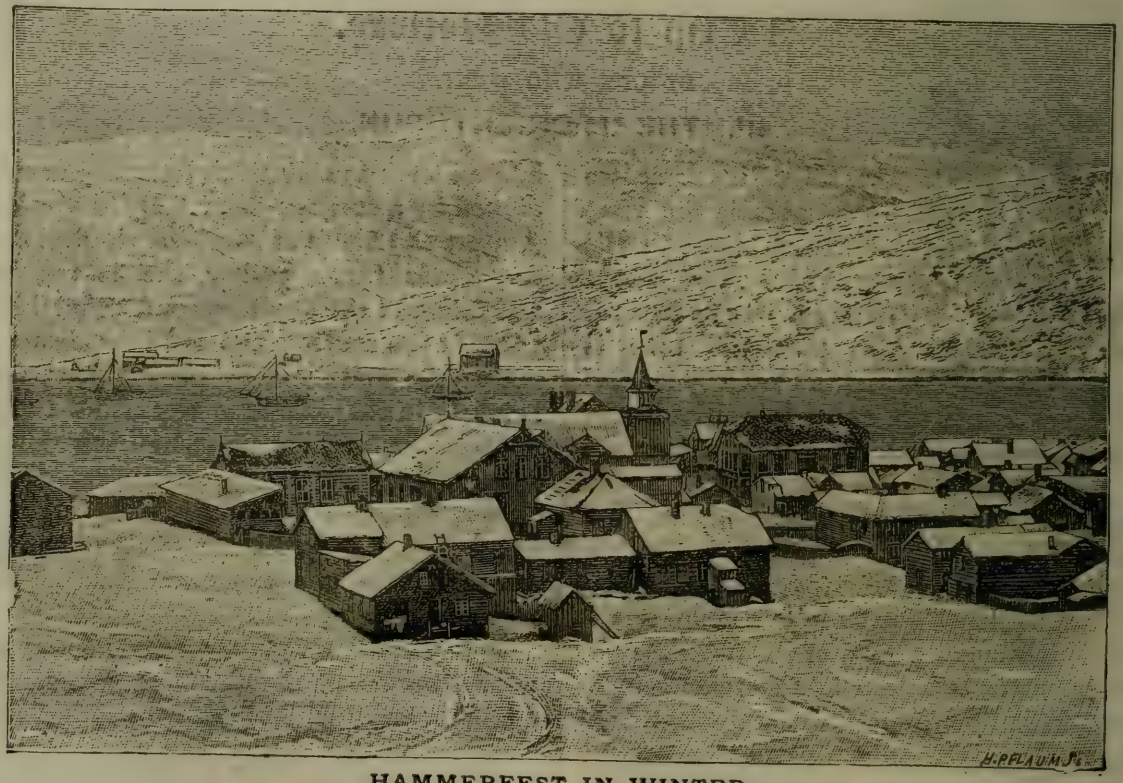
But its chief attraction to the tourist is to see "the Midnight Sun." From the last days of May to the end of July, the sun shines night and day. The stars are never seen, and the moon appears pale and sheds no light upon the earth. Summer is short, giving just time enough for the wild flowers to grow, to bloom, and to fade away, and barely time for the husbandman to collect his harvest—sometimes nipped by a summer frost. By the middle of August the hours of sunshine shorten rapidly, the grass turns yellow, the leaves wither and fall, and the swallows and other birds fly towards the south. The twilight comes once more; the stars, one by one, appear, shining brightly in the pale-blue sky: and the moon is again the queen of night, lighting and cheering the long dark days of winter. The sun at last disappears entirely from sight; the heavens appear in a blaze of light and glory, and the stars and the moon pale before the Aurora Borealis.

It is indeed strange to travel in a country where there is no night. The stranger, at first, does not know when to go to bed and when to rise, except by clocks and watches, and by looking at the sun. M. du Chaillu says:—

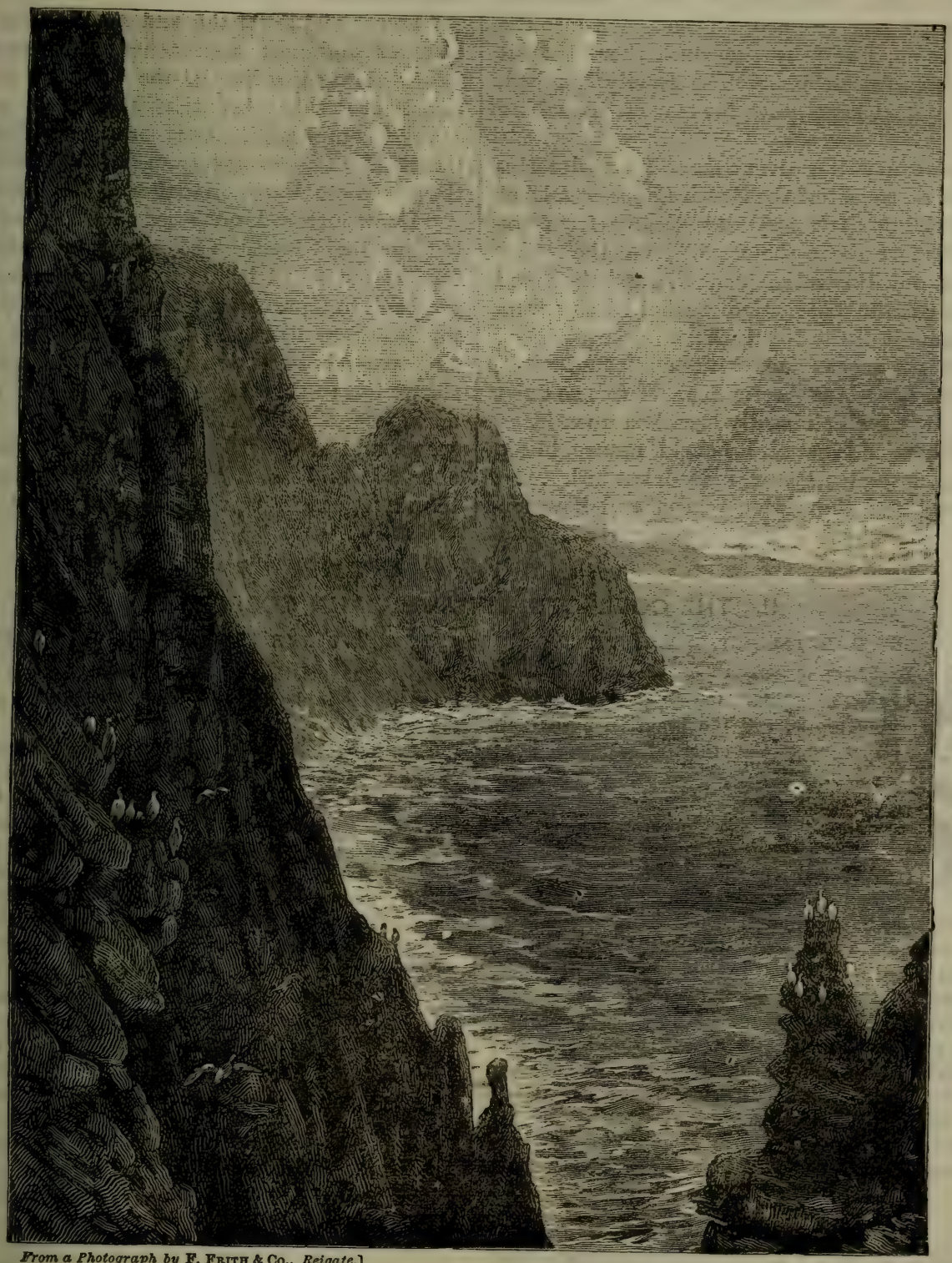
"I fell into a deep sleep, and when I awoke the sun shone brightly; but there was no sign of a late hour, as it was only three a.m. I slept again: and when I awoke everything was so



THE MIDNIGHT SUN, VARDÖ.
From a Photograph taken on June 23, 1885, 11.55 p.m.



HAMMERFEST IN WINTER.
The most Northern town in the world.



From a Photograph by F. Frith & Co., *Reigate.*]

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE NORTH CAPE, LOOKING SOUTH.

"To this day I have before me those dark, rugged cliffs, that dreary, silent landscape, and that serene midnight sun shining over all; and I still hear the sad murmur of the waves beating upon the lonely North Cape."—*M. du Chaillu.* (*See Page* 68.)

still in the house that I took another nap. When I awoke for the third time, I found that my watch had stopped. Then going into the next room, I saw by the clock there that it was one o'clock p.m. The family laughed, for they had kept quiet, for fear of disturbing me."

The same writer gives a magnificent description of an ascent of the North Cape:—"A huge mass rising dark and majestically from the sea, 980 feet above the level." Let the reader look at our illustration (page 67), and then read M. du Chaillu's narrative of what he saw from the summit of the North Cape.

"Before me, as far as the eye could reach, was the deep-blue Arctic Sea. It was as quiet as the wind which hardly breathed upon it.

"Where'er I gazed, I beheld nature, bleak, dreary, desolate; grand, indeed, but sad. . . . I thought of the winter season, and how terrific must be the tempests which then sweep over this cliff. . . .

"Lower and lower the sun sank, and as the hour of midnight approached, it seemed to follow slowly the line of the horizon; and at that hour it shone beautifully over that lonely sea and dreary land. As it disappeared behind the clouds, I exclaimed, from the very brink of the precipice, 'Farewell to thee, Midnight Sun!'

"I now retraced my steps to where we had left our little boat. The men were watching for us: for it had begun to rain, and when we got back to Gjæsver, I was wet and chilly, and my feet were like ice. I was exhausted, for I had passed two-and-twenty hours without sleep; but to this day I have before me those dark, rugged cliffs, that dreary, silent landscape, and that serene midnight sun shining over all; and I still hear the sad murmur of the waves beating upon the lonely North Cape."

England's Church.

II. THE COLLECTS, EPISTLES, AND GOSPELS.

BY THE REV. A. R. FAUSSET, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SCRIPTURE AND THE PRAYER BOOK IN HARMONY."

THE close and mutual connection between the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, and the beautiful adaptation of one to the other, often lost sight of in a hasty reading, will richly repay careful study. The Gospels furnish the *facts;* the Epistles, the inspired *commentary* on those facts; and the Collects, as the name implies, *gather together* in a brief summary, and *apply to ourselves* the spiritual truths in both, by prayer to Him who alone can make the Word "profit" us, "being mixed with faith," in the hearing of it.

Thus take the Collect for the Seventh Sunday after Trinity: the Gospel, St. Mark viii. 1, sets before us Jesus feeding four thousand with a few loaves and fishes; the Epistle, Rom. vi. 19, exhorts us to yield ourselves up wholly and willingly to God, having our "fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." But lest we should think we can do so *of ourselves*, it tells us "eternal life is the *gift* of God"—the same God and Saviour who *fed* the four thousand *with a few loaves* being alone able to *feed* our souls, and perfect strength *out of our weakness.*

Then the Collect sums up and applies the truths in both: "Lord of *all* power and might (who canst therefore help *us* who have *no* power), who art the *Author* (and therefore *able*) and the *Giver* of (and therefore *willing* to give *us*) all good things: *graft* (as the wild olive cannot rid itself of its wild and barren nature, but must have a fruitful scion *grafted on* it) in our *hearts* (not merely *outwardly*) the love of *Thy Name* (for by nature we love *self;* and *if* Thou hast already grafted in us this love of Thee, which is the root of true fruits of holiness), *increase* in us *true* religion, *nourish* us with all goodness (as Thou didst feed the *bodies* of the four thousand), and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same (for believers 'commit the keeping of their souls unto Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator,' 1 Peter iv. 19, and are 'kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation,' 1 Peter i. 5), through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Our Father's House.

THOU dwellest not in temples made with hands,
Yet dost Thou meet Thy people where they meet;
And this Thine house a silent witness stands
That Thou art with us still, throned on Thy mercy-seat.

Calm, quiet dwelling-place of prayer and praise!
The peace of heaven broods o'er it; and around
Lie sleeping, through still nights and silent days,
The seed of Earth's great Harvest in the holy ground.

Here cease earth's tumults, here begins Heaven's calm,
Here Thine own Feast is in the desert spread;
Here wounded spirits find the healing balm,
And on adoring hearts the peace of God is shed.

W. H. M. H. AITKEN.

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

VII. JOHN WESLEY.



JOHN WESLEY writes in his Journal:—"I can hardly believe that I am this day entered into the sixty-eighth year of my age! How marvellous are the ways of God! How has He kept me even from a child! From ten to thirteen or fourteen, I had little but bread to eat, and not great plenty of that. I believe this was so far from hurting me that it laid the foundation of lasting health. When I grew up, in consequence of reading Dr. Cheyne, I chose to eat sparingly and *drink water*. This was another means of continuing my health." In a letter to the Bishop of London in 1747, he says: "Since I have taken Dr. Cheyne's advice I have been free—blessed be God—from all bodily disorders."

VIII. "MAKE AN END OF IT."

"It's no use talking of being *more careful*, and trying to ease a thing off. My principle is, that if I find a thing interfering with my duty to my life, I cut it off, root and branches. Make an end of it at once—that is the only way."—*Commodore Goodenough.*

IX. WHAT'S IN A NAME.

"I AM happy to say there is not a single 'Drunkard' in the London Directory. Nevertheless, in our older registers the tale is not so assuring. There has been a tendency during the last two hundred years to shuffle off certain objectionable names, which our early forefathers did not seem to be ashamed of. Who of my readers would like to have been officially registered as 'Maurice Druncard,' or, 'Jakes Drynk-ale,' or worse still, 'Geoffrey Dringke-dreggs'? Who of my readers would like to sign himself in a marriage record as 'Robert le Sot,' or as 'Thomas Sour-ale'?—"*The Romance of the London Directory,*" *by the Rev. Canon Bardsley (London: "Home Words" Office).*

X. AN IGNORANT BLUNDER.

WHEN I hear Total Abstainers designated as ascetics, I smile at the ignorant blunder, because it has always been my firm conviction that I enjoy the pleasures of the palate much more than if I had taken wine of any kind or in any quantity; and for this good reason, that the digestive organs are in a healthier state than they would have been with that indulgence.—*Sir Edward Baines.*

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADES.

VI. My first doth oft my second bear;
My second for my first doth care;
And when upon my first 'tis seen,
Becomes at once my whole I ween.

STELLA.

VII. My first is esteemed by all;
My second travels north, south, east, west;
My whole is the offspring of my first.

L. O. S.

CONUNDRUMS.

25. Why does a duck go under water?
26. Why is an insurance policy a queer thing?
27. What word in the English language has seven different meanings and six different ways of spelling?
28. What is it that grows longer the more it is cut?
29. What must be added to nine to make it six?
30. The name of a fish very common,
And the pride of a newly-wed woman.
31. Why is the letter T like an island?
32. Why is a lawyer like a poker?
33. What word of five letters, by adding two, becomes shorter?
34. What is that which unites two, and only touches one?
35. What does a stone become in hot water?
36. Why was it very strange for John Bunyan to be the author of "Pilgrim's Progress"?
37. Why is butter like Irish children?
38. How many days belong to the year?
39. Why is love like a Highland plaid?

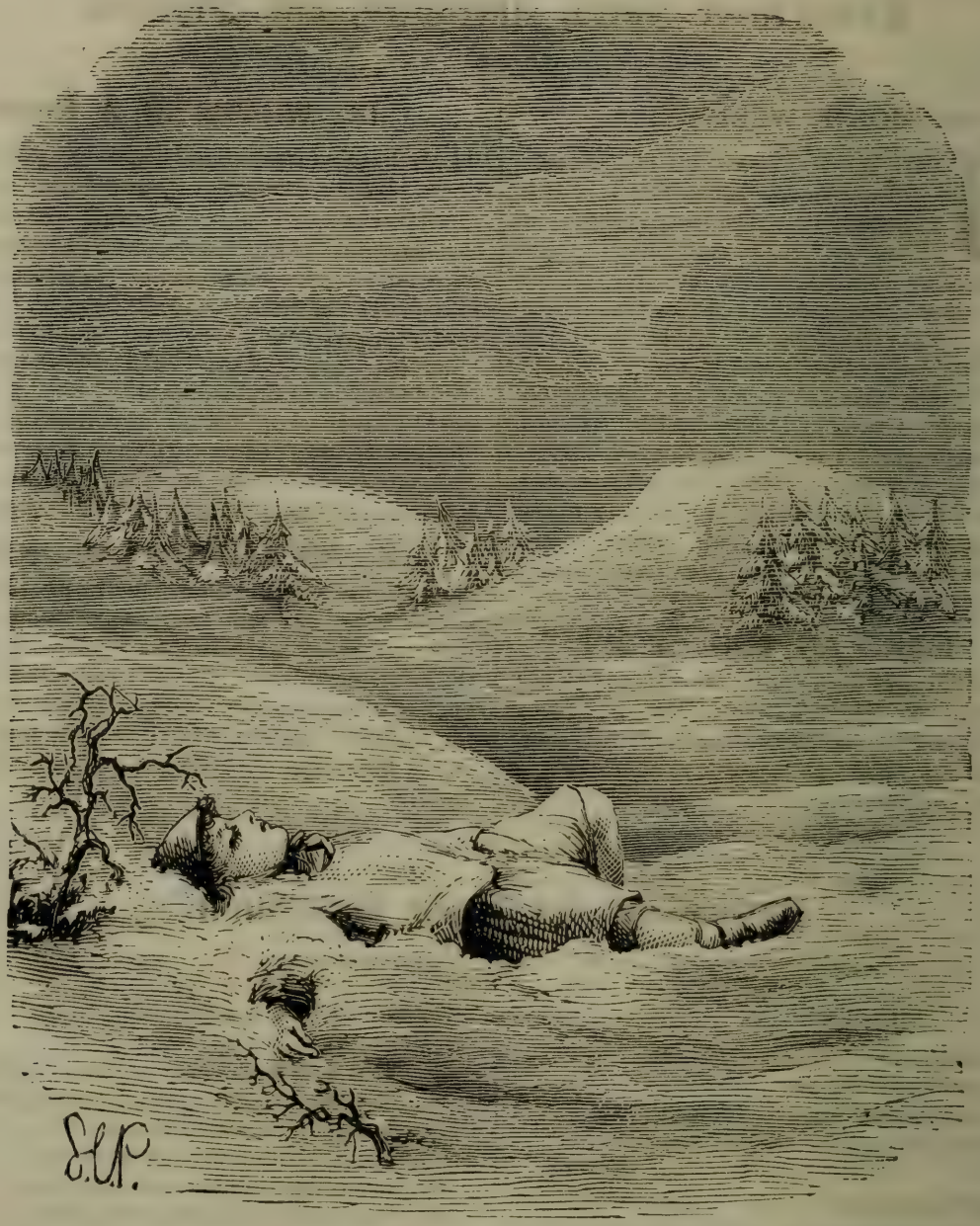
ANSWERS. (See FEBRUARY No., p. 45.)

CHARADES.

IV. A secret.
V. Wardrobe.

CONUNDRUMS.

17. A donkey.
18. The word "Wholesome."
19. When Henry the Eighth dissolved the Pope's Bull.
20. A sheep: when dead, its front legs are called shoulders.
21. They are bound for the United States.
22. They are in America (a merry key).
23. A batter pudding.
24. Like a fish out of water.



LOST IN THE SNOW: THE BLIZZARD IN AMERICA.

ALL hearts have been touched by the terrible accounts of the recent Blizzard in America. The lives lost in Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa, Montana, Wisconsin, and Colorado numbered fully two hundred.

The Blizzard begins suddenly, the wind increases in fury, the snow falls thickly, and is hurled along in blinding clouds, making the air almost dark. A man's voice, we are told, could not be heard six feet distant. Many dear children, returning from school, were overwhelmed and frozen in the drifts. Two, a boy and a girl, were found lying close together. The boy had his sister's hands between his own—the last grasp, the grasp of loving affection: "in death they were not divided." In another case a faithful teacher was found crouched in a little hollow in the ground, with her arms about a little girl, around whom she had wrapped her dress. There was a smile on her face—a sweet token of peace in her last ministry of love.

May we not believe that many of those thus suddenly called realized the Divine Presence in the storm, so touchingly described in Mr. Wilton's poem (Page 71)?

> "Over the drift He stoops,
> And lights it with the sweetness of His Face,
> And clasps each blossom, where in death it droops,
> With tenderest embrace."

THE EDITOR.

The Young Folks' Page.

VIII. LOST IN THE SNOW.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

(See Page 70.)

THE hours had slipped away
In happy work, beneath the kindly rule
Of loving mistress, or in joyous play;
And now, released from school,
The little travellers sought
Their cottage home under the pine-tree's shade,
Where winter winds, with louder music fraught,
A sea-like murmur made.

But the blue, curling smoke
To those bright eyes never again appears;
Never again that sylvan music broke
On their accustomed ears.

For sudden clouds of snow
In many a whirling wreath the landmarks hide:
Helpless, they cry, "Oh, whither shall we go?"
As their feet wander wide.

Loudly for help they call—
And now to Heaven their piteous prayers they lift;
Till, blind with myriad baffling flakes, they fall
Whelmed in the treacherous drift.

Roughly are hushed their cries;
Fond ears no more shall list their merry voice,
Or fond hearts dance to mark their laughing eyes,
Or at their step rejoice.

But lo! amid the storm
A wonder dawns upon my straining sight:
I dimly see approach a glorious Form,
Arrayed in glistening white.

Over the drift He stoops,
And lights it with the sweetness of His Face,
And clasps each blossom, where in death it droops,
With tenderest embrace.

Upwards their way they took,
Those little ones, and their Almighty Friend;
Wrapt in His robe, whiter than snow they look,
As heavenward they ascend.

When in the silent ground,
Life's discipline all done, *I* am laid low,
Lost to the world may I in Him be found
Whiter than driven snow!

IX. THREE LESSONS WORTH LEARNING.

1. "If you would be mighty, be kind: kindness is full of power."

2. "To *be* happy is the best way to *make* happy."

3. "Prepare yourself for greater usefulness, by fidelity in little things."

X. THE PRECIOUS LITTLE HERB.

Two little German girls, Brigitta and Wallburg, were on their way to town, and each carried a heavy basket of fruit on her head.

Brigitta murmured and sighed constantly; Wallburg only laughed and joked.

Brigitta said: "What makes you laugh so? Your basket is quite as heavy as mine, and you are no stronger than I am."

Wallburg answered: "I have a precious little herb on my load, which makes me hardly feel it at all. Put some of it on your load as well."

"Oh," cried Brigitta, "it must indeed be a precious little herb! I should like to lighten my load with it; so tell me at once what it is called."

Wallburg replied: "The precious little herb that makes all burdens light is called *Patience*."

XI. THE RIGHT KIND OF PITY.

THERE are two kinds of pity: there is a wrong kind, and a right kind. The wrong kind of pity makes people *feel*, without making them do or give anything. The right kind makes people do or give as well as feel.

For instance, there was a poor man who got his living by hauling wood from the wharf. One day, as he was driving his cart along the street, his horse fell down and died. This was a great loss to him. That horse had been his only dependence. He had no money to buy another with. And when he thought of his family being left without bread, in the middle of winter, he couldn't help crying. A crowd of people soon gathered round the poor man and his dead horse.

When they saw how much distressed he was—"Poor fellow," said one, "I'm very sorry for him." "So am I," said another. "I pity him very much," said a third. But still none of them *gave* him anything.

This was the wrong kind of pity. It was *feeling* without *giving*. Presently, however, a gentleman stepped up to these persons, and said,—"Here, my friends, I pity the poor man five shillings; how much do you pity him?"

That was the right kind of feeling. It not only led the man to *feel*, but to *give*.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. OUR Lord, on one occasion, during His public ministry, declared that He came to die for man's transgressions. Give the text.

2. Where is the punishment "hanging on a tree," said to be "significant of the curse of God"?

3. Can you trace a remarkable parallel in the treatment of our Lord when before His judges, and that of the Apostle St. Paul?

4. Name as many Psalms as you can which are specially quoted in the New Testament as setting forth the work and sufferings of the Messiah.

5. The Apostle St. John applies a Name to Christ which is given Him by no other writer of Holy Scripture. What is it?

6. In the Sermon on the Mount our Lord gives two peculiar "missionary" names to the disciples. What are they?

7. "All power is given unto Me in heaven and earth" (St. Matt. xxviii. 18). Where was this prophesied, and where is the accomplishment referred to in one of the Epistles?

ANSWERS (see JANUARY No., p. 23).

1. Gen. iv. 21.
2. Job xxi. 12.
3. 1 Sam. xvi. 23.
4. 2 Kings iii. 15.
5. Isa. xvi. 10; Jer. vii. 34; Matt. ix. 23.
6. 1 Chron. xxv. 1, with vi. 33–47.
7. Amos vi. 4–6.
8. James v. 13.

MARCH.

The Soul's Refuge.

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only Hand, a pierced Hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only Heart, a broken Heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' Blood that washes white,
His Hand that brings relief,
His Heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide:
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in Thy wounded side.

C. F. Alexander.

Gems from Old Writers.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

"THE subject of true repentance is a convinced believing soul. An unconvinced sinner cannot be a true penitent; for what the eye sees not, the heart rues not."—*Baillie.*

"The soul is the life of the body. Faith is the life of the soul. Christ is the life of faith."—*Flavel.*

"I owed thousands, and much more;
I did believe that I did nothing owe,
And lived accordingly; my Creditor
Believed so too, and lets me go."
Herbert.

"When Satan charges sin upon the conscience, then for the soul to charge it upon Christ, this is Gospel-like. Christ serves for this very end."—*Wilcox.*

"'Lord, forgive my sins, and suffer me to keep them.' Is this the meaning of my prayers? Christ has removed the burden of sin from my conscience a thousand times; and as often as He takes it off, I lay it on again."—*Adams.*

"ALL OUR DOINGS MAY BE ORDERED."

"The way of Man is not in himself."—Jer. x. 23.

1	Th	The way of the just is uprightness. Isa. xxvi. 7.
2	F	Thou...dost weigh the path of the just.
3	S	In all thy ways acknowledge Him. Prov. iii. 6.
4	S	**3rd Sun. in Lent.** *He shall direct thy paths.*
5	M	The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous.
6	Tu	His ears are open unto their cry. Ps. xxxiv. 15.
7	W	Make Thy Face to shine upon Thy servant.
8	Th	Even there shall Thy hand lead me.
9	F	How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me,
10	S	Thy thoughts which are to us-ward. Ps. xl. 5.
11	S	**4th S. in L.** *My thoughts are not your thoughts.*
12	M	There is a way which seemeth right. Prv. xiv.
13	Tu	But the end thereof are the ways of death. [12.
14	W	Show me Thy ways, O Lord. Ps. xxv. 4. [light.
15	Th	The commandment is a lamp, and the law is
16	F	Take heed, as unto a light that shineth.
17	S	Until the day dawn, and the day star arise.
18	S	**5th S. in L.** *Able to make...wise unto salvation.*
19	M	He that winneth souls is wise. Prov. xi. 30.
20	Tu	They that be wise shall shine. Dan. xii. 3. [23.
21	W	The fear of the Lord tendeth to life. Prov. xix.
22	Th	He that hath it shall abide satisfied.
23	F	He shall not be visited with evil. Prov. xix. 23.
24	S	Commit thy way unto the Lord. Ps. xxxvii. 5.
25	S	**Palm Sun.** ANN. OF B. V. M. *Now is my soul troubled.* John xii. 27. [38.
26	M	My soul is exceeding sorrowful. Matt. xxvi.
27	Tu	All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over
28	W	For your sakes He became poor. [me.
29	Th	That ye...might be rich. 2 Cor. viii. 9.
30	F	GOOD FRIDAY. *Behold the Man!* John xix. 5.
31	S	EAST. EVE. *If it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.*

SUN.—1st day. MOON.—New, 12th, A. 4.21.
Rises 6.47. Sets 5.41. „ Full, 27th, A. 10.7.
"A wet March makes a sad harvest."
8. King William III. died, 1702.
10. Prince of Wales married, 1863.
11. First London daily paper, 1709.
20. Sir Isaac Newton died, 1727.
30. Dr. W. Hunter died, 1783.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.





HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES:

THE WEDDING PORTRAIT, MARCH 10TH, 1863.

Engraved by M. JACKSON.]

[*See Page* 83.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

"Behold your King!"

FOR EASTER.

THAT night the stone was sealed,
Death held his prey;
But ere the first pale streak
Of morning grey,
Life got the victory,
Love burst the seal;
And Jesus lives!—henceforth
To bless—to heal.

Behold His hands and feet,
His riven side!
"It is the Lord!" 'Tis He
Who once hath died:
The Prince of Life could Death
No longer keep:
And now—when Christians die,
They fall asleep.

That night the watchers kept
Their vigil sad—
But ere the morn had brightened,
Who so glad?
He lives!—in spite of Death,
Hell, and the grave!
He lives!—eternally
To love—to *save*.

BRIDA WALKER.

Jeff Benson; or, The Young Coastguardsman.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE, AUTHOR OF "THE IRON HORSE," "THE YOUNG TRAWLER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNQUIET, ADVENTUROUS MORNING IN THE SHELL-CAVE.

"I THINK," said Jeff Benson one fine morning, as he got up and stretched himself, "that I feel well enough to-day to get down to the shore without assistance. You know, auntie, I shall never be able to walk alone if I give way to laziness, and lean so much on others. I'm like the babies now, and must be encouraged to try it on my own hook."

He looked at Miss Millet with a half-pitiful smile, for there was something woefully true in his words, and his good little nurse found it necessary to go in search of the household keys for a minute or so before answering.

"Well, Jeff, perhaps you are right, and the day is splendid—sunny, calm, and warm—so you won't be likely to catch cold. Only don't go far, for you might become tired out. So, promise that you won't go far, and then I will let you go."

Jeff promised; but of course he did not do exactly as his nurse wished, for, in such circumstance, the word "far" has a wonderfully varied significance. At first, leaning on his stick and pausing frequently to recover strength,

he made his way to the shore: but when there, the invigorating air and the exhilarating sound of ripples on the sand, and a rest on the rocks, made him feel so much better, that he thought he might walk the length of the shell-cave without breaking his promise.

He tried, and succeeded, but was so fatigued when at length he threw himself on the soft sand at the cave's mouth, that he felt uneasy about getting home again.

The shell-cave was a favourite nook in a lonely part of the cliffs, which Jeff had been wont to frequent in his coastguard days, especially at that particular time when he seemed to expect the revival of the smuggling traffic near Miss Millet's cottage. He had frequently spoken of it to Rose as a beautiful spot where innumerable sea-shells were to be found, and had once taken her to see it.

It was, as we have said, a lonely spot far removed from the fishing town, and was sought out by Jeff because he did not yet feel strong enough to hold much intercourse with his friends and former mates—none of whom had seen him since his illness began. But the poor invalid was doomed to several interruptions that day.

The first-comer was his comrade Wilson, of the coastguard, whose place he had taken on the eventful night of the wreck. On rounding the point of rock, and coming suddenly on our hero, that worthy was struck dumb and motionless for at least a minute, while his eyes gradually opened wide with surprise, and his mouth partially followed suit.

"Not Jeff Benson!" said Wilson at last, in quite a solemn tone.

"What's left of him," answered Jeff, with a faint smile.

"An' it ain't much!" returned Wilson, with a kind of gasp, as he approached softly.

"Not much more than the bones an' clothes," said Jeff, with a laugh at his friend's expression; "also," he added more seriously, "a good deal of the spirit, thank God. How are all the lads, Wilson?"

The man tried to answer, but could not. The sight of his old stalwart chum so reduced was too much for him. He could only go down on one knee, and take the thin large hand in his. Seeing this, Jeff returned his squeeze, and relieved him by saying:—

"You can beat me now, Wilson, but I could squeeze till I made you howl once, and mayhap I'll do it again—who knows? But you must not think me unkind if I ask you to leave me, Wilson. The doctor is always insisting that I must keep quiet; so, good-day to you, my boy, an' remember me kindly to my comrades."

The next visitor, who appeared half an hour later, was the terrier dog of the station. Bounce belonged, of right, to David Bowers, but, being amiable, it acknowledged the part-ownership of all the men. On suddenly beholding Jeff, it rushed at him with a mingled bark and squeal of joy, and thereafter, for full two minutes, danced round him, a mass of wriggling hair from tip of tail to snout, in uncontrollable ecstasy. Mingled misery and surprise at Jeff's sudden and unaccountable disappearance, prolonged agonies of disappointed expectation, the sickness of heart resulting from hope long deferred, all were forgotten in that supreme moment of joy at reunion with his long-lost human friend!

Jeff had to rise and sit down on a shelf of rock to escape some of Bounce's overwhelming affection. Presently Bounce's owner appeared, and went through something of a similar performance—humanized, however, and with more of dignity.

"I can't tell 'ee how glad I am to see you again, Jeff," said Bowers, sitting down beside him and grasping his hand. "But oh, man, how thin——"

The huge coastguardsman choked at this point, as Wilson had done before him; but, being more ready of resource, he turned it into a cough, and declared, sternly, that night-work must have given him a cold, or "suthin' o' that sort." After which he made a great demonstration of clearing his throat and blowing his nose.

"But you'll soon be yours—— At least, somethin' like your old self, before long, Jeff. The doctor told us that the last time he was at the station."

"If God wills," returned Jeff softly; "I am in His hands, and willing to be what He chooses. You remember, David, the talk we once had about Miss Millet's argument, that God brings good out of evil. I didn't believe it then; I believe it now. I've bin to school since I last saw you, David, and I've learned a good lesson, for I can say from my heart it has been good for me that I was afflicted."

Bowers did not reply, but looked at his friend with an expression of puzzled surprise.

"Yes," continued Jeff, with rising enthusiasm; "I have lost my health—the doctor thinks permanently. I've lost the strength that I used to be so proud of, and with it the hope of being able to make a living in any active line of life; and I've lost much more besides. But what I have found in my Saviour far more than makes up for it all."

In the "much more besides," poor Jeff mentally referred to his loss of all hope of ever gaining the hand of Rose Millet; for if his chance seemed small before, how immeasurably was it reduced now that his health was shattered, and his power even of supporting himself gone. No; he felt that that door was closed—that he must avoid the girl as much as possible in future; and, above all, be particularly careful not to fall in love with her. Of course, it was only a passing fancy as yet, and, like fruit, would never ripen unless the sun shone. He would avoid the sunshine! Meanwhile, of all these rapidly fleeting thoughts, he said never a word to his friend David Bowers, but after a little more conversation, begged him also to go away and let him rest.

All very good, friend Jeff; but what if the sun should shine in spite of you?

Just about that time, in the course of his eager and somewhat erratic wanderings among solicitors and other men of business, Captain Millet made a sudden pause, and, by way of taking breath, rushed down to Folkestone, brought Rose up to Cranby, hired a dog-cart, and drove along the sands at low tide, in the direction of his sister's cottage.

"I think it probable that you may see him to-day, Rosebud," he said, "though I'm not quite sure, for the doctor is afraid of a relapse, and friends are not yet allowed to visit him. To be sure, bein' only a little girl, you probably wouldn't disturb him at all—'specially if you didn't speak. Anyhow, you'll see auntie, which will be more to the purpose."

"Father," said Rose, whose name seemed remarkably appropriate at that moment, "I should like to get down here, and walk the rest of the way. By the time I arrive, you'll have had a little talk with poor Jeff and auntie. Besides, there is a pretty cave that I used to gather shells in when I was last here. I would like so much to pay it a visit in passing."

Of course the captain had no objection, and thus it came to pass that Jeff's fourth visitor on that unquiet morning was the Rosebud!

How feeble are written words to convey ideas at times! If you could have obtained one glance of Rose and Jeff at that moment, reader, words would not be required. No peony ever blushed like that Rose—to say nothing of the blank amazement in those wide blue eyes. Jeff, still seated on the rock, became petrified.

Recovering first, as women always do, Rose hurried forward with—"I'm *so* glad, Mr.——" but there she stopped abruptly, for the unexpected sight of that stalwart coastguardsman, reduced to a big skeleton with pale face, hollow cheeks, cavernous eyes, and an old-man stoop, was too much for her. She covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

What could Jeff do? He forgot his prudent resolves. He forgot his weakness because his strength seemed to have suddenly returned. He sprang up intending to comfort the poor girl in a brotherly sort of way. Somehow—he never could clearly remember how—he had her seated on the rock beside him, with his arm round her waist and her head on his shoulder.

A few moments later—he never could tell how many—the wickedness of his conduct came down upon Jeff like a thunderbolt. He removed his arm, drew away from her about three inches, and looked in her surprised face with a solemn, self-condemned expression.

"Forgive me, Rose," he said, in the deep, hollow voice which had become natural to him since his illness began; "my love for you proved too strong to be restrained just now: but believe me, I had fully made up my mind never to open my lips to you on the subject; for what right have I, a helpless, and, I fear, hopeless, invalid, to dare to aspire——"

There must have been something peculiar in the very slight, almost pathetic, smile which overspread the tearful face of Rose at that moment: for the arm was suddenly replaced, the three inches were reduced to nothing, the fair head again rested on the once stalwart shoulder, and thus they remained until the cavern was filled with the sounds:—

"Hi! Ho! Hallo! Rose—Rosebud ahoy! That girl would worry any man to death! Where are you? Hi! Ship ahoy! Hallo-o-o!"

We need scarcely remark that Rose did not wait for the last stentorian halloo! Bounding from her lover's side, she ran to meet her father—red at first and then pale—exclaiming, "Oh! father, I've found him!"

"Found who, child?"

"Jeff—I mean Mister——"

"Not dead?" exclaimed the captain, interrupting with awful solemnity.

He was answered by the invalid himself coming out of the cavern, and wishing him good-morning with a confused and guilty air.

"Well now," said Captain Millet, after a moment's pause, while he glanced from one to the other, "this beats the polar regions all to sticks and stivers. Rose, my dear, you go round the pint, an' wait by the dog-cart till I come to ee."

"So, young man," he said, turning sternly to Jeff, "you've bin cruisin' after my little girl without leave."

"I am guilty, Captain Millet," said Jeff humbly, "but not intentionally so. Long ago, when I learned that there was no hope of recovering my old strength, I had determined to give up all thoughts of dear Rose; but I was taken by surprise this morning—was off my guard—and, I confess, wickedly took advantage of my opportunity to tell her how dearly I loved her. Yet it was done under a sudden, irresistible impulse. I do not excuse myself. I would give worlds to undo the evil I may have done. But after all it *may* be undone. Rose may have mistaken her extreme sympathy and pity for love. If so, she will not suffer much, or long. Indeed, now I think of it, she won't suffer at all, except regret at having been led to raise false hopes in my breast."

The mere thought of this was so depressing, that Jeff, who was already almost worn out with excitement, leaned heavily on his stick for support.

"Jeff," returned the captain severely, "how could you do it!"

"I hardly know," rejoined Jeff, feeling something of the old Adam rising in his breast; "but my intentions were honourable, whatever my conduct may have been under impulse and strong temptation. Perhaps I might appeal to your own experience. Have you never done that which you did not mean to under the power of impulse?"

"You've hit me there, boy, below the waterline," said the captain, relaxing a little: "for I not only put the question to my old woman without leave, but carried her off with flyin' colours against orders; but it came all right at last, though I didn't deserve it. However, Jeff, you've no need to look so blue. My little girl has raised no false hopes in your breast. Moreover, let me tell you, for your comfort, that I saw the doctor this morning, and he says that your constitution is so strong that you're in a fair way to pull through in spite of him, and that you'll be fit for good service yet—though not exactly what you were before. So, keep up your heart, Jeff. Never say die, and you shall wed my Rosebud yet, as sure as my name's Dick Millet."

There was need for these words of comfort, for the poor youth was obliged to sit down on the sand for a few minutes to recover strength.

"I've had a pretty stiff morning altogether, captain," he said apologetically; "but I'm thankful—*very* thankful—for the succession of events that have brought me to this happy hour."

"And yet, Jeff," said the captain, sitting down beside him, "you and I thought these events—the wreck, and the loss of employment, and the overturning o' the lifeboat, and the thump on the ribs, and the long illness—nothing but misfortunes and full of evil *at first*. There, I'm not goin' to draw no moral. I never was good at that. Come, now, if you've rested enough, we'll up anchor and away. I've got a dog-cart beatin' off an' on round the pint there, an' my Rosebud will be gettin' impatient."

This was true—Rose was becoming not only impatient but anxious. When, however, she saw her father and lover approach, all her anxieties vanished.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

THE wonder-working power of Time is proverbial. Behold Jeffery Benson once again, looking like his old self, at the hospitable board of Miss Millet. It is an occasion of importance. Opposite to her sits her brother. Jeff is on her right hand. On the left sits Rose—prettier, brighter, and more womanly than ever. A gold circlet on one of the fingers of her left hand proclaims a great fact. A happy smile on her face proves that her confidence has not been misplaced.

Jeff is nearly as stout and strong as he ever was; scarcely a trace remains of his severe illness. The doctor does not know what it was, and it is not to be expected that we should know. Sufficient for us to state the fact that it is gone.

But our hero is not now a coastguardsman. Listen, and the captain will explain why.

"Molly, my dear, another cup of your superb tea, to wet my whistle before I begin. It ought to be good, for I know the man that grew it, and the firm through which it came. Well, now, both you and Rosebud will nat'rally want to know about the situation which I've obtained for Jeff. You'll be surprised to hear that he is now Secretary of State to King Richard Longpurse."

"In other words," interrupted Jeff, with a laugh, "your brother thinks——"

"If *you* think, sir," interrupted the captain in his turn, "that King Richard cannot explain matters in his own words, you had better say so at once, and I will abdicate in your favour."

"Go on, sire—I submit," said Jeff.

"Well then, Molly, I was about to say, when my secretary interrupted me, that he and I have at last come to an agreement. After much explanation, I have got him to understand that a king cannot possibly manage all his own affairs with his own hands, and that I am forced to have a secretary who can at least do the 'three R's' pretty well. You see, although my edication has not been neglected, it still remains a fact that I can't read without specs, that in cipherin' I am slow—slow, though sure—and that in the matter of penmanship I am neither swift nor legible. Therefore, seein' that in such things I don't differ much from other kings and great men, Jeff has generously consented to refuse the lucrative sitooation under Government, with nothin' partik'lar to do, which has been offered to him, and to accept the secretary of state-ship, now at the disposal of King Richard, who will give him at least as good a salary as Government, and at the same time keep his nose closer to the grindstone."

"Oh! Jeff," said Rosebud at this point, shaking her finger at her husband, "I *knew* there was something in the wind!"

"My child," remarked the captain, "there is always something in the wind. According to the best authorities, you may count on findin' oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic-acid gases in it—not to mention foreign substances at times, such as dust, leaves, bits of old newspaper and the like, except at sea, where it is always pure and good."

"But with plenty of salt in it," interposed Miss Millet, "though not enough to cure you of bad habits, brother. Come now, tell us really what you mean."

"Well, sister, what I really mean is this: that the fortune which has been sent to me is far too big for one pair of hands and one brain to manage: so my son-in-law has agreed to help me—and the labourer, you know, is worthy of his hire! Surely I don't need to explain the meaning of that text to *you!* Since we last conversed in this room on the disposal of my surplus funds, Jeff and I have had many a long talk and walk together. Moreover, I have kept the young secretary's nose so tight to the grindstone for some months past that he has produced results which will, I think, interest—it may be even surprise—you."

"Before going further," continued the captain, pushing in his cup, "let's have some more o' that brew to wet my whistle. Well, you will be pleased to hear that I have changed my mind about the carriage and four, and the mansion in Belgravia, and the castle at Folkestone, and the steam-yacht—given 'em all up, and decided to come here an' live quietly beside you, sister."

"Are you in earnest, brother?" asked Miss Millet, with sparkling eyes.

"Never more in earnest in my life; but get out your plans an' papers, secretary, an' explain 'em."

Jeff rose, left the room, and returned with a business-like bundle of papers, which he untied and arranged on the table before him. Taking up one, he said,—

"This is a list of the poor people in Cranby, in whom Miss Millet has been accustomed to take special interest. The first on the list is old Susan Jenkins."

"My dear old woman, who has been bedridden so long, and in such terrible poverty?" asked Miss Millet.

"The same," answered Jeff. "Captain Millet has succeeded in getting her admission into the hospital for incurables. We have only just received intimation of the appointment; and as the old woman does not know of it yet, we thought it best to let you be the bearer of the news."

"Oh, brother!" exclaimed Miss Millet, clasping her hands in delight. She knew now that the captain was in earnest, for he would sooner have cut off his own hand than trifle with her feelings.

"Go on, secretary," cried the captain, taking

a considerable swig of the tea, "an' don't you interrupt, Molly, else we'll never get through."

"The next name is Martha Brand."

"What, ragged little Martha?" exclaimed Miss Millet.

"The same. A new rig-out has been ordered for Martha, and she is to be sent to school. Joe Puncheon, better known as Vagabond Joe, has been apprenticed to a carpenter—by his own special desire—and goes to work on Monday next in a suit of suitable clothes."

"Come, sir, none o' that in business hours," cried the captain, "and heave that list overboard. It would take us half the night to get through with it. Come to the plans, sir; open the plans."

Putting aside the list, the obedient secretary took up a large document, and, unfolding it, spread it on the table.

"This," said Jeff, with business-like gravity, "is a plan of the Cranby Swimming Bath. The coast near the town being rocky, and in many ways inconvenient for bathing, sea-water is to be pumped into this bath daily by a steam-engine. A professor of swimming is appointed to give gratuitous instruction in his art. The bath is to be in two parts—one for ladies, one for gentlemen—and will have dressing boxes all round, besides diving boards and every sort of convenience. At certain hours of the morning and evening it will be open free of charge to all comers; so that there will be no excuse for any man, woman, or child in Cranby being dirty or unable to swim."

"What a blessing it would be," exclaimed the enthusiastic Miss Millet, "if such baths existed all over the kingdom."

"It is a disgrace to the kingdom," said Jeff, "that a bath such as this does *not* exist in every town of the kingdom. A mere tithe of the money wasted on drink and tobacco" ("and tea," muttered the captain, pushing in his cup for more) "would suffice to do it."

"Come, Jeff, clap a stopper on your long-winded lectures, and go ahead wi' the next plan," said the captain, "and don't moralize if you can help it."

"But, brother, can you afford all this?" asked Miss Millet.

"Afford it! Of course I can. It's wonderful, Molly, what men can afford when they're willing to spend. Why, I've known a man myself who was so uncommon willin' to spend that he ruined his baker an' butcher an' grocer before he had done spendin'. If that's so with them as hasn't got money to spend, surely it's easy for a man like me to do so who's rollin' in four thousand a year, more or less. Besides, I'm goin' to invest some o' the capital in a way that'll pay back three or four hundred per cent. interest! I'm not goin' to leave it all to my Rosebud. A reasonable provision she shall have—not more. You see, Molly, I'm of opinion that whatever a man has—whether he makes it by the use of his talents, or inherits it from his father, or has it sent to him unexpected, like mine—he holds it all in trust, to be used for the glory of God and the good of men. Now, cut along, secretary."

"This," said Jeff, "is the plan of the People's Free Library. The purchase of the site was effected last week, and the building is to be commenced next month."

"Ay, and the Prince of Wales is coming to lay the foundation stone," cried the captain; "leastwise, I've asked him to do it, and no doubt he'll come if he's got time. But look here, Molly," he added, becoming impatient and opening out all the plans at once—"here you've got the lecture-hall an' the gymnasium, an' the church, an' the ragged school—all ship-shape—an' what d'ye think this is? Explain it, secretary."

"This is a plan of two cottages exactly the shape and size of this one in which we sit, but with a few more rooms and out-houses behind. The empty space between them represents the site of this cottage. The one on the right is intended for Captain Millet. That on the left for——"

"For the secretary and his wife," cried the captain again, taking up the discourse. "An' look here, what d'ye think the double lines in pencil 'tween your cottage an' mine means?"

"A wash-house, perhaps."

"A wash'us," repeated the captain, with contempt. "No; that's a passage from one house to the other, so as you an' I can visit comfortably in wet weather. There's a door in the middle with two locks, one on each side; so that if either of us should chance to be in the dumps, we've only got to turn the key on our own side. But the passage ain't in the plan, you see. It's only a suggestion. Then, Rosebud, what d'ye think that thing is atop of my cottage?"

"It—it *looks* like a—a pepper-box," replied Rose, with some hesitation.

"Pepper-box!" repeated the captain, in disgust; "why, it's a plate-glass outlook, where I can sweep the horizon with my glass all round, an' smoke my pipe in peace and comfort, and sometimes have you up, my girl, to have a chat about old times. But that's not all, Molly. Here's a letter which you can put in your pocket an' read at your leisure. It says that the tin mine in which you have shares has become so prosperous that you could sell at ten or twenty times the price of your original shares; so, you see, you are independent of me altogether as to your livelihood. Now, old girl, what d'ye think of all that?"

The captain threw himself back in his chair, wiped his brow and looked at his sister with an air of thorough satisfaction.

"I think," returned Miss Millet slowly, "that God has been very good to us all."

"He has, sister, He has; and yet the beginning of it all did not seem very promising."

The captain cast a glance at Jeff as he spoke. The youth met the glance with a candid smile.

"I know what you think, father," he said. "You and I are agreed on that point now. I admit that what appears to be evil may be made to work for good."

"True, Jeff," returned the captain; "but I have lived long enough to see, also, that the opposite holds good—that things which are unquestionably good in themselves sometimes work out what appears to be evil. For instance, I have known a poor, respectable man become suddenly and unexpectedly rich, and the result was that he went in for extravagant expenditure and dissipation which ended in his ruin."

"But that," said Miss Millet quickly, "was because he did not accept the gift as from God to be used in His service, but misused it."

"True, Molly, true; and such will be my fate if I am not kept by the Holy Spirit from misusing what has been given to me."

The Rosebud opened not her lips, only her ears, while this conversation was going on; but the next day, seated on a stool at Jeff's feet, with her fair little hands clasped on his knee and looking up in his kind, manly face, she said,—

"I wonder, Jeff, what auntie would say if, instead of working out such pleasant consequences to us, all these things had ended only in what we term disaster, and bad luck, and poverty, and death—as happens so often to many people."

"I wonder, too, my Rosebud," returned Jeff. "Suppose we go and put the question to her."

Accordingly they went, and found the quiet old lady busy, as usual, knitting socks for the poor.

"Now, auntie," said Jeff, after stating the question, "if everything had turned out apparently ill for us—according to what men usually call ill—would you still hold that everything had really turned out well?"

"Certainly I would, Jeff, on the simple ground that God is good and cannot err, though He has many and strange methods of bringing about His ends. You can prove it by taking an extreme case. Go to one of the early martyrs, who lost not only property, and health, and family, and friends, and liberty, but finally his life at the stake. The unbeliever's view would be that everything had gone against him: his own view, that God had put on him great honour in counting him worthy to suffer and die for Jesus; and you could not doubt his sincerity when you heard his hymns of praise on the way to the stake—ay, even in the fire."

"Then, whatever happens—good or bad—auntie," said Rose, "you would say, 'All is well.'"

"I would believe it, dear, whether I had courage to say it or not. If strength were given, I would certainly acquiesce, and say, 'Thy will be done.'"

"Amen! Long may we live to say that, Molly," said Captain Millet, entering the cottage at that moment. And the captain's prayer was granted; for he and Molly and the ex-coastguardsman with his Rosebud lived many a year after that to see the completion of the swimming bath, and the people's library, and the gymnasium, and the evening classes, and the model houses, etc., and to experience the truth of that blessed Word which tells us that "all things shall work together for good to them that love God."

THE END.

* * We are glad to announce that a New Tale will commence in May, written by our old Friend, Mrs. Marshall, whose writings are known and valued all over the world. The Title is

"MULBERRY HOLLOW; or, Deeds not Words."

We want each of our Readers to try and get another Reader. *Home Words* would, we hope, do good *to every* Home. Show the April Number to your neighbour, and we shall double our circulation in May. Home "Words" and Home "Deeds" will so run together.—*The Editor.*



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES:
THE WEDDING PORTRAIT, MARCH 10TH, 1863.

From a Photograph by RUDOLPH STIEGLER, *Copenhagen.*]

The Silver Wedding.



[The Marriage of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, March 10, 1863.]

THE Princess of Wales has won "golden opinions" ever since the day when England "thundered a welcome to Alexandra." And it is no slight pledge of the future prospects of our country (in days we would hope far distant), to know that the affections of home life are fondly cherished in the Home of the heir of England's throne, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

The Prince was born at Buckingham Palace, November 9th, 1841. His early education was carried on at home by private tutors, superintended by the Queen, and under the watchful care of his gifted and noble Father, "Albert the Good." He pursued his studies afterwards at three universities—Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge.

In addition to many Continental visits, a wise arrangement was made for visits to Canada and the United States in 1860, and to the East in 1862. Dean Stanley was his companion in his Eastern travels, and they visited Egypt, Cairo, Thebes, and Karnak, the Pyramids, and especially the Holy Land.

Returning home, Sandringham was purchased with a view to the Prince's approaching marriage, which took place in March, 1863. The Bride, now "our Princess Alexandra," a daughter of King Christian of Denmark, was born in the old palace of Amalienborg, in Copenhagen. She left her home, followed by all the tokens of a people's love; and in her adopted country she has lived to win universal regard and warm affection.

The Silver Wedding especially touches the heart of the nation, just because our loyalty to the best of Queens unites us as "one vast family." Long may it be so: "long live our Queen:" and long may our Prince and Princess realize that domestic happiness which alone gives its charm alike to palace and to cottage home!

Many of our readers will not remember the Wedding Day: but all will be glad to possess a copy of the Poet Laureate's greeting to "the Sea-king's daughter from over the sea," when, twenty-five years ago, she came to "love us and make us her own."

"Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
"Saxon, and Norman, and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
"Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet!
Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!

"Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
Alexandra!

"Sea-king's daughter, as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir:
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea:
O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own!
For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman we,
Teuton, or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!"

The Saviour's Sepulchre.

AN EASTER INVITATION.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER; AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

"Come, see the place where the Lord lay."—*St. Matt.* xxviii. 6.



"THE place where the Lord lay." That place was a sepulchre! Oh, wondrous fact, the Lord of Life and Glory entered the tomb and lay there.

We stand at Eastertide as it were by the grave of Jesus. Let us lift up our hearts in prevailing prayer—the prayer of faith—that, "guided" by the promised "Spirit of Truth," we may so visit in sacred meditation the sepulchre of Jesus as to get a fresh and a firmer hold of Resurrection truth.

It might indeed be thought that we should need no word from God's ministering servants to rouse within us an intensity of interest commensurate with the solemnity of this all-important subject. "*I am to die,*" is a reflection which might well be expected to produce in every thoughtful mind an overwhelming anxiety respecting the momentous question, "*Shall I live again?*" And when to this consideration we add another—the longing, yearning anticipations of the heart's truest affections, pondering the unknown future and striving to pierce the veil which hides "the moment after death"—we might suppose that the preacher's task would be to repress rather than to excite the attention of the hearer.

And yet we all know it is not so. The fact of our own mortality, and the fact that we shall rise again, are truths about which most men think but little; and they only think rightly about them who are constant and prayerful students of the Word of God. May we now be such students. May the Author and the Giver of spiritual life not only enlighten our minds to discern, but quicken our hearts to grasp and realize, both our own mortality and Resurrection truth.

My aim will be to dwell first upon our *common Mortality;* and then, as the Christian antidote to that mortality, commend the Gospel of *God's Grace*, which "brings life and immortality to light," bidding us, in the language of the text, to "Come and see the place where the Lord lay."

I. I am, then, first to dwell upon our *common Mortality.*

It is far easier to speak of it than it is to *feel* it. "All men think all men mortal but themselves." We are constantly hearing of the sudden removal—not in judgment, but in the wisdom of Divine sovereignty—of our fellow-creatures. Death enters our palaces, and a royal name is a remembered shadow: but, oh! how soon the remembered shadow, so far as it might remind us that we are shadows ourselves, is lost to us! Everywhere and every day we see death's doings around us; but how few comparatively appear to be rightly or duly impressed with the fact of their *own* mortality.

Would you, my reader, be rightly impressed—not morbidly, but soberly, reasonably, Scripturally impressed—with the fact of your mortality? Then my word to you is this:—You must increasingly learn, under the Spirit's teaching, to *connect your mortality with its cause.*

I would not, I could not if I would, dwell upon the mournful circumstances and associations of death and the grave. I do not think God designed we should do so: and certainly these circumstances and associations alone could not make us rightly feel or regard our own mortality. These circumstances may arouse fear and terror—these attendant associations of death

may seem to paralyse nature with excess of feeling; but this result is evanescent. It passes away. All, too, experience it alike. And soon the many again forget their own mortality. What is really needed is a spiritual understanding of the indissoluble connection of our mortality *with Sin as its cause*—not, indeed, independently of, but apart from, its mere attendant circumstances; and this connection we are naturally disinclined to recognise or remember.

Be sure that Sin and Death are simply *cause and effect*. The doctrine of Scripture is clear and decisive: "The wages of sin is death." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin;" and so "death passed" and passes "upon all men," because "all have sinned."

Right views of sin will give us right views of our own mortality: and nothing else will. Strive, then, in every thought of death to connect it with sin—sin which "brought death into the world and all our woes." Pray for the Holy Spirit, who alone can convince of sin, to help you to trace this connection, and to trace it more clearly if you have already learned to trace it. Men naturally think lightly of sin—not sin against themselves—we are sensitive enough here—too sensitive—but sin against God. Though it is more poisonous than the poison of asps, they neither hate it nor fear it—they rather love it and practise it. Not, it may be, in its grossest developments, as we see it—and it may be condemn it, with pharisaic self-righteousness—in others; but in its to them attractive and "easily besetting" form. But in death's doings we may most surely see, if we will, *some* of its hateful and fearful effects.

Never think of death as of a debt due to nature, but as an infliction called for by the holiness and justice of God. It may be true—as some who would fain make it, if they could, a Bible difficulty, tell us—that man from the beginning was so framed as to be capable of the cessation of life here. We need not dispute this. Probably, or possibly, he might, had he not fallen by sin, in God's way and time have been translated to Heaven by a physical or spiritual change, of the nature of which we can have no knowledge and can form no conjecture; but had not sin incurred its fitting penalty, we may surely and safely say no terrible or sudden accident without, no wasting corrupting malady within, would have endangered his being or diminished his vigour. While innocent, sinless, he was, in the *present* sense of the word, *undying:* and this by the Divine appointment and preservation, of which the tree of *life* in the midst of the garden was either the means or the pledge. There is no grave in Heaven; there was no grave in Paradise; and there would have been none in all the earth, but for Sin, our sin; yes, *our* sin—yours and mine. This it is which has blighted man's Paradise on earth; this it is which has marred the Creation which God once pronounced "very good." The world is a world of graves, *because* it is a world of sinners.

II. And now, if our thoughts respecting our common Mortality have led us thus far, we shall perceive, I think, a force and a meaning which otherwise we should fail to perceive in the invitation of the text: "Come, see the place where the LORD lay."

The literal invitation is not indeed addressed to us; but the spiritual meaning of the invitation makes it applicable to every humble believer in the Lord Jesus.

I said it is a wondrous fact that the Lord of Life and Glory, the Lord of angels and men, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, the Lord of Death and Hell, Jesus the Lord of All, was consigned for a while to the stern, forbidding guardianship of the sepulchre. The fact is not more wonderful than the glorious truths which pertain to and depend upon it. The Lord of Life visited not the abode of death for naught. He entered the very citadel of the King of Terrors that He might be Conqueror there. And Conqueror He was! He could not be holden of death. He

burst the prison bars. He led *that* captivity captive. "The Lord is risen indeed," and "hath the keys of death and hell." We can only say, "Come, see the place where the Lord *lay*"—not the place where He now lays. "He is risen"—Himself the first-fruits of the grave; the earnest of the Resurrection harvest, when the "vile body" of His buried people—"the body of their humiliation"—shall be changed and fashioned by His mighty power, into the likeness of His glorified body!

Ah! these Resurrection truths are very startling. I refer not to the mystery which startles reason. There are many mysteries which startle reason. The processes of what we term nature—though nature is but "the name for an effect whose cause is God"—are beyond her powers; how much more the wonder-working miracles of the God of Nature in His works of Grace. But these Resurrection truths even startle *faith*—our weak faith. The fact of our Resurrection, like the fact of our mortality, is "as an idle tale" to many; and even true Christians have abundant cause to cry—yea, they are the only ones who do cry—"Lord, we believe; help Thou our unbelief!"

The truth is—and I ask each reader to ponder this—just as right views of our common mortality depend upon our entertaining right views of *Sin* as the cause of death, so right views of the Resurrection must depend upon our entertaining right views of *Christ's Resurrection* as the cause and pledge of our own: and right views of Christ's Resurrection must connect that indissolubly—just as our mortality is connected with sin—with His Atoning merit and Victory over sin.

In a word, to sum up what has been said, Christ's Resurrection is, and must be, *nothing* to the man who has not rejoiced in Christ's victory over sin—sin as his personal burden—sin as involving his personal guilt. But Christ's Resurrection is *everything* to the man who, living by the faith of the Son of God who died for him—the Just for the unjust, the Righteous for the unrighteous—can enter experimentally into the language of the triumphant Apostle:—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law: but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

We are all doubtless ready to confess and mourn over our little faith. Let our Easter invitation be regarded as graciously designed to increase our faith. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay"—the Lord who loved you and gave Himself for you; who made that infinite Atonement and manifested that infinite Sympathy upon the Cross which meet every necessity of our fallen mortal nature. Let sin be more than ever a reality to you—*your* sin. Let Christ in His Atoning, Sympathising Character be a reality to you—let Him be *your* Saviour; and then your faith will be assuredly strengthened and confirmed in His glorious Resurrection as the pledge and earnest of your own.

"Come," then, "see the place where the Lord lay." Look down into the sepulchre! "He is not there. He is Risen!" He "ever liveth": and "*because* He lives, His people shall live also." He lives to make them partakers of *spiritual* life now. They live *now* "by the faith of the Son of God," who "loved them and gave Himself for them"; and this spiritual life here, since it ensures the crucifixion, the mortification, the death of sin in us—through the progressive sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit—is the *earnest* of the Resurrection life of sinless, everlasting glory hereafter. Die indeed they must—pass through the grave and gate of death they must—unless to them the Lord's Advent antedate death's advent—but "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." They "sleep in Jesus"—in the tomb which His presence hallowed. And the waking time shall come. Oh, blissful thought—the waking time in the Divine "likeness," when they shall be

eternally "satisfied," because they shall "see Him as He is!"

> "Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
> I shall be near and like my God:
> And flesh and sin no more control
> The sacred pleasures of the soul."

The sepulchre of Jesus, we remember, was in a "garden"—meet emblem of the believer's sepulchre in the "sleeping place," where, as in a spiritual garden of repose, the body rests till the day dawns and the shadows flee away—till the sepulchre upon which the seal of Divine promise is now set shall be exchanged for the "new Heaven and the new earth," the restored Paradise of the living God—

> "Where everlasting Spring abides,
> And never withering flowers."

"Come," then, "see the place where the Lord lay." Look down into the *empty* sepulchre, and triumph in the Gospel assurance that *your* sepulchre, in which you must lay, will one day be empty too, when He shall come who is "the Resurrection and the Life." For "when Christ who is our Life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."

Ah, what an Eastertide will *that* be! May we share in its joy and triumph through Jesus Christ our Lord!

"Only a Drop of Dew."

BY THE LATE H. E. HUNTER, AUTHOR OF "THE GOLD MINE, AND OTHER POEMS," ETC.

"I AM only a drop of dew
On the edge of a flower-bell's cup—
I was born at night—I must die in light—
For the sunbeams will suck me up.

"Have I only been formed for this?
Unseen, for a night to exist—
To tremble awhile in the sun's bright smile,
Then perish and never be missed?

"Are the delicate beads of dew
With which leaflet and bud are pearled,
Only tear-drops bright nature sheds by night
For the woes of a guilty world?"

Ah! obscure as thou art, O gem!
Thou may'st wonder, but not complain;
Every work of man's may belie his plans,
But no work of God is in vain.

If each silvery drop of dew
Were withheld as a trivial thing,
Not a floweret frail but would droop and pale,
And no verdure would deck the Spring.

Lowly unit of mortal birth!
In the world there is need of you;
For units combine, in a work Divine,
Like the beautiful drops of dew!

Royal Education.

MR. GREVILLE, in his "Memoirs," gives the following interesting anecdote respecting the Prince of Wales, when, in 1858, he was approaching manhood. "I hear the Queen has written a letter to the Prince of Wales announcing to him his emancipation from parental authority and control, and that it is one of the most admirable letters that ever were penned. She tells him that he may have thought the rule they adopted for his education a severe one, but that his welfare was their only object; and well knowing to what seductions of flattery he would eventually be exposed, they wished to prepare and strengthen his mind against them; that he was now to consider himself his own master, although they would be always ready to give him advice whenever he thought fit to ask it. It was a very long letter, all in that tone; and it seems to have made a profound impression on the Prince, and to have touched his feelings to the quick. He brought it to Gerald Wellesley in tears; and the effect it produced is a proof of the wisdom which dictated it."

Courtship and Marriage:

SIDELIGHTS OF HOME LIFE. (*New Series.*)

BY A BENEDICT.

CHAPTER III.

THE HAPPIEST PLACE.—THE WIFE'S KINGDOM.—THE TRUE MAGNET.—NETS AND CAGES.—THE CALL-BIRD.—PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.—CRUMBS AND LUCIFER MATCHES. — THE BUTTON QUESTION.—HOME "SURPRISES." — FIRESIDE HARMONY. — THE WIFE'S SONG.



THE marriage bells greet the happy pair cheerily and merrily.* All is congratulation, hope, and joy. Shall the Bible portraiture of life be realized—"Heirs together of the grace of life"?

One thing is certain—if they are to be happy in this world, HOME must be their happiest place. Depend upon it, amid all the promises and prospects and gains that life affords, the married pair can only know happiness worthy of the name—happiness calm and lasting, enabling them to stand erect and cheerful in hours of gloom and trial—so long as they can say, "My home is the happiest place in the world." Cowper never wrote truer lines than these:—

> "Domestic happiness! thou only bliss
> Of Paradise that hast survived the fall!"

Home is often said to be "*The Wife's Kingdom.*" There is some truth in this; but the meaning really is, or should be, the wife rules the home by her willing service of loving ministry. There is no greater exaltation than this. HE hath said:—"I am amongst you as he that serveth." And so, confining myself in this chapter to the wife as the "better half," my third axiom shall be: *Home is the Wife's true Magnet.*

What heart will not beat, and what voice will not join its note to swell the anthem:

> "Home, Home, sweet Home! There's no place like Home."
>
> "'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
> Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home.
> A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
> Which, sought thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
>
> "An exile from Home, splendour dazzles in vain:
> Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
> The birds singing gaily, that came at my call—
> Give these—with the peace of mind dearer than all.
>
> "Home, Home, sweet Home!
> There's no place like Home!"

What the home of childhood thus is to the universal heart—a magnet of never-failing interest and tenderest remembrance,—that the home of married life should be to husband and wife.

A magnet attracts. Let the wife's unceasing aim be this—to make home attractive to her husband. It has been said, "The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young women spend their time in making nets—not in making cages." Men are often as easily caught as birds; but, alas! they are also often as difficult to keep. Be as careful to make a cage for your husband as you were to make the net for the lover. Let home be his happy cage, and yourself the attractive call-bird.

Personal appearance is something worth studying—even after marriage. Never say, "Oh, it is *only* my husband!" You were careful once to be neat and trim, and something like the "flowers" which God "adorns and beautifies." Be careful still: not, indeed, for vain display, but to gratify "the heart of your husband." Your daily work may compel you to be what is termed "unprepared for visitors": but if you are busy removing "the dirt of industry," your husband will even see attraction in that. He will never mistake it for "the dirt of idleness." There is a beauty in the busy

* Bells, we know, are sometimes expensive; but in villages the ringers would generally volunteer for a slight recompense. A parish "wedding gift" might assume this form; and the bells would echo forth the gladsome precept, "Rejoice with those that do rejoice." Parish "feeling" is worth cultivating.

housewife in work-day hours which makes her doubly dear to the husband of her choice.

Indeed, this is another attraction of home. Learn to *keep house.*

"Waste" will never please a husband, for he knows well that it calls for more work, and that "wilful waste brings woeful want." The bad manager, though her husband brings her all his wages, will often be at the point of not having a copper in her purse. The waste in cottage homes would, I believe, feed half the population. Mrs. Carlyle used to say, with honest self-congratulation, "In Scotland we have no such thing as '*crusts.*'" Spoilt lucifer-matches would be a fine property! Two instead of one is the destructive rule: and Bryant & May well know what that means. "How can you be so generous in giving pounds?" frequently finds its answer in the fact that there has been care in spending pence. "There is nothing from which this distracted world is suffering so much to-day as from want of thorough house-keeping and home-making."

As another very important branch of house-keeping, don't forget what I have already referred to—the "button question." "A stitch in time saves nine," every one knows: but I should like to start another proverb on its travels—"A button should be never lacking when it is most needed." To turn this proverb to practical account, remember, "Half-on is half-off." When the button gives way, as it is very prone to do at the last moment, something else is likely to give way too. Trifles are not trifles when they lead to troubles—and they often do!

A good plan in the use of the home magnet is to prepare well for the husband's return from his daily work. Love is an inventive faculty. Whilst the husband is away, "absence" should "make the heart grow fonder"; and the dulness of the day at home would be brightened, even for the wife, if a few little "winning surprises" were thought of and prepared. There were always such surprises *once*—in the days of Courtship—and it has been truly said: "How little the lives of men and women would be dull if they thought of and acted towards each other after marriage as they did before it!"

A new picture, with a home-like—almost costless—frame, a pair of slippers for weary feet, a tempting cookery achievement,—devices many, will occur to a loving wife. And then, after the husband has washed and made himself almost as spruce as he was wont to do in the old time, and has had his tea, and looks round for something to do, be ready—not with the gossip of the neighbourhood, but with the attractive book, or newspaper, or magazine, and ask him to read to you. And when this is done, a game at draughts, dominoes, or chess, will make home deserve its title. —"Sweet Home," and the evening might fitly close with "fireside harmony."*

Alas! what a contrast some homes present when the "Home Magnet" has been transferred to the "Red Lion," or the "Tiger's Mouth"! "*Our* business," said a publican's wife, "would soon fail if there were more comfortable homes."

Whatever you do, then, in married life, don't forget the "Home Magnet." Spare no pains to show your husband that you value him and his company, and it will be a strange thing indeed if he does not value *you.* I don't quite like the word "luck," though it is a good old English word in the Bible. "I wish you good luck in the Name of the Lord." Somehow it has got the meaning of "chance" attached to it, instead of "the Name of the Lord." But with its old and true meaning, it is a good pledge of home happiness to hear the good wife singing,—

> "There's na luck about the house,
> There's na luck ava;
> There's little pleasure in the house
> When our good man's awa'."

* *The Home Songster*, just published at "Home Words" Office (7, Paternoster Square, E.C.), furnishes a selection of capital Songs, with many Illustrations. Price—Cloth, 1*s.*; Paper covers, 6*d.*

A Trip to Old Norway.

BY ONE WHO WENT.

IV. HOW WE TRAVELLED.

THERE are three ways of locomotion open to one in Norway—*carriole* and *stolkjœrre* driving; by steamer on the lovely fjords; and an extremely limited amount of railroad exists.

The *stolkjœrre*, pronounced *stolecar*, is a kind of market-cart, which holds two, whereas the *carriole* carries only one. Carrioles as a means of conveyance do not promote social intercourse; conversation thrown over one's shoulder to those behind is apt to be carried away by the wind. The sensation of being whirled along, supported by a seat not much bigger than that of a bicycle, with your legs stretched out before you, is not unpleasant; but three or four days of this style of locomotion makes one regard a wood-bottomed chair with feelings of stern abhorrence.

In descending hills one plants one's feet firmly, one on each side of the cross-bar at the end of the shafts. A whip is hardly ever seen. A switch is gathered and exhibited in extreme cases, and that suffices. "*Gee-up*" and "*Woa*," are of course unknown sounds to the Norwegian ponies; but the substitutes to which they willingly respond are "*Bop*," a sound as nearly resembling the drawing of a cork as possible, and "*Bruh*," given with a good roll of the "r."

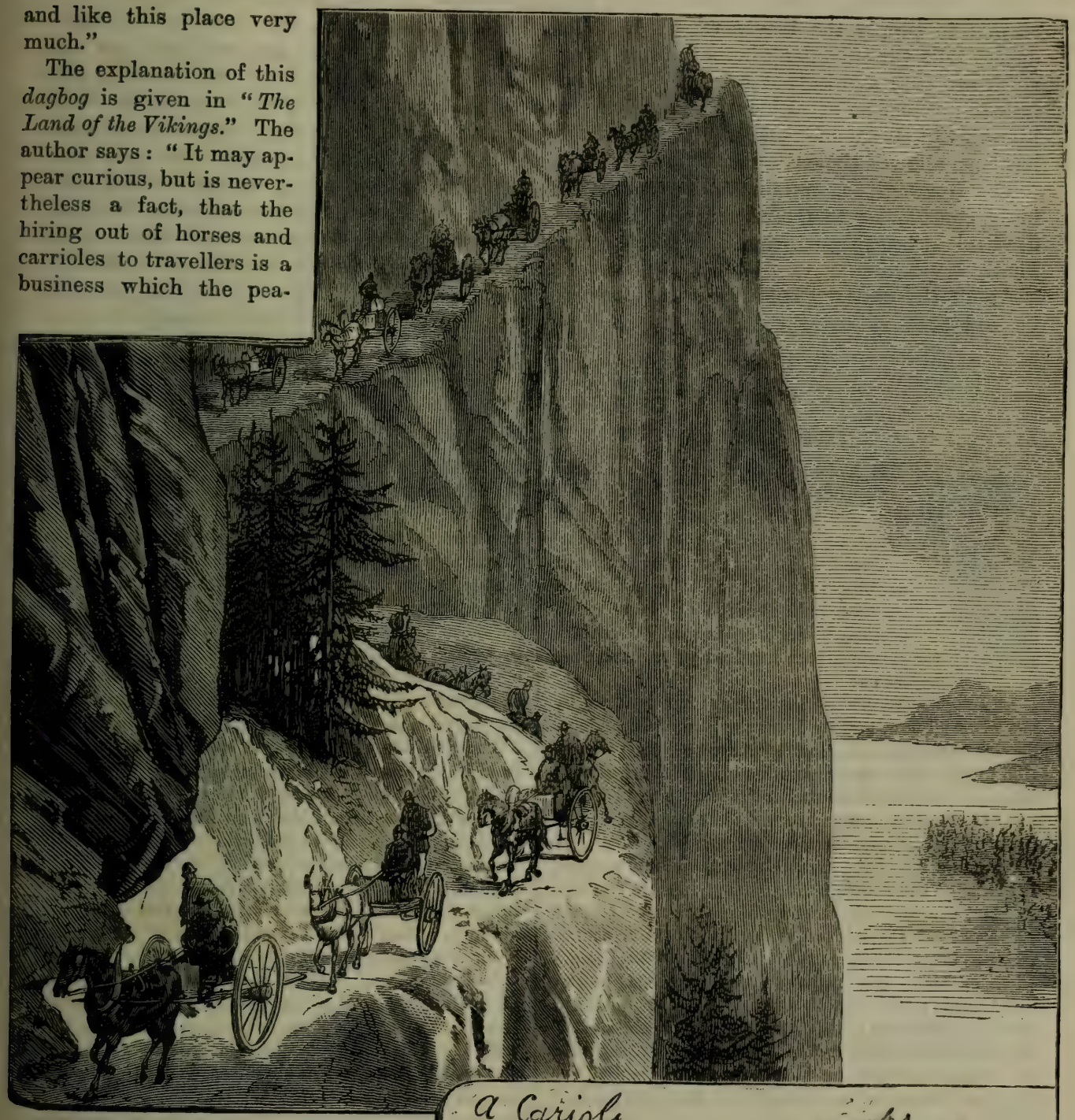
Driving is done by stages from station to station. At each station the traveller pays the fare from the last, and changes horse and vehicle, writing in the *dagbog*, or day-book, his name, whence he came, and where he is going, and also the number of horses he has taken. English travellers unacquainted with the Norsk language and the customs of the country often mistake this book, which always lies with pen and ink on a little table at the entrance to the station, for a visitors' book, and make entries accordingly. No wonder the inspector who examines the book is reported invariably to pass over any entries in English, which are frequently after the fashion of the following. After two names bracketed together, is written, "We are newly-married,

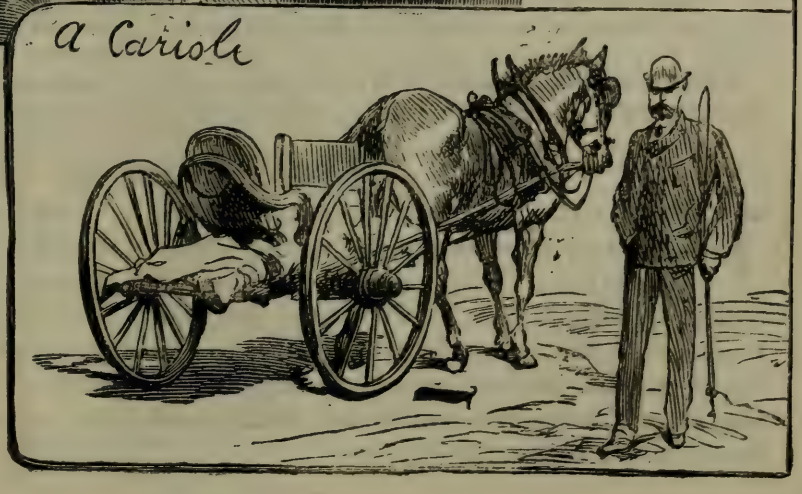


From Photographs by M. SELLMER, *Bergen.*] NORWEGIAN COSTUMES.

and like this place very much."

The explanation of this *dagbog* is given in "*The Land of the Vikings.*" The author says: "It may appear curious, but is nevertheless a fact, that the hiring out of horses and carrioles to travellers is a business which the peasants would rather be relieved from. Out of regard, however, for the travelling public, the authorities require that at certain stations all over the country, horses and carrioles shall be kept for hire. The peasants belonging to the district are bound to provide them: and to save themselves the great inconvenience, particularly in the busy time of the year for agriculturists, of sending their own horses from their





farms, they contract with the owner of the station to supply the horses required. The *dagbog* tells the traveller whether all the fixed stock are out: and in that case, if persuasion fails to produce an extra horse, he must resign himself to wait till one returns, and then till it has been allowed the customary hour of rest."

The Norwegians, we must add, are exceedingly considerate to their horses. This, indeed, might be expected from their well-known kindly disposition.

At all the stations board and lodging can be had at very little cost. Eightpence is the usual price for a bed; probably the charge is so small because the beds are so short. For breakfast, with eggs and fish, you pay about a shilling. Supper, with fish, meat, and coffee, is about the same sum. The coffee alone is worth the money. Even at the cow-huts in the mountains, good coffee, made from the fresh-roasted berry, can be obtained at all times. Spirits cannot be bought on the road; and even in the towns, at most of which the Gothenburg system is in force, it is difficult to get it. A similar difficulty in England would be a great advantage to many.

England's Church.

III. CHRISTIAN SEASONS.

BY THE REV. A. R. FAUSSET, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SCRIPTURE AND THE PRAYER BOOK IN HARMONY."

THE Epistles and Gospels are chiefly taken out of the Lectionaries of Jerome and others, written as early as the fourth century.

How delightful is the thought that in our observance of the Christian Seasons we thus walk through the same green pastures of the Word in which Christians for nearly fifteen hundred years have gone before us!

Like them, we mark the beginning of our year, not by the material sun, but by Jesus the Sun of Righteousness. The four Sundays in Advent are a solemn preparation for the due commemoration of the rising of that Sun over our benighted world: the lessons and services refer to *both* the first and second Advent, the glory of the second being typified, in the way of contrast, by the humiliation of the first. Our several holy seasons, Christmas, Epiphany, Good Friday, Easter, and Ascension, the last preceded by three days of earnest prayer, called Rogation days, are a beautiful contrivance to bring before us the whole cycle of the Lord's Birth as Man; His Manifestation (*επιφάνεια*) to Jew and Gentile; His Passion (*i.e.*, in the ancient use of the term, *Suffering*), and Death; Resurrection (Easter, from the Saxon *oster*, a rising); and final Triumph for us, when He went up to Heaven, and planted the blood-red banner of our Salvation at the right hand of God.

Then follows Whit-Sunday, or White Sunday (called from the white garments the persons baptized on this day used formerly to put on), which brings before us the first and best fruit of the Lord's Ascension; namely, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the Church. It answers to the Jewish Pentecost, or Feast of Weeks. Then the whole of God's Revelation is summed up in the service for Trinity Sunday, when we worship God as the Father, reconciled to us by the Son, and imparted to us by the Holy Spirit; adoring the Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity. After having commemorated in the previous festivals the leading *events*, our Church properly adds a special day to commemorate the great leading *doctrine* of Christianity, the Trinity.

Thus half the year is occupied with the great specific facts of Redemption in systematic order: which must be better than a hap-hazard treatment of them, dependent on the caprice of the individual minister. The remainder of the year is left for the more general truths of Christian doctrine and practice. In the former portion we commemorate Christ's living among us; the latter portion instructs us how to live after His example. Thus these successive sacred seasons are "*our landmarks to distinguish times*" (Hooker).

It is worthy of remark, that the pure Protestant Churches of the Alps—those remnants of primitive Christianity—not only do not object to, but observe with holy solemnity, Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, and the other leading sacred Festivals: "I performed the service" (Good Friday), writes Felix Neff, "according to the Moravian form; that is, by reading a harmonized narrative of Passion Week, intermingled with psalmody appropriate to the occasion."

The Princess of Wales.

THROUGHOUT the Prince's illness, his wife had been unwearied in her attention to him. With a wonderful calm and courage she bore the heavy trial; and the human wish for sympathy in her letter to the Vicar of Sandringham—on the Sunday morning after the relapse—called out a universal response. We give the letter:—

"My husband being, thank God, somewhat better," she wrote, "I am coming to church. I must leave, I fear, before the service is concluded, that I may watch by his bedside. Can you not say a few words in prayer in the early part of the service, that I may join with you in prayer for my husband before I return to him?"

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

XI. THE FIRST ENGLISH TEETOTALER.

CANON BARDSLEY, in his highly-entertaining "Romance of the London Directory," propounds a question which is of special interest, at least to a large class of the community, namely, "Who was the first English Tee-totaler?" Having discovered the name of John Drinkwater in the Hundred Rolls, and Richard Drynkwaters in the Parliamentary Writs, Canon Bardsley comments as follows:—

"No wonder their posterity has survived, no wonder their name endures, for they can boast that in their sobriquet lies the record of the first English Temperance movement. In a word, Mister Drinkwater Number One must have been the forerunner of Total Abstinence. None of his neighbours could have pointed to him as a man who habitually, or occasionally upon days of festival, 'got tight;' his name, whereby they had nicknamed him, was in itself a safeguard. His very title pledged him to the principles it professed. No, he never 'got tight,' or if he did. like a good sailing craft, he was *watertight*.

"Some day I hope there will be a monument erected to 'Drinkwater Number One.' It might be in the shape of a drinking fountain. What a heap of people there are buried in state in Westminster Abbey who ought to give place to 'Drinkwater Number One!' But, alas! we don't all get our deserts."

Happily, Temperance is "its own reward."

XII. MORAL SLAVERY.

JAMES II., on his death-bed, thus addressed his son: "There is no slavery like sin, and no liberty like God's service." Was not the dethroned monarch right? What think ye of the fetters of bad habit? What think ye of the chains of indulged lust? The drunkard who cannot resist the craving for the wine—know you a more thorough captive? The covetous man, who toils day and night for wealth, what is he but a slave? The sensual man, the ambitious man, the worldly man—those who, in spite of the remonstrances of conscience, cannot break away from enthralment—what are they, if not the subjects of a tyranny than which there is none sterner and none more degrading?—*The late Canon Melvill.*

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADE.

VIII. My first lies often at your door,
Though golden said to be,
And silver, too! 'tis strange, but true,
As quickly you will see.

My second sparkles in the light,
A thing of beauty rare,
But unadorned 'tis prized the most
By many a youthful fair.

When friends and kindred meet to dine
On merry Christmas Day,
My third is seen to grace the board,
And drest, and sometimes gay.

Where kings and queens and nobles meet,
'Neath towers and halls of light,
'Midst spreading oaks and grassy slopes,
My whole appears in sight.

SELINA.

CONUNDRUMS.

40. What are the two hottest letters of the alphabet?
41. What is the most extravagant coat you can wear?
42. If B M T put: if B . putting:
43. What is that we often wish for, and when we have obtained we never know we have it?
44. What is the difference between fish alive and live fish?
45. Why are troubles often like babies?
46. Why need no man sit down and starve?
47. Why should we never sleep in a railway carriage?
48. Say exactly how many peas there are in a pint.
49. Why are verbs like teeth?
50. I give a cold; I cure it. Better still,
When it is cured, I pay the doctor's bill.

ANSWERS. (See MARCH No., p. 69.)

CHARADES.

VI. Horseman.
VII. Friendship.

CONUNDRUMS.

25. For divers (divers') reasons.
26. If I can't sell it, I can-cel it, and if I can-cel it, I can't sell it.
27. You.
28. A ditch.
29. The letter S; for as IX. are nine, so S before nine will make SIX.
30. Herring.
31. Because it is in the middle of water.
32. He is often at the bar.
33. Short.
34. A ring.
35. Wet.
36. Because all the other bunions that ever were heard of impede the progress of pilgrims.
37. When it is made into little pats.
38. 325, the rest are Lent.
39. It is full of checks and crosses.



The Sower and the Harvest.

"SUCH as I have I sow; it is not much,"
Said one who loved the Master of the field;
"Only a quiet word, a gentle touch
Upon the hidden harp-strings, which may yield
No quick response; I tremble, yet I speak
For Him who knows the heart, so loving yet so weak."

And so the words were spoken, soft and low,
Or traced with timid pen; yet oft they fell
On soil prepared, which she would never know,
Until the tender blade sprang up to tell
That not in vain her labour had been spent;
Then with new faith and hope more bravely on she went.

She who timidly had scattered
Trembling line or whispered word,
Till the holy work grew dearer,
And the sacred courage clearer,
Now her Master's own voice heard,
Calling shining throngs around her,
All her own fair harvest found;
Then, her humble name confessing,
With His radiant smile of blessing
All her dower of gladness crowned.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

The Young Folks' Page.

XII. OUR GOOD PRINCESS OF WALES.

CROSSING the hall of Marlborough House late one afternoon a few days before Christmas, her Royal Highness observed a young girl waiting and also standing, though evidently fatigued and faint. The Princess kindly told her to sit down, asked her errand, and discovered that she had brought home some little garments which had been ordered for the children, and which the Princess, who is much interested in sewing machines, and understands their merits, had desired should be made for her. Prepossessed by the modest, intelligent appearance and gentle manners of the girl, her Royal Highness desired her to follow her to her room, which she did, without the remotest idea who the lady was. After an examination of the articles, the Princess asked who it was that had executed the work. The girl modestly confessed that she herself had done most of it. The Princess said it was done very nicely, and finally drew from her the simple facts of her condition: how she had an invalid mother, whom she was obliged to leave all alone while she went to a shop to work; how the rage for machine sewing had suggested to her to become a finished operator, with the hope that at some future time she might own a machine of her own, and be able to work at home, and earn something more than bread for her poor sick mother.

The Princess rang the bell, ordered some biscuits and oranges, etc., to be packed and brought to her; meanwhile she had asked the wondering girl where she lived, and taken down the address upon her tablets. She then gave her the delicacies, which had been put into a neat little basket, and told her to take them to her mother.

On Christmas morning, into the clean apartment of the invalid mother and her astonished and delighted daughter was borne a handsome sewing machine, with a slip of paper on which were the words—"A Christmas Gift from Alexandra."—*England's Royal Home.*

XIII. WHAT'S THE USE OF GRUMBLING?

Suppose, my little baby,
  Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
  Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
  To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
  And not *your* head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
  And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
  Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
  For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
  When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
  Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
  For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
  Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
  And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
  And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
  To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
  To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
  You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
  Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
  Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
  The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
  To do the best you can?

XIV. EARLY YOUTH.

"No matter how long you live, you will never have any more valuable years than the first twenty of your lives. There is a spring and elasticity in early youth that makes then the very act of living a pleasure. Seeing a boy aimlessly jumping about in a field, a lady said to me, the other day, 'Is it because he is so young that he is so happy?' That was exactly the reason. Youth is pre-eminently a time of wealth or well-being. Ask that old, careworn millionaire, who drives past you in his splendid carriage, what he would give in exchange for your youth. He will answer, 'Everything I have.' 'What would you give to be as young as I am?' asked a fop of Talleyrand. The wrinkled old wit and diplomatist looked at him a moment and said, 'I would almost be willing to be as foolish.'"—The Rev. E. J. Hardy.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT promise of Christ to His Apostles made it unnecessary that they should record the events of His life and the circumstances of His death, at the exact time when they occurred?

2. When our Lord exhorted the people to have faith in God, what examples of the Divine goodness did He mention?

3. Where in the Old Testament do we read of the "house-top" as a place for communing?

4. Scripture records but one meeting of the Apostles St. Paul and St. John? Where was it?

5. Name the first weapon mentioned in the Bible.

ANSWERS (See February No., p. 47).

1. His name was Obadiah, and it is recorded that he fed a hundred of the Lord's prophets, when they were hidden from the malice of Jezebel. 1 Kings xviii. 3, 13.

2. The angel Gabriel. Luke i. 19.

3. Two—turning the water into wine, and healing the nobleman's son. John ii. 1-11; iv. 46-54.

4. On the occasion of Lot fleeing from Sodom, when he prayed for the city of Zoar; and when the ship's crew and passengers were saved for St. Paul's sake. Gen. xix. 21; Acts xxvii. 23-37.

5. "Tyrannus," in whose school St. Paul disputed daily. Acts xix. 9.

6. The thief on the Cross, when he said, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." St. Luke xxiii. 40-42.

7. The Conies. Prov. xxx. 23.

8. Amos iii. 1-3.

APRIL.

Easter Triumph.

AWAKE, glad soul! awake, awake!
Thy Lord hath risen long;
Go to His grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song;
Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal Spring.

The shade and gloom of life are fled
This Resurrection day;
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey:
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise;
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

Then wake, glad heart! awake, awake!
And seek thy Risen Lord:
Joy in His Resurrection take,
And comfort in His Word:
And let thy life through all its ways
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
"Christ died and rose for me."

J. S. B. Monsell.

Gems from Old Writers.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

"HEART-WORK must be God's work. The great Heart-maker alone can be the great Heart-breaker."

"Faith is the soul's outward, not inward look. The object on which faith fixes its eye is not the heart's ever-varying frames, but the never-varying Christ."—*Baillie.*

"I feel more sure than ever, that the right thing is to take each sin, the moment the conscience feels it, to the Blood of Jesus, and there, having once purged it, remember it no more."

"Let Christ be to you *really* the Son of God, the Saviour: and His light will dispel the darkness, and His Spirit lead you into all truth."—*D'Aubigné.*

"How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand! As little do I take away of my great sea, the boundless love of Christ."—*Rutherford.*

"Christ's cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bare; it is such a burden as wings to a bird or sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbour."—*Rutherford.*

"WHO HAST OVERCOME DEATH."

"Death is swallowed up in victory."—1 Cor. xv. 54.

1	S	**Easter Sun.** *He went forth conquering, and to conquer.* Rev. vi. 2.
2	M	EASTER MON. *On His Head were many crowns.*
3	Tu	EASTER TU. *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.*
4	W	Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood.
5	Th	If a man die, shall he live again? Job xiv. 14.
6	F	Thy dead men shall live. [xxvi. 19.
7	S	With my dead body shall they arise. Isa.
8	S	**1st S. a. E.** *By man came also the Resurrection.*
9	M	The Lord said...Weep not. Luke vii. 13.
10	Tu	Thou shalt weep no more. Isa. xxx. 19.
11	W	There shall be no more death. Rev. xxi. 4.
12	Th	The Lamb...shall lead them unto living foun-
13	F	He shall dwell among them. Rev. vii. 15. [tains.
14	S	God shall wipe away all tears. Rev. vii. 17.
15	S	**2nd S. af. E.** *He will come forth and serve them.*
16	M	Jesus...crowned with glory and honour.
17	Tu	That He...should taste death for every man.
18	W	That through death He might destroy...the devil. Heb. ii. 14. [hast done. Ps. xl. 5.
19	Th	Many...are Thy wonderful works which Thou
20	F	My counsel shall stand. Isa. xlvi. 10.
21	S	I will do all My pleasure. Isa. xlvi. 10.
22	S	**3rd S. aft. East.** *What hath God wrought?*
23	M	This is your hour and the power of darkness.
24	Tu	The Son of Man sitting on the right hand of
25	W	ST. MARK. *Christ the power of God.* [power.
26	Th	The Lamb shall overcome them. Rev. xvii. 14.
27	F	He that overcometh ... shall be clothed in
28	S	Even as I also overcame. Rev. iii. 21. [white.
29	S	**4th S. aft. E.** *Able to do exceeding abundantly.*
30	M	No restraint to the Lord to save. 1 Sam. xiv. 6.

SUN.—1st day.
Rises 5.37. Sets 6.33.

MOON.—New, 11th, M. 9.8.
" Full, 26th, M. 6.22.

When April blows his horn,
It's good for hay and corn.—PROVERB.

15. Jane Taylor died, 1824.
17. Benjamin Franklin died, 1790.
23. Shakespeare died, 1616.
30. James Montgomery, poet, died, 1854.



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FOUR GENERATIONS:

THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM, THE EMPEROR FREDERICK, THE CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM, AND PRINCE WILLIAM.

From a Photograph by ZIESTER, *of Berlin, taken in* 1882.]

[*See Page* 99.

AS·FOR·ME & MY·HOUSE WE·WILL·SERVE THE·LORD·

HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

"When I must be Departing."

[The following Hymn, which the Emperor William pronounced on his death-bed to be "so beautiful," was sung at the close of the Funeral Service in the Cathedral at Berlin.]

WHEN I must be departing,
Depart Thou not from me!
When soul from body starting,
Oh, then, beside me be!
When, low and weak, I languish,
Heart-full of woe and fear,
Oh, save me from my anguish
By Thine own Passion dear!

Shine forth, my Shield, and fold me
In hour of dreadful death,
And let mine eyes behold Thee
As when Thou yieldest breath;
So, on Thy cross still gazing,
By faith sustained I'll go,
My Saviour close-embracing!
He dies well, who dies so!

The late Emperor William.*

IN the death of the Emperor William, the Imperial Head of a mighty nation has fallen, in a ripe old age, to the personal regret of every member of the Fatherland—a regret which is especially shared by our own country, so closely associated by the marriage of "our Princess Royal" with the Emperor's successor.

From the time of the Emperor William's birth to his death—ninety-one years—eight Emperors, fifty-two Kings, six Sultans, in Europe, and twenty-one Presidents of the United States, have ceased to reign: all are now dead but four. The marvellous growth of the Empire he founded is marked by the fact, that the Royal Prussia of 1740, with a population of only two millions and a half, is now Imperial Germany, counting nearly fifty millions of inhabitants.

The historic story of his life is one of the most remarkable that could be written. The boy who fled as a fugitive from the conqueror of Jena was crowned as Emperor in the palace of the French kings, and he has left the empire in a condition of security and supremacy such as the great Frederick himself never ventured to anticipate.

The responsibilities of his position, as of all rulers—and well might any man shrink from the burden—were great indeed; but his love of country, his integrity, and his unwearied industry were his characteristics from first to last. "I will seek my favourites," wrote the young Prince when but a boy, "among

* We are enabled to give a fine engraving from a really Historic Photograph by Ziester, of Berlin, taken in 1882, soon after the birth of Prince William, the Emperor's great-grandson.

the good, the true-minded, the upright, the sincere. Those shall aye be dearest to my heart who tell me the truth, even at the risk of my displeasure." His early resolution undoubtedly influenced him throughout his life, and the German Empire is the result.

His Confirmation Vow.

He was confirmed about the age of seventeen. He wrote out then the principles on which he resolved to govern his life. Here are two or three of them :—

"I will cultivate and nurture in me a kindly disposition to all men—for are not all men my brethren?

"Wherever I meet with merit I will encourage and reward it, more especially modest and hidden merit.

"I will begin every morning of my life with devotional thoughts of God Almighty.

"Corrupt men and flatterers I will resolutely turn away from me."

His Palace in Berlin.

The palace in which the Emperor lived is a small, plain house of stuccoed brick—much less imposing than many mansions of retired merchants in England and America. It stands on the great avenue known as Unter den Linden, and is opposite the University. It was built for the Emperor when he was only a prince, newly married, and living on a rather small income. He had never been willing to change this residence for one in the old castle, for he always liked to have a simple home where he could live without ceremony.

Daily Life.

In his bedroom the Emperor slept on a narrow iron bedstead, with blankets under and over him just like those that are on the knapsack of any private soldier. His life was as regular as clockwork. He rose early, and after his toilet took a breakfast of white rolls and butter and a cup of tea or cocoa. Then the day's work began by reading the letters, to most of which the Emperor added marginal remarks with a pencil regarding the answers to be made to them. He followed the traditions of his Royal forefathers, and everybody was allowed to approach him and to defend his cause personally. The poor people often stood opposite the palace, near the monument of Frederick the Great, waiting for the moment when he would make his appearance at the corner window, which he did very frequently when in his study. They then tried to attract his attention by holding up some papers; and presently they were ordered to enter the hall, where an aide-de-camp was detailed to hear requests and complaints, and eventually carry them to his Imperial master. During the forenoon different ministers and officials and army officers were received in audience, in order to make the reports, etc. The Emperor had a special secretary, who read all the papers and who cut from them the interesting articles, which he laid before the Emperor, who was thus enabled to keep touch of the news of the day, and to "make up his mind without the intervention of ministers."

Precisely at one o'clock the Emperor took his place at one of the windows, in order to watch the march past of those troops which had to go on guard near the palace and castle. A great crowd always assembled in the Unter den Linden, and welcomed their sovereign's appearance with loud cheers.

All the details of the Imperial household were controlled by the Emperor. He dined early, and every day, just before four o'clock, when the soup for the table was ready, a certain number of poor women were allowed to enter the kitchen with basins, and to each of them was given about half a gallon out of the soup boiler from which His Majesty was served. Boiled meats and potatoes were added to this soup by a second cook, and in this way six poor families were made happy. Precisely at four o'clock dinner was served. The courses were very simple, often consisting of boiled beef, or mutton, potatoes, cabbage, and fruit. The dinner was, as a rule, over in an hour.

The Emperor's Coat-button.

Mr. Kingston tells a story which illustrates the punctiliousness and care for little things which distinguished the Emperor, and governed his conduct for three-quarters of a century in perfecting the German army. Whenever he went to his study window or balcony to acknowledge a military salute, he invariably first buttoned his coat. One of his generals asked him why he stood thus on ceremony with his Guards. "That is not it," replied the Emperor; "they have never seen me with my coat unbuttoned, and I do not

intend that they ever shall. For let me tell you that *it is the one button left unbuttoned that is the ruin of an army*"—a good saying, which is true in more ways than one.

Homely Life.

The word "homely," which has been applied to the life of Kaiser Wilhelm, is truly appropriate. A few years ago a young lady, an orphan, was given an appointment in the suite of the Kaiserin, and she described in a letter to her sisters certain simple kindly observances of her first Christmas Eve at court. During the course of the morning a very great number of parcels arrived at the Palace, and orders were given that they should all be taken to two or three rooms in the top of the house. In the afternoon the Emperor and Empress mounted to these rooms, giving orders that no one should follow until they heard clapping of hands. It was three long hours before the signal was made—three laborious hours for the kindly "Royalties." For the multitudinous packages contained presents for the household—presents chosen with the prettiest regard for the tastes of the recipients; and arranged by the donors on the tables, with a card, bearing name, etc., attached to each group of presents. Fraülein M. wrote with great joy and pride of the gifts that fell to her share. She said that the presents to the other court-folk were not less welcome or less appropriate. And all were made happy by the childlike gaiety and unaffected cordiality of the dear old Emperor and Empress.

God's Kingdom.

When His Majesty was once on a visit in a distant part of his dominions, he was welcomed by the school children of the village. Taking an orange from a plate he asked, "To what kingdom does this belong?" "To the vegetable kingdom, Sire," replied a dear little girl. He then took a gold coin out of his pocket, and holding it up, asked, "And to what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom, Sire," replied the child. "And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the Emperor. The little girl coloured deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," lest His Majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came into her mind, and she said, "To God's kingdom, Sire." The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He put his hand on the child's head and said most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

Closing Hours of Life.

The tale of the Emperor's deathbed is pathetic and impressive. Of all the words which fell from his dying lips, none, perhaps, went home more directly to the sympathetic heart than that simple disclaimer of weakness—"I have no time now to be tired." It was at once the confession of mortality and the recognition of the approach of immortality.

When the court chaplain quoted the words of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," He repeated the last words of the passage, "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." In one of the pauses he remarked quite spontaneously, "God has helped me with His Name." At another time he said, like one dreaming, "We are going to have a devotional hour together."

The chaplain then, we are told, bending over his Royal master, whispered to him David's words, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil"; and the Emperor of a mighty nation bowed his head and said, "That is beautiful"—commonplace words enough, but rendered very uncommon by the circumstances under which they were uttered. The chaplain added Christ's own words from St. John's Gospel, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Just then, it was the "last enemy" that occupied the battle-field; and only in the strength of Christ can *he* be conquered by any of us.

KINDLY SPEECH: A WHITSUNTIDE THOUGHT.

A GENTLE Dove denotes the Love,
And tongues of fire the Power,
That win the lost for heaven above,
And here with goodness dower.

Lord, I beseech that I may teach
With love like Thine to me;
And so, with wise and loving speech,
Bring many a heart to Thee.

Rev. Thomas Davis.

The Nightingale; or, The Joy of Praise.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SUNGLEAMS: RONDEAUX AND SONNETS," ETC.

(*See Illustration, Page* 103.)

THE nightingale in a happy mood
Hid in a leafy solitude,
A labyrinth of underwood
And tangled mazes;
When other birds are hushed to rest,
O'er the dear secret of its nest,
From golden tongue and throbbing breast
Pours sweetest praises.

Beneath the silent moonlight float
On the rapt ear from that small throat
Strange quivering trills of richest note,
Its bliss to utter:
Deep, solemn gladness is its dower;
Not melancholy rules the hour
When blossoms dance upon the bower
And green leaves flutter.

Oh nightingale, thou teachest me
The happiness of praise to see;
Blest bird, I fain would rival thee:
"Awake, my glory!"
By me let God's high praise be sung,
Like incense on the night air flung;
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Tell out thy story.

Silence to God let others keep,
And world-worn hearts in slumber steep:
I will pour forth the gladness deep
Within me glowing;
My grateful tribute I will bring
To Thee, my Maker, Saviour, King,
And with heart-melody will sing,
And peace o'erflowing.

Blest bird, I shall outrival soon
The joy of thy divinest tune
Sung to the listening summer moon,—
In regions glorious,
Sitting beneath the Tree of Life,
With fairest fruits and blossoms rife,
O'er pain and death, o'er sin and strife,
Through Christ victorious!

ALL THAT TRAVEL BY WATER.

THERE is a petition in the Litany which is a great comfort to those who have friends at sea. A poor woman went with her husband to Portsmouth in the sad times when men were pressed to serve in the Army and Navy. It was on a Sunday morning when, after parting from her husband, and seeing the big ship sail out of the harbour, with a heavy heart she turned homeward.

The church bells were chiming, and she was drawn to join the congregation which was passing in by the open door. The Morning Prayers were offered, and at length came the words in the Litany, "That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or *by water*." The words touched her heart. If she had been silent before, she felt she must join with the congregation now, when they said, "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord." As she left the church, she said to herself, "To think of their praying for my poor husband!" And the influence of that thought led her to resolve to be a constant worshipper in her own church at home.

REV. R. L. ALLNUTT.

THE BISHOPS AND TEMPERANCE.

"WE must drive out the spirit of drink by the spirit of the Gospel."—*Archbishop Benson.*

"Drink is the best stalking horse the devil has got."—*Archbishop Thomson.*

"Drunkenness lies at the root of a whole family of sins."—*Bishop Woodford.*

"Christian sympathy lies at the root of all successful Temperance work."—*Bp. Lightfoot.*

"Drink is the cause of nearly all the pauperism that exists."—*Bishop Fraser.*

"Intemperance has brought a vast amount of crime into the world."—*Bishop Ryle.*

"There is no more fruitful cause of a man taking to drink, than slatternly and scolding wives."—*Bishop Hervey.*

"I entirely approve of the work of the C.E.T.S."—*Bishop Magee.*



THE NIGHTINGALE: OR, THE JOY OF PRAISE.

"Blest bird, I fain would rival thee."

[*See Page* 102.

Mulberry Hollow; or, Deeds, not Words.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "MRS. HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES," "THE ROYAL LAW," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"THE UPLANDS."



T was a bright evening of early spring.

The sun had only just set, and the western sky was like a sea of pale opal, blending into the most delicate tints of daffodil and soft ethereal blue.

Lines of violet-coloured clouds lay across the horizon, and a crescent moon hung above them, soon to sink below them and be lost to sight.

The sides of Mulberry Hollow were clothed with budding trees, which were in advance of those in the open country above. For "The Hollow" was sheltered from the north and east, and the little river which had worn its way through it, long, long centuries ago, found its outlet at the southern end, where it parted and wandered off in two little streamlets in contrary directions, to meet again some miles nearer the Channel, whose silver waters lay in the distance, watched over by the mountains of South Wales.

There were several cottages in Mulberry Hollow: one, much larger than the rest, and inhabited by the head gardener of Sir Maurice Wright, some time Mayor of Churton, and now living in retirement in a country house, whose smooth lawns and well-kept flower-beds were the pride of the gardener's heart.

I cannot say his possessions gave Sir Maurice much pleasure. He was not a person to enjoy what he had gained, though no one ever took more pains to gain his present position. He had begun life as a poor clerk, and, by dint of saving and scraping, had amassed a sum of money which, invested well, soon doubled, and trebled, nay, quadrupled, the original capital.

Then he was elected mayor, and he received the honour of knighthood from the hands of the Queen, on presentation of an address on the marriage of the Prince of Wales. He had no children—as Mrs. Macdonald, the gardener's wife, said—"to speak of." There were rumours of a son who had gone astray, and had been renounced by his father, and some said there had been a daughter. But no one had any certain knowledge about Sir Maurice's family. Macdonald had only known him twenty years, when he was first engaged as head gardener at Uplands, and he had "neither chick nor child then, that Macdonald ever saw."

Miss Wright had lived with her brother then, and looked much the same as she did twenty years before. Miss Wright was not a person to show the lapse of time. Her face could never have been young, her figure never anything but large and bony. Her dress—well, even that was stationary, and she might very well have walked out of a fashion book in the early days of our Queen's reign.

The Uplands was more beautiful than its inhabitants; and there were people who were inclined to grudge its flowers and its lovely surroundings, to a pair of such stiff old fossils as Sir Maurice and Miss Wright.

They were just and upright in their dealings, and charitable as they understood the word; but they moved in a certain groove, and beyond it they neither of them thought of going.

Macdonald was returning from the garden on this spring evening with a troubled and anxious face: and he scarcely noticed the greeting of his next-door neighbour, a laundress, who was a person of many words, and therefore by no means a favourite with the good gardener.

"A beautiful evening, Mr. Macdonald," she said. "I never remember a finer February; not a 'fill dyke' this year, anyhow, is it? How does the garden grow? Oh! wants rain, mayhap?"

All this was poured forth in one breath at a very high key; and most people would have been discouraged by Macdonald's short "Good evening," and the steady, resolute step with which he pursued his way to his own door as he passed Mrs. Mason's.

Then a young voice exclaimed,—

"Oh, I am so glad you are come, Uncle Fergus. The tea is made, and there is such a nice haddock ready—your favourite smoked 'finny haddy,' you know."

But Macdonald was not even won to a smile by this information as to his bill of fare.

He turned to the little back kitchen, where he always washed his hands and exchanged his working coat for another, and Moll saw at once that something was wrong.

She said nothing, however, to her aunt, who was stirring some porridge at the fire, nor to a young man who was leaning against the high chimney-shelf, apparently watching the regular turn of the big iron spoon, as if all his interests centred there.

The light was waning now, and the evening closing in, when another young man came into the house with a light step.

"Well," he said, "I am not late, after all; I thought I was. What's up, Mother?"

The question was answered unexpectedly by a low, slow voice—Macdonald's voice—with its strong Scotch accent. He had come in from the back kitchen, and, as he seated himself at the table, he said,—

"There's a ring missing at Uplands—a diamond ring, value fifty pounds—and no one knows who's got it."

"A diamond ring! Well, what have you got to do with that, father?" said the young man who had entered the kitchen last. "What's that to you, or to us?" he said.

Macdonald struck his hand on the table, till everything on it danced and jingled, and an earthenware pepper-box in the shape of an owl rolled off on the floor.

"Making the things dance a hornpipe, Macdonald, won't help to find the ring," said his wife, as she seated herself at the table. "What do you mean?"

"I mean this, that Miss Wright took off her glove to gather some polyanthuses last evening, and dropped the ring, so she says, in among the flowers. She never missed it till she got to the house. She came back, and saw a young man walking off as quick as lightning, and she says she hallooed to him, and he never turned. And," said Macdonald, "she has settled it that the young man was either our Chris or Ned; and it is a very unpleasant thing for me, let me tell you, and I must clear it up."

"Why, father!" exclaimed Ned, who had stooped to pick up the china owl, and was a long time doing so,—"why, father, what *has* it to do with us? The old girl may lose twenty rings for all *we* care."

"Well, I ask you, both of you, whether you were in the grounds last evening. I did not see you; but that is neither here nor there. Chris, were you there?"

"No, I was not, father. I was at the mill till long after dark."

"Were you there, Ned?"

"Me! Well, that is a queer question. Am I not in Churton till six o'clock every evening? Of course I wasn't there."

"Ned," Moll began, and then stopped short.

"Well, Mollie, go on."

Mollie looked across at her aunt. Their eyes met, and she understood the look; but it was Mrs. Macdonald who said:—

"I sent you, Ned, to ask your father what was to be done about the young saplings which had come from Churton, and whether I was to pay the carriage."

"To be sure you did; but I could not find father, and he knows it. That was ever so much later than Miss Wright would be gathering flowers."

Macdonald glanced quickly at his son.

"You said just now you were not at Uplands at all. Now you say you were there."

"Yes, but not in the garden. I went round through the plantation; and if you ask Tom Burton, he'll tell you I met him there."

"Humph!" said Macdonald. And then there was silence for a few minutes, broken by Ned,—

"I say it's a bit of impertinence of that old fidget, to bring your sons into the business. What have we to do with it? Come, Moll, speak up. Miss Wright is no favourite of yours."

"Moll is too well behaved to speak of her betters in that manner," said Mrs. Macdonald. "If Miss Wright has lost her ring, she is no doubt put about; and no wonder. A valuable ring like that, too."

"Well," said her husband, "the matter will have to be gone into. Burton and Jim Sayer have been questioned and cross-questioned, and Sayer says you were there, Ned, for he saw you."

"The young rascal! I'll give him a bit of my mind," said Ned, in great indignation.

All this time Christopher had been silent. Was it—oh! was it, Moll thought, a guilty silence? And yet, who could ever imagine Chris could say what was not true.

Mollie was no real relation of the Macdonalds. She was the orphan child of a man who died from the effects of an accident at the

saw mills at Overbury, where Chris was now employed.

She was very pretty—a wild-rose style of beauty, with her bright pink-and-white complexion and soft, light hair, which had a natural wave and curl no hot tongs or pins can ever produce.

"Moll was as good as she was pretty," Macdonald would say; and, having no daughter of his own, he had taken the orphan child of his friend to his heart.

Mrs. Macdonald loved Moll also, but she was one of those people who seem to have no room in their hearts for any one but their sons—that inmost heart where we all keep our best treasures. Mrs. Macdonald seldom gave Moll a cross word, and, indeed, there was but small reason to do so; but she was beginning to resent the obvious affection which Chris and Ned lavished on their adopted sister.

A little feeling of jealousy had arisen in Mrs. Macdonald's heart; her sons had always put her first, and now Moll was sometimes considered before her.

Moll was quite unconscious that her aunt—as she had been taught to call her—had any such feeling, and she loved both her and her uncle with all the strength of her young heart.

She was very handy and neat in her ways; and when the tea was over, and Macdonald had seated himself by the fire with the newspaper, she soon restored everything to order—cleared the table, washed up the cups and plates; while Mrs. Macdonald sat opposite her husband, working very fast, with her brows knit, and an anxious droop at the corners of her mouth.

"Where are the boys?" she asked presently.

"Chris is gone to the Reading Room in the village; young Mr. Townsend has a concert and reading there to-night."

"Why can't he stay at home?" growled Macdonald.

"He enjoys the readings so much, uncle; and Mr. Townsend is teaching him Latin."

Macdonald made an impatient murmur.

"And where's Ned?"

This question Mollie could not answer so decidedly.

"I don't know. I think very likely he is gone to smoke outside."

"Smoke! I wonder what would have been thought of me in my young days if I had smoked pipes. A waste of money—a dreadful waste of money."

"All young men smoke now-a-days," Mrs. Macdonald said, in a tone of apology for her son.

"No, they don't—Chris doesn't," was the father's rejoinder.

Then there was another pause, broken this time by Mrs. Macdonald.

"What are you going to do about the ring, Fergus?"

"Do? why, the boys must go to Uplands to-morrow, and give an account of themselves. It's an awkward thing for me to have even a suspicion raised against my sons."

Mrs. Macdonald tried to laugh, saying,—

"The notion of it! Why, neither of them would touch the ring—I mean, they wouldn't keep it if they had found it. Is it likely?"

"Unlikely things do happen," was the reply. "Come, Mollie, get your story-book and amuse me a bit by reading."

Mollie obeyed, and began to read a very interesting story in one of the excellent magazines which now find their way into many thousands of homes, and brighten many a dull winter evening.

Mollie had a sweet, well-modulated voice, and generally her reading was intelligent, and her uncle enjoyed listening to her. But this evening her thoughts were not in the story, and thus the usual interest flagged. Mr. Macdonald fell asleep, and snored rather loudly; and when Mollie closed the book, it was evident to her, that her aunt had not been listening, for she scarcely seemed conscious that her voice had ceased, and only looked up from her knitting to say,—

"Is that all?"

"Uncle Fergus is asleep," Mollie said; and then she quietly left the kitchen, and went to the back of the cottage.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE BRIDGE.

THE sides of the little ravine rose within a few hundred yards of the back of the gardener's cottage. And in the strip of ground lying between the cliffs and the house was the old mulberry tree—the last, so it was said, of many of its companions, which had given the name to the place of Mulberry Hollow.

It was a very old tree, and had a large rift in the trunk. One side of the branches still yielded fruit in the autumn; but every autumn Macdonald would say—"The old mulberry tree must be cut down," and every autumn his wife and Mollie pleaded for it. Mollie's earliest recollections were connected with it; she used to climb by the rugged trunk to the lowest branches and sit there, while Ned or Christopher swung her backwards and forwards, and called her the "Bird on the bough."

As Mollie went out into the garden, she heard footsteps. It was dark now, except for the light of the stars, and she peered anxiously into the mulberry tree.

There was a cracking sound, as of a bit of the old tree giving way, and then all was quiet.

Mollie heard whisperings, though she could hardly have put them into words, and she went round to the garden at the side of her uncle's house, and stood by the railings which divided the ground from that of the next cottage.

A young married woman, the wife of Jim Sayer, lived there, and Mollie could hear her voice singing her baby to sleep, as she rocked the wooden cradle gently with her foot.

Mollie threw her apron over her head, for the spring evening was chill, and going round to the gate, opened it and went into the road which lay between the gardens of the cottages and the little swift-rushing river, which was singing its happy song to the stars, as the mother was singing her baby's lullaby.

From a little distance came the "clickety clack" of Mrs. Mason, the laundress. She had always some neighbour to talk to, and failing a neighbour, she talked to her deaf old husband, who, perhaps, of all people in the Hollow, or in the village of Overbury itself, might rejoice in his infirmity. That ceaseless chatter did not irritate him, for it did not reach his ears except as an indistinct and distant murmur.

As Mollie passed the young mother's cottage, the door of which was partly open, she heard a little exclamation of fear.

"Oh! it's you, is it, miss. Dear heart! I have been so nervous. I wish Jim would come home. I have heard steps behind, and queer noises; and you look like a ghostie with that white thing over your head."

"I am sorry I frightened you, Mrs. Sayer. I fancied I heard steps too, but I dare say it was fancy. How is the baby?"

"Very well, miss, thank you. He looks like it, doesn't he, the beauty. Oh dear, I hope he'll grow up to be a comfort to me and Jim, and not a trial like *some* folk's boys. I suppose you've heard the fuss there is at Uplands about a ring. Of course, though, you have heard, as Mr. Macdonald is sure to know. Jim would be dreadful sorry to be obliged to swear *who* he saw running over the lawn and leaping the sunk fence. However, let's hope it won't come to that, and Miss Wright is just as likely as not, to dream she dropped the ring in the polyanthus bed. Good evening, miss," Mrs. Sayer said, as Mollie passed on.

There was a rustic bridge thrown over the river just where it divided, and that spot was called "The Parting." A cottage stood above it on the opposite side, and considerably above the level of the stream. An old friend of Mollie's lived there, whose husband was a woodman in the grounds of Maze Castle, to which Mulberry Hollow really belonged, and it was with some idea of paying her a visit, though it was dark, that Mollie stepped on to the bridge.

She paused halfway, fascinated by the music the water made, and looking up to the star-lit sky above her with a prayer which left her lips almost unawares; the fear at her heart seemed to find words for the first time, as she said, "Oh! dear Father in heaven, grant that *both* are innocent of this theft."

"Halloo! Moll, is that you? What are you doing here, out by yourself, at nearly eight o'clock?"

Ned was close to her now, and as he leaned upon the rail of the bridge, he touched her little cold hand.

"You'll catch your death of cold; pray go in, Moll."

"Oh! Ned," Mollie said, "I am so dreadfully uneasy about—about this ring!"

"Dear me! what nonsense! the ring will turn up safe enough."

"Yes; but, Ned,—Jim Sayer, and several others also, say you *were* in the Uplands grounds, and—and—I am afraid you are suspected."

Ned was silent. Then after a pause, he said, in an entirely different tone of voice,—

"I may try to make light of it. All the same, I don't like the look of the affair. *I* know nothing of the ring, but I am afraid some one else does."

"Who do you mean? not—not Christopher?"

Ned was silent.

"*Not* Christopher; it is impossible—he is so good. Mr. Townsend would say so. Mr. Matthews at the Mill would say so. No, I never will believe it was Christopher; it is ridiculous even to dream of it."

And yet poor Mollie's stout assertion of Chris's innocence was followed by violent shuddering, which made Ned put his arm round her, and say,—

"Come home, dear Moll—come home, and don't fret yourself about this trumpery business. Forget it, and don't listen to gossip. There'll be plenty in the Hollow for the next few days, and the women's tongues will all go 'Clickety clack,' like those in the song about the fishermen at Penzance."

Mollie shook off Ned's arm, and saying, "I shall not go and see old Palby to-night, it is too late," she evaded his detaining hand, and ran away towards her own home—her white apron fluttering in the darkness before he could stop her.

Presently another step was heard, and a cheery voice said,—

"You here, Ned. I thought you were going into Churton to finish up some work at the shop."

"You thought wrong then," was the answer. "I wish you had come to the Reading Room to-night. Mr. Townsend read the 'Wreck of the *Hesperus*' and 'John Gilpin.' It was splendid. I laughed till the tears ran down my face."

"A stale old verse like that wouldn't make me laugh. It is quite old-fashioned, and no one cares for it now-a-days."

"Ah! but it was the reading of it by Mr. Townsend that made it so amusing."

"I dare say you performed too. I wonder you care to make yourself so cheap."

"I played, as I was asked to play, a tune on the flute, and Miss Bailey accompanied me," said Christopher, moving on towards the cottage.

"I say, wait a bit, Chris. This lost ring is an awkward matter. If Miss Wright can't find it, she will be setting the bobbies to investigate, you know." As Ned spoke, he struck a fusee and lighted his third pipe that evening.

"Well, I don't see that we need trouble; we haven't got the ring, and so they won't find it here."

Ned puffed away at his pipe, and said,—

"We shall have to be examined at the Uplands to-morrow. It's a great insult, and upon my word I shall not put up with it," Ned said grandly.

Christopher whistled a bar of a song, and then said,—

"You can't expect people to lose diamonds, and sit down and do nothing. Miss Wright will get to the bottom of this, depend upon it."

"If she can," Ned said dryly; and then both brothers entered the house together.

(To be continued.)

Wayside Chimes.

IV. The Comforter.

BY THE REV. J. E. BODE.

"Another Comforter . . . even the Spirit of Truth."—*St. John* xiv. 16, 17.

SPIRIT of Truth, indwelling Light,
For ever in our souls abide.
Open our eyes to see aright:
Into all truth our footsteps guide!

Spirit of Comfort and of Love,
Come to our hearts with soothing spell!
Our troubled thoughts, our fears remove:
With us for ever deign to dwell!

Sent from the Father by the Son,
Come forth, our Guide to Them to be:
For Thou, we know, with Them art One,
And we have Them in having Thee.

A peace the world has not to give
Is theirs who do the Saviour's will;
Help Thou us more to Him to live,
And with His peace our spirits fill!

The Old Gospel ever New.

BY THE EDITOR.

I. "THE RELIGION THAT IS WORTH HAVING."



NOT our views of religion, but what religion is to us, is the main point. "I will tell you what He hath done for me" is the best way of persuading others what He can do for them.

Most of us have heard of Charles Simeon, whose name will always be revered for his great work in Cambridge nearly seventy years ago, at the time of the great Evangelical Revival in our Church. Canon Carus, who wrote his Biography, sends us a passage from his diary, which admirably shows what true religion is and what it will do for a man. We hear a great deal about religious development and progressive knowledge in these days. We don't think religious truths ever grow old, and in things essential we are abundantly satisfied with the old truth and the old way. "The simplicity of the Gospel" is its chief charm, and the power of that Gospel will always be the same. We shall all do well to test our religion by the testimony Charles Simeon was able to bear when he wrote these words:—

"1819.—It is now a little above forty years since I began to seek after God; and within about three months of that time, after much humiliation and prayer, I found peace through that Lamb of God who 'taketh away the sins of the world.' About half a year after that, I had some doubts and fears about my state, in consequence of an erroneous notion which I had imbibed about the nature of saving faith. But when I found that justifying faith was a faith of affiance, and not a faith of assurance, my peace returned; because, though I had not a faith of assurance, I had as full a conviction that I relied on the Lord Jesus Christ alone for salvation as I had of my own existence. From that time to the present hour I have never for a moment lost my hope and confidence in my Adorable Saviour; for though, alas! I have had deep and abundant cause for humiliation, I have never ceased to wash in that Fountain that was opened for sin and uncleanness, or to cast myself upon the tender mercy of my reconciled God.

"With this sweet hope of acceptance with God, I have always enjoyed much cheerfulness before men; but I have at the same time laboured incessantly to cultivate the deepest humiliation before God. I have always judged it better to loathe myself the more in proportion as I was assured that God was pacified towards me (Ezek. xvi. 63).

"There are but two objects that I have ever desired for these forty years to behold: the one is, my own vileness; and the other is, the glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ: and I have always thought that they should be viewed together. By this I seek to be, not only *humbled and thankful*, but *humbled in thankfulness*, before my God and Saviour continually.

"This is the religion that pervades the whole Liturgy, and particularly the Communion Service; and this makes the Liturgy inexpressibly sweet to me. The repeated cries to each Person of the ever-adorable Trinity for mercy are not at all too frequent or too fervent for me; nor is the confession in the Communion Service too strong for me; nor the 'Te Deum,' nor the aspirations of glory after the Lord's Supper, 'Glory be to God on high,' etc., too exalted for me; the praise all through savours of *adoration*, and the adoration of humility. And this shows what men of God the framers of our Liturgy were, and what I pant, and long, and strive to be.

"By means of this experience my joys are tempered with contrition, and my confidence with fear and shame. I consider the religion of the day as materially de-

fective in this point. I do not see, so much as I could wish, an holy, reverential awe of God. The confidence that is generally professed does not sufficiently, in my opinion, savour of a creature-like spirit, or of a sinner-like spirit. If ninety-nine out of a hundred, of even good men, were now informed for the first time that Isaiah in a vision saw the Seraphim before the throne; and that each of the Seraphs had six wings; and then were asked, 'How do you think they employ their wings?' I think their answer would be, 'How? why, they fly with them with all their might; and if they had six hundred wings they would do the same, exerting all their powers in the service of their God.' They would never dream of their employing two to veil their faces, as unworthy to behold their God, and two to veil their feet, as unworthy to serve Him; and devoting only the remaining two to what might be deemed their more appropriate use. But whatever opinions the generality of Christians might form, I confess that this is the religion which I love; I would have conscious unworthiness to pervade every act and habit of my soul; and whether the woof be more or less brilliant, I would have humility to be the warp.

"I do not undervalue joy; but I suspect it when it is not blended with the deepest humiliation and contrition. God has said that 'a broken and a contrite heart He will not despise'; and is that an attainment that is so low and small that I may leave it behind me, as a state that was proper for me forty years ago but not now? I would not feel my obligation to my Saviour less than I do for ten thousand worlds. Indeed, I consider that this very feeling will constitute the chief felicity of heaven; and that every blessing we there enjoy will be most of all endeared to us as being the fruit of Redeeming love. I behold the *glorified* saints in *Heaven* falling on their faces before the throne, whilst they sing praises to their Redeeming God (Rev. v. 8-14). What then should *I* do *on earth?*

"I have often wished that there were more of holy reverence in religious people when speaking of God, and of the things which He has wrought for their salvation. I see not an instance of any remarkable manifestation of God to man, which did not instantly generate in his heart, and produce in his act, a lowly reverence and self-abasement (Job xlii. 5, 6; Isa. vi.); and I cannot but think that the nearer we approach to the eternal world, the more that feeling should be wrought within us.

"I give this my judgment with great deference; for, after all, it may be only the result of the low state of my own soul. But whether I am *right* or not according to the highest standard of Christian excellence, of this I am *sure*, that my sentiments are *safe*, and that they are capable of supporting me in a dying hour."

And so they did support the dying believer in "the old Gospel ever new" in an eminent degree. When lying on his deathbed he said to a friend, "I lie here waiting for the issue without a fear, without a doubt, and without a wish." To another: "I am in a dear Father's hands; all is secure. When I look to Him, I see nothing but *faithfulness*, and *immutability*, and *truth;* and I have not a doubt or a fear, but the sweetest peace—I CANNOT HAVE MORE PEACE. But if I look another way—to the poor creature—oh! then *there* is nothing—nothing—nothing but what is to be abhorred, and mourned over. In taking the great revelation of Himself which God has given us, I rest upon *Him*, and not upon myself. I do not depend upon feelings and thoughts, which are changing and uncertain; but I am kept by Him who changes not, and so I remain. . . . Again I say, I take the glorious and majestic discoveries which God has made to me of Himself—AND THERE I REST."

The Religion that thus gives peace, humility, and rest, is *the Religion* worth having. It is the Religion to live by, and the Religion to die by. Do we possess it?

"I'm Hurried, Child."

[We do not know who wrote the following touching lines: but many loving hearts will be the better for them. A mother's love is a wonderful love—no love so tender, so enduring. Yet those who love the best are ever feeling that they do not love enough; and doubtless *all* will find in these lines an impulse to a deeper and more patient love to the home treasures God has given them.

Mothers are "hurried" often: but the prattling questioning of childhood should be music to the ear. The heart of the child is thus clinging to its natural object by the sacred tie which moulds the life, or gives affection its truest solace when "little ones" are called to the Home above.—The Editor.]

"OH, mother, look! I've found a butterfly
Hanging upon a leaf—do tell me why there was no butter?
Oh, see its wings! I never saw such pretty things,
All streaked and striped with blue and brown and gold.
Where is its house when all the days are cold?"

"Yes, yes," she said, in absent accents mild—
"I'm hurried, child!"

"Last night my dolly quite forgot her prayers;
And when she thought, you had gone down the stairs,
And dolly was afraid; and so I said,
'Just don't you mind, but say them in the bed,
Because I think that God is just as near.'
When dolls are 'fraid do you 'spose He can hear?"

The mother spoke from out the ruffles piled—
"I'm hurried, child!"

"Oh, come and see the flowers in the sky
The sun has left, and *won't* you, by-and-by,
Dear mother, take me in your arms and tell
Me all about the Pussy in the Well?
Then tell me of the babies in the wood?
And then, perhaps, about Red Riding Hood?"

"Too much to do—hush, hush, you drive me wild—
"I'm hurried, child!"

The little one grew very quiet now,
And grieved and puzzled was the childish brow;
And then it queried: "Mother, do you know
The reason 'cause you must be hurried so?
I think the hours are little-er than I:
So I will take my pennies, and will buy
A bigger clock! Oh, big as it can be,
For you and me!"

* * * * *

The mother *now* has leisure infinite.
She sits with folded hands and face as white
As winter. In her heart is winter's chill.
She sits at leisure questioning of God's will—
"My child has ceased to breathe, and all is night.
Is heaven so dark that Thou didst grudge my light?
O life! O God! I must discover why
Time moves so slowly by."

O mothers sweet, if cares must ever fall,
Pray do not make them stones to build a wall
Between thee and thy own; and miss thy right
To blessedness, so swift to take its flight!
While answering baby questionings you are
But entertaining angels unawares.
The richest gifts are gathered by the way
For darkest day.

Anon.

WHAT THE HOLY SPIRIT IS TO US.

"THE Holy Spirit is more to souls than souls to bodies, than light to eyes. I am dead to all good, and all that is good is dead to me, if Thou be not the life of all: God is as no God to me, and heaven as no heaven, and Christ as no Christ, if Thou represent them not with light and power to my soul; even as all the glory of the world is as nothing to me without the light by which it is seen."—*Baxter.*

The Inventor of Gas-lighting.

BY REV. E. HARDY, M.A., CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES, AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED."



CERTAINLY the inventor of gas, which has now become almost a necessity, might be called literally a man of "light and leading." We condense an account of the man and of his invention from "Men of Invention and Industry," by Dr. Smiles.

His name was William Murdock, and the following incident amusingly shows his inventive capacity. On coming to London, the young Scotchman asked for employment at the works of Watt and Boulton. Like many country lads, in the presence of strangers, Murdock had some difficulty in knowing what to do with his hands, and unconsciously kept twirling his hat with them. Boulton's attention was attracted to the twirling hat, which seemed to be of a peculiar make. It was not a felt nor a cloth nor a glazed hat; but it seemed to be painted, and composed of some unusual material.

"That seems to be a curious sort of hat," said Boulton, looking at it more closely; "what is it made of?"

"Timmer, sir," said Murdock modestly.

"Timmer? Do you mean to say that it is made of wood?"

"'Deed it is, sir."

"And pray how was it made?"

"I made it myself, sir, in a bit laithey of my own contrivin'."

"Indeed!"

Boulton looked at the young man again. He had risen a hundred degrees in his estimation on account of his wooden hat turned with a lathe of his own construction.

"Well," said Boulton at last, "I will inquire at the works, and see if there is anything we can set you to. Call again, my man."

"Thank you, sir," said Murdock, giving a final twirl to his hat.

When next he called, Murdock was engaged; and when he had acquired sufficient knowledge of business, he was sent to Cornwall to set at work on some steam engines, made by Watt and Boulton, to be used in mines. He gave himself no rest until he had conquered the defects of the engines, and put them into thorough working order.

When he had an important job in hand, he could scarcely sleep. One night at his lodgings, the people were disturbed by a strange noise in his room. Several heavy blows were heard upon the floor. They started from their beds, rushed to Murdock's room, and found him standing in his shirt, heaving at the bedpost in his sleep, shouting, "Now she goes, lads! now she goes!"

On one occasion, when an engine superintended by Murdock stopped through some accident, the water rose in the mine, and the workmen were "drowned out." Upon this occurring, the miners went "roaring at him," for throwing them out of work, and threatened to tear him to pieces. Nothing daunted, he went through the midst of the men, repaired the invalided engine, and started it afresh. When he came out of the engine-house, the miners cheered him vociferously, and insisted upon carrying him home upon their shoulders in triumph!

Murdock was very fond of children, and not unfrequently took them into his workshop to show them what he was doing. Once, a boy of seven or eight was standing outside his door trying to catch sight of some special mystery inside. Murdock came out, and asked him to run down to a shop near by for a thimble. On returning with the thimble, the boy pretended to have lost it, and, while searching in every pocket, he managed to slip inside the door of the workshop, produced the thimble—and was rewarded by seeing the discovery of gas-lighting. He found Murdock with a kettle filled with coal. The gas issuing from it had been burnt in a large metal case, such as was used for blasting purposes. Murdock applied a much smaller tube, and at the end of it fastened the thimble through the small perforations made, in which he burnt a continuous jet for some time.

Many prejudices existed against the employment of the new light. It was popularly supposed that the gas was carried along

the pipes *on fire*, and that the pipes must necessarily be intensely hot. When it was proposed to light the House of Commons with gas, the architect insisted on the pipes being placed several inches from the walls, for fear of fire; and, after the pipes had been fixed, the members might be seen applying their gloved hands to them to ascertain their temperature, and afterwards expressing the greatest surprise on finding that they were as cool as the adjoining walls.

The idea of lighting the streets of London with gas was ridiculed by Sir Humphry Davy, who asked one of the projectors if he intended to take the dome of St. Paul's for a gasometer! Sir Walter Scott made many clever jokes about those who proposed to "send light through the streets in pipes;" and even Wollaston, a well-known man of science, declared that they "might as well attempt to light London with a slice from the moon."

"It Makes the Burdens Lighter."

"LET me carry your pail, my dear,
Brimming over with water!"
"No! *I'll* take hold and *you'll* take hold,"
Answered the farmer's daughter.

And she would have her own sweet way,
As her merry eyes grew brighter;
She took a hold and *he* took a hold,
And it made the burden lighter.

And now they're at the eve of life,
While the western skies grow brighter;
For *she* took hold and *he* took hold,
And it made the burdens lighter.

ANON.

How the Oyster Builds his Shell.

THE body of an oyster is a poor, weak thing, apparently incapable of doing anything at all; yet what a marvellous house an oyster builds around his delicate frame! When the oyster is first born, he is a very simple, delicate dot, as it were, and yet he is born with his two shells upon him. For some unknown reason, he always fixes himself on his round shell, never on his flat shell; and being once fixed he begins to grow, but he only grows in summer.

Inspect an oyster-shell closely, and it will be seen that it is marked with distinct lines. As the rings we observe in the section of the trunk of a tree denote years of growth, so does the marking of an oyster tell us how many years he has passed in his "bed" at the bottom of the sea. Suppose an oyster was born June 15, he would go on growing up to the first line we see well marked; he would then stop for the winter. In the next summer he would more than double his size. In the next, he would add to this house. In the next two years he would again go on building, till he was dredged up in the middle of his work in the following year, when he would be five and a half years old.

The way in which an oyster builds his shell is a pretty sight. I have watched it frequently. The beard or fringe of an oyster is not only his breathing organ—*i.e.* his lungs—but his feeding organ, by which he conveys the food to his complicated mouth with his four lips. When the warm, calm days of June come, the oyster opens his shell, and by means of this fringe begins building an additional storey to his house. This he does by depositing very fine particles of carbonate of lime, till they at last form a substance as thin as silver paper and exceedingly fragile; then he adds more and more, till at last the new shell is at least as hard as the old shell. When oysters are growing in their shells they must be handled very carefully, as the new growth of shell will cut like broken glass; and a wound on a finger from an oyster-shell is often very troublesome.—*Frank Buckland.*

A Trip to Old Norway.

BY ONE WHO WENT.

V. PEASANTS AND SCENERY.

CHRISTIANIA, the capital of Norway, is a good starting-point for inland scenery. It stands at the head of a noble fjord; it has a fine river; and it is convenient for two of the best tourist districts.

If you decide to go to the southern portion of the mountainous interior, the Hardanger Fjeld, you will pass through the Thelemarken province, famous for forest and the rich scroll carving of the wooden farmhouses. Some of these are most picturesque: far more so than even Swiss châlets.

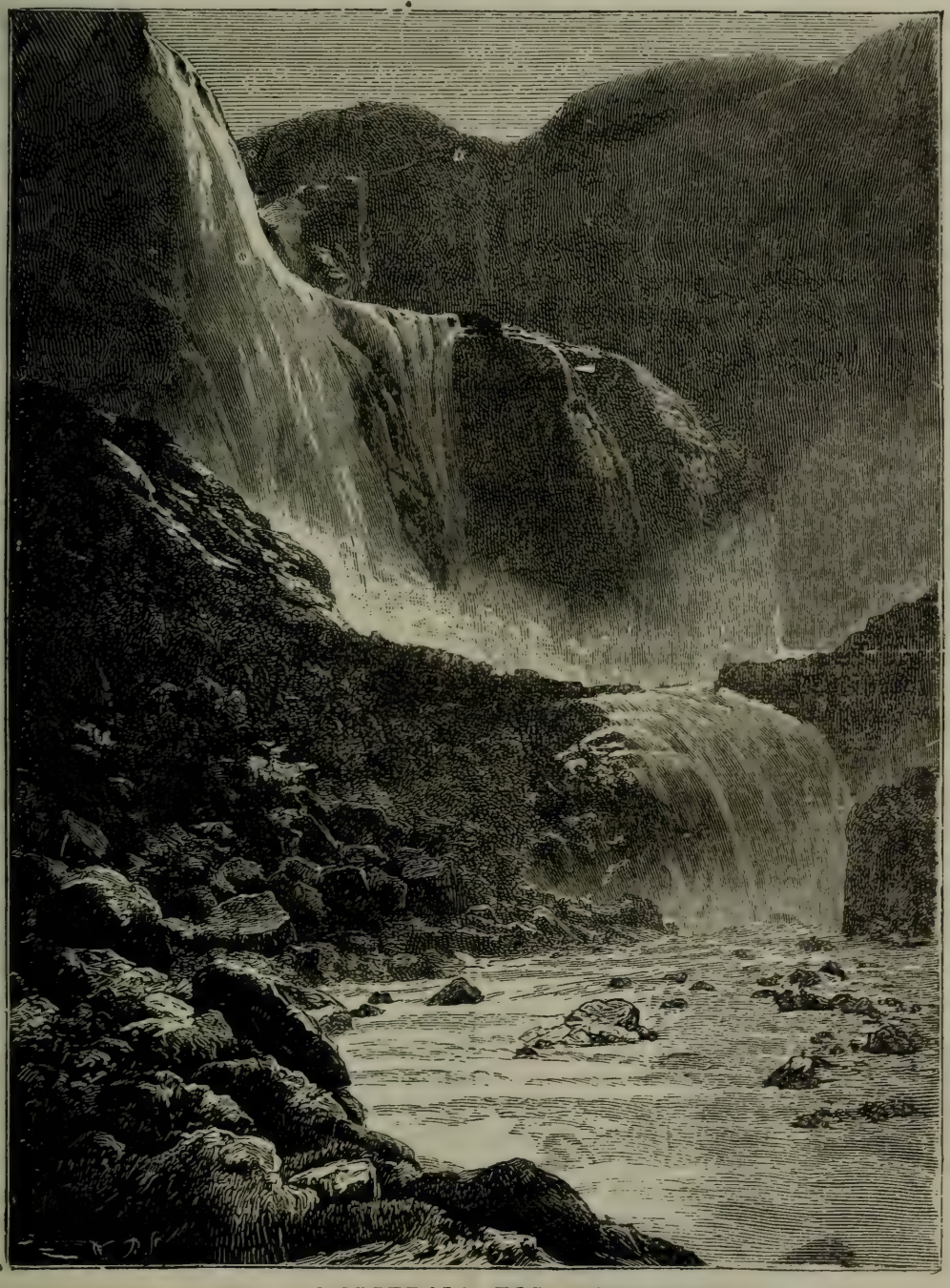


NORWEGIAN PEASANT.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

The people also are most interesting in the national costume—the white jacket with blue facings and silver buttons, blue collar and pocket-flaps, with more silver buttons; but the jacket is so short, that at the back the man looks all trousers, and at the side all stripe, except a kind of large collar. The women have short, picturesque petticoats, dark blue stockings, with lovely cloaks, and buckles on their shoes; their aprons are floral, with bright crewel-work, and round their waist is a many-coloured girdle, which ends in knobs of tassels. They too have a short jacket, reaching only below the shoulders; and their head-dress is a silk handkerchief, from beneath which falls the tail of the back hair, adorned with divers colours. This is the Sunday costume for church. On week-days they wear large gaiters, like cloth trousers, which look a little curious to English eyes.

The peasants are very simple and good-natured. They are much pleased with a

biscuit, or bit of chocolate; and often in return they will offer you, out of their gaily-painted wooden boxes, in which they carry their provisions when on a journey, what appears a most undesirable lump of cheese. They are certainly thoroughly honest. Locks are not needed in Norway, for, on one of our expeditions, our guide coolly hung up his coat on a tree in the morning, and took it down on returning in the evening, without any pretence at concealment. They are also most anxious that you should have



THE SKJÆGGEDALS FOS, HARDANGER.

From a Photograph by T. HEATH JOYCE, F.R.G.S.

the full benefit of any expenditure, and the simpler the inn the more pressing is the question, not how little? but how much can you take? If one talks to them at all, they take the deepest interest in you, and question you thoroughly, omitting no important details, such as age, for example, but they go well into your personal history with most innocent curiosity. But Norwegian peasants cannot be hurried; they simply would oblige you if they could, but haste they have never heard of.

Odde, on the Hardanger Fjord, is a capital centre for splendid excursions. The Skjæggedals Fos, of which we give an illustration, will convey an idea of the scenery.

You ascend along torrent pathways, overhung by sublime heights, and with entrancing views occasionally of the sea in the Hardanger Fjord, far, far below. At length you draw near the Fos. The vast snow expanse of the Folgefond opens out beyond and above: the ear is deafened with the roar of falling water, and then the "fall" comes in sight—tremendous, majestic.

The whole scene is full of it: of whirl and eddy, and ceaseless noise and downpour. The double roll-over from the lofty height is immense; the break half-way down on ragged rocks is full of sound and fury, of foam and spray, and rushing, leaping, angry cataracts. It falls in gigantic masses; and yet the surface twirls in spindles of white and yellow, of blue and brown, all intermingled with dizzy ceaselessness, while the roar seems to crush the very soul.

England's Church.

IV. THE EVENING SERVICE.

BY THE REV. A. R. FAUSSET, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SCRIPTURE AND THE PRAYER BOOK IN HARMONY."

THE Evening Service in our Liturgy differs little from the Morning Service, except in its hymns, and some collects. But one thing I may remark; namely, that as in the Morning Service zeal and vigour are the characteristics, so throughout the Evening Service there breathes a tranquil spirit, which is well embodied in the aged Simeon's soothing hymn, after his active day was past, and the shades of life's evening, cheered by the assurance of Jesus' salvation, were gathering round him: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." As our hymn beautifully expresses it—

> "When the soft dews of kindly sleep
> My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
> Be my last thought how sweet to rest
> For ever on my Saviour's breast."

The 67th Psalm, which may be substituted, connects growth of religion at *home* with anxiety for its diffusion *abroad* as a necessary consequence: "God be merciful unto *us*, and bless *us*, that Thy ways may be known *upon earth*, Thy saving health among *all nations*." Thus only shall we and all the earth have true peace. The rise or fall of a Missionary spirit is the truest spiritual thermometer, both in the case of a Church and of an individual soul, of the growth or decline of Christian piety. For "he that watereth (others) shall be watered also himself."

It is in the same spirit that, whereas in the morning second collect for peace, we pray for *external* peace: "Defend us, Thy humble servants, in all assaults of our enemies;" in the corresponding evening collect we pray for *internal* peace: "Give us that peace which this world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy Commandments," etc.

Let me observe also that in the beautiful prayer for the clergy (from κλῆρος, the lot or inheritance of the Lord) and the people, the attribute given to God, "Almighty and Everlasting God, who alone workest *great marvels*," refers to the miraculous marvels of the conversion of souls, wrought by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost. Thus we in humble confidence plead God's manifestations of grace in past days as the grounds of our prayer, that He will now also pour the healthful Spirit of His grace and continual dew of His blessing on both ministers and people, without which the Word read and preached will profit neither as to salvation.

COMPULSORY PERSUASION.

"WHAT perfect mastery! see how I have conquered him!" said the pin that fastened down the spring to the board.

"Ah, yes!" cried the board; "you may call him conquered: *I* don't. The moment you loose your hold he'll be off as upright as ever. *That* is perfect mastery which would influence him to stop of his own accord."

Original Parables. By Mrs. Prosser.

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

XIII. OUR NATIONAL DRINK BILL.

THE National Drink Bill for 1887 amounts to £124,953,680. Of this total £36,268,136 was for spirits, £74,860,516 for beer, and £13,825,028 for wine. Compared with 1886 this shows an increase for the year of £2,047,895; but it must not be forgotten that the growth of population, taking it at 1 per cent. per annum, would account for nearly a million and quarter of the two millions increase.

It follows that, accepting the Registrar-General's estimate of the population of the United Kingdom on July 1 as 37 millions, the cost of strong drink for 1887 was at the rate of £3 7*s.* 6½*d.* for each person, or £16 17*s.* 8½*d.* for every family of five. But as, in fact, the Drink Bill was paid by probably not more than two-thirds of the entire population, the average expenditure per head and per family must be raised to more than £5 per head. It is of course impossible to know what men drank in comparison with women and children; but the total, as Lord Randolph says, is "something enormous." Divide £25 amongst a family of five, in the shape of additional food, clothing, furniture, education, books, and the items would afford a Temperance argument that would not easily be met.

But beyond this we must calculate the cost of crime resulting from intemperance, the prosecution and punishment of the criminals, and the lack of their labour and its fruits, together with the production of pauperism, idleness, vice, and premature death, before we can appreciate the conviction expressed by Lord Randolph Churchill, that "by some reasonably wise legislation the fatal facility of recourse to the public-house or gin-shop ought to be diminished."

Dr. Dawson Burns well puts the matter from a practical point of view when he says:—"I once saw two pictures of great educational value: the one, that of a man looking up in astonishment at a pile of empty barrels, the contents of which he had swallowed in the course of thirty years, with nothing worth having as the permanent result, not even the barrels, which belonged to the brewer; the other picture, that of a man standing in front of his own freehold house, which had become his by saving the same amount of money from the beer-barrel and the public-house."

We should like a successor of Cruikshank to produce these two pictures side by side, and every British workman to have a copy.

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADE.

IX.

My first yields her treasures, the less and the greater,
According to seasons, the earlier or later;
My next is a gift that is termed "Taishmatauraugh,"
In the country where "mountain mists" veil bright Aurora.
My whole has immortalized Araby's charger;
Of artist's fame no one's share ever was larger. S.

CONUNDRUMS.

51. Which are the lightest men—Scotchmen, Irishmen, or Englishmen?

52. Why is it dangerous to keep a clock on a staircase?

53. What is the most indigestible supper?

54. Why is a postman in danger of losing his way?

55. What part of a locomotive train requires the most careful attention?

56. How do England and Russia divide the empire of the seas?

57. How does a horse show to man an example of philanthropy?

58. Why is a door like the subjunctive mood?

59. Why is good advice like a sickle?

60. What is the difference between a schoolmaster and an engine-driver?

61. What feeds both body and mind?

62. Why is matrimony like a pair of shears?

63. What tree bears human beings?

64. Why is obstinate Billy never hungry?

65. What kind of bat flies without wings?

66. A vowel, a numeral, and part of a prison; my whole is the name of a royal person.

67. If I urged you to make a good meal, what celebrated school should I name?

ANSWERS (See APRIL No., p. 93).

CHARADE.

VIII. Sandringham.

CONUNDRUMS.

40. K N (Cayenne).

41. A waistcoat (waste).

42. If the grate be empty, put coal on (colon); if the grate be full stop putting coal on.

43. Sleep.

44. There is *a* difference.

45. Because they grow bigger by nursing.

46. He can always sit down and take a *roll*.

47. Because the train always runs over sleepers.

48. One *p*.

49. They are regular, irregular, and defective.

50. A draught (draft).



From a Photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey.]

THE YOUNG MECHANIC.

[*See Page* 119.

The Young Folks' Page.

XV. AN EMPEROR'S FAVOURITE HYMN.

OUR young readers have all heard of the painful throat-illness of the new Emperor of Germany, who, when Crown Prince, married our Princess Victoria. It seems that he has often found comfort in hymns, and especially in one written by a youth named Ernest von Willich, at the age of twelve—"when the boy lay on a sick bed from which he never rose again." The hymn was frequently sung to the Crown Prince, and now he has become Emperor he has had it published, and it is known all over Germany as his "favourite hymn."

We dare say *Home Words* is read by a good many young sufferers, and we are sure *they* will like to have the following translation. Perhaps it will become *their* "favourite hymn." Young and old might well commit it to memory.

When the Lord me sorrow sends,
  Let me bear it patiently;
Lifting up the heart in prayer,
  Comfort He will not deny.
Therefore let there come what will,
In the Lord my heart is still.

Though the heart is often weak,
  In despair and all forlorn,
When in days of utmost pain,
  Not a day of joy will dawn:
Tell it, Let there come what will,
In the Lord all pain is still.

So I pray, O Lord, my God,
  That my faith and hope may stand:
Then no care I know, nor need,
  Guided ever by Thy Hand!
Therefore let there come what will,
In the Lord my heart is still.

XVI. THE YOUNG MECHANIC.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D, AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S RESOLVE," "THE ROYAL YEAR," ETC.

IT is a wise rule of the Germans to teach all their lads some trade, so that no matter what changes may overtake the family the sons at any rate have always some trade at their finger ends. It is not without interest to recall the fact that the Queen and the Prince Consort followed this course in the training of their own sons. At the seaside residence of Queen Victoria, in the Isle of Wight, a large portion of ground was appropriated to the young Princes and Princesses, who had each a flower and vegetable garden, greenhouse, hothouse, and forcing frames, tool-houses, and even a carpenter's shop. Here the Royal children used to pass much of their time. Each was supplied with a set of tools, marked with the name of the owner; and here they worked with the enthusiasm of an amateur and the zeal of an Anglo-Saxon. There was no branch of gardening in which the Royal children were not well up to it.

Moreover, on this juvenile property was a building, the ground-floor of which was fitted up as a kitchen, with pantry, closets, dairy, larder, all complete in their arrangements; and here might have been seen the young Princesses, floured to the elbows, deep in the mysteries of pastry-making, like rosy English girls, cooking the vegetables from their own gardens, preserving, pickling, baking, sometimes to partake among themselves, or to distribute to the poor of the neighbourhood, the result of their handiwork. The Queen had determined that nothing domestic should remain unlearned by her children; nor were the young people ever happier than during their sojourn at Osborne.

There was also a museum of natural history, furnished with curiosities collected by the Royal party in their rambles and researches—geological and botanical specimens, stuffed birds and animals, articles of their own construction, and whatever is curious and interesting, classified and arranged by themselves.

Idle hands are as bad in a palace as a cottage. Occupation is a great safeguard against temptation; and my strong advice to every lad is this: Learn a trade. Hands were given us to work with, and it is no less a duty than it should be a pleasure to "learn and labour truly to get one's own living in that state of life in the which it has pleased God to call us."

XVII. A TRUTHFUL WITNESS.

TRUTH is beautiful, as well as safe and mighty. In the incident related below, a boy twelve years old, with only truth as a weapon, conquered a smart and shrewd lawyer, who was fighting for a bad cause. "Truth is the highest thing that man may keep," and the noblest child or man is he that keeps the truth ever between his lips.

Walter was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said: "Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?" "Yes," said the boy. "Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify. "Well," said the boy modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony; but, if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time." The lawyer didn't try to tangle that boy any more."—*The Fireside News.*

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT are we told was God's *purpose* in translating Enoch?
2. Quote a verse which shows that our Lord was in the habit of relieving the poor.
3. What people were fed, clothed, and set at liberty by their captors?
4. In how many different forms is Joshua's name given in the Bible?
5. Give an instance from the life of Christ which shows that He attended a festival of man's appointment.
6. There are two passages in the Bible in which the Lord is called "the King of Israel." Where are they?

ANSWERS (See MARCH No., p. 71).

1. St. Matt. xx. 28, "Even as the Son of Man came . . . to give His life a Ransom for many."
2. Deut. xxi. 23, marginal reading.
3. The judges of both pronounced them innocent, and yet did not acquit them. Luke xviii. 14. 15; Acts xxv. 25.
4. Twenty-three; viz., ii., viii.. xvi., xviii., xxii., xxxii., xxxiv., xxxv., xl., xli., xlv., xlvii., lxviii., lxix., lxxviii., xci., xcvii., cii., cix., cx., cxvii., cxviii., cxxxii.
5. "The Word of God." Rev. xix. 13.
6. He calls them "the salt of the earth," and "the light of the world." St. Matt. v. 13, 14.
7. In Ps. lxviii. 18; and its accomplishment is declared in Eph. i. 20–22.

MAY.

TRUTH LIGHT

"Come, Holy Ghost, in Love."

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
Oh, come to-day!

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth thy beams Divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

Ray Palmer, D.D.

Gems from Old Writers.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

"FAITH looks back to the cross, and is at peace; it looks forward to the crown, and pants for glory."—*Hewitson.*

"The least sight of Christ is saving; the least touch of Him is healing."—*Wilcox.*

"How long Jesus seeks! How fain would He come in, and how glad would He be of lodging! The arm that hath knocked for more than five thousand years, aches not yet."—*Rutherford.*

"I see *Thee!* I see *Thee!*" exclaimed a devoted Christian in the dying hour. The eye of faith rested on Jesus. It saw not death. By the bedside of the departing our prayer should be:—"O God, grant that this dying one may see Jesus, and never see death!"—*Anon.*

"The only true light in a dying chamber is the light which comes from 'The Light of the World'—Jesus, the Resurrection and the Life."—*Anon.*

"When God pours out His Spirit upon man, then man will pour out his heart before God. The breath of prayer comes from the life of faith."—*Mason.*

"THOU DIDST OPEN THE KINGDOM."

"Of His kingdom there shall be no end."—St. Luke i. 33.

1	Tu	ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES. *Thou shalt follow Me afterwards.* John xiii. 36.
2	W	Hope...an anchor of the soul...sure and stedfast.
3	Th	Which entereth into that within the veil.
4	F	A great High Priest...passed into the heavens.
5	S	Once offered to bear the sins of many. Heb. ix.
6	S	**Rog. S.** *Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them.*
7	M	Who also maketh intercession. Rom. viii. 34.
8	Tu	The Lord will help...who...shall condemn me?
9	W	Fear thou not...I will uphold thee. Isa. xli. 10.
10	Th	ASCENSION DAY. *All power is given unto Me.*
11	F	He giveth power to the faint. Isa. xl. 29.
12	S	They that wait...shall renew their strength.
13	S	**S. aft. Asc.** *They shall run and not be weary.*
14	M	His Name shall be called Wonderful. Isa. ix. 6.
15	Tu	Thou hast done wonderful things. Isa. xxv. 1.
16	W	The Lord of Hosts is wonderful in counsel.
17	Th	The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.
18	F	He will show them His Covenant.
19	S	The Lord shall open unto thee His...treasure.
20	S	**Whit-Sun.** *I will put My Spirit within you.*
21	M	WHIT-MON. *Water upon him that is thirsty.*
22	Tu	WHIT-TUES. *Not by...power, but by My Spirit.*
23	W	I appoint unto you a kingdom. Luke xxii. 29.
24	Th	QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. *I will give thee a crown of life.*
25	F	Forsake me not when my strength faileth.
26	S	I am the beginning and the ending. Rev. i. 8.
27	S	**Trin. S.** *Which is, which was, which is to come.*
28	M	He that openeth, and no man shutteth. Rev. iii. 7.
29	Tu	God will redeem my soul. Ps. xlix. 15.
30	W	None can by any means redeem his brother.
31	Th	The redemption of their soul is precious.

SUN.—1st day. MOON.—New, 11th, M. 1.23.
Rises 4.34. Sets 7.23. ,, Full, 25th, A. 1.40.
May-bes are no honey-bees.
Water in May is bread all the year.—PROVERB.

4. Dr. Livingstone died, 1873.
26. Mrs. Hemans died, 1835.
28. Sir H. Davy died, 1829.
"A cold May enriches no one."

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.



ON GUARD.

[See Page 123.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Silver Linings:

A SONG OF SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN SUNSHINE," ETC.

LIFE is not all June weather, lad,
All fragrance, bloom, and haze,
With shimmering hedgerows, green and glad,
And daisy-dimpled ways;
But if the clouds rush dark and dun,
And fiercely beats the rain,
We need not think the blessed sun
Will never shine again.
Then out upon whining and pining,
On murmuring low or loud;
We'll think of the silver lining,
Whenever we see the cloud.

Oh, happy sunshine, bright and brave!
Like fairy prince of old,
He does but give his wand a wave,
And earth is turned to gold.
But if the sun should always shine,
Alack for leaf and blade!
The corn would droop, the flowers would pine,
The herbage shrink and fade.
Then out upon whining and pining,
On murmuring low or loud;
We'll think of the silver lining,
Whenever we see the cloud.

June and December, sun and rain,
Soft air and biting blast,
We need them all to swell the grain,
And load the wains at last.
So whether skies are blue above,
Or softening rain-drops fall,
Look up to God, and trust His love,
And thank Him still for all.
Then out upon whining and pining,
On murmuring low or loud;
We'll think of the silver lining,
Whenever we see the cloud.

ON GUARD.

ROVER evidently knows that his position is one of trust, and that his little charge may need defence. "On Guard" is a good motto, both for ourselves and for others, in a world where perils abound and foes are legion.

"Keep the heart with all diligence" is Divine counsel, to which each should give heed for *personal* safety. Bunyan's "Holy War" ought to be as widely read as his "Pilgrim's Progress." We are never less safe than when we imagine we need *not* be "on guard."

But Rover is just now guarding *another*. There is no Cain's question lurking in those faithful eyes—"Am I my brother's keeper?" But we read rather, in the firm glance of true attachment, the determined resolve—"Defence till death." Are *we* thus "on guard" for *others?* There are many tempters to evil surrounding us on all sides: are we ever on the watch to win souls for God, and happiness, and Heaven? Mothers and fathers, watch and pray for your *children*, that they may be kept safe and secure by the mighty power of God.—C.B.

Mulberry Hollow; or, Deeds, not Words.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "MRS. HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES," "THE ROYAL LAW," ETC.



CHAPTER III.

NO RESULTS.

SIR MAURICE WRIGHT'S library was a place to strike awe into the hearts of the four young men who were summoned thither, at six o'clock, on the evening after the conversation the brothers had held on the bridge at The Parting.

Sir Maurice Wright, thin and gaunt, was seated at his table, where papers and books lay in precise order, and a white slate, with a pencil attached to it, bore upon it the engagements of the day. One entry was as follows:—

"6 o'clock. To see Macdonald's sons, and Burton and Sayer, respecting the loss of my sister Dorcas Wright's valuable diamond ring."

The rich Turkey carpet made the sound of coming feet almost inaudible, and Sir Maurice was scarcely aware of his butler's presence in the room, till he said, in a low, respectful voice, —"Macdonald's sons, sir, are waiting."

"Ah, exactly. Show them in, George, and let Miss Wright know."

"Sayer and Burton are also waiting, sir."

"Ah, let them come in also; but only one at a time must be questioned."

When Christopher and Ned came in bowing respectfully, Sir Maurice raised his glasses to his eyes, and surveyed them for some moments in silence.

"Ahem! Boys, I have a respect for your father, and I regret to have any occasion to suspect you; but my sister——Ah! here she is. Dorcas, the young Macdonalds."

Miss Wright took three long strides, and then stationed herself behind her brother's chair.

"Shall I state my case, Maurice?"

"Yes—shortly, Dorcas, shortly."

"Well," said Miss Wright, brandishing a very large beaver or doe-skin glove, with a gauntlet. "I took this glove off, on Thursday evening, when I stooped to gather some flowers. I don't often gather flowers. I prefer to see them growing; in fact, I object to gather flowers. Still——"

"Shortly, please, Dorcas; be brief."

"Yes, Maurice, but I must explain. Christopher, you have put your hand on the back of the chair: the polish will suffer; you are sure to leave a thumb-mark. Well, I drew off my glove, and made my little posy: for I wished to show one fine specimen to Mr. Townsend,—an intelligent young man, our curate at Overbury."

"Be brief, my dear Dorcas."

"Yes, Maurice. Well, I had a valuable ring on my first finger—my first finger, mind: a valuable ring: for it has, besides its intrinsic value, a further value—there is a motto engraved inside, and that motto is '*Facta non Verba*,' which means 'Deeds, not words.' The ring belonged to my sister-in-law, and came into her family—a family (you'll allow me to say so, Maurice) of a higher rank than ours—a much higher rank—some two hundred years ago. The ring was given me under affecting circumstances when my sister-in-law lay dying, and——"

"My dear Dorcas, be brief, I entreat you."

"Yes, certainly, Maurice; but allow me to relate this story of my ring, because it shows how worse than useless it will be for any one to turn it into money without being suspected and traced. But to continue. That ring I must have pulled off with my glove—this glove. The moment I reached my room, I discovered the loss. I lost no time. I went along the terrace; I crossed the lawn; I came to the crescent-shaped beds of spring flowers, and I saw a person galloping off full speed. I called—he did not stop. Then I searched in the beds; I searched all round. I am convinced I dropped the ring there, and I am equally convinced that some one—I do not say who—but *some one* passing that way picked it up. I am very near-sighted, but it is impossible that such an object could escape observation on turf kept so smooth as your good father, young men, keeps this turf. And I am perfectly certain that my ring was seen and appropriated. And now comes the question, *Who was that person?* I saw some figure flying off, but I am too short-sighted to *say who*. I can discern nothing at a distance."

"Yes," said Sir Maurice solemnly; "yes,

that is the question—*Who was the person?* And now we must examine evidence. You were in the grounds on Thursday evening, Sayer, at half-past five o'clock. Whom did you see?"

"Well, sir," said Sayer uneasily, "I shouldn't like to swear to any one. I certainly did see some one leaping over the sunk fence, and I wondered to myself what he was doing it for."

"Have you any notion who that person was?"

Sayer stood first on one leg, then on the other, stroked his chin, and examined a corner of the ceiling very intently.

"Well, sir," he began, "I don't rightly know who it was, but he looked like one of the Macdonalds."

"But you can't say which?"

"Well, no, sir. I thought it was Ned—him that is in the draper's shop in Churton. It wasn't Christopher—certainly not, but——"

This was not evidence; and Sir Maurice leaned back, and turning to his sister, said,—

"This is not conclusive evidence, Dorcas, by any means. Let Burton speak now."

And then Tom Burton spoke; he was quick and sharp in his answers.

"Yes, sir, I met young Macdonald—the elder one, Ned—in the plantation just at that hour. Says I to him, 'What brings you here?' Says he, 'There's a load of saplings standing at the head of the Hollow, and we don't think father knows it.' Then says I, 'You are home early from Churton, Ned.' 'Oh,' says he, 'it's early closing day—Thursday, you know.' I remember hearing the clock strike, and——"

"That will do, that will do. We may say there is no direct evidence against either of the Macdonalds; for the testimony is contradictory, and neither Sayer nor Burton can put their hand on either of the two brothers and say—'He was the person leaping over the sunk fence'; *and*," said Sir Maurice emphatically—"*and*, though it would be a suspicious circumstance if either had been proved to be the person seen there, it would be no proof that he had found the ring. I understand you can give no opinion as to the person you saw running away, Dorcas?"

"No," said Miss Wright shortly, "I cannot."

"Well, then, I must question the two Macdonalds themselves, and if they give a direct denial, why, the matter must be left; except, indeed, that I shall put the police on guard, for a ring like that which you have lost, Dorcas, would betray the thief if he attempted to sell it, or get rid of it."

"Sir," said Ned, stepping briskly forward, "I entirely deny having found the ring. I am surprised, sir, that you should suspect the son of an old and trusted servant like my father."

"It has been pain to me to cherish a doubt as to your honesty," said Sir Maurice. "I can only say—till your guilt is proved I have nothing to say against you."

Christopher had not spoken. He looked distressed, and his voice faltered as, in reply to Sir Maurice's question, he only said,—

"No, sir; I did not find the ring;" adding, "had I found it, sir, I should have told my father immediately."

"Very well, very well. Then I say to you, as I did to your brother—I have no evidence against you."

It was a most unsatisfactory ending to the affair, but what could be done further? and Sir Maurice wrote on the white slate, "No results."

That evening's post took an exact description of the diamond ring to the Inspector of Police at Churton, and for many days a search was kept up in the Uplands gardens. Every one walked with their heads bent, and their eyes fixed on the ground. The bed of polyanthuses underwent the strictest investigation, not once, nor twice only. Macdonald, and the two under-gardeners, and the boy who helped in the kitchen garden, sought, and sought in vain. Nothing was seen or heard of the ring, and it was added to the long, long list of "vanished possessions," of which no trace could be found.

Nevertheless, an uneasy feeling was left on the minds of some people concerned. Apparently Ned Macdonald was not one of these, nor was his brother. But it was different with Mollie and Mr. Macdonald himself. A lurking fear in Mollie's heart sometimes came from its hiding, and asserted itself unpleasantly; while Macdonald was more taciturn than ever. He felt that suspicion had shadowed the good name of one of his sons, and that, though the suspicion had apparently been unjust, still the mystery was not cleared up.

Mrs. Mason, the laundress, did not forget

to make the diamond ring a subject of talk. Her tongue went faster than ever, and she was always on the watch for Mollie as she passed the door, to inquire if anything had been heard about "Miss Wright's lost ring."

Mrs. Sayer, on the contrary, asked no questions—she did not like to see Mollie's troubled look whenever the subject was mentioned, and besides, she had her own reasons for reticence. Jim had told her to hold her tongue, and let bygones be bygones--to mind her baby, and forget the bother about the ring. And Bessie Sayer was a good wife, and tried to please her husband. Therefore she resisted all Mrs. Mason's pumping, and nothing could be extracted from her—to her credit be it said!

CHAPTER IV.

QUESTIONS.

The spring was early this year. The old mulberry tree behind Macdonald's cottage put forth its leaves in April, and a thrush that had built its nest there was singing a song of rejoicing one lovely afterncon.

Spring always calls forth a response in young hearts. There is a gladness in the awakening earth which is in harmony with the feelings of those who have the journey of life before them, and who look forward to the summer of their lives with hope, and bright anticipation of untasted good.

To us who are long past the summer-tide of life, spring has a different tale to tell. The time of the singing of birds and the blossoming of flowers, is not for us. Our dreams lie in the past; the earthly future must needs now be short, and it is often shadowed with fears and doubts; although to those whose faith remains steadfast and unshaken through the storms and troubles of life, there is a light beyond—the light of God's love—which shall lighten "the dark valley of the shadow," and points us to an Eternal Spring.

Mollie was singing a song in the gladness of her young heart on this bright afternoon, as she prepared to walk to Overbury with some fine needlework she had just finished for Mr. Townsend's mother.

She had put on a clean and very pretty lilac print gown, which had been "got up" for the preceding Sunday, and her sweet face smiled under a wide-brim hat, which was not turned up behind, or at the side, or in front, after the grotesque fashion of these days! Hats are intended for shelter and use—not to be distorted by sudden bends and dips, where often feathers and flowers are perched, which are certainly very unbecoming to the wearer.

Mollie wore a neat black jacket, and carried a small crochet shawl over her arm: for Mrs. Macdonald said truly that the wind was still in the east, and though there was a breath of south in it, it would be very cold after sunset. She had to execute some commissions at the general shop in Overbury, and told them off on her fingers before she finally bid her aunt good-bye:—

"Two packets of needles, a packet of starch, a tin of mustard, and a pound of tea. I shall go to Mrs. Townsend's first, and leave the work, and then to the shop, and fill my basket there. Good-bye, auntie."

"Good-bye, my dear. I dare say one of the boys will come and meet you if you are not home before dark. Why, I declare, there is Ned coming now. This isn't Thursday. He is back early."

Ned passed the cottage, and did not turn his head, and Mollie, going out, called to him.

He had turned into the little bit of garden at the side of the house, and seemed to be going round to the back.

"Ned."

"Well," he said sulkily.

"Why are you come home so early?"

"That's a civil question," he answered. "It means I am not welcome."

"Nonsense, Ned. I thought you might be ill. I am going to Overbury. Come and meet me as I return, will you, Ned?"

"I shall see about it."

"Ned, what *is* the matter?"

"Come here, and I'll tell you."

Mollie obeyed, and Ned put his arm round her, and, stooping, kissed her. He had often done so before, but somehow she shrank back and said, with a crimson face,—

"Don't, Ned."

"But I shall. I have just left old Tomkins' shop at Churton for good. I have stood his cheek long enough, and I am off to London. That is the place for a fellow like me. I shall get on splendidly, and I'll get a pretty little home, and you shall be my wife—will you, Mollie?"

Mollie's heart beat fast as Ned held her hands in his and looked down into her face,

which, her hat pushed aside a little, displayed in all its sweet brightness and beauty.

"Will you, Mollie? Promise, oh! do promise!"

"No, I cannot promise, Ned; it would not be right. I am sure your father and mother will not like to hear that you have left Mr. Tomkins; and how are you to get a place in London without recommendations?"

"Ah! but I have *got* recommendations. There's a fellow I know whose uncle has a large shop in the Edgeware Road, and he wants a smart assistant; so I am just the man. I am a good-looking fellow, Mollie; you know that, don't you? Not a match for such a beauty as you; but still——"

Mollie had an uncomfortable suspicion that Ned had taken an extra glass of beer on the way from Churton — indeed, of something stronger; for his breath was hot and fevered, and his eyes unnaturally bright.

She shrank back from his detaining hand, and said,—

"I must go now. You had better tell Aunt before your father comes in from Uplands."

"Tell her you will marry me?"

"No," Mollie said; "tell her about your leaving Mr. Tomkins, and ask her advice. Let me go, Ned."

"One question more, Mollie. Do you care for anybody more than you care for me? Christopher, now—I *will* know."

"I care for you both," she said. "You have been like brothers to me, and I have loved you both."

Ned stamped his foot impatiently, and said angrily:—

"Very well; you will be sorry for this afterwards. I have thrown up my place for your sake, to try and better myself, that I might give you all you deserve; and this is all the thanks I get. It's too bad, upon my word. If I am ruined, you'll have yourself to thank for it."

Poor, inexperienced Mollie was greatly troubled.

"Oh, don't say that, Ned. Dear Ned, do be good, and——"

"Good! Well, I'll be good, as you call it, if you will promise to marry me. If not——"

"Mollie, Mollie!" Mrs. Macdonald called, "what are you standing there gossiping for? You won't get to Overbury to-night. Come, make haste."

Mollie disengaged her hand from Ned's, and flew away up the little glen to the road above, and was soon on her way to Overbury.

She passed the lodge of The Uplands on her way, and Mrs. Brookes, who lived there, came out:—

"Are you going to Overbury, my dear? If you are, will you bring me two balls of grey darning worsted: for my good man's stockings are all out at heel, and I'm out of the colour."

"Give me a pattern, Mrs. Brookes, and I will get the worsted."

"Oh, I'm not partikler. Dark grey is alike all the world over; and nobody sees the heels of stockings except the wearer; and it don't matter in this case if he does, for he is as blind as a bat. I say, my dear, stop; has any more been heard of the lady's ring?"

Mollie shook her head.

"No—nothing."

"Oh, Mrs. Mason told me, when she brought home my clothes on Saturday, that Ned Macdonald told her it was pretty certain the tame jackdaw at Squire Folliott's had got it. 'A pretty story,' says I. 'Just as if the daw, with clipped wings, could fly over the copse and pounce on the ring. No, no; don't tell me.'"

Mollie could only say,—

"Ned must have been in fun. Of course it is not likely." And then, after this second delay, she pursued her way.

It was always a pleasure to Mollie to pay Mrs. Townsend a visit; and since she had come to make a home for her son at Overbury, a new influence had been at work amongst the people. It was not only that Mrs. Townsend had Bible classes on Sunday, and working classes in the week. Not only that; no tale of sadness or sorrow but found a ready response from her of sympathy and help. These things were good, and did good; but it was Mrs. Townsend herself who was a living witness to the truth of the saying, that it is "what we *are*," and not "what we *do*," which tells most upon the lives of those around us.

Mrs. Townsend was "a living epistle, known and read of all men:" and yet there was nothing remarkable about her at first sight. She was quiet and gentle: though she had a keen sense of humour, and therefore was never dull. The people at Overbury were taken by surprise when she and her son came to live amongst them. Gentry who kept a carriage and lived in fine houses, were, whether clerical or lay

people, generally far removed from those who were toilers for daily bread. Many of these gentry were kind enough, and gave money and books as prizes at the school; but, at the same time, there was no intimate knowledge of the concerns of those who had their own sorrows and joys, and their own especial difficulties to contend against. But Mrs. Townsend had the happy gift of never seeming too busy to be kind.

"Mollie Burnside, ma'am," the servant said, "has brought home some work. Will you see her?"

"Oh, yes; tell her to come in."

There were yet several letters waiting to be written for the post; there were two songs to be copied for Mr. Townsend's last "penny reading" or village concert of the season; but Mrs. Townsend did not show by any outward sign that Mollie had come at an inconvenient moment.

"Well, Mollie," she said, examining the beautifully made child's frock, which was going out to India, to a grandchild at a mission station, "this is *lovely* work. I am sure you ought to be well paid for it. And what a pretty pinafore! worked with feather stitch, as a little blouse! I shall not ask you the price. Here is ten shillings, and the work is well worth it;" and she took out her neat leather purse to pay for it.

Mollie's eyes glistened with pleasure. She made that pretty country curtsey which is so superior to the new-fashioned bow.

"Thank you very much, ma'am. I am so pleased you are satisfied."

"Nothing has been discovered about Miss Wright's lost ring, I am afraid?" inquired Mrs. Townsend.

"No, ma'am," Mollie said, the swift colour rising to her face.

Somehow every one seemed to connect her with the loss of that ring, and she began to shrink from being questioned about it.

"We don't talk about it at home, ma'am," Mollie said. "It grieves uncle so much; and he certainly has not been like the same man since."

"I am very sorry for him," Mrs. Townsend said, "for he has naturally been proud of the high esteem in which he has been held in Overbury, and by his master and mistress also. I can only hope that God may clear up the mystery in His own time."

"It seems hard that He does not bring the real thief to punishment, doesn't it, ma'am?"

"It *seems* hard—many things seem hard—but we often live to learn by experience that God's ways are not our ways, and that His ways are always best. Do you pray to God, Mollie, to bring this hidden thing to light?"

"Yes, ma'am," Mollie said, in a low voice; "and Patty—dear old Patty—prays too."

"And do you *believe* that your prayer will be heard? You know, there is a condition attached to the answering of petitions—'believe that ye shall have them.'"

"That is hard, too, ma'am," was the low answer. "So many things are hard just now. Ned, the elder of the Macdonalds, has given up his place in Mr. Tomkins' shop, and is going to London. He told me so just before I started here. It will make a great deal of trouble. Uncle Macdonald will be angry, and Aunt miserable."

"And you, Mollie?"

Mollie blushed:—

"I am sorry he is going away just now, for it will make Mrs. Mason and several of the neighbours in the Hollow think they are right."

"That he knows something about the ring?"

"Yes, ma'am." And poor Mollie's lips trembled, and she could scarcely repress her tears. "Besides, he is giving up a good place for nothing certain in London."

"I will ask my son to speak to him to-morrow. He is going to The Uplands to luncheon with Sir Maurice, and he will see Macdonald in the garden first."

"My uncle does not know anything about Ned's place yet; at least, he did not this afternoon when I left home, for he had not come in from Uplands. He will know, though, I am afraid, soon enough, and I dread to think what he will say."

"Poor little Mollie!" Mrs. Townsend said. "I must bid you good-bye now; but go into Mrs. Parker's room, and have some tea before you return."

Mrs. Parker was Mrs. Townsend's maid and factotum—her mistress's right hand, and she had nursed "Master Ralph," as she still called Mr. Townsend, from a baby. Generally, to take tea with Mrs. Parker was a great treat for Mollie, but she had not heart for it this afternoon. Mrs. Parker was sure to begin about the story of the diamond ring, and Mollie felt

as if she could hardly bear to hear it discussed again. So she thanked Mrs. Townsend for her kindness, and said she must go and do her shopping at Mr. Green's.

She did not escape there. Mrs. Green, a little alert woman, served her, and while she was giving her the change of five shillings, she said,—

"Is there any news of Miss Wright's ring? Do you happen to know?"

"No," Mollie said; "I have heard nothing."

"The police are trying to ferret it out, I hear," said Mrs. Green. "It's a very unpleasant thing for all parties—*very*. Yes; three and elevenpence halfpenny. That," —putting down a halfpenny—"makes four, and a sixpence and two threepenny bits, five shillings. I dare say you don't object to small change."

"Oh no, thank you."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Green, "there's some one waiting at the door for you. You don't want strings to your bow, do you?"

Mollie made no rejoinder, but hastened to join Christopher, whose honest face beamed with delight at the prospect of a walk home with her.

It was quite a different matter, talking freely to Chris and to outside people, and Mollie had soon told him of Ned's intentions, and of his having given up his place at Mr. Tomkins'.

"It will end badly, I am afraid," Christopher said. "I know Ned has got into some scrape at Churton, and that is why he is in such a hurry to be off. Have you tried to stop him, Mollie?"

"Yes," Mollie said; "but you must speak to him, Chris. I cannot say any more to him; it is no use."

(To be continued.)

The Speed of Railway Trains.



It appears that railroad speeds in Great Britain, on the Continent, and in the United States, are much slower than most people suppose. If we take, for instance, the run from London to Edinburgh, a distance of 397 miles, *viâ* York, this is made in 9 hours by Great Northern trains, the average speed being 44·1 miles per hour. From Euston the distance is 401 miles, and London and North Western trains make the run in 10 hours, or 40·1 miles an hour. By the Midland Railway the distance is 404 miles, and the time 10 hours 5 minutes, or very nearly the same speed.

Some of the fastest trains in the world are those run between Leeds and London. From King's Cross the distance by the Great Northern is 186½ miles. From St. Pancras by the Midland it is 196 miles. The fastest train on the Great Northern makes the run in 4 hours 5 minutes, or an average speed of 45·4 miles an hour. The Midland trains traverse the distance in 4 hours 30 minutes, giving an average velocity of 43·5 miles an hour. The fastest train in the world is the Flying Dutchman, broad gauge, which makes the run to Swindon at 53½ miles an hour. The Great Northern trains run from London to York, 188 miles, at 48 miles an hour, and at least one train runs to Peterborough at 51 miles an hour. The run from London to Grantham has been made repeatedly at 51 miles an hour.

On the United States railways the quickest run appears to be that made between Jersey City and Philadelphia, 89 miles, made at the rate of 47⅔ miles an hour. There is not in the world a train timed to run 60 miles an hour, although it is, of course, certain that that velocity is often excelled. If a speed of 60 miles an hour could be maintained continually between London and Edinburgh, the journey would occupy only 6 hours and 36 minutes; and, allowing for three stops of 10 minutes each on the route, the time would be under 7¼ hours, instead of 10 hours.

Probably the fastest run ever made for any considerable distance in England was that of the special train carrying the Duke of Wellington from Paddington to Slough, 18 miles, in 15 minutes. But these are exceptional runs; what is of more importance is to compare regular time-table speed.—*The Engineer.*



FLOWER MESSAGES.

BY E. S. ELLIOTT, AUTHOR OF "THE COPSLEY ANNALS," ETC.

"Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?"—ST. LUKE xii. 27, 28.

WHEN weary, weary seems the day to
heart and spirit tried,
I listen to the voices of the flowers by
my side;
God bless the hands that gather'd—
bless the hands that ranged each spray
Which brings to me His message—"Ye are better
far than they."

They take me back to other times; I picture all
their homes;—
This from the cottage garden—these from the
sheltered coombs;
This blossom from its moorings at the margin of
the lake;
This fern from where amid the pines the breezes
music make.

Perchance these buds were gathered by the children
after school,
Scattered with song and laughter 'mid the meadow-
grasses cool;
Perchance these hardy heath-flowers they found in
rocky climb,
Glad for the purpling heather and the breath of
mountain thyme.

It may be that some sister on a far-off bed of
pain,
Loved for the city hospital those tendrils fair to
train;
It may be that this rose-bud grew on the baby's
grave
Whose mother for my unknown couch her treasured
flower gave.

This tender moss, had this its home beneath the
quivering larches?
Or where across the grassy walk the elms throw
forth their arches?
O flowers fair, the thought will come to weary heart
and brain,
Shall *I* e'er wander through the woods, or climb the
hills again?

Shall I linger in the churchyard green to watch the
length'ning shadows,
Or see the children playing in the happy hill-side
meadows?
Shall I meet the summer breezes, with the thyme
and clover sweet?
And smile to mark the daisies nestling lowly at my
feet?

Shall I wake on Sabbath morning bright, and hear
the happy chime,
Telling of other days, and bringing thoughts of
Heavenly clime?
Or still for weeks and months, perchance for weary
years to come,
Will mine be pain and loneliness and a longing sigh
for Home?

I know not; yet when thoughts like these arise
within my heart,
God's flowers fair all silently a breath of peace
impart:
Far from their homes, in fever'd air, their tender
lives are given
To breathe fresh hope to weary souls, to whisper
thoughts of Heaven.

"God cares for us," they seem to say; "streams
from a thousand hills
To us bring life, and Heaven's own dew each
upturn'd blossom fills:
He decks us—His poor pensioners—with many a
glittering hue;
His tender '*How much more*' to-day we whisper
forth to you.

"If God so clothe for their brief life the grasses of
the field,
To heart that seeks, oh, *how much more* will He
His bounty yield?
If He delights to care for us, each in its lonely
place,
Say, *how much more* to soul athirst will He send
forth His grace?

"*We* perish: our brief mission o'er, soon shall our
beauty fade;
But ye for higher purpose and for endless joy are
made:
To you in all your weakness 'neath the burden of
to-day,
He speaks—'I care for these, and *ye* are better far
than they.'"

* * * *

O messengers of love and grace, I bless you for your
word;
Not, not in vain ye yield your lives thus whispering
of the Lord;
Sweeter than music in my heart, your message low
shall be;
My life, my all, I leave with Him who careth more
for me.



Jesus, The Saviour:

OUR CHURCH'S MISSION CALL.



BY THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

"The Saviour of the World."—*St. John* iv. 42.

THE pathos of these words is only equalled by their grandeur, and the grandeur by their hope. The Samaritans had long been treated as aliens, as the offscouring of the earth: but their sighs had gone up to God, and He had sent His Messenger to express the grandeur of the Gospel theme. "All souls are Mine," said Jehovah; the heritage sacred to God is the human heart. And a still nobler thought—the hope—follows. We cannot be wasting our strength on a lost cause: for here, we see, the Saviour leads, and we must prevail where He leads.

Four distinct and logical ideas are presented in the text:—1. Jesus the Saviour; 2. Jesus the Saviour of the World; 3. Jesus *known* as the Saviour of the World; 4. Jesus *proclaimed* as the Saviour of the World.

I.—Jesus the Saviour.

The Saviour is not His only title; He is King, Friend, Master. But before He can be any of these He must be the Saviour—the Saviour to the conscience, to the understanding, to the will, to the heart.

"He saves His people from their sins," and thus conscience no longer accuses. This is the key of all. Though salvation is a word of many sides, at the bottom of all lies this truth:—"Thy sins be forgiven thee; go in peace."

Then salvation to the understanding is attained through Christ. Look at Me, He says, and you will understand God; how He feels, just as I feel, love to the world. The understanding gets liberty when it thus feels that God is our Father.

He is Saviour also to the will. "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me," and the consequence is—ye shall be meek and lowly in heart.

And then, lastly, He is Saviour to the heart. "We love Him because He first loved us."

II.—The Saviour of the World.

And this at once suggests to us the thought—But is He a Saviour to *me?* Is He my Saviour? It was this thought that was so precious to the Samaritans, that He was not only the Saviour of the Jews, but also of the Gentiles. As John the Baptist and the Apostles witnessed, He was "the Propitiation for the sins of the world." Christ died for the world, and the world belongs to Him. The Esquimaux and the Malay, the philosopher and the little child, all by Redemption belong to Him.

III.—Jesus known as the Saviour of the World.

How did the Samaritans know Him? Not in a book, but personally and experimentally. Christ had come to them. It was not "because of thy saying"—they said to the woman, much though they owed to her—but because "we have heard Him ourselves." We have believed and *know* Him to be indeed the Christ.

IV.—The Proclaimed Saviour.

"The Samaritans had heard Him themselves," and they did not keep it a secret. No doubt they had carried the glad tidings to all the towns and villages of Samaria. So in proportion as we are Christians, and the Name of Jesus is precious to us, we cannot help spreading His Gospel. Missionary work is really only our whole spiritual work organized with a special name. *Because* Jesus is known, therefore He is proclaimed.

A man resting satisfied with his own salvation, as if the possessor of a personal

estate, we should call inconsistent. We should say to him: "My brother, this is entirely unlike the Saviour. There is more reason to fear for yourself than even for the heathen. The duty and privilege of communicating to others should spontaneously well up within you. The saved man, the saved woman, can't help passing on the bread and water of life. It is an inevitable necessity that wherever there is spiritual life there will be spiritual effort."

These, then, are the four thoughts or steps of the argument. Now for a few

LESSONS.

I. If we desire to gauge the *reality* of our zeal for the spread of Christ's kingdom, our longing for souls, our sense of obligation to pass on the torch of Gospel light, I will tell you how to do it. In this incident we have the story of the value of a single soul. We may measure, by our activity about *single* souls near to us, our missionary zeal.

Jesus bids us win souls; use all opportunities for Him. Did you ever win a soul for Christ? Have you ever felt it a duty to try to win a soul for Him? Each of us should be, in the true and full sense, a missionary to others. There is a time in each man's life when God calls him no longer to be a disciple, but an *apostle*, to seek for souls as *sent* by Christ Himself. This question is of supreme importance—I leave it with you—Is there any soul you are trying to save *now?*

II. Secondly, let us learn that Christ's method is the Church's wisdom.

Oh, if we would learn more from Him! He comes to Jacob's well in the heat of the day, and asks a kindness. The woman being at the well makes His opportunity. He knew that in each heart there is some tender spot for an arrow tipped with love. He knew she had some good points about her. He knew all her past corrupt history: but, with all tenderness, He told her the great truth which so concerned her; and, bent on saving her, He saved her at last. What a lesson for us in dealing with others! There are some who say they are too bad to be reclaimed. Try and find out what is good in them, as Jesus did, and use it as a means for their spiritual teaching.

III. Learn, thirdly, the resoluteness of the Divine purpose—the slowness of the Divine purpose, and the certainty of the Divine triumph.

It is not unnatural that some should doubt Christ's desire for the salvation of the heathen, or why such long delay? But we reply—God took a long time to make the world, and may He not be equally slow in fashioning the spiritual world, the Church, which is His Body? One thing we know, "God is Love." We may leave it with Him. Only let us see to it that the slow growth of our Lord's kingdom be not due to our lack of sacrifice.

IV. Lastly, we who know that Christ loves us, and who wish to love Him, and to live in the light of His countenance, have one reason more why the cause of missions should be very dear to us—*it is for His Glory.*

St. John describes the final triumph of the Saviour's kingdom, as he saw it in vision. "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands."

Some there will be martyrs, some missionaries; all will be saints, all will be those to whom Christ's kingdom and honour were dear. In that white-robed throng will you meet any whom you helped to find the precious salvation—either the heathen at your door or the heathen far away?

THE CHURCH'S MARCHING ORDERS.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The Home Songster.

III. "BEAR AND FORBEAR."

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

TAKE back, I pray, that angry word,
Or it may chance to be [last
The little brook that swells at
Into an angry sea.

Like letting out of water, falls
The first sharp word of strife;
One tiny drop may make or mar
The sunshine of a life.

"Bear and forbear," forgive, forget,
Let that our motto be;
'Twill do alike for all the world,
As well as you and me.

Be sure of this, and ne'er forget,
'Tis wiser, nobler far
To own a fault than seek to live
With those we love, at war.

Unmeant may be an angry word,
Yet it may rankle long;
A poisoned shaft at random sent
May do a mighty wrong.

"Bear and forbear," forgive, forget,
Let that our motto be;
'Twill do alike for all the world,
As well as you and me.

"Ugly, Dirty, and Grunty."

A PLEA FOR MY PIGS.

BY FARMER BENSON'S DAUGHTER.

(*See Illustration, Page* 135.)



ALL very well: but there are two sides to most questions; and I have something to say for my porkers.

"*Ugly.*" You may think them ugly: but anyhow, they did not make *themselves* ugly! Have you never seen *human* faces that once were comely and winning enough, made ugly by tempers and passions indulged without restraint? *I have:* and I would much rather have to do with my pigs than with angry men and women. Moreover, "handsome is that handsome does"; and these charming porkers will contribute very *handsomely* towards Farmer Benson's rent.

"*Dirty.*" Well, I'll admit pigs are often dirty—but whose fault is that? Make the sty clean, and wash the pigs regularly, and they'll be as clean as—ay, *cleaner* than many who call them "dirty." Why, there are human beings who never really wash themselves—only their face and hands—and sometimes not these—all the week! I'm sure if pigs are properly washed and attended to, I'd as soon sleep with them in their sty as in some of the dirty holes in which men and women and children live—or rather "herd" together. Pigs might preach cleanliness to some of us; and tell even men and women that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

"*Grunty.*" And did you never hear a man or a woman "grunt"? *I have:* and a human grunt is worse than a pig's grunt any day. Pigs, too, don't grunt with a meaning—at any rate an *ill*-meaning. I almost think sometimes it's their way of saying "thank you!" They always *do* grunt when I feed them. I should like to ask whether *you* say "thank you" as often as you are fed? We all *are* fed with "daily bread"; but some, I fear, neither ask for it, nor thank the Giver, who bestows it on rich and poor alike.

So you see there is something to say for my porkers: and perhaps you will "think twice" next time before you call them "Ugly, Dirty, and Grunty."

TWO MAXIMS.

THY hand is never the worse for doing thine own work.

STOOP to conquer. He who yields wins.

A GOOD name is better than a girdle of gold.



"A PLEA FOR MY PIGS." [See Page 134.

Courtship and Marriage:

SIDELIGHTS OF HOME LIFE. (*New Series.*)

BY A BENEDICT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEWLY MARRIED PAIR.—"DROPS OF BITTER."—THE IRRITATION OF TRIFLES.—"EYES OPEN AND EYES HALF SHUT."—THE TWO "BEARS."—"NAGGLING."—JEREMY TAYLOR.



THERE is something unspeakably touching to a thoughtful heart in the sight of the newly married pair, as they go forth from the house of God to the world without—henceforth one: as one to fight life's battle; each in charge of life's happiness in the faithfulness, the fitness, and the love of the other.

All is sunshine now. A "veil," "woven by the hand of mercy," hides from them "the face of the future." That future may and should be bright and hopeful. God's gift in Paradise, domestic love, *ought* to be the earnest in every case of the Paradise above. Nevertheless, there is need of the poet's caution, as well as ground for the poet's eulogy of Eden's priceless gift:—

"Domestic Happiness!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure;
Or tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
Thou art the nurse of virtue—in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she *is*,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
Thou art not known where *Pleasure* is adored—
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield."

How sadly true the poet's reminder of "drops of bitter which neglect or temper" too often "sheds into the crystal cup"! The irritation of trifles, and the neglect which inevitably springs from self-indulgence, are certainly two of the most formidable foes of married happiness. Let me in this chapter say a few words about the first of these foes—*the Irritation of Trifles.*

In all places, under all circumstances, wherever and with whomsoever we are, we shall do well to heed the counsel of a wise writer:—

"For every trifle scorn to take offence;
It either shows great pride or little sense."

But especially in the Home "vineyard" should we watch against trifling irritations and vexations—"the little foxes that spoil the tender grapes" (Song of Sol. ii. 15). A very small leak may sink a very large ship; and in married life more mischief arises from trifles than from great things.

It is sometimes both prudent and Christian *not to see trifles.* A venerable member of the Society of Friends once gave this excellent advice to a young married man: "When thou wert courting, I told thee to keep both eyes open. Now I advise thee to keep them half shut." Some things are best not noticed. Fault-finding is not fault-mending. The right word at the right time is far more effective than the longest sermon at the wrong time. Perfection is a very good thing to aim at—ourselves: but we must not expect to discover it in others. Love, in courting days, is too often "blind" altogether, instead of having "both eyes open": and so the dream that we have found perfection is vastly disturbed, when, in married life, we find there is, after all, a fault or two even in our idol. Perhaps we should find far more faults in ourselves if we looked carefully enough. It may be that the "beam" is in our own eye, and only the "mote" in the eye of the one who of all others claims from us the judgment of charity. If husbands discover that they

have not got perfect wives, the wives may doubtless plead, "neither have we got perfect husbands."

The old saying cannot be too often quoted—would that it were as often put into practice—"Married people should keep two 'bears' in the house—*Bear* and *Forbear*." Nine-tenths of the family jars which make married life wretched, arise from the lack of this grace, on which God lays much stress, and to which God's Word gives constant prominence—long-suffering, patience, and forbearance.

> "The kindest and the happiest pair
> Will find occasion to forbear,
> And something every day they live,
> To pity, and perhaps forgive."

Instead of forbearance and pity and forgiveness, there dwells in too many homes what has been called a *naggling* spirit. "Married people go on *naggling* at one another—naggle, naggle, until they get into a perfect storm—though both would be heartily ashamed for any third party to know what they were quarrelling about." Possibly they hardly know themselves. Anyhow they would be heartily ashamed to tell the story to anybody else.

Jeremy Taylor concentrates a world of wisdom, on this subject of "trifles," for all who are married or intend to be married, in some golden words in his sermon on "The Marriage Ring." They are worth reading a dozen times over; and those who give heed to them will find in them a treasure indeed.

"Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl, like the locks of a new-weaned boy. But when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken. So are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. But after the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces."

Happy the married couple who early guard against "the breath of the south," and so prepare for "the storms of the north."

My Heritage.

BY CLARA THWAITES, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF LABOUR AND LEISURE."

I.

"Thy testimonies have I claimed as my heritage for ever."—*Ps.* cxix. 111.

A CLOUD of promises is bending
o'er thee,
A glorious heritage is spread
before thee!
Pierce but the cloud with prayer,
And thou shalt prove
The power and willingness of heavenly Love.
Tread thy possessions
Rood by rood, and see
The riches thine throughout Eternity!

II.

"Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee: and I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."—*Gen.* xxviii. 15.

There are heights
Beyond our dreaming,
There are joys
Beyond our scheming,
In the purpose and the counsel
Of our Lord;
And our endless peace is folden,
Within the promise golden—
"I am with thee, and will keep thee
To the utmost of My Word."

A Trip to Old Norway.

BY ONE WHO WENT.

VI. THE REGION OF SNOW AND ICE.

LIFE in Norway, especially in the interior, is very simple, and tourists must reckon on a certain amount of hardship. So long as the regular route is kept, fairly comfortable lodging may be expected, and food to satisfy, if not to gratify, the appetite; and perhaps, after all, enjoyment results more from *appetite* than luxurious gratification. But out of the beaten track it is well to carry a certain amount of provisions—concentrated beef-tea, and a tin of biscuits, are invaluable.



NORWEGIAN PEASANT GIRL.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

As far, however, as the good peasant folk at the few farmhouses and sæters, or cottages, *can* be hospitable, they are quite model hosts. They are as hearty in their welcome as they are simple in their habits. A tourist who penetrated, a year or two since, the great Norwegian region of snow and ice, the largest glacier region in Europe, tells us his experience at a farm situated at Faaberg.

"I found a farmhouse, the hospitable owner of which hastened to prepare to the best of his ability for his unexpected guests, including, by the way, two ladies. Not that any pretence was made at laying a table, or even at providing the primitive crockeryware, save a basin and a spoon; but no greater kindness could have been shown in warming the soup, which the travellers had brought with them, and in supplying that fresh milk and coffee with which every Norwegian always appears to be provided. The lunch, by the way, had been made off raw eggs and a bowl of milk, which had been procured from a way-



EXTERIOR OF A SÆTER ON THE DOVREFJELD.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. HEATH JOYCE, F.R.G.S.)



INTERIOR OF A SÆTER ON THE DOVREFJELD.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. HEATH JOYCE, F.R.G.S.)

side mountaineer's hut; while afternoon tea had been taken at a præstegaarard, or parsonage—for the clergy in Norwegian mountain districts excel in hospitality.

"To return to Faaberg, however; at our retiring hour the whole population of the farm came into the guest-room, as though anxious to see how the good English travellers got into bed. The ladies of the party sought to give them a broad hint by taking off their ornaments and winding up their watches; but this only excited a greater interest among the female portion of the community, who took up each article and discussed it with exceeding volubility, always asking the same question, with wondering awe, 'Is it gold?' One by one, at last, the natives departed. Next morning, there not being a vestige of crockery in the room, the early risers of the party ventured to a glacier stream, and had a bitterly cold wash in the icy water. But the lie-a-beds were rewarded by a young damsel bringing in a supply of water wherewith to wash, contained in a small bowl from which the soup had been imbibed the previous evening!

"Minor discomforts, however, were quite forgotten when the superb scenery presented itself to the tourist's admiring gaze. The barren loneliness of this rocky fastness, with the snowfield above, with the bleak, bare rocks towering in every direction, and the winding glaciers quite close at hand, were almost overwhelming in their dreary grandeur."

(To be continued.)

England's Church.

V. OUR CHURCH AT WORK IN SHEFFIELD.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ODOM, VICAR OF ST. SIMON'S, SHEFFIELD, AUTHOR OF "THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND: HER PRINCIPLES, MINISTRY, AND SACRAMENTS."



FIGURES are rather dry reading, but figures represent facts, and facts are strong arguments; especially when, as in the present case, they speak of spiritual, moral, social, and family advancement in tens of thousands of happy Christian homes.

Sheffield cutlery found its way to Court as early as 1341, but it must have been a small town then. Even in 1615 there were only 2,207 inhabitants, and these were mostly poor. In 1736 the population had increased to 14,105, and in 1801 to 45,755. At this latter date Sheffield was under one vicar, and possessed three churches and two small chapels of ease. In 1821 the population had risen to 65,275; in 1841 to 110,891; in 1861 to 185,172; and in 1881 to 284,410. Notwithstanding a long period of severe trade depression, the population has gone on increasing, and at the beginning of 1886 considerably exceeded 300,000, giving an increase during the twenty-five years of fully 115,000.

Church and School Extension.

The work of Church and School Extension in Sheffield during the twenty-five years, 1860–85, may be summed up thus:—

	Expenditure.
16 new churches	... £131,840
18 churches enlarged and restored ...	... 46,007
9 new parochial and mission rooms ...	... 23,810
24 parsonage houses	... 34,665
30 parochial schools built or enlarged	... 52,360
7 churches endowed	£15,275
Total subscribed	£303,957

Providing *additional* accommodation in:—
Churches and mission rooms for 14,230 persons.
Day and Sunday schools for 13,826 scholars.
Total accommodation in thirty-seven churches and nine mission rooms, for 34,350 worshippers.

Funds for General Church Work.

It is impossible to give, even approximately, the vast amount raised in Sheffield during the last twenty-five years for *general* Church work, such as Home and Foreign Missions, Diocesan Societies, Church expenses, benevolent and charitable objects, etc. Figures, however, are available which show that the amount given for these general objects during the ten years ending June, 1883, was £179,647. For the year ending Easter, 1885, the contributions were £27,252; for the year ending Easter, 1886, £29,141; and for the year ending Easter, 1887, £34,678 8*s*.

The three last amounts are exclusive of the subscriptions of Sheffield Churchmen to the Diocesan Church Extension Society, the Sheffield Scripture Readers' Society, the Sheffield Church Conference, the Sheffield Church of England Day School Aid Society, and other Church Societies.

What has been done at Sheffield is a sample of similar work accomplished in other large towns; and though there is indeed room for further self-denying effort, we may, in a review of the past, at least "thank God and take courage."

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

XIV. A DOZEN GOOD SIGNS.

BY THOMAS CRAMP.

1. *It's a Good Sign* when a father is seen leading his children towards the post-office, each holding up a bank paper covered with stamps.

2. *It's a Good Sign* when a husband says, "Martha, there's an excursion to the seaside next week; let's go, and take the children with us. You will find money enough in the box where my pipe savings are kept."

3. *It's a Good Sign* when an artisan, after handing his wages to his wife, calls to his children, "Here, youngsters, I've brought some oranges; you must thank Temperance for them."

4. *It's a Good Sign* when a farmer makes up his mind to supply no more beer or cider to his work-people, but money instead.

5. *It's a Good Sign* when a husband takes home a nosegay for his wife.

6. *It's a Good Sign* when a workman, on being invited by his mates just to step into the *Lion* for one pint, shakes his head, and, pointing to the post-office, tells them, "Not the *losing* bank, my lads, but the *savings* bank for me."

7. *It's a Good Sign* when a carter hangs a pail under his wagon during the summer season.

8. *It's a Good Sign* when Will calls to his wife at the bottom of the stairs, and says, "Look sharp, Susan, the bells will soon have done; you know I can't bear being late at church."

9. *It's a Good Sign* when a labouring man is seen busily employed in his garden in the evening getting ready for the flower show.

10. *It's a Good Sign* when the foreman announces "there shall be no more beer brought into the work-shop; had this wise rule been adopted before, how much mischief would have been prevented."

11. *It's a Good Sign* when a mistress, on engaging a servant, informs her, "I provide no beer, but you will have equivalent value added to your wages."

12. *It's a Good Sign* when the brickmaker's wife replies to the pushing shopkeeper, "No, thank you, no booking for me, I pay ready money for what I have, or go without it; that's my plan."

XV. LIFE TESTIMONIES.

1. Byron, after referring to the drinking habits at Newstead Abbey, adds:—"And what came of it all? Misery, and disgrace, and debt."

2. Dr. Baillie, physician to George III., was wont to say:—"No man ever suffered from giving up wine, which is as unnecessary and unnatural to man as to a horse."

3. The late Lord Chief Justice Campbell, in his hard-working days, after describing his day's occupation, says:—"No wine or small beer. My health *never better*. I used to suffer considerably, but all symptoms of this are now gone."

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

ENIGMA.

X. Cut down, yet saved with much ado and pain;
Scatter'd, dispers'd, yet gather'd up again!
Wither'd though young, though dying yet perfumed,
Laid up with care, but kept to be consumed.

CONUNDRUMS.

68. Divide twelve, and make the two halves fourteen?

69. The letters which express middle life, and what all should try to do?

70. What word of one syllable becomes a word of two syllables by taking two letters from it?

71. What is an infallible mode of preventing a chimney from smoking?

72. How is it possible to proceed in two opposite directions at the same time?

73. What is the best kind of shooting in winter?

74. Where you place your child is my first; what you make your child is my second; and a court ornament is my whole.

ANSWERS. (See MAY No., p. 117.)

CHARADE.

IX. Landseer.

CONUNDRUMS.

51. Englishmen. In Scotland there are men of Ayr (air); in Ireland, men of Cork; but in England there are *lightermen*.

52. Because it is apt to run down and strikes one.

53. To bolt the street door the last thing at night.

54. Because he is guided by the direction of strangers.

55. The tender part.

56. Britannia rules the waves, and the Czar rules the surf (serf).

57. He always stops at the sound of *woe*, and is willing to let you take the very bit out of his mouth.

58. It is, would, or could, or should be (wood).

59. It cuts against the grain.

60. The one trains the mind, and the other minds the train.

61. Bacon.

62. It resembles a pair of shears, which are so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one that comes between them.—*Rev. Sydney Smith.*

63. An axle-tree.

64. He is Will-ful.

65. A brick bat.

66. Edward.

67. Eton (eat on).



A FIRST LESSON.

By exercise our skill and courage grows,
And that which once was scanty, overflows.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

The Young Folks' Page.

XVIII. A FIRST LESSON.

(*See Illustration, Page* 142.)

FIRST lessons are always difficult. "A, B, C," was difficult once. Shaving without cutting is an art which is seldom acquired without "painful" experience; and Tom will no doubt find this out to his cost. But then he will be "*a man;*" and isn't that worth a cut or two?

Well, Tom, we hope you *will* be "a man;" but that means more than "shaving." Strong to help the weak, brave to do the right, "*our* brother" to sisters who lean upon him, "*our* son" to parents who are proud of him; and, above all, one who knows where to get strength and courage to "fear none but God,"—these are the marks of a true man. We hope Tom, and all our young folks who are learning Tom's "first lesson," will aim to be men of this stamp. The world wants such men. They are "worth their weight in gold."—THE EDITOR of *Home Words.*

XIX. GRAMMAR IN RHYME.

1. THERE little words you often see,
   Are Articles *a, an,* and *the.*

2. A Noun's the name of any thing,
   As *school* or *garden, hoop* or *swing.*

3. Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
   As *great, small, pretty, white,* or *brown.*

4. Instead of nouns the Pronouns stand,—
   Her head, *his* face, *your* arm, *my* hand.

5. Verbs tell of something being done,—
   To *read, write, count, sing, jump,* or *run.*

6. How things are done the Adverbs tell,
   As *slowly, quickly, ill,* or *well.*

7. Conjunctions join the words together,
   As men *and* women, wind *or* weather.

8. The Preposition stands before
   A noun, as *in* or *through* a door.

9. The Interjection shows surprise,
   As *Oh!* how pretty; *Ah!* how wise.

The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

XX. A FRIEND.

"THE best definition of a friend is, 'He who makes you do what you can.' He who induces you to make the most of yourself: who, so far from leading you into temptation, endeavours to guard you from it, such an one is your best friend. And we are to remember that it is not so much by the words they speak, or by outward and apparently important actions, as by silent, unconscious influence, that friends help every moment to mar or make our characters.

"Angell James traced his solemn impressions to the consistent life of a lad with whom he was thrown into companionship; they shared the same bedroom, and he was greatly influenced by the regularity with which his friend was wont to pray and read the Bible. That companion, leading his quiet Christian life, little dreamed that he was stirring thoughts and feelings that would inspire congregations at home and abroad: for the spoken and written words of Angell James have had a large amount of influence. Choose good friends, and the sunny days of your youth will be all the brighter, but believe me when I tell you that one bad boy or girl can darken the sunshine for a hundred young persons."—THE REV. E. J. HARDY.

XXI. "NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER."

BY H. C. DODGE.

[IF all the Young Folks who read *Home Words* would commit these touching lines to memory, and repeat them to "mother," we will undertake to say a joy and gladness will enter "mother's" heart which will make Home sunshine for many a day.—THE EDITOR *H. W.*]

NOBODY knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT was the earliest thing promised by God to man?
2. Whose power in ministry was owned and honoured of God after he had died?
3. Quote passages from the Sermon on the Mount similar to the following:—
   i. Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.
   ii. Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He shall lift you up.
   iii. Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.
4. Who is the earliest prophet in Scripture, and how did he prophesy?
5. What city is called "the golden city"?
6. What is the earliest teaching of a future judgment?
7. Is there any instance of life-giving apart from God?
8. What do we know of Joseph's imprisonment which is not mentioned in the book of Genesis?

ANSWERS (See APRIL No., p. 95).

1. St. John xiv. 26.
2. His care of the ravens, the lilies, and even the grass of the field (St. Luke xii. 24, 26, 27).
3. 1 Sam. ix. 25.
4. They met at the council in Jerusalem, as appears from Gal. ii. 9.
5. A sword (Gen. iii. 24).

JUNE.

TRUTH LIGHT

"The Soul that Clings to Thee."

O HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean:
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with communion so divine,
Take what thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love in gentlest tone
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside:
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall:
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my Strength, my Rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

C. Elliott.

Gems from Old Writers.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

"THERE is no mist over His eyes who is wonderful in counsel."

"Afflictions are blessings to us when we can bless God for afflictions. God had one Son without sin, but He never had any without sorrow."—*Dyer.*

"Trust not so much to the comforts of God, as to the God of comforts."—*Mason.*

"One minute sooner than God's time would not be His people's mercy . . . . Our *opportunities* are in God's hand; and therefore He knows how to choose the best time for our deliverance, and we must wait for it."—*Matthew Henry.*

"It once occurred to me that most of my sufferings and sorrows were occasioned by my unwillingness to be the nothing that I am, and by a constant striving to be something. I saw if I would but cease struggling, and be content to be anything or nothing, as God pleases, I might be happy."—*Anon.*

"LOOK UPON OUR AFFLICTIONS."

"He heareth the cry of the afflicted."—Job xxxiv. 28.

1	F	O that Thou would'st keep me from evil.
2	S	That Thine hand might be with me.
3	S	**1st S. a. Trin.** *Deliver us from evil.* Matt. vi. 13.
4	M	God granted him that which he requested.
5	Tu	I was brought low, and He helped me.
6	W	Fear ye not,...have not I told thee? Isa. xliv. 8.
7	Th	I believe God that it shall be even as it was
8	F	Bring Thou me out of my distresses. [told me.
9	S	I called in distress...the Lord answered me.
10	S	**2nd Sun. aft. Trin.** *Great is Thy faithfulness.* Lam. iii. 23. [*the godly.* 2 Pet. ii. 9.
11	M	ST. BARNABAS. *The Lord knoweth how to deliver*
12	Tu	The Lord...a refuge in times of trouble.
13	W	Show Thy marvellous lovingkindness.
14	Th	O continue Thy lovingkindness. Ps. xxxvi. 10.
15	F	Thou that savest by Thy right hand. Ps. xvii. 7.
16	S	Thou shalt preserve me from trouble.
17	S	**3rd S. aft. Trin.** *The Lord maketh alive.*
18	M	The Saviour in time of trouble. Jer. xiv. 8.
19	Tu	Save Thy people; bless Thine inheritance.
20	W	QUEEN'S ACCESS. *The Lord saveth His anointed.*
21	Th	Man is born unto trouble. Job v. 7. [Ps. xx. 6.
22	F	The troubles of my heart are enlarged.
23	S	He that feareth God shall come forth of all.
24	S	**4th S. aft. Trin.** ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. *Cast down, but not destroyed.* [Ps. lvi. 3.
25	M	What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee.
26	Tu	In God I have put my trust: I will not fear. Ps.
27	W	He is near that justifieth me. Isa. l. 8. [lvi. 4.
28	Th	CORON. *The Lord,...the sword of thy excellency.*
29	F	ST. PETER. *A witness of the sufferings of Christ.*
30	S	If we suffer we shall also reign with Him.

SUN.—1st day. MOON.—New, 9th, A. 4.34.
Rises 3.50. Sets 8.6. ,, Full, 23rd, A. 9.8.
Calm weather in June
Sets corn in tune.—PROVERB.

12. William C. Bryant, died, 1878.
15. Campbell, the poet, died, 1844.
18. Battle of Waterloo, 1815.
21. Longest Day.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.





HELPING FATHER. [See Page 147.

By Emile Renouf.] [By Permission of Messrs. Goupil & Co.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Little Child and the Thunderstorm.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SUNGLEAMS," ETC.

HE listened, as the thunder rolled on high,
And whispered "Hark!" with infantine alarm
And finger raised—then hastened to my arm
For shelter from the tumult of the sky.
What could avail all heaven's artillery
Against the power of that encircling charm?
He felt himself incapable of harm
Beneath a father's touch and voice and eye.
Oh, ponder well this parable, my soul,
And from a little child the lesson learn,
Whither for instant succour thou may'st turn
When threatening clouds of danger o'er thee roll;
God is thy help—no evil can betide
A child that nestles at its Father's side!

Helping Father!

(*See Illustration, Page* 146.)

"HELPING Father!" That's quite a new thought! "Father helping me, and helping all of us," is rather what we may call "the household word" in every happy home. But most truths have two sides to them, and I think this is one of them.

"Father helps *me* best when I help *him*," gives both sides of the truth. In the home, of all places, we may and must say:—

> "A solitary blessing few can find:
> Our joys with those we love are intertwined."

Mothers and fathers give their children the true wealth, when they teach them that they can be "givers" as well as "receivers." Perhaps our children are, in the strictest and highest sense, our greatest benefactors. Certainly none of us would part with them at any price. "That little boy is worth more to me than all the money you have got in the bank," said a father one day to a bank clerk, pointing to a little companion. The clerk looked at first not a little astonished: but presently he had evidently learned that as "all is not gold that glitters," so there is a mine of "fine gold" in true affection which makes the poorest rich, and without which the richest are poor indeed.

We imagine Ralph Newcombe has brought his youngest with him this morning. If all the others at home have been taught in the same school with Rose, we are sure there is not "one too many." A family in which all "*help* Father" is not likely to weigh a man down with over-work or over-anxiety. We want plenty of boys and girls who "help Father."

THE EDITOR.

Mulberry Hollow; or, Deeds, not Words.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "MRS. HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES," "THE ROYAL LAW," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

JEWELS.



IT was a dark and gloomy little room, above a dark and gloomy little shop in a narrow street in London, where an old man sat with a small tin box before him. He looked right and left before he turned the key in the lock and let the lid fall back.

Then he cautiously took out a sheet of cotton wool from a drawer, and proceeded to lay upon it rings of all sizes, bracelets, and necklaces.

Presently there was a tap at the door, and a young girl's face appeared. Permission was given to enter by a short, querulous-sounding—

"Come in."

"There's some one in the shop, grandfather. He wants to see you, he says, on particular business." She glanced, as she spoke, at the sheet of cotton wool, with its array of jewellery, and said, "Shall I wait here while you go down?"

The old man nodded and said,—

"Don't you touch 'em—mind, Clara."

"Oh, all right," was the girl's reply.

But as soon as her grandfather was gone, she took up chains and bracelets, and fitted them on, surveying herself in the small mirror over the mantelpiece with evident delight.

There could not be a greater contrast than this dark-haired girl afforded to Mollie Burnside. Her dress was cut fashionably, with a very large "improver," which better deserves the name of *dis*improver. The material was of a flimsy texture, and trimmed with a quantity of dirty lace. She wore such trinkets as were available, and they were by no means equal in value to those which lay so temptingly before her. The bracelets jingled on her hands, and the chain, which held a large locket, rattled as she moved. Perhaps there was some attraction in that, otherwise it is difficult to say wherein the value of so much trumpery finery could consist. But Clara surveyed herself in the little mirror with evident satisfaction, and held up a pair of old-fashioned amethyst earrings to her ears, saying,—

"I wish they were mine, and this necklet to match, and this pin in my hair. How it sparkles, to be sure!"

The hair was frizzed and cut short on Clara's forehead, beneath which a pair of dark eyes looked out with a half-sly, half-roguish expression.

Her features were regular, and her head, if the shape could have been seen without the deformity of those masses of untidy hair, well formed. But there seems, in girls like poor Clara, a strange desire to destroy the natural proportion of face and figure, and to make what might be lovely and fair to the eye as much the reverse as possible. This may be done, and doubtless is done, unconsciously, for taste is terribly vitiated by the fashion of the day; and I am afraid Clara's appearance was but the distorted reflection of that of many a young lady who was walking in the park on that beautiful May day. The irresistible force of example is seen in the resemblance, which the lady who sets it would be the last to recognise.

Clara re-arranged the chains and bracelets with care, and then went to the top of the little narrow stairs to listen to what was passing in the shop. Her grandfather spoke in a low tone always; but the customer—if customer he was—had a voice pitched in a higher key—a provincial tone, unlike that of the Londoner.

Presently from the tiny room at the back of the house another voice was heard—a thin, treble voice of a child,—

"Clara!"

"Hush, Mark! hush! I'm coming directly."

"*Do* come. I am so tired. I wish the lady who brought me that pretty book would come again. I wish, oh, I wish I could hear her talk again."

"Hush, Mark! here comes grandfather, and the boy is putting up the shutters in the shop below. Then I'll come and sit with you, and bring you some tea."

The old man's step was now heard on the creaking stairs, which he ascended slowly, breathing hard as he came.

"What are you eavesdropping for, Clara?" he asked. "I told you to mind the property. You are an idle baggage."

Clara had a saucy answer ready, and then asked boldly,—

"What did that young man want?"

"Not *you*," was the reply, "worse luck."

Clara laughed.

"I'm sure I don't want *him*—such a figure of fun as he looked in a coat that might have been made a hundred years, and such a hat!"

"There, there, none of your nonsense, but go and look after your proper business, and get the tea ready."

Clara departed, and the old man instantly turned the key in the lock and reseated himself at the table.

First he counted over all his possessions, and finding them right, he took out of his deep waistcoat pocket a small parcel wrapped in several folds of paper. A ring was at last displayed, and the old man fitted a pair of strong glasses with black rims to his eyes, and examined it closely.

"One, two, three, four, five diamonds," he said. "Very valuable. Yes, two of the stones are of the first water. But there's lettering inside. I wonder what it means. I can't make it out. Well, well, it's safe here;" and then the ring was dropped into a partition in the tin box, and, everything being replaced in proper order, the box was locked and put away in an iron safe in the cupboard.

There was but little to brighten the life of the thin, pallid child who lived in the back room of this dingy house. For the district was a crowded one, as the back premises of the next street were only separated by two little courtyards from each other.

As little Mark lay on his bed, he could see one strip of sky between chimney-pots and roofs; and the city sparrows, and an occasional pair of pigeons, sitting on the coping of the furthest roof, were his only companions.

Clara and Mark were the orphan children of the old man's daughter, who had married some one above her in rank, though who that some one was, no one precisely knew. The name was common enough, and can hardly be called distinctive, so many are the "Smiths" to be found in every position in London. A name on every bookstall, a name in every newspaper under the heading of "Parliamentary Intelligence," and a name in every street or lane, square or alley—the Smiths are legion, and are not to be equalled by Brown and Jones and Robinson in numbers.

"Oliver," on the contrary, is not a common name; and the small, black letters over the narrow shop-door told that "James Oliver" was a dealer in precious stones and old silver. He dealt in a great many other *old* things also; for Mr. Oliver advanced money on a variety of properties which did not go into such a small compass as the tin box.

His calling was not, strictly speaking, nefarious. If people wanted money, and came to him to buy their property, he was free to offer them his terms. That those terms were hard, and that he grasped as much as possible, and very often *more* than was just, may be true; but I do not know that old James Oliver could be called actually dishonest.

This borrowing money at a pinch on certain articles is a bad, very bad practice, and can only prove at last the truth of the old proverb, "He that goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing:" and it is equally true that the *lender* is master of the borrower, and drives his bargain to the utmost limit. If the money was not repaid with interest at a certain time, the article became old Oliver's property, and he was free to do what he chose with it.

"It was an agreement, and must stand. Where was the harm of that? He stood to that agreement, and the borrower must stand to his part of it. A poor man couldn't afford to lose."

But Oliver was not a poor man; the heaps of interest grew and grew, and the number of unredeemed articles grew larger also.

Valuable property, as we have seen, lay concealed in the tin box, where the ring with the motto had been dropped this afternoon, and Oliver knew that he could count his savings by many hundreds.

It is one of the bright features of the times in which we live, that large cities and towns, and, I think I may say, notably, the largest of all—London—are honeycombed with schemes, which have the good, the highest good, of the people at heart. Not only are the clergy awake to their duties, and anxiously desire to gather in the waifs and strays of the streets and lanes into the fold, but laymen have had the same spirit kindled in them, and a wide-spread interest is ever on the increase for our brothers and sisters, who are indeed our "neighbours."

The question asked of our Master, and answered by Him, in the well-known parable

of the Good Samaritan, is, we may thank God, more often on our lips than formerly, and *Who is our neighbour*, whom we may help and comfort? is asked with a hearty desire to treat him with kindliness and sympathy *as such*.

Mr. Oliver's shop was, as I have said, in a dark, narrow street, crossed and recrossed at intervals in its length by many another street of the same character. They were full of huxters' shops, clothiers' shops, beer shops, and houses with dirty yellow blinds tucked back to show a card with some announcement that dress-making was done, or straw bonnets cleaned, or sewing machines were in full work, or mangling was done, and fine linen got up, or boots mended, or like announcements which told of work that was needed, and, alas! sometimes signified that work never came, and if it came, was but poorly paid for.

There was a square of large houses in the close neighbourhood of this labyrinth of streets and shops, and smaller dwellings—a square that had once been fashionable, but was now inhabited by professional people, as they are called.

Doctors were amongst these: and one doctor lived at the corner house, which abutted on the cross street at the end of Lorne Street—a young doctor full of life and vigour, whose home was managed by a sister who, as she passed through the dull, grimy streets, always seemed to brighten them with her cheery presence and her smile.

Somehow brawlers were quiet when she came along, and that large company of "loafers," who are conspicuous objects in our back streets, gave way to let her pass. No policeman's "Move on" was ever nearly as effective as Miss Townsend's "Please let me pass," and the "Thank you" which always followed with a smile. She was coming down Lorne Street on this bright May afternoon with her quick light step, looking up at the houses as she passed, and retracing her steps once or twice.

"Yes, there it is—James Oliver," she exclaimed. She had some roses in her hand, and as she turned quickly to enter the shop, a young man who had been leaning listlessly against the door while the boy was putting up the shutters—for old Oliver closed early—moved aside to let her pass.

Something in his face struck her. Surely she had seen him before; and how ill and unhappy he looked!

"Will you have a rose?" she asked, singling a pretty bud of *Gloire de Dijon* from the rest, adding—"It brings a message from the country to the town."

She little guessed, as he turned away, what a message that rose brought to him. The gardens at Uplands seemed to rise before him—Mulberry Hollow and the porch of his home wreathed round with roses and honeysuckles—boyish, happy days, when he ran home from school to be the first to find Moll, and carry her off to swing in the branches of the old mulberry tree.

It was only six weeks since he saw it all last, and it seemed like years. The past could not be recalled, and the future—he dare scarcely think of the future.

"How unhappy he looks!" Miss Townsend thought, as she passed through the little dark shop, and groped her way to the foot of the narrow staircase. The May evening could scarcely make its presence felt in that close, dingy abode; and the sun, which had been shining with delicious warmth, tempered by a cool breeze, on the woods and hills and meadow-lands of Somersetshire, had only heated the roofs of the closely packed houses, and made the air oppressive.

"Miss Townsend, Mark," Clara exclaimed. "There, aren't you glad you have been a good boy, and waited patiently?"

The child held out his thin little hands for the roses, and said,—

"I knew you'd come, because you said you would," as he fell back on his pillow with a satisfied smile, pressing the roses to his poor pale cheek.

Miss Townsend's heart ached for the child, imprisoned in that little dark chamber, when all the world was rejoicing in the summer. He was only one of thousands, and to relieve and cheer him was but the lifting of a grain of sand from the heavy burden under which so many are bending. But Rose Townsend never thought of all she might do and could not perform; she looked simply at the duty nearest her, and prayed for strength day by day to perform it.

"Mark," she said, "I think you would like to see the roses growing, and the blue sky above them. I am going home next week to see my mother. Shall I take you with me?"

The child's eyes filled with tears, and he shook his head.

"You stupid boy!" exclaimed Clara; "you ought to jump for joy."

"I didn't like the train last summer; there was such a crowd, and such a noise, and——"

"Oh! that was the excursion to Margate," said Clara. "Grandfather took him for a breath of sea air, but he was none the better for it. There was such a press at the station, and a man pushed him down and hurt his back; but this would be very different, Mark, to go with Miss Townsend, dear. I wish I was offered to go!"

At this point a shrill, tremulous and repeated "Clara—Clara-a," reached her unwilling ears.

"Yes, grandfather!" she exclaimed. Then muttering to herself, "I never get a minute's peace; he is such an old fidget," she left the room, saying,—

"Well, what is it now?"

CHAPTER VI.

WHY?

Miss Townsend was glad to be left alone with little Mark. She lifted him from the uneasy bed, which had not been made that day, and wrapping an old shawl round him, she seated herself in a chair, with her feet on an old box, and passed her cool, soft hand over the child's pale brow.

"There, you can see the bit of sky now, Mark; and look, there are two white pigeons! See how their wings are shining in the light."

Mark looked and smiled, saying,—

"Tell me a story, please, miss."

"About birds?" she asked.

Mark nodded. Then Miss Townsend wove the story of the Lord's love for the sparrows, and of His watchful care, even of *one* which fell from the nest, into a lesson of faith and trust for little Mark.

The tale, told simply, interested the poor child keenly, and his eyes glistened as he heard the words which fell from those gentle lips like dew to his thirsty soul.

"So you are sure He cares for me?" he said at last.

"Of course I am, Mark. Are you not of more value than one of those little brown sparrows or white-winged doves? And He who loves and cares for these birds loves you."

"Why have I this racking pain, then? why can't I run about like other boys?"

"Ah, dear, I cannot answer that question. You will get an answer one day."

Suddenly Mark started, and sat upright in Miss Townsend's arms.

"If I hadn't been ill, the doctor wouldn't have come, and then *you* would never have come. I see. That's *why—one* '*why*,' anyhow."

"Perhaps it is," she said softly. And then she took those thin little hands in hers, and folded them as a mother might in prayer, and taught him to repeat a few simple words after her. Then she called Clara, and she smoothed the little bed, and laid the child down in comfort, and took a small bottle of lemon syrup from her bag, and made a cooling draught for the night, and so left him.

"Frank," she said, when, an hour later, she was sitting with her brother at their comfortable evening meal in Argyle Square,—"Frank, I mean to ask mother to let me take Mark with me to Overbury next week. Do you think it will do him good?"

Dr. Townsend shook his head.

"I cannot say. To any one else I should say, 'Don't attempt it, it will be an anxiety and trouble.' I don't say it to you, because you always seem the happier to do something other people shrink from. It is deeds, not words, with you."

"Well, I don't call that a cheering permission or opinion, Frank," Rose said, laughing. "But I shall ask mother's leave. There is a nice little room which Mark could have; and if it answers for him, I can take another child in the autumn. But, oh!" she added, her sunny face clouding over for a moment, "oh, it is only one here and another there,—and how many thousands want the same help! But I will think of this,—I can't help thousands, but I *can* help one; and I must try to do my best for that one."

"Did you see the old man to-day?"

"No, I only *heard* him."

"He is a mysterious old personage; and that fashionable young woman, with her fringes and her gimcracks, is not altogether satisfactory."

"I don't think there is anything wrong—absolutely wrong—with her. She is devoted to Mark. I must try to do something with her next; it is better than talking. And now

I must write to mother. I hope you are going to rest this evening."

"There isn't much rest for a doctor," he said. "I am off again till ten o'clock. But I can walk through the Park, and that will be pleasant this evening."

"I am always glad when a patient lives in a nice part, for your sake. But, Frank, I wish you had happened to see a young man who was standing by old Oliver's door; he did look so miserable and ill; and you might have done something for him. I almost think I have seen him before, but I cannot remember *where*. I never forget faces; and I am certain this one is familiar."

"Perhaps he was in the recreation class last winter, and you have forgotten his name," Dr. Townsend said, as he left the room.

It was now six weeks since Ned Macdonald had left his old home. Like many other young men, he found himself alone in a crowd in London. The friend who had promised him a recommendation to the shop in the Edgeware Road failed him; or, at any rate, the introduction did not serve him. The master of the shop declined to engage him; indeed, he said he had no vacancy amongst his assistants, and he was sorry, but he never took any one who could not refer him to their last employer.

Ned felt very sure Mr. Tomkins at Churton would not write him a flattering testimonial, and therefore he did not attempt to apply to him. He had brought his last month's salary in his pocket, but that was very soon spent, and then there was only "the ring." For Ned *had* picked up the ring, and, as we know, suspicion had rested on him and on his brother.

When he first possessed himself of the ring, he had really every intention of returning it. Then he thought he would wait till a reward was offered. Then a man of whom he had borrowed money, pressed him for payment, and threatened to go to his father and expose several transactions, which were greatly to his discredit.

Every day Ned put off making a confession about it, it became harder to do so. His light manner of assumed innocence when questioned in Sir Maurice Wright's study had begun to fail; and when he heard that the police were to be on the scent, fear of discovery made him still silent. It was only on the day when he had left his father's house like a thief, before any one was stirring, in the morning after his conversation with Mollie, that he saw a notice, printed in large black letters :—

"Lost.—A Diamond Ring, with a motto within an old-fashioned setting. Whoever will give information leading to its discovery, or restore it to the owner, will receive a handsome reward. Apply to the Chief Inspector, Churton Police Station."

This notice added to Ned's perplexities. The motto engraved in the ring would identify it at any jeweller's shop if he attempted to offer it for sale. He could not raise money on it to pay his clamorous creditor in Churton, and there was nothing left for him but to go to London. Then, he thought, if he got a situation in a small shop, he should soon get on, and return and claim Mollie as his wife. But there would still be the ring—the ring to tell its own tale, the ring with the motto, "Deeds, not words."

It is an old and oft-repeated story, how the first downward step is almost invariably followed by a second, and then how swift is the descent on the sliding scale, and how, almost imperceptibly, the lowest deep is reached, and how swiftly!

Ned's money speedily melted in London. He had taken a small bedroom in an obscure street, and spent much of his time in fruitless efforts to obtain employment. The air of the city, so different from the fresh country, soon told on his health; he lost his appetite, and supplied the loss with frequent glasses of spirits and beer. In the gaudy palaces, where these potations were to be had, he fell in with undesirable companions. One, a man much older than himself, professed to be friendly, lent him a few shillings, and took him to music halls, where they quickly disappeared. Then a game of cards was proposed, and Ned was suffered to win two or three times, and, flushed with success, tried again, and lost. Utterly inexperienced, weak, and easily led, with a handsome face and a pleasant manner, it was only to be expected that he would fall into traps, laid for the unwary.

He would have gone home, and thrown himself on his mother's kindness and never-failing love, if it had not been for that ring. But he could not face what was before him if it was known that he had had that ring in his possession for so many weeks, and had not disclosed it.

He was miserable and restless; starvation seemed to stare him in the face.

"That Diamond Ring!" how he grew to hate it! How, every night when he laid down on his uneasy bed, and saw it tied by a bit of black ribbon round his neck—the only way he dare keep it about his person—how he loathed it! It haunted him in his dreams; sometimes he fancied it was strangling him like a tight collar; sometimes he would start up, and fancy some one had stolen it; he could get no respite from the fears and horrors *that ring* caused him.

So does sin bring its own punishment; so have many of us, writhing under its *consequences*, been constrained to confess that we have done amiss and dealt wickedly.

It was after a long day's tramp in search of a situation that Ned, happening to pass through Lorne Street, and looking up at the row of dingy little houses I have described, saw a man and woman, well dressed and evidently above the tradesman class, come out of the shop-door, over which James Oliver's announcement was painted.

The two people paused a minute a few paces in front of Ned as they passed him, and he heard the lady say—for it was a lady's voice and tone—

"I thought he would have given me more than ten pounds for that ruby brooch. Shall I go back and try the old man again?"

"Nonsense!" was the rough reply. "Give the money to me, and be thankful you have got it."

The two people were soon out of sight, but Ned had caught at an idea, as a drowning man catches at a straw.

He knew there was a risk in parting with the ring, for that tell-tale motto within the old-fashioned setting might at any time betray him. But it would be a comfort to get rid of it: and perhaps when he had done so, he might find courage to go back and profess himself penitent for having caused them all at Mulberry Hollow so much anxiety. "Everything was forgotten at last, and the ring would be numbered amongst the forgotten things, and —there would be an end of it."

And thus it was Ned had unfastened the black ribbon which held the ring, and had entered old Oliver's shop, just as he was placing the ruby brooch in safety.

Leaving Clara, as we have seen, to keep guard over his tin box of jewels, old Oliver went to his customer. He was cunning enough to see the ring was of great value; but he also saw that Ned was quite ignorant of its value. He saw, too, the lettering on the broad band of gold, and he knew that was a circumstance which might not prove too pleasant for him if by any chance the ring should be traced.

The ruby brooch which had just been bought was evidently the property of the lady who had consigned it to him for ten pounds. But this ring—how did the young man come by it?

"Do you want to sell it, eh? is it a family piece, eh?"

"Oh!" said Ned indifferently, "it's an old-fashioned thing. What's it worth?"

"I'll advance five pounds on it, and give you a receipt. Then when you call again, I'll have had it valued. Very poor stones, very poor! Setting worthless; but I dare say I could make a larger offer when I've *valued* it."

Thus the bargain had been struck, and Ned stepped out into Lorne Street without the ring, five pounds in his pocket, and an intolerable weight at his heart. He had almost determined to go back, when Miss Townsend had passed him on her way, and had given him that sweet smile and the rose.

Poor Ned, he had only bound the chain tighter round his neck; and in all that great city he was alone with his guilty conscience. He changed the first sovereign at a restaurant, and tried to make a meal; but he could not swallow his food, and at last he tried to allay his anxiety and worry, by three glasses of strong brandy and water.

(To be continued.)

A GOOD RULE.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON used to say, that he did not consider he had any advantage over other men, except that whatever he thought of sufficient importance to begin, he had sufficient resolution to continue until he had accomplished his object.

POPULATION.

THERE are upon an average, in England and Wales, 389 persons to every square mile, though, of course, the density of the population greatly varies according to the locality. There are, on the average, 5·3 persons to every inhabited house.

July: or, "Healing Rain."

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

SCARCELY a whisper stirs the summer leaves,
Or bends the whitening barley; sultry-fierce,
The July sunshine beats upon the sward—
The brown-parched sward, whose scorching grass-blades thirst
For the life-giving rain!

The fuchsias droop;
The full-blown roses drop their withering leaves;
The thrush sits mute upon the apple-bough;
A drowsy silence, an unnatural calm,
Pervades the face of nature!

In the fields,
The cattle idly lie beside the hedge,
Seeking for shelter from the sweltering heat;
The blackbird, tenant of the farmhouse porch,
Listless and dumb, sits in his wicker cage;
The house-dog, curled, lies blinking in the sun,
Careless of passing tramps.

Hark! What is that?
A threatening rumble, muttered, sullen, low,
In the far-distant sky; a thunder-peal,
Telling of welcome rain!

Anon the drops,
The thick big drops, in quick succession fall
Upon the parching earth: the flowers revive;
The house-dog rises; and the cattle crowd
Beneath the meadow trees; a gentle breeze
Springs up, and rustles through the barley-ears;
The sultry air is cooled: the fresh earth owns
The power beneficent of healing rain!

Our Church Portrait Gallery.

II. THE REV. WALTER SUNDERLAND LEWIS.

THE Rev. Walter Sunderland Lewis, Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, graduated with high honours at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1843. After holding the Curacy of St. Werburgh, Bristol, he was in 1846 appointed Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge. At the end of three years he was preferred to the Vicarage of Holy Trinity, Ripon, where he laboured with much zeal for twenty years. In 1868 he became Vicar of St. George's, Worthing, which he vacated in 1881 for St. Mary's Vicarage, Hornsey Rise, his present charge.

In these varied spheres of influence, Mr. Lewis has shown himself to be a model pastor. His preaching is experimental and expository: he evidently holds that the Bible is its own best commentary: and his sermons really illustrate the Scriptures by the Scriptures.

The claims of the Church Missionary Society are warmly recognised by Mr. Lewis, the local branch of the Society being one of the most successful in North London. He has also shown a deep interest in the matter of popular recreation, and has established with great success a series of Pleasant Evenings for the People on Saturday nights in a Mission Hall in his parish.

As an author, Mr. Lewis contributed to the "Pulpit Commentary" a valuable paper on the "Book of Ezra." He has recently written "The Life of Lives," in which he tells with new interest the life of Our Lord. He is also the author of "Landmarks of Faith," a thoughtful treatise equally scholarly and evangelical; "The Threshold of Revelation," and several other smaller works.

We may add that Mr. Lewis, fully alive to the fact that "the Printing Press is the Church's Lever," supports the Pure Literature movement in his parish. He has for many years been a contributor to *Home Words*

and *The Fireside* Magazine. His "Bible Questions" in the former have been greatly valued. From a paper in the latter we extract the following weighty sentences:—

"At Christ's cross alone we discover that great secret compared with which all other wisdom is but folly, and all other supposed knowledge is but ignorance in disguise. We mean the secret of 'so passing through things temporal as finally not to lose the things eternal'; and of so making 'perfect peace' with our Eternal Creator and Judge, that, when time at last is done with, and the unseen is at last revealed to us, it may be to open our eyes on a world in which the full light of His reconciled Countenance shall illuminate every object and satisfy every desire! That is knowledge, that is wisdom indeed! Nothing is lost where that is secured! Nothing is gained where that is missed!"



THE REV. W. S. LEWIS, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise.

From a Photograph by RUSSELL & SONS, *Camden Road.*

Engraved by R. & E. TAYLOR.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

"Are there Men there?"—That was a courageous answer of certain converts at Raiatea, whose friends vainly tried to dissuade them from entering a new mission field in New Guinea.

"There are serpents there," said they; "there are wild beasts there; and there is pestilence there."

"Are there *men* there?" was the answer. "If there are men there, we will go."

Burnt to Death.—There are between 1,400 and 1,500 children in England under five years of age annually burnt or scalded to death. More than 1,000 children are suffocated by drunken parents, chiefly mothers.

Carelessness.—At a Petty Sessions in Suffolk, the police sergeant stated, that in the last ten years property to the value of £13,000 had been destroyed by children improperly using lucifer matches.

"The Accepted Time:"

A PASTORAL INCIDENT.



"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 *Cor.* vi. 2.

A YOUNG man came to me and said, "I will delay no longer." I said, "That is a good determination. 'Behold, *now* is the accepted time.'" He replied, "Well, I don't know that that text is for me, because——" "Yes, it is for you." "I was going to say that I did not think I had got so far as that yet—as to think salvation is for me *now*." "You told me that you were not going to *delay* any longer, and therefore I said, 'Now.'" "But I don't wish to be in a hurry." "You *ought* to be in haste. David was: 'I made haste, and *delayed* not to keep Thy commandments.'"

"I don't think I am in a fit state of mind to come to Christ now." "You said you were determined to put it off no longer." "Why, I want to get ready." "Are you getting ready?" "No." "Then you don't believe that now is the accepted time." "Yes, I do; for the Bible says so." "Then don't wait for any other time." "I have not a sufficient sense of sin." "Then it can't be the *accepted time*." "I have not faith enough yet." "Then it can't be the accepted time." "Well, I am not ready." "Then it can't be the accepted time." "But it seems to me *too* quick." "Then it can't be the accepted time, and the Bible has made a mistake." "But my heart is not prepared." "Then it is not the accepted time."

"What shall I do?" "Repent and believe now." "But it seems to me that I am not prepared to give up the world on so short a notice." "That is your very difficulty. You are not prepared. You wish to put off repentance and conversion to *another time*. But the Bible says, 'Now is the accepted time:' so you and the Bible disagree." "But it seems so hard to shut a man up to the *present time*." "If you were a dying man, and had only an hour to live, you would not say so; you would be glad to have the Bible telling you, '*Now is the accepted time*,' instead of telling you to wait for a week or a month."

He went away to reflect, and saw the force of the simple argument; and afterwards confessed that when he examined his heart on the matter, he found his reasons for *delay* sprang from an unwillingness arising from the lack of humility and real decision to give up what he knew to be sinful, to be saved *by Christ*. So we learn, that not only the *ungodly* and careless delay, but the self-righteous also. They want to do without Christ.

S.

A Bible Thought.

BY THE EDITOR.

"I will say unto GOD, *my Rock*, Why hast Thou *forgotten* me? . . . Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."—*Ps.* xlii. 9, 11.

EVEN the true believer, in trial, and especially in severe pain, may *almost* think *God* has "*forgotten*" him—as if *God* could *possibly* forget those who are "graven on the palms of His Hands." But whilst the "heart of unbelief," still striving within him, prompts the believer to ask the doubting question, "*Why* hast Thou *forgotten* me?" the child's faith remembers the promises, and calls upon God as a "*Rock*"—even "My Rock": "I will say unto God, my *Rock*."

This Rock of our trust is "the Rock of *Ages*." It can never give way, or move, though we, in our weakness, even whilst avowing our faith—"Lord, I believe,"—are constrained to add—"Help Thou our unbelief."

The Plan of Salvation.

WE are indebted to the Rev. Edward A. Stuart, M.A., Vicar of St. James', Holloway, for the following *Plan of Salvation*, which was translated from an old Latin author. Mr. Stuart says: "I do not know where I obtained it, but I have had it in my Bible for a long time, and many who have seen it have wished for a copy. I hope, therefore, it may be useful." It very fully sets before us what may be termed "The Trinity of Divine Love" in action, which our Collect tells us "is to be worshipped."

GOD IS

A *Just Judge*,	A *Holy God*
Who cannot clear the guilty.	Who cannot associate with the impure.

But we are

Guilty.	Impure.

Therefore to stand

In the Judgment,	In the Presence Chamber,

We need to be

Justified, *i.e.*, pronounced innocent.	Sanctified, *i.e.*, made holy.

This can only be done by

The Righteousness of Christ imputed to us,	The Holiness of Christ imparted to us,

Which is

Christ's work *for* us. Passive and active, Suffering and serving.	Christ's work *in* us. By the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

1. The originating cause is the Love of God the Father.
2. The procuring cause is the Merit of Christ the Son.
3. The efficient cause is the Operation of the Holy Ghost.
4. The instrumental cause is the Word of God.
5. The receptive cause is the Faith of Man.

The Result.

We are

Justified	Sanctified
1. From all guilt.	1. In the whole man.
2. One act.	2. A progressive act.
3. Perfect on believing.	3. Perfect only above.

AMEN.

HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture, "for Thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

GEORGE HERBERT.

The Last Load Home.

BY LORD TENNYSON, THE POET LAUREATE.

(*See Illustration, Page* 159.)

[We gave a sketch of the life of Lord Tennyson in *Home Words* for 1886, with an engraving of "The Poet Laureate in his Study." The following exquisite Harvest Home poem is from his last volume.

It is interesting to know that Lord Tennyson's first verses were written on a slate on Sunday, while the elders of the family were at church. The subject—the flowers in the garden—had been given him by his brother Charles, and the verses were written on the model of Thomson's "Seasons." Later on his grandfather asked him to write an elegy on his grandmother, who had just died. The boy executed the task, and the grandfather put ten shillings into his hand, saying, "There! that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and take my word for it, it will be the last." For once, at least, his grandfather was wrong. He was educated by his father, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained the Chancellor's medal for a poem entitled "Timbuctoo."—The Editor *H. W.*]

WHAT did ye do, and what did ye saäy,
Wi' the wild white rose, and the woodbine so gaäy,
An' the midders all mow'd, and the sky sa blue—
What did ye saäy, and what did ye do,
When ye thowt there were nowbody watchin' o' you,
And you and your Sally was forkin' the haäy,
At the end of the daäy,
For the last loäd hoäm?

What did we do, and what did we saäy,
Wi' the briar sa green, and the willer sa graäy,
An' the midders all mow'd, and the sky sa blue—
Do ye think I be gawin' to tell it to you,
What we mowt saäy, and what we mowt do,
When me and my Sally was forkin' the haäy,
At the end of the daäy,
For the last loäd hoäm?

But what did ye saäy, and what did ye do,
Wi' the butterflies out, and the swallers at plaäy,
An' the midders all mow'd, and the sky sa blue?
Why coom then, owd feller, I'll tell it to you;
For me and my Sally we vowed to be true,
To be true to each other, let 'appen what maäy,
Till the end of the daäy
And the last loäd hoäm.

DEGENERATE PROGRESS.

AN old farmer, who lived by the Hampshire hills, once observed, when talking about the corruption and degeneracy of the times, that it was the fine words and the flattery of men to the farmers' wives that had done all the mischief. "For," said he, "when it was *dame* and *porridge*, 'twas real good times; when 'twas *mistress* and *broth*, 'twas worse a good deal; but when it came to be *ma'am* and *soup*, 'twas very bad."—*Old Newspaper.*



"THE LAST LOAD HOME."

[See Page 158.



"Home" and "Fireside" in Cairo.

BY MISS M. L. WHATELY, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM EGYPT," ETC.

ONE would be sorry to say that there is nothing answering to a "fireside" in Egypt, although for the chief part of the year a literal fireside would be a very unnecessary part of an establishment, and is never really wanted. During the short winter the rich wrap up in warm clothing (occasionally even in fur), and the poor seek the sun, and sit sheltered from the wind under a mud wall, perfectly content. But there ought everywhere to be a *Home:* and *that*, properly speaking, is the meaning of "our own fireside"—some place where "we" and "our" means not a mixed circle, or even a party of friends, but father and mother, brother and sister, grandparents and little ones, as the case may be.

Man's nature requires this. The old Roman knew it well, and in his ignorance of better things had special little deities which belonged to Home, and were supposed to watch over Home interests. What is the Egyptian "fireside," and who are his "Lares and Penates," now that he no longer worships actual idols, and no longer shows his reverence for his parents and his love for his brethren or children by rolling their embalmed remains in mummy cloth, and strong wooden or stone cases, in the vain hope of thus at least retarding the inevitable corruption of poor humanity?

Perhaps there are few people more domestic, naturally, than Egyptians. They are affectionate, and passionately fond of children, and like to be among their "own folks." But the Mahommedan faith is sadly opposed to pure domestic life. When this exists, it is as it were in spite of the religion, and not helped and fostered by it, as is the case with Christianity. If a man tries to follow out exactly the precepts of the Gospel and of the Epistles of St. Paul and St. John, etc., every one will allow that he will be the best husband, father, and brother, as well as shining in other ways among his fellow-men. But the pattern held up to admiration and actual adoration among Moslems is of course their founder, who is known to have had fifteen wives, and to have done many things quite at variance with a moral and holy private life, putting out of the question all public conduct—all outside the Home, in short. The great harems, or seraglios (as the palaces of the sultans of Constantinople used to be called), were not, of course, invented by Mohammed and his followers. They are very old concerns, as Scripture history sufficiently shows, belonging to idolatrous monarchs, and in some degree imitated by Solomon and other Jewish kings; but they do not appear to have been general among the Israelites, and even bigamy appears to have gradually died out before the time of our Lord.

But it is not so here. The wealthy man buys slave-wives from distant lands, and black women, stolen from various African tribes, to attend on them; and, in spite of all that English influence can do, those of high position or considerable wealth, who have not such an establishment, are very rare; they are the exceptions that prove the rule. And it is a curious thing that some of these exceptions, whom I personally know, and who are kindly men, with only one wife and something like a home (even though a curtain hangs before the inner apartment which not even the oldest friend dare draw aside)—these, far from being specially pious Mahommedans, appear to have little belief in anything, and to be, in fact, deists, adhering to the forms of Islam from political or social reasons. That there should be in general little affection in these stately dwellings, no one can wonder. The wonder is, that there is any, except between mother and child.

But, as I observed, the Egyptians are affectionate by nature, and are also very courteous and much attached to form and ceremony, and to "what is *expected*," either on occasions of death or marriage, etc., among relatives; so that it is not easy always to tell how much is real regard or outward show.

But how is it among the masses, for, after all, the rich and great are but a minority? Among the middle classes of Mahommedans from two to three wives is the common

arrangement; and though in some cases they "get on" tolerably, as it is a custom and an inevitable thing, yet we find not only pretty frequent quarrels, but a general want of what *we* understand by *Home*.

Suppose we visit a small tradesman's wife, for instance. We are admitted (I am of course supposing the friend who accompanies me to be a *lady*) into a sort of vestibule flagged with stone, but, in spite of this, extremely hot in spring or summer, and swarming with flies; for it is small, and serves for a general *rendezvous*, for the family often eat there. Opening out of this are a couple of rooms besides the kitchen. Each of these belongs to one of the wives; but the one we come to see, after placing us on her little divan, spread with white calico or coloured chintz, sends one of her children to summon the *other* wife as a piece of politeness. It strikes one as somewhat incongruous to hear one of them observe, "*Our* man is at his shop or office," etc., and, "This is *my* boy, the other is *hers*." It is not "Our own Fireside" in any sense, though the poor women may make coffee over the same brazier, and help to heat the same oven.

Let us now glance at the peasant's hut. Perhaps, on the whole, it is *oftener* a home than any of the better abodes, although we should think it a most uncomfortable one. A mud-built hovel, with (if in the country villages) generally *no* sort of window, only a door,—with a great wooden key, and a roof thatched coarsely with bundles of reeds and maize straw, dark, dirty, and unfurnished most literally,—a mat or two for sleeping, a cooking vessel and water jar being often the whole contents. If they are a little better off, and the woman has a second suit of clothes, there will be a green or red painted box in a corner, and a pillow or two covered with calfskin with the hair on. The poor man not unfrequently has two or three wives, but in general he has only one at a time. The facility of divorce enables him to send away the mother of his children at a minute's notice for the most trifling cause, or mere caprice. Yet there are sometimes attached families in these poor huts. Perhaps they only help to prove the rule; but I have met with those who seemed happy together, and even devoted occasionally. Their laws and customs, however, make it so easy to break up a family, and the man is so secure from blame, that there is always a temptation to make a trifle the reason for separation.

Here and there a fine disposition peeps out, and faithful love is shown; but it is not common. Brothers and sisters, especially if from the same mother, are usually much attached, and so with mothers and children. "If I can only get back to my mother, I shall be well," said a poor Arab to me one day, long ago, on board a French steamer going to Egypt. He was recovering from a long attack of fever in Algiers, and was going to his own country. "The air of the Nile is good," I observed. "Ah! and the *bread* of *home* is sweet," said the poor fellow. He had some feeling about a "fireside," though it was a little hut under a palm, with no fire but the blazing sun. I often thought of him, and hoped he safely reached his *home*. I gave him something to make the journey easier when he should land, and provided him with a few little comforts on the voyage, besides reading daily some verses from the Book which "giveth light to the simple."

Thank God, there are now *some* at least among the huts of Moslem peasants on the Nile, where the father reads from the Word of God, received from the little English Mission party, whom the peasants there call "the people with the Book;" and the wife and ragged little ones sit under the palm-trees after work is done, and listen while he reads "of Jesus and His love to man." So we may hope there will be some homes in truth, even in Egypt, among the huts whose inhabitants are preparing for the heavenly home.

TWOFOLD ILLUSTRATION: "MANORS" AND "MANNERS."

SIR FLETCHER NORTON was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, he chanced to say:—

"My Lord, I can illustrate the point in an instance in my own person—I myself have two little *manors*."

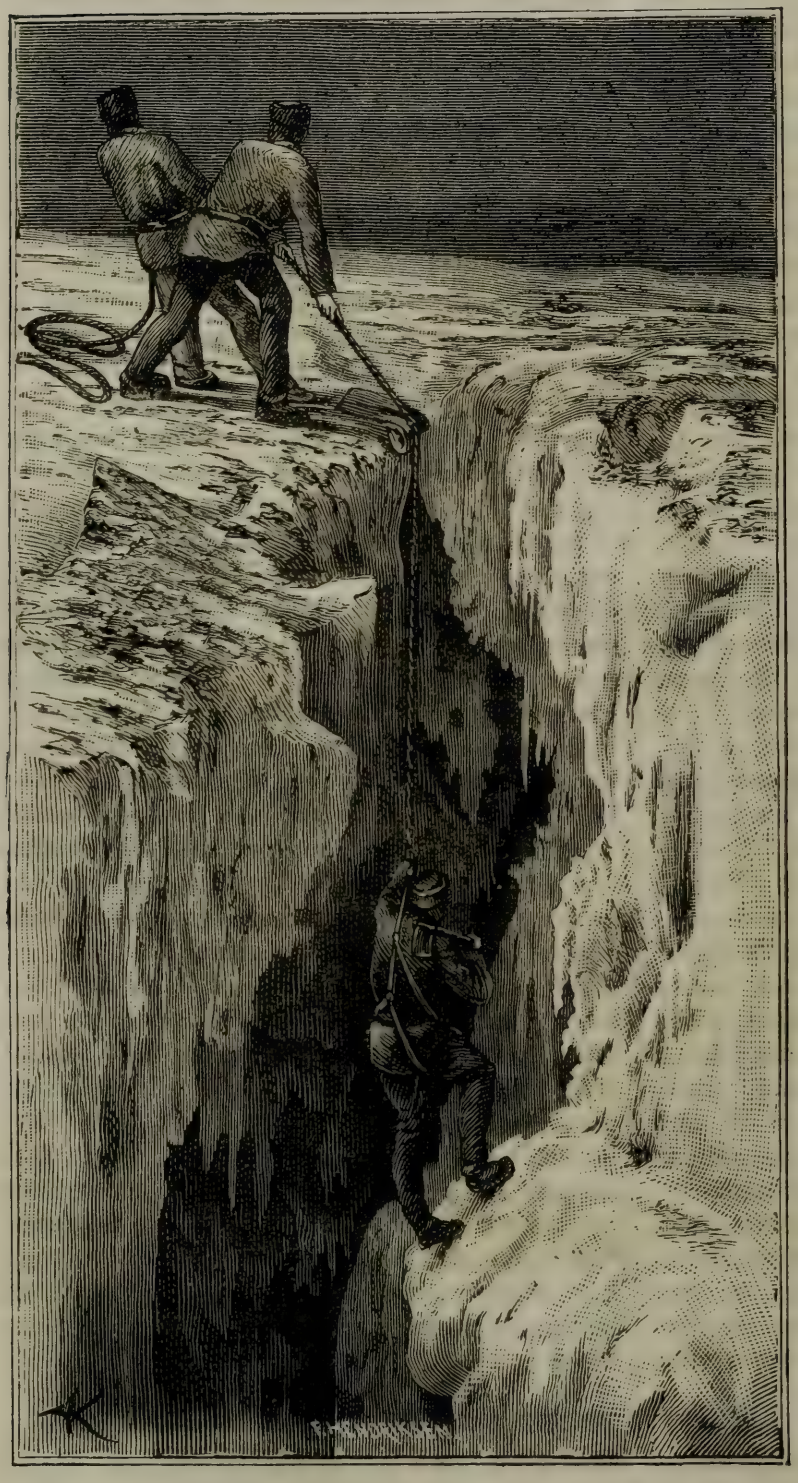
The judge immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles:—

"We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

A Trip to Old Norway.

BY ONE WHO WENT.

VII. AMONGST THE GLACIERS.



ANOTHER tourist in the region of snow and ice gives a graphic account of a pass from Skjolden by way of Fortun.

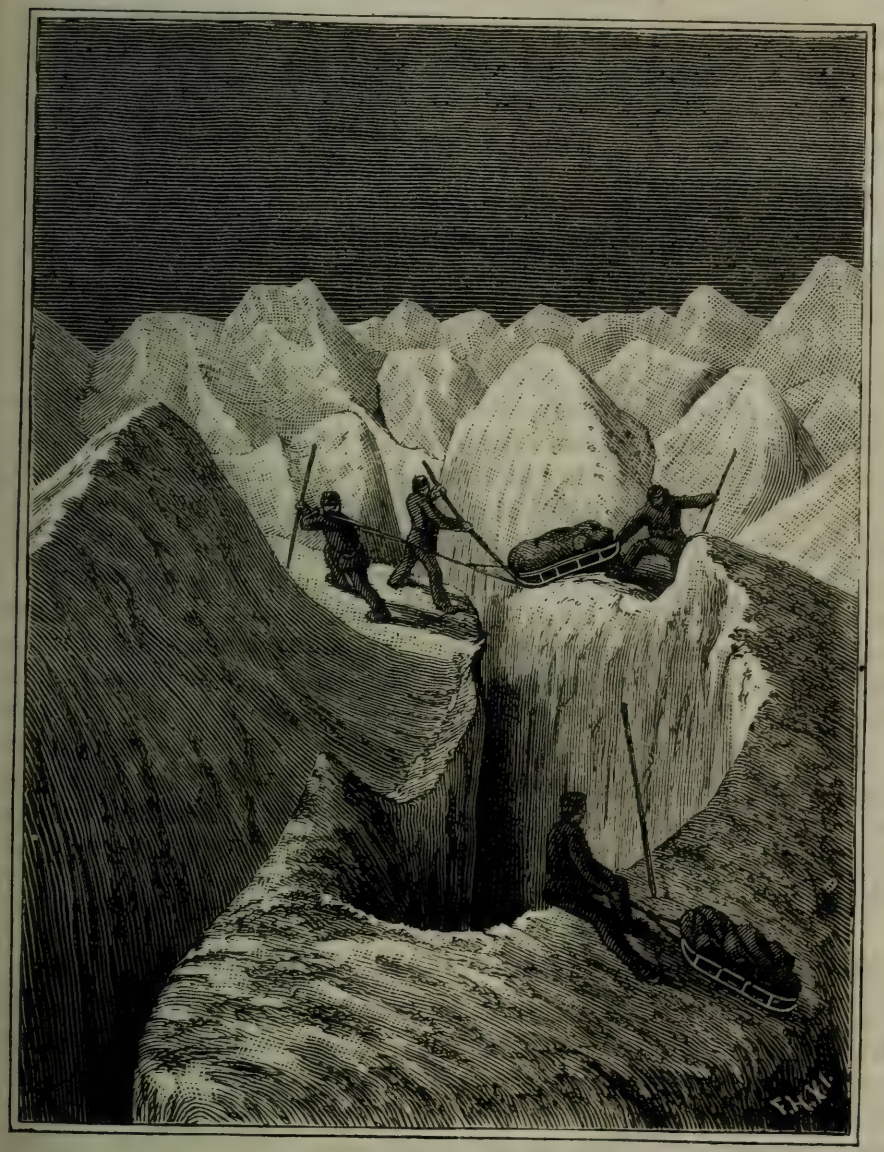
"Fortun is a little farm lying in a narrow valley on the Lyster Fjord. The owner is one of the best guides of the district, is wonderfully kind and obliging, and, what is more, has control over sufficient horses for a goodly party to cross the snow-covered mountains. A start was made in the early morning, and an almost perpendicular path ascended, until, about the height of some 3,000 feet, the last sæter and human habitation was passed. From that time for many hours no path was perceptible, the line of way being indicated by *varder*—posts stuck in cairns of stones at given distances.

"Upwards the ascent continued, until the crest of the pass, some 5,000 feet, was reached. Snowfields abounded on every side; sometimes the horses sank up to their girths, and floundered in a manner most uncomfortable and even alarming to the inexperienced rider. One lady, indeed, was so alarmed that she dismounted, and begged to be left behind to die!

"The whole scene embraced imposing views of the great range of the Jotunheim, the Galdhöpiggen (8,400 ft.), which is the highest mountain in Norway, the enormous Smörstabbræ, which is one of the largest glaciers, and appears like a perfect sea of snow and ice; and other huge glacier slopes, and peaks, and pinnacles without number. A wilder and grander mountain-scene than this can scarcely be imagined."*

* Our readers will remember an illustration of "A Pinnacle of the Svartisen Glacier" in January *Home Words*. We now give two other Glacier engravings, which will convey some idea of the perils attending Glacier climbing.

At the crest of this pass a hut, erected by the thoughtful Mountaineering Club in Norway, to which every tourist should belong, gives welcome shelter and a soft couch of hay, on which the traveller can repose and take his lunch before recommencing his ride across slippery rock and soft snow to the first dwelling on the other side of the mountains, Bæverthun Sæter.



There the hospitable cow girl will do her best to feed and house him until next morning when he resumes his journey to Rödsheim, where, leaving his trusty guides and sure-footed ponies, he once more enters upon the high-road and carrioles to civilized quarters by way of Lom and Gardmo to Laurgaard, on the Dovrefjeld.

Of the glaciers of Norway, and indeed of Europe, the largest is the Jostedalsbræ ("Bræ" signifying glacier). In form it resembles an enormous roof, from which a number of off-shoots descend to within 150 feet of the sea-level. It covers no less than 470 English square miles. At the height of 658 feet is the Jostedals-Kirke (Church). The good clergyman is "given to hospitality," and refuses all remuneration from tourists; but many show their appreciation by sending him a memento of their visit on reaching home.

The Galdhöpig, the summit of the Ymesfjeld (8,400 feet), the highest mountain in Norway—Mont Blanc is 15,784 feet—presents, as has been said, a grand view, resembling a vast ocean furrowed with enormous billows, or an arctic landscape, cliff over cliff of ice as far as eye can carry.

Think of a sea of snow mountains, most of them peak-shaped, but some domes and irregular precipices, with immense glaciers lying between them, and here and there the greenish-blue waters of a lake distinctly gleaming in the sunlight; and the thought will make every Norwegian tourist thankful that he has seen it, and thus been reminded of the Omnipotent might of Him who "setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power."

The Rev. Walter Senior admirably depicts, in some papers in *The Fireside Magazine*, the attractive features of life in these scenes of nature's grandeur and beauty. "You may find a wooden house built for travellers and presided over by a woman who speaks English, and here you can settle if you choose. Or, if you prefer it, and have the means, you can pitch your tent, and fish and shoot and bake and cook to your heart's content. And you can go further afield also on the high snows to hunt the reindeer, which are seen sometimes in large herds, but more frequently in ones and twos. And here probably you will stay, if you can, all through August,

living a life of open-air, pure physical enjoyment. A book or two you have brought with you, but of newspapers there are none, and visitors are very few and far between; perhaps one or two English and a few Norwegians all the time. But the days will not be too long, and the nights will not be lonely."

What "one" Church may do.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON LEFROY, M.A., AUTHOR OF "PLEADINGS FOR CHRIST," ETC.



ARCHDEACON LEFROY, the other day, pointed out that the erection of one Church brings with it in due course the erection of Schools, the Education of the young, Temperance societies, together with Thrift, Mothers' meetings, and every agency for the good of man, and the glory of God.

Speaking of the Church of St. Andrew's, at Liverpool, of which he is Vicar, he said:—

"It was built by the late Sir John Gladstone at a cost of £10,000. The Ven. Archdeacon Jones was its first minister. He ministered there for five-and-thirty years. He could not tell what the revenue for good works during that period was. He, however, had laboured there for two-and-twenty years, and in that time there was £55,000 collected in that church. There were hundreds of poor children educated in their schools. There were organizations for young men, which had done good. There was a class also for young women, conducted by one who was most successful: and he had educated in whole or in part twenty-five clergymen of the Church of England, some of whom were in America, others in India, others in various dioceses in England, others in the diocese of Liverpool. This with various other agencies were succoured and sustained. All this work sprang from Sir John Gladstone's £10,000."

This thought of the multiplication of work is a very important one. The sum of £10,000 invested by its owner would hardly bring him £500 a year; but just as the pebble thrown into the lake extends the circles to the shore, so the House of God built by such an outlay in a neglected neighbourhood, becomes a lighthouse of hope and blessing to all around it, with an ever-extending mission that may reach and influence "the ends of the earth."

Even as an Educational and Temperance agency the National Church confers unknown benefits. Add the Religious influence from the ministry of the means of grace, and the reading and preaching of God's Word, in about fifteen thousand sanctuaries throughout the land, and few surely can fail to see that England's Church is a source of national blessing.

PRAY SOMEHOW.

VERY often we know not what to ask; and yet it is right to ask. It is right to pray for forgiveness; it is right to pray for grace; it is right to pray for glory. Pray for these things as you can—ignorantly if ignorantly, anyhow if only somehow.

It is a good thing to be on your knees before Christ for any purpose, with any hope, with any prayer. If you only come to Him, He will do the rest; yes, and the very coming to Him is of Him.

Yield yourselves to His call, to His influence, to His drawing; and what you are not now, and what you know not now, you shall be, *you shall know hereafter.*

DEAN VAUGHAN.

DEATH AN ANGEL-VISITANT.

THE story has often been told of Dr. Chalmers' last Sabbath on earth: his joining in worship at the kirk, his walk home, his lonely walk in the garden, where his voice was heard exclaiming, "My Father, O my Heavenly Father!" his cheery conversation in the evening, his tender "Good-night," his gentle warning, "We must be early in the morning."

Let them be astir as early as they will, the angels were stirring earlier; and when the sun looked into the room, the old man was found dead in his bed, reclining against his pillow, looking serene and happy. It was the morning of May 31st, 1847.

THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

XVI. SELF-HELP.

THERE is one thing the labourer can do to raise himself in civil stature, moral growth, and domestic comfort. He may empty the jug into the basket. He and his family may consume in solids what they now do in frothy fluids. They may exchange their scanty dinner of cold bacon and bread for one of roast beef and plum pudding, by substituting cold coffee, cocoa, or pure water for strong beer. Or, if they are content to go on with their old fare of food, they may save the money they expended on ale for the rent of one or two acres of land, for a cow, or for two or three pigs, or deposit it weekly in the Post-office Savings Bank, until it shall amount to a sum sufficient to enable them to set up a little independent business of their own.—ELIHU BURRITT.

XVII. BETTER WITHOUT IT.

DR. RAE, the eminent Arctic traveller, says that spirits were of no use in the frozen regions of the North, save for burning. He found that they would render the men less able to endure severe cold. So it is in the South—soldiers and others in India who use alcoholic liquors are more liable to fevers, liver and other dangerous diseases. The Rev. Hope M. Waddell, missionary, rode seventy miles in a day, on horseback, in Jamaica, without injury; whereas a drinker of intoxicants would have been laid up by riding twenty miles in the sun. The water-drinkers of many lands, as the Caffres of South Africa, are said to be equal in strength to two English beer-drinkers. The porters of Constantinople carry burdens that would oppress two Britons. The New Zealanders, with their extraordinary strength and stature, the Circassians with their primitive longevity and personal beauty, the ancient Grecian, Roman, and Saracen armies, proverbially invincible, were all water-drinkers.—THE REV. E. WALLACE, *Toronto*.

XVIII. SHIPWRECKS.

A VERY large proportion of the ships cast away and lives sacrificed, are so in consequence of the habitual intoxication of the masters and their officers. I venture to make this distinct assertion from the very numerous instances I have known and heard of.—W. H. G. KINGSTON.

XIX. SCIENTIFIC OPINIONS.

LIEBIG, the prince of physiologists and chemists, says, that "he who uses intoxicants draws, so to speak, a bill on his health, which must always be renewed; because for want of means he cannot take it up. He consumes his capital instead of his interest; and the result is the inevitable bankruptcy of the body."

The leading chemists tell us that alcohol causes diseases of the vital organs, debilitates the vigour of the physical system, while it weakens the mind and promotes in both premature decay. Sir Astley Cooper says: "We have all been in error in recommending wine as a tonic. *Ardent spirits and poison are convertible terms.*" The stimulus given is not strength, it is always exceeded by the subsequent depression.

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADES.

XI. A word of three syllables seek till you find,
That has in it the twenty-six letters combined.

XII. I'm very active, yet 'tis true
They whip to make me duty do;
Still whipping my young masters keep,
Until at last I fall asleep.

CONUNDRUMS.

75. Take away one letter, I am the same; take away two letters, I am the same; take away three letters, I am the same; take away all my letters, I remain the same. What am I?

76. Why are coals the most contradictory articles known to commerce?

77. What is that which you cannot hold ten minutes, although it is "as light as a feather"?

78. What is that instrument by which every tooth in your head can be drawn without pain if you only shut your eyes and keep your mouth open?

79. What is often found where it is not?

80. Who is always ready with a retort?

81. Why should the stars be the best astronomers?

82. What is that which must be taken from you before you get it?

83. What colour is the grass under the snow?

84. When are gloves unsaleable?

85. When is a clock guilty of misdemeanour?

86. What joint of meat is most appropriate for an empty larder?

87. When does a ship beat the wind?

ANSWERS (See JUNE No., p. 141).

ENIGMA.

X. Hay.

CONUNDRUMS.

68. XII. $\frac{VII}{AII}$ 14.

69. (40)—Excel.

70. Plague (Ague).

71. Pulling the fire out.

72. By walking from the forward to the after part of a vessel while sailing.

73. To have coals shot into your cellar.

74. Lap-pel.



COUNTRY LIFE.

"Take care of the seed, young folk. Be wide awake to its priceless value, and see to its growth and safety." (*Page* 167.)

The Young Folks' Page.

XXII. COUNTRY LIFE.

(See Illustration, Page 166.)

SOME ONE has said—and there is a good deal of truth in it—that "God made the country, but man made the town." I suppose the meaning is, that the town contains a good deal that reminds us of man's weakness and man's sinfulness: and the country, especially in Spring and Summer time, seems a page of beauty and loveliness fresh from the Hand of God.

It is not, however, every one who can see the beauty of the country. Some people walk about with their eyes shut. Lads and lasses in country fields and lanes must *open* their eyes, or they will never see, even in Harvest time, the "Open Hand" of God "filling all things living with plenteousness." We hope our young friend on the stile has *his* eyes open to see this, and that all our readers will take care to open theirs.

Reuben Earl's occupation is very suggestive. We hope, for one thing, that it means, "Let the birds have their portion, and let man have his." "Live and let live," is a good motto everywhere. But I read another lesson besides. There are, in country as well as in town life, birds of ill-omen, against which we need to be on our guard. How often is good seed sown in the Sunday School snatched up by evil birds, instead of growing up in the heart, and yielding a plentiful harvest of usefulness and happiness in the life! Take care of the seed, young folk. Be wide awake to its priceless value, and see to its growth and safety Remember the Harvest is in the tiny seed and the bending corn, and let no one rob you of "the Bread of Life."—THE EDITOR.

XXIII. THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

GERHARDT was a German shepherd boy, and all who read this story about him will surely agree that he was a noble fellow, although he was very poor:—

One day, as Gerhardt was watching his flock, which was feeding in the valley on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the wood, and asked,—

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy, "but the road is only a sheep-track, and very easily missed."

The hunter glanced at the crooked track, and then said,—

"My lad, I am hungry, tired, and thirsty. I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep, and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot go, sir," replied Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell you my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be just the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get some food and drink and a guide? I will take good care of your sheep."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir. They would stray into the forest, and be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more would not be much to your master; and I'll give you more money than you ever earned before in a whole year."

The boy shook his head.

"The sheep do not know your voice, and——"

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" inquired the hunter, rather angrily.

"Sir," said the boy slowly, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the boy had fairly cornered him.

"I see, my lad, that you are a good, faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road, and I will try to make it out for myself."

Gerhardt now offered the humble contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who, coarse as they were, ate them gladly. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the hunter was the Grand Duke, who owned all the country round. The Duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty, that he sent for him shortly after and had him educated. In after-years Gerhardt became a very rich and powerful man; but he remained honest and true to his dying day. Honesty, truth, and fidelity, are precious jewels that shine brightly in a boy's character.

XXIV. THE SUMMER DAY.

A LITTLE brook went singing
All through the summer hours:
Ever a low, soft murmur
It whispered to the flowers.
It said, "My life is humble,
But very tranquil too;
I gaze for ever upward
On that deep sky of blue.
The work my Maker gives me,
It makes me glad to do:
His smile is in the sunshine,
His blessing in the dew."

L. R.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

THE LORD'S MIRACLES.

1. ONE miracle has been called "surgical." Which is that?
2. Which three are peculiar to St. Matthew?
3. Which two to St. Mark?
4. Which six to St. Luke?
5. Which seven to St. John?
6. Three, perhaps four, have been called "punative."
7. Name four afflictions which were found joined to "possession."
8. Where could not Jesus do many miracles?
9. Which miracle did not the disciples consider?
10. What was the crowning miracle of all?

ANSWERS (See MAY No., p. 119).

1. Heb. xi. 5, "That he might not see death."
2. St. John xiii. 29.
3. The children of Judah. 2 Chron. xxviii. 15.
4. Five. Num. xi. 28; xiii. 8, 16; Neh. viii. 17; Acts vii. 45.
5. St. John x. 21, "And it was at Jerusalem, the feast of the *dedication*, and it was winter."
6. Isa. xliv. 6; Zeph. iii. 15.

JULY.

TRUTH — LIGHT

The Altered Motto.

"Ye are not your own."
"For me to live is Christ."

OH, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
"All of self, and none of Thee."

Yet He found me. I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd tree,
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire—
"None of self, and all of Thee!"

From the French of Théodore Monod.

Gems from Old Writers.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

"WE write our mercies in the dust, but our afflictions we engrave in marble; our memories serve us too well to remember the latter, but are strangely forgetful of the former."—*Bishop Hall.*

"Oh, how sweet to work all day for God, and lie down at night beneath His smile!"—*M'Cheyne.*

"Faith apprehends pardon, but never pays a penny for it."—*Rutherford.*

"The Christian must not only mind heaven, but attend to his daily calling; like the pilot, who, while his eye is fixed upon the star, keeps his hand upon the helm."—*Watson.*

"There are no sins we can be tempted to commit, but we shall find a greater satisfaction in resisting than in committing."—*Mason.*

"When the heart is full of God, a little of the world will go a great way with us."—*Rutherford.*

"MAKE CLEAN OUR HEARTS WITHIN."

"I will give you an heart of flesh."—Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

1	S	**5th S. a. Trin.** *The Lord looketh on the heart.*
2	M	Create in me a clean heart, O God. Ps. li. 10.
3	Tu	A new heart will I give you. Ezek. xxxvi. 26.
4	W	How can he be clean that is born of a woman?
5	Th	Lord,...Thou canst make me clean? Matt.
6	F	I will; be thou clean. Matt. viii. 3. [viii. 2.
7	S	Let us cleanse ourselves. 2 Cor. vii. 1.
8	S	**6th S. a. T.** *I will cleanse them.* Jer. xxxiii. 8.
9	M	How can man be justified with God? Job xxv. 4.
10	Tu	By Him...justified from all things. Acts xiii. 39.
11	W	Just, and the Justifier of him which believeth.
12	Th	Justified freely by His grace. Rom. iii. 24.
13	F	With the heart man believeth. Rom. x. 10.
14	S	Redeemed...with the precious Blood of Christ.
15	S	**7th S. a. T.** *Do away the iniquity of Thy servant.*
16	M	Wash, and be clean. 2 Kings v. 13.
17	Tu	If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me.
18	W	Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
19	Th	Unto Him that...washed us from our sins.
20	F	Ye are washed...ye are sanctified. [you up.
21	S	The word of His grace, which is able to build
22	S	**8th S. af. T.** *My grace is sufficient for thee.*
23	M	I have gone astray...seek Thy servant.
24	Tu	The Son of man is come to seek. Luke xix. 10.
25	W	ST. JAMES. *Forsake me not...be not far from me.*
26	Th	I...will not forsake them. Isa. xli. 17.
27	F	Sought out...not forsaken. Isa. lxii. 12.
28	S	Keep thy heart with all diligence. Prov. iv. 23.
29	S	**9th S. after Trin.** *Remove thy foot from evil.* Prov. iv. 27. [26.
30	M	The Lord shall be thy confidence. Prov. iii.
31	Tu	The Lord shall keep thy foot from being taken.

SUN.—1st day. MOON.—New, 9th, M. 6.17.
Rises 3.49. Sets 8.17. " Full, 23rd, M. 5.54.

7. John Huss martyred, 1415.
9. Edmund Burke died, 1797.
12. Erasmus died, 1536.
15. St. Swithin's Day.
24. Window Tax repealed, 1851.
29. William Wilberforce died, 1833.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.



"OUR PRINCESS ROYAL:"

THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER VICTORIA OF GERMANY.

From a Sketch made by the late E. M. Ward, R.A., at the time of her Marriage.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Our Princess Royal:

THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER VICTORIA OF GERMANY.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE-SORROW. — PRINCE CONSORT'S LETTER. — THE ROYAL NURSERY.—SOCIAL AND EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE. — THE VOLKSKINDERGARTEN.



THE tragic reign of the Emperor Frederick, so brief and suffering, and yet so full of pathos and true greatness, has spoken powerfully to the universal sympathies of humanity. Courage and devotion to duty have seldom more nobly encountered adversity in its sternest shape.

His last written utterances, addressed to the children whom he loved so well, were no less pathetic than the anxious looks and affectionate gestures by which he signified his deep longing for his wife's constant companionship. On his third daughter's birthday, only a few hours before he closed his eyes for the last time, he gave to her a slip of paper, on which he had feebly written the words, "Remain pious and good, as you have hitherto always been. This is the last wish of your dying father." To his eldest son, the present Emperor, he handed another slip, upon which his failing fingers had inscribed the sentence: "Learn to suffer without complaining." Thus, his heart overflowing with love, and his brain shaping wise counsels, died Frederick III.

But our thoughts in this hour of national loss cluster even more thickly round *her* upon whom the blow has fallen with the greatest weight. Our Princess Royal, our beloved Queen's eldest child, is made a widow in the prime of her life. "The light of her home is darkened; the fireside warmth of her heart is quenched in cold ashes." All England has but one heart to pray that the God of all comfort may be with the bereaved, and manifest Himself fully to her as the Father of the fatherless and the God of the widow.

The early separation of the Princess Victoria from her island home naturally removed her from that full knowledge and close observation which are so necessary in order to the due appreciation of noble life and character; but noble indeed that life and character have ever been. A distinguished German lately remarked: "Would it not be stimulating, and in many ways instructive, if the people of England could know how full of *hard and earnest work* the lives of our Royal personages are." Most truly the more closely we study the lives of the Emperor Frederick and the Empress

Victoria, the higher will be our estimate of them both.

A remarkable letter written by the Prince Consort to the Princess Royal soon after her marriage, shows how full of promise her married life was from the first.

"You have now entered," wrote the Prince, "upon your new home, and been received and welcomed on all sides with the greatest friendship and cordiality. This kindly and trustful advance of a whole nation towards an entire stranger must have kindled and confirmed within you the determination to reciprocate and requite them by the steadfast resolution to dedicate the whole energies of your life to the people of your new home. And you have received from Heaven the happy task of effecting this object by making your husband truly happy, and of doing him at the same time the best service, by aiding him to maintain and increase the love of his countrymen.

"That you have everywhere made so favourable an impression has given intense happiness to me as a father. Let me express my fullest admiration on the way in which, possessed exclusively by the duties which you had to fulfil, you have kept down and overcome your own little personal troubles, perhaps also many feelings of sorrow not yet healed. This is the way to success, and the *only* way. If you have succeeded in winning people's hearts by friendliness, simplicity, and courtesy, the secret lay in this, that you were *not thinking of yourself*. Hold fast this mystic power; it is a spark from Heaven."

It is needless to say how devotedly and constantly the wise counsel of her Royal father was made the rule of her life. Seldom has married happiness been more richly realized than in this Royal home: and never was greater concern shown by Prince or Princess for the good of others, and for all that could promote the moral, intellectual, and material progress of the people.

Three life-glimpses must suffice at present, in proof of this. In another paper we may enter into further detail.

Take, first, this picture of the Royal Nursery:—

"The Princess in her nursery, used to be the theme of every tongue. This excellent mother thought no detail, however trivial, unimportant, which could tend towards the physical and moral health of those who may one day be called to fill responsible positions. Her sons were taught to become self-reliant, simple in their tastes, and considerate for all who came into relation with them. Her daughters saw their mother occupied in purely womanly ways. A spinning wheel stands in the Princess's room, that room where so many small garments have been shaped and sewn, and embroidered by her own clever hands for her little ones."

Take, again, this picture of Social life and Educational influence, in which the Royal husband fills a fitting place:—

"From her own children's schoolroom, the Crown Princess betakes herself to the Pestalozzi-Fröbel House, to the schools for the industrial training of women, to the Victoria Lyceum, to the drawing classes in connection with the Museum of Industrial Art; bringing to each, in turn, the stimulus of her clear judgment and active sympathy.

"'My wife understands everything,' the Crown Prince is reported to have once said. He, himself, might often be found perplexing and delighting the boys at the 'Real,' or Modern, Schools in Berlin, by odd and puzzling questions. One morning he had turned into the village school at Bornstedt. The postman just then came in and handed a telegram to the schoolmaster. To judge by the poor man's face, this contained bad news. The Prince insisted on knowing what it was. 'Your mother ill? Why, you must go at once to her!' 'But, sir, my class—my children?' 'Never mind, I will take them till the clergyman comes at eleven.' And the Prince did really attend to the

school for a whole hour. The Germans had to do with a man who considered, with dear old Hesiod, that no work brings shame."

Take, once more, a third picture—the Princess in her *Volkskindergarten*, or "Child's garden for the people."

"The Crown Princess takes these little sufferers into her arms and soothes and loves them. Her own great sorrows have made her pitiful towards all sick children. This mother's heart will always bleed as she thinks of her two beautiful and promising boys taken from her so suddenly long years ago. It is touching to hear that the poor people of Berlin used to leave flowers by the way, when it was known that the sorrowing mother might be passing, as she daily visited the chapel where the mortal part of her lost treasure was laid. Such mute tokens of their sympathy might help to soothe even a mother's grief."

(To be continued.)

Mulberry Hollow; or, Deeds, not Words.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "MRS. HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES," "THE ROYAL LAW," ETC.



CHAPTER VII.

MOLLIE.

THE beds of flowers at the Uplands were in their glory—a perfect blaze of beauty, and kept in the most perfect order.

The emerald leaf was smooth, and no daisies dared to lift their heads on the close-cut lawns.

Tastes differ, and the young lady who was taken through the grounds one beautiful summer evening almost longed to see a little untidiness, and had even thought a few golden-eyed daisies would add to the beauty of the grass instead of taking away from it.

Miss Wright was of a very different opinion, and so was Sir Maurice. They both delighted in the thought that no gardens could compare with theirs, and that all their crescent and star-shaped beds were in the precise order which only such gardeners as Macdonald could achieve.

Miss Townsend walked through them by Miss Wright's side, and listened to the long stories of how the ribbon beds were managed. The visitor was asked to observe that the crimson bands of the coleus and the variegated edge of "Mrs. Pollok" geraniums were all the same width, and that there was nothing straggling anywhere. But the greatest marvel of all was yet to come. Miss Wright took a sudden turn under a spreading cedar, and told Miss Townsend to look to the left and then to the right.

A long vista of turf stretched in both directions, and on either side were planted just an edge of blue lobelia, then a band of scarlet geraniums, then a long row of stately white lilies, now in full beauty.

"There!" said Miss Wright, "I planned these turf walks, and Macdonald carried out the plan! Dear me! there is Mollie, the gardener's niece. What is she doing here, I wonder? We don't allow the families of the gardeners—not even Macdonald's—to come here. Indeed, since the loss of my valuable ring, we have been doubly particular."

Mollie now advanced; her face was whiter than the lilies, and she said, in an anxious voice:—"I am looking for my uncle, ma'am; my aunt is taken very ill, and Christopher is not come from the mill, and I am sure my aunt ought to have a doctor."

"I certainly *was* surprised, Mollie, to see you in this private part of the garden; but I will excuse you this time. No; your uncle is *not* here."

"Can I be of any use?" Rose Townsend said. "I will come home with you, and see if I can be of any assistance."

But Mollie was hurrying away, looking in all directions for her uncle.

"May I say good evening now," Rose said, "and pay your lovely garden another visit?"

"Oh! yes, certainly," said Miss Wright stiffly; "but I do not think that sort of people care to be interfered with in illness; but *pray* don't let me detain you. The view of this alley is best from the farther end; there is really nothing like it in the country. It was suggested to me by a German lady who lived in Darmstadt, and——"

But Rose hastened to overtake Mollie, saying,--

"If my brother calls for me here, will you tell him I am gone to the gardener's cottage?"

"Oh! certainly, if you desire it;" and then she went to meet Sir Maurice, whose stately figure, in his long, light coat and white hat, was approaching the spot.

"Young people," she began, "have strange manners now-a-days. Of course I thought it would be a treat to any one from London to see the grounds and gardens; but she did not express any admiration, and is gone flying off with Macdonald's girl, whom I found lingering about here. Naturally, since the loss of my ring, I have looked suspiciously on all outsiders."

"Naturally, Dorcas, naturally; but we must be careful, my dear Dorcas, not to be suspicious in the wrong place. Upon my word, the grounds are looking their best; Macdonald is an unrivalled gardener."

"He is, poor man, and I deeply pity him. To have unsatisfactory children is worse than having none at all."

What made Sir Maurice shrink back as if touched in a sore place? what made him stop and turn away his face, so that his sister might not see the spasm of pain that crossed it?

"I forgot, Maurice," she said—"I quite forgot; but it is so many years ago now, that I really *did* forget."

"I never forget," was the murmured rejoinder: and then the stately figure was drawn to its full height, and the owner of all these beautiful flowers and the possessor of that fine place paced slowly onwards and said no more.

Meanwhile, Rose Townsend had overtaken Mollie, and had crossed the road and descended the steep bit of hill into Mulberry Hollow.

"You know my brother and my mother," she said; "we ought not to be strangers—Mr. and Mrs. Townsend," she explained. "I am staying now at Overbury with them."

"Oh, yes," Miss Mollie said; "Mrs. Townsend is very good to me, and so is Mr. Townsend to Christopher. We have been in great trouble, miss, and the trouble is killing my aunt. She will not take any comfort; she will not even let us say we are sorry."

"Dear me, Mollie Burnside," screamed Mrs. Mason, "what a time you have been! Aunt is struck with paralysis, and her mouth is all of a twist. *I* haven't dared to go, but old Patty is there and Jim Sayer's wife, who is just as big a baby as——"

Even the high-pitched voice of Mrs. Mason failed to make any impression on Mollie, as she hastened on, and Rose Townsend followed her.

It was indeed too true—Mrs. Macdonald was lying back in her chair speechless, though when Mollie returned, she made a great effort to speak.

"I am accustomed to illness," Miss Townsend said; "stand aside, and let her have air, and let some one run for a doctor, quick!"

At this moment Christopher appeared at the door, all unconscious that anything was wrong.

"Oh, Chris, run for the doctor at Overbury; aunt is taken so ill."

Christopher, who had a bundle of books in his hand, threw them down and ran off at once.

Meanwhile several neighbours had gathered near the door, but only Miss Townsend seemed to know what to do.

"We must get her upstairs, and let her lie down quietly," she said; "any excitement is bad for her."

"What is it, miss? Do you know?"

"I think it is a slight paralytic seizure," Miss Townsend said. "See, she is struggling to say something to you."

Poor Mrs. Macdonald made gestures that no one was to hear but Mollie, and then she put her arm round her neck, and drew her head down on her shoulder.

"The old mulberry tree," she said. "I found, I found——"

"What, dear auntie? Tell me."

"It's in my pocket; don't—don't let any one else see or know. It's my poor Christopher's pocket-book. Keep it safe, Mollie."

"Christopher!" Mollie exclaimed.

"Yes; hush, hush! Don't tell. Send them away—don't tell—not the young lady—not anybody; only you, Mollie, must know—not—*not* his father!"

Words came with thick, indistinct utterance and were scarcely intelligible. Christopher soon returned, having met the doctor on the Overbury road.

Then Mrs. Macdonald was carried up to bed, and the cottage cleared of all neighbours and friends, the doctor saying that the great thing to be desired was perfect quiet.

Miss Townsend said she would return early the next day, and hoped she might find the invalid better. At the door she met Macdonald. He had just heard of his wife's illness from that chronicler of evil news, Mrs. Mason, and his face of woe touched Rose's tender heart.

"The Lord has brought my grey hairs down with sorrow to the grave," he said, as he sank upon the first chair by the door. "Where is Mollie?"

"With her aunt. You must not give way to despondency, Mr. Macdonald. The doctor is very hopeful."

"I am past hoping, miss," Macdonald said; "it's all through trouble that my poor wife is brought to this grief which no one can cure."

"No earthly friend can cure such griefs," Rose said gently; "but there is One who can ease every burden if we cast it on Him."

Christopher, who had been with his mother, now came downstairs.

He looked distressed, and his usually cheerful, bright face was clouded with perplexity and anxiety.

"Come, father," he said, trying to rally, "we must get our supper. Mollie has put it all ready in the back kitchen."

"I don't want any supper," said Macdonald; "I must go to your poor mother. The first trouble we've ever had, which has drove us apart. When your little sister died, why she and I only loved each other the better; but this has made a breach between us, for she *couldn't* believe, and I was *forced* to believe Ned was going wrong: and if in one way, why not in another?"

Christopher attempted no further persuasion, but allowed his father to mount the stairs and take his place by his mother's side. He was left to his own reflections, which were sad enough. His mother had seemed to turn from him, and Mollie had signed to him to leave the room. He put the supper out, hoping his father would come down: but the twilight deepened, and there was no sound of his steps upon the stairs. At length Mollie appeared, and without saying anything to him, except "She seems quieter now," she got a tray, on which she placed her uncle's supper, and then she went upstairs again.

She soon returned, and going up to Christopher, she said,—

"Chris, I don't want to talk here; come out to the Partings; I have something to tell you."

Then she flung a shawl over her head, for the evening was chilly and the damp was rising from the river, and led the way to the little stream, and to the bridge which crossed it.

CHAPTER VIII.

A QUESTION.

"CHRISTOPHER, *did* you know anything was hidden in the old mulberry tree?"

Christopher turned sharply round:—

"Not the ring—you don't mean the ring?"

"No, I wish it *was* the ring; but it is not the ring—it is this old pocket-book."

"*My* old pocket-book! I wondered what had become of it. How could it get there?"

"Oh, Christopher, I don't know; but surely *you* know. It is full of—of——"

"Full of *what?* not money, I am sure."

"No, but tickets—pawn tickets."

"I never pawned anything in my life," said Christopher, "never. Give it to me."

He took the pocket-book from her hand, and there were indeed some half-dozen pawn tickets in a feigned name; and on a bit of paper was written, "Ring—valued £30—do better than that.—CHRIS M——D."

Christopher could scarcely read the pencil scrawl by the fading light. He turned the paper over and over, and examined it carefully; then he was silent.

Mollie put her hand into his arm, and said,—

"Christopher, say, please say you know nothing about it."

But still Christopher did not speak. He looked intently at the old pocket-book—his name scrawled twice in boyish fashion on the first leaf, grotesque figures and faces scribbled here and there, a leaf torn off, and leaving only one part of an entry about a cricket match. Then, in one of the pockets was a little illuminated card, such as is often slipped into letters at Christmas time, and on it were these words:—

"By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye love one another."

Chris leaned upon the old wooden railing of the bridge, and seemed to be unconscious of Mollie's presence. The little rivulet trickled merrily below, and a missel-thrush suddenly began his late evensong. Peace without, and what a tumult within!

"Did my mother find this?" was his first question.

"Yes, Christopher, yes. I found her sitting with that strange look on her face, grasping the pocket of her gown with one hand. Oh, Chris, such a face of woe! Never, never can I forget it."

"Does she think that writing on the paper is mine?" He turned almost fiercely on Mollie. "Speak, Mollie! *Does* my mother think I wrote that paper?"

"Yes, Christopher; and it does *look* like your writing."

The boy raised himself now from his stooping position over the railing of the bridge, and the golden light of the evening fell upon his face.

"Do *you* think it is my handwriting, Mollie? Speak instantly, and let me hear my doom."

Mollie raised her face to his. If not Christopher's writing, it was Ned's; if it were Ned's, how terrible! More terrible than if it had been really written by Christopher's own hand! For it would be guilt, and treachery added thereto: a base attempt to shirk suspicion, and fasten it on his brother! Surely *that* would be worse for the poor mother to bear; far, far worse.

Poor Mollie had loved both Ned and Christopher so dearly—with a pure and sisterly love—only shaken a little when, on the night of the loss of the ring, Ned's manner had told too plainly that his love for her was not that of a brother, even before he had put the direct question to her, "Will you be my wife?" And now here was Christopher, holding her hand fast, and looking down into her upturned face, with the light on his open brow, and almost a stern, searching glance in his deep, clear eyes.

"Speak, Mollie. I can bear all things, by God's help, except this. I can fight my way: I can live, and do whatever comes in the day's work—if you will tell me you know you are sure, as we stand here together, that I never wrote those words, nor stuffed the pawn tickets into my old pocket-book. I am waiting for you to answer me. *Do* you think I wrote those words?"

The answer came at last, with no uncertain sound.

"No, Christopher, the writing is not yours."

Then she put her arm round his neck, and drew his head down to her tearful face. He kissed it reverently, and said,—

"Thank God! half the weight is lifted now."

And then for a few moments there was silence.

Mollie was the first to break it.

"What shall we do, Christopher? Your poor mother is in such agony of soul. It is only justice: she must be told——"

"Told that the writing is a forgery—told that Ned, whom I have played with from my babyhood—that Ned, my only brother, has laid a net to destroy me? No, Mollie, I must wait; God will show the right way."

There was no further hesitation on the part of Christopher. He had made up his mind that at least he would keep from his mother that bitterest trial. At least he would spare her this, and even rest under the suspicion of guilt about the ring, rather than allow her to learn the depths of his brother's perfidy.

"Is it right? is it just?" Mollie asked presently. "Can it be right?"

"I think there is no doubt that I am right. It is not as if any one but my mother knew of the pocket-book. No one knows but *you*, and you *trust* me. She will never tell my father." His voice faltered now. "She always shielded us from his anger when we were little boys; and since we have grown up she has always tried to keep back from him anything that would make him think badly of us. Oh, Mollie, perhaps it would have been better if mother had told father when *first* poor Ned began to slip back. I know she has scraped together money for him many times, and he ought never to have had it."

"Was he in debt in Churton?"

"Yes; a man there who loafs about the town, and is always out of place, got a strange hold on him. He came into some money, by hook or by crook, and lent Ned several small sums; then he demanded payment, and threatened exposure; and so the poor fellow was let down to despair, and I suppose picked up the ring, and had never the courage to say he had found it and claim the reward. He was going down hill very fast, and this sent him to the bottom quick enough. Then he thought of shifting the whole thing on my shoulders, and escaping scot-free."

Christopher stamped his foot as he said the last words, and grasped Mollie's hand so tightly that she almost cried out with the pain.

"One day—one day," he said, "it will all come out. Every one will know then; and till then I must wait. Hark! they are calling you."

It was Mrs. Mason's voice.

"Well, upon my word, Mollie Burnside, I thought better of you than to see you galavanting like this, and your poor aunt took for death. Patty, poor soul, is standing at the door looking for you, for your aunt cries for you."

Mollie hastened away, and very soon took up her position by her aunt's bed. The pained, almost agonized look on her face, as she held out her arms to her, made her say to herself—"She would never live if she knew that Ned had served Chris as he has done. He is right; she ought in this condition to be spared the trouble. And yet how noble, how unselfish it is of him!"

"Mollie," Mrs. Macdonald whispered, "don't tell uncle; don't—don't! He would be so angry, and give Chris to the police; he is that just and honest. Oh! don't tell him."

"I will not tell him," Mollie said. "No, no, dear aunt, I will not tell him."

"Who has got the pocket-book?"

"Christopher has got it; I gave it to him."

"And what did he say?"

Mollie hesitated, and her heart beat fast. She dreaded the question, desiring only to answer truthfully.

"What did he say?"

"He took the pocket-book, and looked very, very sad."

"Sad—ah! yes; and it has driven away my Ned. Oh! Mollie, Mollie! I do want to see Ned again. It was all along of fear of your father that he made off; your father is always so hard on the boys."

"No, auntie, don't say that. Uncle Fergus loves them both so dearly; he would not be hard on them, I am sure."

"He'd have Chris out of the house if he knew. Better not to tell him, or I shall lose both my boys—*both* my sons; and I shall have no one left but you, Mollie."

Then the indistinct talking grew more indistinct, and Mrs. Macdonald fell into a doze. She started up once to say,—

"Don't leave me, Mollie—promise; and don't let Chris come yet. To-morrow; not now. Tell old Patty not to stay. I want nobody but you, Mollie, nobody but you."

So Mollie watched all that night. Her uncle occupied her own little room at the top of the house—a little chamber, with a window in the thatched roof, framed with honeysuckle and roses.

Christopher and Ned had shared a large room which was built over the kitchen and scullery. The window looked out on the steep cliff which shut in the Hollow and the old mulberry tree. As Christopher passed his mother's door, on his way to bed, he paused and looked in at the half-open door. All was quiet, and his mother was evidently dozing. But the figure of Mollie kneeling at the foot of the bed, with hands clasped and tears streaming down her face, remained for ever in his memory.

"She trusts me," he said to himself. "She trusts me, and is praying for me. I can bear everything now. God will make the way plain."

But words are poor to express what was the sharp pang Christopher felt when he entered the room he and his brother had shared from childhood. A tide of old memories swept over him, and he threw himself on his bed with a cry wrung from the depths of his overburdened heart,—

"Oh, Ned, Ned! that you *could* do this thing, and sin against God!"

(To be continued.)

Gold from the Mine.

PAINS and prayers, through Christ, can do anything.—*Eliot.*

THE very gleanings of those mercies which God's people have, are better than the whole vintage of the whole world.—*Caryl.*

IF men did love God, it were impossible to be miserable.—*Howe.*

THAT God is what He is, is to His saints the matter of their chiefest joy.—*Owen.*

MAN'S extremity is God's opportunity.

TRUE GREATNESS.—"The universe is not so great as I: it might, indeed, fall and crush me, but I should *know* it was crushing me, while it would crush blindly. I would be conscious of the defeat: it would not be conscious of the victory."—*Pascal, on his deathbed.*

CHRISTIANITY involves many paradoxes, but no contradictions.—*Bishop Horsley.*

Before and after the Shower.

BY M. BURNS.

NO rain! No rain! The dusty roads,
The meadows brown, the thirsty trees,
The glowing sunbeams shooting down
Uncooled by longed-for fragrant breeze:
The drooping daisies in the fields,
The laggard brooks—all prove how vain
Poor Nature's yearning day by day
For her sweet bath of cooling rain.

Last night the welcome shower came,
This morn the sun rose glad and bright,
And merry breezes fluttered forth,
Born of the dewy, gracious night.
Oh! fair beneath the Summer skies
The field and roadsides bloom again,
And sweet the song of woodland brooks
After the kindly Summer rain.

Dame Nature laughs from hill to vale,
And robes herself in garments new,
And hangs her diamonds on her breast,
And lives a new life, glad and true.
Ah! though the clouds we sometimes fear,
Yet would not life be wholly vain
To satisfy, if sunshine ne'er
Gave place to wholesome cooling rain?

The Bell on the Sands.

BY THE REV. E. C. WRENFORD, PH.D., VICAR OF ST. PAUL'S, NEWPORT, MON.

I AM residing for awhile at a beautiful little sea-side resort in South Wales.* The village is situated, for the most part, on the inner side of a sort of curved promontory. Behind it, the rocks rise to a great elevation, and the view from the high ground above is very charming. One never tires of gazing on the sea, with stately vessels and tiny skiffs ever moving on its bosom; the graceful wavelets just kissing the shining strand, or the grand billows dashing, with giant force, against the rock-bound shore. Facing the village is the bay, beyond which may be seen the Welsh hills stretching away into the distance.

One is often reminded of pictures of foreign scenery on looking across the bay, when the sky is cloudless, and the bright blue of the heavens is reflected on the placid waters. Inland, the prospect is most picturesque. Hills and valleys, hamlets, clusters of white-washed cottages, country seats half hidden amid the rich surrounding foliage, the ruins of an old castle, ivy-covered, occupying a conspicuous position on rising ground not far away, woods, pasture lands, corn-fields, rugged quarries—such are the objects that quickly engage the eye, and bespeak the admiration of the beholder.

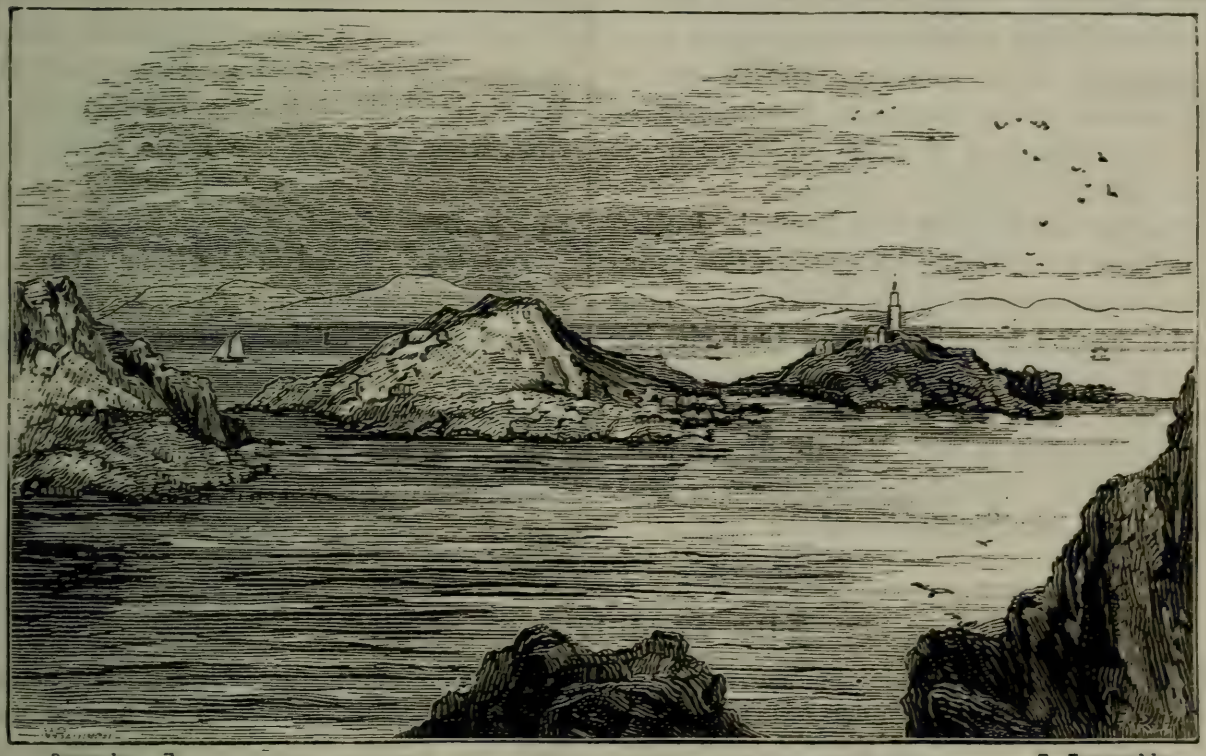
Indeed, it is a lovely spot, and as exhilarating and health-reviving as it is beautiful!

One Sunday afternoon I observed that a seafaring man came rushing from the farthest point of the promontory before alluded to, whereon the lighthouse is situated. As he passed, one and another inquired the reason of his haste. Without stopping he replied, "There is a barque on the Mixen." He was hastening to the lifeboat station near at hand. Presently the boat was run out of its shed; and, soon, a number of earnest, willing men were urging her in the direction of the imperilled vessel. Happily, the danger soon passed away. The tide

* The Mumbles, near Swansea, Glamorganshire. Our readers will remember it as the spot where Frances Ridley Havergal "fell asleep," June 3rd, 1879. We give an engraving of a sketch taken by F. R. H. herself from the Mumbles' Head.

was rising, and, in due time, floated the vessel sufficiently to enable her to resume her course. But many a vessel has been lost on these sands. Many a brave mariner has here been called into eternity. In winter time, when the Atlantic waves run high, the storm-beaten sailors are sometimes prone to steer their ships, by the nearest course, to the sheltering bay. But the Sands lie in the nearer course; and, instead of safety, disaster is often realized.

a bell which, I thought, must be situate farther from me than the church, and yet nearer than the town across the bay. I listened again. "Yes, it *is* a bell; but where is it ringing?" I could not tell. It was a mystery. At length, unable to find out the truth by myself, I inquired of a sailor, who was passing. From him I learned it was the Bell on the Mixen Sands, a mile or so away from the shore. It is so constructed and floated, that the ceaseless dashing of



Drawn by F. R. Havergal. THE MUMBLES' LIGHTHOUSE, NEAR SWANSEA. Engraved by R. & E. Taylor.

That Sunday afternoon, the liveliest interest was taken in the scene on this rocky coast. Many a one hastened to the high ground to watch the efforts of the brave lifeboat-men to reach the rolling ship. And, even after all fear of further evil had passed away, not a few lingered about, in little groups, till the calling chime began to summon the worshippers to the house of prayer and praise.

Not long before I left the village for my own more busy sphere, I noticed, one day, for the first time, the gentle sounding of

the sea keeps it always ringing; and the tones, as they pass over the waves, warn the mariner not to attempt to pass between it and the shore, or great risk will be run, and perhaps loss, destruction, and death be the result.

For days together, it may be—the wind from the shore carrying the sound away to sea—one almost forgets all about the Bell on the Sands. But, at other times, one hears it morning, noon, evening, midnight, daybreak;—one has but to listen, and its solemn voice can be distinctly discerned

above the sighing of the breeze. In truth, whether we hear it or not, the Bell is *always* ringing, day and night, Sunday and week-day, summer and winter!

But at various times the sound seems different. Sometimes the waves dash it violently, and its tones are loud and alarming; at other times, they are low and gentle—sweet as music at eventide; at others still, I fancy them slow and solemn as of a passing bell; while, now and then, one thinks there is a joy-sound in them, as though, were there six or eight bells instead of one, we should hear a Sabbath chime or a marriage peal. But, whatever the nature of the sound, or the thoughts it suggests, or the circumstances of those on shore or at sea—*the Bell is always ringing.*

Surely, herein must be a lesson! I often wondered what it might be. In the beautiful sunshine, and in the darkness of midnight, when I have heard the Bell ringing on, I have asked myself what might be the spiritual lesson the Bell was teaching us. At last it came to me. I will tell you what I think it is. The Bell is the *Word of God.* The never-ceasing *ringing* of the Bell is the *Voice of God, ever speaking* to us by the Word.

Indeed, another title for the Bible might be this:—"*Thus saith the Lord.*" From the first verse of Genesis to the last verse of Revelation, the whole Scriptures are God's Word—*what God is saying to us.* In the Old Testament and in the New, God is speaking to man. Notice, specially, it is not "God *hath* spoken" (as though He were now silent): or "God *will* speak" in the future: but it is one perpetual *present* speaking. God said to Moses, "I AM THAT I AM." It is always "I am" with God, not "I was," or "I will be." And so with God's Holy Word, by it God is *always* speaking. So that, when we take the Bible in hand, we may say, "What is God *saying* to me? Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

Yes, God's Word is the *living* Word. It has been speaking to men in all past ages. It is speaking still. And it will continue, ceaselessly, to speak, even to the end of the world.

Just as the Bell on the Sands is *always ringing*, so the Voice of God is *always speaking!*

The Spanish Armada.

THE national and civic thanksgiving after the defeat of the Spanish Armada is thus described by one of the old chroniclers. It will be noted that the connection of this national deliverance with "religion" was not at any rate ignored by our forefathers.

"Likewise the Queenes Maiesty herself rode into London in triumph, in regard of her own and her subjects' glorious deliverance. For being attended upon very solemnly by all the principal estates and officers of her Realme, she was carried thorow her said Citie of London in a triumphant chariot, and in robes of triumph, and from her Palace into the Cathedrall Church of Saint Paul, out of which the ensigns and colours of the vanquished Spaniards hung displayed. And all the Citizens of London in their Liveries stood on either side of the streets, by their seuerall Companies, with their Ensigns and Banners; and the streets were hanged on both sides with blew cloath, which, together with the foresaid Banners, yielded a very stately and gallant prospect.

"Her Maiesty being entered into the church, together with her Clergy and Nobles, gave thanks unto God, and caused a publike sermon to be preached before her at Pauls Crosse; wherein none other argument was handled, but that praise, honour, and glory might be rendered unto God, and that God's Name might be extolled by thanksgiving. And with her own Pryncely voice she most Christianly exhorted the people to do the same: whereupon the people with a loud acclamation wished her a most long and happy life."

"Our Blind Basket-Maker."



BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "OUR FOLKS; OR, JOHN CHURCHILL'S LETTERS HOME," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM," ETC.*

OUR poor Basket-maker—ah, he is blind. Easy enough to see that, you will say. Blind he is, through his own father's perversity and wrong-headedness, but I never heard him say a hard word of his father. The man waged a frantic war against vaccination, and would have none of it for his children. Remonstrances were vain, and it could not then be enforced upon him. The end of the matter was that the man's youngest child caught the illness and lost his sight. Poor Basket-maker!

He is married now, despite his blindness, and has a cosy little cottage, where he sits willow-weaving. He weaves something else besides willows: for our Basket-maker is a bit of a poet, in his humble way. He does not rise to great poems, but his simple little compositions are a great pleasure to himself and pride to his wife.

To be sure, she did the other day complain to me that she "wished he wouldn't be quite so *versy*, for he would lie awake at night when he got into that way, and she couldn't get to sleep for hearing him muttering the lines and twisting about the words to make them fit." But for all that I think she is proud of him.

What a day it was for "Our Basket-maker," when he first found himself in print. For we have a newspaper here,—not exactly the outcome of *our* genius, but published in a neighbouring town, and counted as belonging to us. One particular corner is set apart for original rhymes, and in that august spot, "Our Basket-maker" has more than once figured.

The other day I found him seated in his creaky chair before the door, weaving a big basket, and looking radiantly happy. His sightless eyes could not shine, but his whole face did. I heard the pretty voice of his daughter reading aloud to him: and then she stopped and said, "It's Mr. Churchill, father."

"Bid him in, Meg."

I went up the little garden, and gave an order for a basket—a birthday present for a friend. "What was your daughter reading to you?" I asked then.

The blind man smiled anew. "Well, sir, maybe you'll condescend to hear it. Read it to the gentleman, Meg."

And this was it. Of course I guessed the authorship in a moment.

"LITTLE SLEEPER."

"Calm, little sleeper, calm!
Lie gently on thy little bed:
So still and fair,
With golden hair,
'Tis hard to think that thou art *dead*.
Calm, little loved one, calm!

"Peace, little sleeper, peace!
Thou heedest not thy mother's cry,
Watching her child
In sorrow wild:
Unheard by thee each moan and sigh:
Peace, little darling, peace!

"Joy, little sleeper, joy!
Sweet brightness on thy cherub brow:
No falling tears,
No childish fears,
Shall e'er again disturb thee now:
Joy, little fair one, joy!

"Rest, little sleeper, rest!
Not here, but in thy Saviour's arms:
With Him at Home,
No more to roam,
Safe sheltered from all earthly harms:
Rest, little baby, rest!"

"There's one of the best I ever wrote now," said "Our Basket-maker," with a simple-

* "Our Folks; or, John Churchill's Letters Home." (London: *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.) Miss Giberne is no stranger to *Home Words* readers. She has written a charming book bearing the above title. The extract we have given will recommend it better than any word of ours. It contains no less than forty portraits of "Folks in our Village," engraved by the eminent artist, J. D. Cooper. Everybody likes to hear about everybody else, and Miss Giberne introduces almost every one in the village to our friendly notice. We undertake to say, if "Our Folks" is placed in the village library, it will very seldom be found afterwards on the shelves. We should add, the price, in handsome binding, is only 1*s.* 6*d.* In quantities the publisher will supply at a reduction.

hearted satisfaction far removed from conceit. "Farmer Reid's baby, you know, sir. My girl here saw the little thing, and told me all about it. Perhaps you wouldn't dislike a few verses I wrote last week—on 'Coming to Jesus.' Not much in them, maybe; but they're what I'd like to say to many a one if I could. Meg, get them,—where are they, Meg?"

The paper was handed to me, and I took my turn at reading aloud, from her clear hand-writing:—

"Come, poor worker, toiling, burdened,
Come to Jesu's Mercy-seat;
Do not doubt or stay or linger:
Come where thousand sinners meet.

"Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus,
He is ever waiting near:
Watching you in loving kindness,
He your feeblest cry will hear.

"If you're lonely, come to Jesus,
He will all your sadness share:
Once you're His, He'll ne'er forsake you—
Cast on Him your every care.

"Never, never will He leave you,
Till through this tempestuous world
You have reached the Heavenly Haven,
And at last your sails have furled."

"Not much of poetry, maybe, sir," said the Basket-maker again; "but the words came into my head, and I like to have them written down. And that's all true—true as steel. Maybe you've had enough now, and wouldn't like one more. 'Tisn't written down yet, Meg, so you can't fetch it. I've got it in my head, though. But Mr. Churchill's had enough—shouldn't wonder."

No, I had not. It was worth something to see his own enjoyment, quite apart from any merit in his verses. He was so eager that I could hardly get in a word of approval.

"It took me a good bit of time last night to make it, sir,—though *some* of it came to me quite easy. It's called,—

"THE DAYS OF THY MOURNING SHALL BE ENDED."

"O thou of the sorely burdened step,
The weary and aching heart,
O thou to whom each hour of life
Bringeth a bitter smart;
Look up and away from the shadows,
Unto the Saviour's Face:
He hath a right loving smile for thee,
And a word of tender grace.
Only a little longer to wait,
A little longer to work and pray:
Then thy feet shall enter the golden gate,
And the days of thy mourning shall cease for aye.

"The shadows may deepen upon thee,
The moan of a tempest nigh
May sound with foreboding murmur,
Beneath a lowering sky;
There lieth a light beyond the cloud,
The light of eternal day:
Look up, look up, O sorrowful heart,
Look up from the shadows away.
Only a little longer to wait,
A little longer to weep and pray:
Then thy feet shall enter the golden gate,
And the days of thy mourning shall cease for aye.

"Poor pilgrim upon life's toilsome road,
Storm-tossed and sore opprest,
The journeying will but last awhile,
For this is not your rest;
A few more days or years to walk
Amid these shadows dim,
Till the Master's voice shall softly call—
Shall call thee home to Him.
Only a little longer to wait,
A little longer to hope and pray:
Then thy feet shall enter the golden gate,
And the days of thy mourning shall cease for aye."

"You see, that one is for those who *have* peace in Christ, and the one before was for those who *haven't*," explained the blind man quietly, when he stopped.

And then I advised that "Meg" should write down the words at once, and asked that a copy might be sent to me.

HOME PROVERBS.

"A WIFE is the key of a house; but no man can thrive unless his wife will let him"—(*Scotch*).

"Choose your friends among the wise, and your wife among the virtuous."

"WHAT IS PATIENCE?"

A BEAUTIFUL answer was given by a little Scotch girl. When her class at school was examined, she replied, "*Wait a wee, and dinna weary.*"



"The other day I found him looking radiantly happy. His sightless eyes could not shine, but his whole face did."—*Page* 181.

"OUR BLIND BASKET-MAKER."

[*See Page* 181.

[*Engraved by* J. D. COOPER.

[*Drawn by* CHERET.]

The Home Songster.

IV. A WORKER'S SONG OF PRAISE.

THE morning sun is gilding
The grey clouds in the sky,
The earth has waked from sleeping,
And folds her mantle by;
And we too rise from slumber,
And wake to toil and care,
But blessings without number
Surround us everywhere.

For health and hearts that love us,
And for our peaceful land,
We praise the Lord Almighty
Who holds us in His hand;
For honest work we praise Him,
For honest bread we win,
For strength against temptation,
And triumphs over sin.

Lord, make us each day stronger
In spirit as in limb!
Let us who toil and labour,
Learn how to work for Him—
Who chose to leave His kingdom
To live a workman's life,
That He might show His children
How noble is the strife.

O brothers, we are labourers
Together with our God!
For Jesus Christ, the Sinless,
The path of toil has trod;
We need not leave our places
To do His holy will,
For round our work the faces
Of angels hover still.

As to the Lord we labour!
Fair, open, honest men,—
We cannot serve our Master
By sword, or death, or pen;
Yet at our feet His mercies
Lie stored for us to reap:
He feeds us of His goodness
From out His treasures deep.

O wondrous love providing
For us poor worms of clay!
Within the earth's breast hiding
What gives us bread to-day.
His thousand years He gives us
Of love and thought and care!
Then lift we loud our voices
In praise and thankful prayer!

ANON.

A Trip to Old Norway.

BY ONE WHO WENT.

VIII. BERGEN TO THE FJORDS.

OUR stay among the friendly people of Bergen was very pleasant; and, as our first idea on landing was to see all we could of the picturesque wooden town in which we found ourselves, we began by going away from, or, rather, going above it. The best view of Bergen is from a hill, 900 ft. high, at the back of the town. The clear blue-green water, contrasting with the bright and varied appearance of the town: the houses built of wood, and painted white, yellow, or blue, with red-tiled roofs: the busy shipping: the grey, rocky ranges of hills, with the distant sea—all contributed to form a lovely picture.

Bergen has about 35,000 inhabitants, and is a busy commercial centre. The principal street is the Strandgaden, down which we pass after landing at the harbour. There is plenty to see. The museum is full of interesting objects. No visitor to the town should fail to witness the scene which takes place every day when the fish-boats come in. There is a special market on Wednesdays and Saturdays from eight till ten, but every day there is much to interest and amuse in the Triangelen, as the fish-market is called. Many new specimens are to be seen, including the species which was first introduced to the notice of the English people at the fish banquet given to the Prince of Wales at the Fisheries Exhibition. It is called in Norway a *bergylt*, and is covered with scales having all the colours of

the rainbow. It is a pretty sight to see these fish splashing in their tubs, passing from sunshine into shadow, and changing their hue with every flap of the tail. Other favourite fish are the ling and the rock-cod; this last having a deep-red appearance, produced by the iodine from the seaweed among which it lives.

It is very amusing to watch the old ladies in their bright gowns, with white handkerchiefs tied over their heads, bargaining with the rough old dealers, some of whom look as if they had undergone the process of salting and drying with the cod that lies in a heap beside the live fish.

From Bergen the steamer takes us up the wonderful Fjords, or arms of the sea, stretching far into the land—a main attraction of the country to tourists in search of scenery. A view of the Skjæggedals Foss—or "Force" as it would be termed in our Lake District—on the Hardanger Fjord, was given in an earlier paper (page 115). This Foss pours an enormous mass of water over a perpendicular precipice 530 feet high, with several lesser falls below it, assuming the most wonderful forms; it then rushes in a furious cataract, between mighty rocks, down into the Ringedalsvand lake, which is seven miles long, and lies 1,500 feet above the sea-level, inclosed by lofty mountains. The roar of the waterfall makes it difficult to hear a word spoken, and the spray is carried by the wind half a mile.

The Hardanger Fjord is nearly eighty miles long, and three or four miles in average width, running inland, in a north-easterly direction, about fifty miles, then branching into the Graven, Eide, and Sör Fjords; shut in by mountains 4,000 feet and 5,000 feet high, above which rise the vast snow-fields and ice-masses of the mighty Folgefond Glacier, covering a hundred square miles.

The superstition of the people has ascribed the origin of this glacier to a judgment of God. According to a legend, there was once, where the Folgefond rises, a fertile valley called Folgedalen, consisting of seven parishes. The inhabitants were so wicked and irreligious, that God at last sent a terrible snowstorm, which lasted uninterruptedly for ten whole weeks. Thus the whole valley was filled with snow, and every living thing perished. Since this time the snow and ice are said to have increased to the enormous mass which now forms the celebrated glacier of Folgefond.

Some of the branches of this glacier are by no means confined to the higher parts of the valley, but descend almost to the level of the sea, presenting glistening masses of ice in the immediate neighbourhood of the richest vegetation; so that it may be said with literal truth, that one may pluck cherries from the trees and throw the stones of them upon the eternal ice.

The Sogne Fjord is another remarkable inlet of the sea. It is entered seventy or eighty miles north of Bergen. The principal fjord is 106 miles long, four miles wide, and in some places 4,000 feet deep, and has many inland branches. The scenery is more rugged, sombre, and frowning than that of the Hardanger Fjord. It becomes, however, marvellously wild and beautiful in the Nærö Fjord, where the passengers on board a vessel are astonished by the continued series of changes, from being at one moment shut in, apparently, by walls of dark rock, to the sudden opening of lovely valleys, the distant view of blue glaciers and mountain ranges, and forest-covered hills. The water of the fjord is pure green, with many variations of tint, harmonising with the purples and browns of the adjacent mountains. Near Gudvangen, the Bakke waterfall, 3,000 feet high, is seen pouring over the face of the cliff. Villages and hamlets cling to the hillsides; and there are what are called "eagle's-nest farms," which are perched 1,500 feet or much higher aloft, seeming at first sight quite inaccessible, but having some rude path, or steps, down to their boat-houses at the edge of the water. (See Illustration, page 186.)

The inhabitants of these wild districts have preserved all the old Norwegian simplicity of life, manners, and customs; and even the wealthy peasants or farmers, of whom there are many, differ in nothing from the poorer, but show their prosperity only when it is a question of affording hospitality to a stranger.

With this view, they have usually a well-furnished room, which is especially set apart for travellers, whom they entertain with the best which is in their house, and would think it in the highest degree uncourteous if the stranger, when taking leave, should offer *money* instead of a hearty shake of the hand. The family room, on the contrary, is for rich and poor, the so-called "smoke-room," a



Drawn by A. Forestier.]

EAGLE'S-NEST FARM (NÆRO FJORD). [*See Page* 185,

room without a ceiling, having an opening in the roof. Here the father of the family takes, as in olden time, the "high chair," which he gives up to no one of his own rank, and only leaves when strangers arrive, because he considers it his highest duty to serve them with his own hands.

Extreme frugality in food and drink prevails amongst the inhabitants, without regard to their means, and this extends even to wedding and Christmas festivities.

Smoked beef with bacon, and oatmeal with butter and cream, are the favourite kinds of food. They generally prefer meat and fish, either salted or smoked, esteeming fresh provisions to be tasteless.

Temperance prevails in Norway. The drinking business is managed on the Gothenburg system. Spirits can only be got at specified places, and the publican, who has no interest in intemperance, is strictly prohibited from supplying any one who seems to have had enough.

(*To be continued.*)



TOURISTS IN A COTTAGE AT AARDAL, STAVANGER FJORD.

[See Page 185.

Drawn by A. FORESTIER.]

England's Church.

VI. A PARISH SIDE-LIGHT WORTH THINKING ABOUT.

(*From "The Fireside News."**)

DISESTABLISHMENT crusaders would do well to consider what we may term the parish side-lights of the question. Every one knows the services rendered by the clergy throughout the country in educational influence could not easily be calculated. But in the way of thrift they are also national benefactors. How would many of our provident Benefit Clubs be sustained if the ready help and guidance and counsel of the clergy were withheld?

We have just come across a circular, addressed to the members of such a club at Woodhouse Eaves, Loughborough, by the Vicar, the Rev. T. S. Millington, who for thirty years has discharged the onerous duties of honorary secretary. In announcing his retirement from the office, although he will continue his hearty interest in the prosperity of the club, he gives a few figures which are really startlingly suggestive of good work done. We quote an extract:—

"The number of depositing members at the end of the first year—1858—was seventy-nine. The present number is 301. About 600 have ceased to be members, either by death, removal to a distance, or other causes. About 900 persons, therefore, have been, or are still, upon the books, partakers of the advantages offered by the club.

"The total amount paid in by depositors during the past thirty years is **£14,017**. This is the result of thrift and carefulness, the small sums which have been deposited regularly and continuously at the monthly meeting mounting up with steady increase. On the other hand, £9,961 has been drawn out, in comparatively large sums, for the use, comfort, and advancement in life of the several depositors, in accordance with the object of the club, as stated in Rule 2.

"The amount due to depositors at the present time is **£4,056**, a larger balance than at any former period.

"The interest paid to depositors since the commencement amounts in the aggregate to £2,250, including that for the year now drawing to a close, which is nearly £150.

"The balance of the management fund, at the last half-yearly audit, was £422 2*s.* 8*d.* This is the property of the club generally, and not of individual members.

"These figures show the steady progress and still increasing prosperity and usefulness of the club, the amount both of the depositors' fund and of the management or general fund being larger now than at any former time."

Now, whatever may be thought of the value of the spiritual work of a country clergyman—the reading and exposition of the Scriptures, the ministry to the sick, the public services which mark, and, to a great extent, are a security for, the Day of Rest as every man's right—all will know how to appreciate the temporal gain of habits of thrift thus zealously promoted. A paid secretary would have richly deserved at least £25 yearly; so that Mr. Millington's personal benefactions might be said to represent, for thirty years, a gift of £750. But no paid secretary could possibly have furthered the interests of the club as he has done by his voluntary aid.

Indirectly also this club has no doubt done much to unite the parish in brotherly feeling and religious charity. As in most parishes, we are told, "the club (like the National schools, clothing club, etc.) was instituted and has been maintained by the Church, though all denominations are welcomed as members." Then once a year all the members are "invited to walk in order to the church to attend Divine service." Such a token of harmony and goodwill, and grateful recognition of the blessing of God as the Giver of all good gifts, must be a pleasant village spectacle.

> "To walk together to the Church,
> And all together pray,
> While each to his Great Father bends,
> Old men and babes, and loving friends,
> And youths and maidens gay."

Such a scene is a practical answer in any parish to those who are at all doubtful as to the gain of a National Church.

We commend this Parish Side-light to the Liberationists, and we think they will at least admit that there is really something to be said "on the other side."

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* "*The Fireside News*" devotes space to papers on "*The Parish at Work*," which well answer the purpose of "Church Defence Tracts," and enter thousands of homes where Tracts would hardly be received. We give one of these papers, and hope the Clergy and our Readers generally will further the still wider circulation of this National Church of England Newspaper for the Home, which gives 16 pages weekly, the size of the *Graphic*, for 1*d.* The Publisher offers to send (1) Six free copies by post of the current number to any Clergyman who will introduce it to his parishioners, or any Lay Friend who will promote its circulation; or (2) to further the circulation in small parishes and villages he will send 36 copies weekly, by Parcel Post, for one month, for 10*s.* At the end of the month the same supply can be continued post free for 3*s.* weekly. Address, Mr. CHARLES MURRAY, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

XX. A DAY'S DRINKING.

TAKING the population of Durham in round numbers at 15,000, and the average expenditure per head upon strong drink to be neither more nor less than that of people elsewhere, viz., £3 10*s.* per annum, it will be seen that we spend in our city alone more than fifty thousand pounds every year, or one hundred and forty-three pounds every day upon an article which our doctors agree in telling us is never a food, and seldom a medicine, which our judges and our statesmen agree in telling us is productive of more crime, pauperism, lunacy, and general wretchedness, than any other cause known to man. If only half this amount of money could be diverted from such infamous consequences, and be turned into the channels of healthy industry, it would be sufficient, not only to extinguish poverty, but to bring back such a flood tide of prosperity to our struggling tradesmen and artisans as seems at present far beyond our wildest hopes.—*The Rev. H. E. Fox.*

XXI. NOTHING LIKE EXAMPLE.

"THERE is nothing like example. Example is daily, and hourly, and unconsciously, and in the most inoffensive way, attracting, and advising, and preaching upon this subject of Temperance. There is no doubt that if you want to rescue the intemperate, or produce an influence upon society—indifferent to the subject, rather bored by it, feeling that it is one of the fads of fanatical philanthropists, and that sensible people need do nothing but laugh at it—you must be Total Abstainers, and then you produce a little impression. They will ask you how it is that you do not drink stimulants, and you will be able to tell them how much better you are without them, and that you do not want any praise for it, or to have any of the spirit of the Pharisee, but you want to show others that you can do without it, and that they can also: and you can say, 'So I set the example, and I want you to follow that example.'

"I will never say for one moment—I think it is pernicious nonsense to say that the mere use of wine in itself is a sin. I do not find that in the Bible or Prayer-Book, but if anybody asks me, 'Will you give it up for Christ's sake, and to help your brothers and sisters?' then I say, 'God helping me, I will give it up a hundred times.' For Christ's sake, then, go without this indulgence, that you may set an example to others."

The Bishop of Rochester.

XXII. ADVICE TO ATHLETES.

"YOU take care of yourself if you wish to excel in athletics. I often told the men at Cambridge that they were obliged to agree more or less with me in practice when they had a severe task before them. There is no drink like water for training on. If I could take a team of cricketers, who know the game and can play well, and could persuade them to abstain entirely from intoxicating drinks, they would become almost invincible. Many a cricketer who is not a teetotaler will say the same."—*Rev. T. Keyworth.*

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADES.

XIII.

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new, and I'm old;
I'm often in tatters, and oft decked with gold.
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though free, I am bound.
I'm always in black, and I'm always in white;
I'm grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.
In form, too, I differ;—I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh and no bone, yet I'm covered with skin.
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute;
I sing without voice, without speaking confute.
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

CONUNDRUMS.

88. Name the most popular general.
89. On what toe does a corn never come?
90. Name one of the best things out.
91. What ailment can you find on an oak?
92. How do you prove the strength of the sun?
93. Why does a duck come up out of the water?
94. Why would the Lord Chancellor's seat be useful in a cloth manufactory?

ANSWERS. (See JULY No., p. 165.)

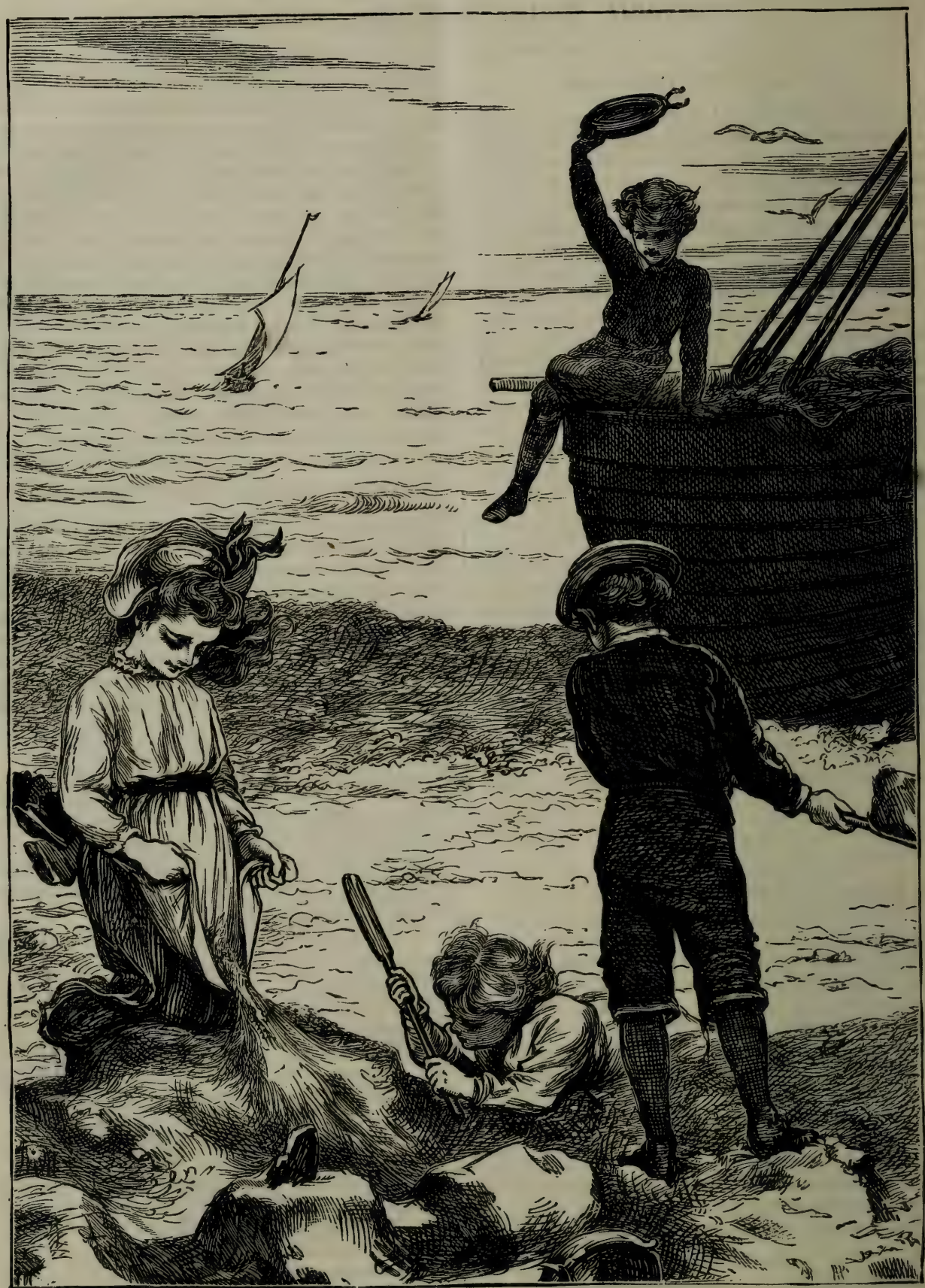
CHARADES.

XI. Alphabet.

XII. Whipping-top.

CONUNDRUMS.

75. The postman.
76. Because, when purchased, instead of going to the buyer, they go to the cellar.
77. Your breath.
78. A lead pencil.
79. Fault.
80. Because they have studded (studied) the heavens since creation.
81. Muzzling (muslin).
82. Your portrait.
83. Invisible green.
84. When they are kept on hand.
85. When it strikes one.
86. A fillet (fill it).
87. When it sails before it.



A SEASIDE HOLIDAY. [See Page 191.

The Young Folks' Page.

XXV. "TRY AGAIN:"

A NEW VERSION.

THEY built a fort upon the shore,
With merry heedless din,
They never spied the evening tide
Was rolling, rolling in.

They made it firm and fast without,
They made it firm within,
But evermore along the shore
The tide was rolling in.

Without a fear they slept that night,
But when they went next day
They found no sign, no stone, no line;
The fort was washed away.

'Tis ever so, my little folk: you'll find it, one and all,
That forts, not only those of sand, are very apt to fall.
But if they fall, why, let them fall: away with doubt and dread,
And build again with might and main a better fort instead.

XXVI. THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

"A FEW years ago it was my duty to attend the then Crown Prince when he visited a hospital in Germany. The case which most touched his Imperial Highness and excited his pity was that of a little girl who was evidently near her end. On the bedside of that poor child the heir to the Imperial throne sat trying to cheer the little sufferer. The light shining on one of the Prince's decorations attracted her, and the Prince bent over her, so as to let her weak, wan little hand play with it. 'It is a new use, Sire, for a decoration,' said one who was standing by. And the Prince, with touching simplicity, replied, 'It had never half so good a use before.'

"The late Emperor had a great love for children. Last year, when in London for our Queen's Jubilee, and already suffering from his fatal disease, he was present at the children's fête in Hyde Park, and when I ventured to express to His Imperial Highness a hope that it might not prove too great a risk, he replied, with that kindly smile which his friends can never forget, 'Oh! I could not resist the pleasure of seeing all these poor children so happy.'"
—REV. T. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

XXVII. "SPEAK, LORD; FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH."

I HEARD of a little girl who said to her mother, one day, "Mother, now let's sit very quiet, don't let us speak a word, —let's be very still, and let us try if we cannot hear the angels singing up in heaven." The little girl could not hear that; but it was a nice thought!

If you will be very still, and say, "Speak, Lord; I will listen:" God will speak to you. I am sure He will. And He will tell you something. You try. "Here I am, Lord, now tell me: put something into my heart." You do it, as you ought to do, expecting God to answer,—do it very religiously, and wait; perhaps you may have to do it several times:—but you will have some nice thought given you. "Speak, Lord: for Thy servant heareth."—THE REV. J. VAUGHAN.

XXVIII. A SEASIDE HOLIDAY.

(*See Illustration, Page* 190.)

OVER the sand of the shell-strewn beach,
And over the yellow shore;
Where the waves away in the distance reach,
Low murmuring evermore!

Where the ripples dance in the sunshine bright
With the white foam on their crests;
And the pulse leaps high, and the heart beats light,
And the hand from labour rests.

Over the weed-scattered, glist'ning sand,
Damp from the kiss of the sea,
Where the brown-sailed boats put out from land,
And the children shout with glee;

Waving their hands to their sun-tanned sires,
With a burst of cheering shrill,
As to be "*first off*" each boat aspires,
And with wind the brown wings fill.

Oh! there is life in the salt sea breeze,
There's life in the buoyant air,
Life in the roll of the dancing seas,
And life in the sunshine fair.

There is a season for everything
Under the glorious sun:
A time to our tasks our strength to bring,
And a time when work is done.

And God be praised for each holiday,
To His wearied workers given;
Leading their souls from the earth away
To the Golden Shores of Heaven!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

THE PSALMS.

1. THE Psalms are divided into five books by doxologies in nearly one form of words. Where are the points of division?
2. Five consecutive Psalms begin and end with Hallelujah. Which are they?
3. Fifteen Psalms consecutively have the same heading. Which?
4. Which is the prayer of Moses?
5. Which is the acrostic Psalm?
6. Which Psalm has a refrain?
7. Which is referred to by an Apostle by *number*?
8. Where does the Lord speak of "the Psalms"?
9. Who misquoted a Psalm? and which Psalm?
10. Which Psalm is made up of portions of two previous Psalms?

ANSWERS (See JUNE No., p. 143).

1. Titus i. 2.
2. 2 Kings xiii. 21.
3. Matt. v. 21. Matt. v. 5. Matt. vi. 34.
4. Luke xi. 50, 51. Heb. xii. 24.
5. Babylon. Isa. xiv. 4.
6. Jude 14.
7. Rev. xiii. 5.
8. Ps. cv. 17, 19.

AUGUST.

Joy in God.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."—*Eccles.* xi. 7.

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.

Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.

Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

Bishop W. W. How.

Gems from Old Writers.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

"HE enjoys much who is thankful for little. A grateful mind is a great mind."—*Secker.*

"We may read many truths in the Bible, but we cannot know them savingly until God shine into our hearts."

"We know that the infinite God cannot be moved or actually drawn nearer to us by prayer; but prayer draws the Christian nearer to God. The more frequently we pray, the nearer we bring ourselves to God."—*Anon.*

"It is the peculiar glory of Gospel grace to humble every believer in the dust, and from gratitude and love to produce the best obedience."—*Venn.*

"What we want in religion, is not new light, but new *sight*; not new paths, but new zeal to walk in the old paths."—*Anon.*

"Men may judge us by the success of our efforts; God looks at the efforts themselves."—*C. G. Brown.*

"DAY BY DAY WE MAGNIFY THEE."

"O magnify the Lord with me."—Ps. xxxiv. 3.

1	W	The lovingkindness of the Lord. Isa. lxxx. 7.
2	Th	The Lord upholdeth all that fall. Ps. cxlv. 14.
3	F	He healeth the broken in heart. Ps. cxlvii. 3.
4	S	I will bless Thy Name for ever and ever.
5	S	**10th S. a. T.** *We...rejoice in hope of the glory.*
6	M	Thou shalt remember all the way...the Lord led...thee. Deut. viii. 2. [goodness.
7	Tu	They shall...utter the memory of Thy great
8	W	Taste and see that the Lord is good. Ps. xxxiv. 8.
9	Th	The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him.
10	F	It is good that a man should...quietly wait.
11	S	He that believeth shall not make haste.
12	S	**11th S. a. Trin.** *O Lord, I will praise Thy Name.*
13	M	The day goeth away, the shadows...are stret-
14	Tu	To-day if ye will hear His voice. [ched out.
15	W	Exhort one another, while it is called to-day.
16	Th	Abide with us...the day is far spent.
17	F	Even the night shall be light about me.
18	S	Darkness and...light are both alike to Thee.
19	S	**12th S. a. Trin.** *The night shineth as the day.*
20	M	Father, all things are possible unto Thee.
21	Tu	Let Him do what seemeth Him good.
22	W	Father,...so it seemed good in Thy sight.
23	Th	Good is the word of the Lord. 2 Kings xx. 19.
24	F	S. BART. *My word...shall not return unto Me void.*
25	S	Thy word is true from the beginning.
26	S	**13th S. a. T.** *The words that I speak...are life.*
27	M	Thou hast the words of eternal life. John vi.
28	Tu	Thy statutes have been my songs. [63.
29	W	Thy testimonies...are the rejoicing of my
30	Th	The unspeakable Gift. 2 Cor. ix. 15. [heart.
31	F	I will joy in the God of my salvation.

SUN.—1st day.
Rises 4.25. Sets 7.44.

MOON.—New, 7th, A. 6.21.
,, Full, 21st, A. 4.20.

9. Dryden born, 1631.
13. Jeremy Taylor died, 1667.
16. Gas in London, 1807.
19. James Watt died, 1819.
24. Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572.
31. John Bunyan died, 1688.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.



THE HARVEST FIELD:
"I CAN DO MY PART."

(See Page 195.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Feast-time of the Year.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

LET never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Shakespeare.

Some hae meat that canna eat,
And some na meat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

Burns.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with Harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favours every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

John G. Whittier.

This is the feast-time of the year,
When Plenty pours her cup of cheer,
And even humble boards may spare
To poorer poor a kindly share.
While bursting barns and granaries know
A richer, fuller overflow,
And they who dwell in golden ease
Bless without toil, yet toil to please.

H. M. E. Kimball.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
And having Thee alone, what have I not?

Francis Quarles.

For all that God in mercy sends,
For health and children, home and friends:
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed:
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk—
For everything give thanks!

Ellen Elizabeth Tupper.

SEED THOUGHTS.

"Who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows,
Is one who ploughs and ploughs, but never sows."
—*Alger's Oriental Poetry.*

"Labour to know the Lord more clearly and fully; to know more of Christ, and to know Him to better purpose, so as to be more like Him, and to love Him better."—*Matthew Henry.*

Mulberry Hollow; or, Deeds, not Words.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "MRS. HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES," "THE ROYAL LAW," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

PERPLEXITY.

MRS. TOWNSEND was sitting in her pretty drawing-room at Overbury, wondering why her daughter did not return.

"Perhaps Sir Maurice and Miss Wright have asked her to stay to supper;" but then she remembered how very rare any spontaneous hospitality was at the Uplands, and decided that wherever Rose was, she was not at Sir Maurice's house.

Presently Mr. Townsend came in.

"Where is Rose?" he asked.

"I thought you were going to meet her on the road to the Uplands; you know she has been to the Wrights' to see the gardens. It is getting dusk; perhaps you had better go and find out where she is; she may have stayed to supper."

Mr. Townsend laughed.

"Not very likely," he said; "and how is the little waif and stray?"

"Asleep on that sofa! Rose is very sanguine about him; I cannot say I am. I don't think the child will live."

"What did Frank say?"

"That country air and good food might do what medicine could not do; but the child can't stand, and as I cannot lift him, I left him to sleep there till Rose's return."

"You will be setting up a convalescent home next, mother," Mr. Townsend said; "you never can deny Frank or Rose anything."

"And can you complain that I deny you any reasonable request, Arthur?"

"Yes," he said. "My very reasonable request is, that you should take some sea air, and spare yourself a little. Now the summer is come, there is much less work in the village, no night classes, and the mothers' meetings fall through during the hay and harvest. Go to Weston or Clevedon, or anywhere you please; and take Rose and take the waif with you, if you like."

"And leave you here alone?"

"Oh, yes! Solitude is a pleasant change sometimes. Sincerely, mother, I wish you to go for your own sake, and ours."

"Well, we will hear what Rose says. Ah! here she is."

And now the waif, as Mr. Townsend called little Mark, at the sound of his lady's voice, opened his large eyes, and raised his head from the cushions.

"Well, Mark!" Rose said, "what were you dreaming about?"

"*You!*" was the prompt answer, "and Clara. I should like Clara to see this beautiful room."

"Well, I'm afraid your grandfather could not spare Clara," Rose said, sitting down on a footstool by the child, and letting him take her little white hand in his, and stroke it.

"I am sorry I am so late, mother; why did you not begin supper? Frank always does; we cannot wait for each other in our busy life. I have been to see poor Mrs. Macdonald—the gardener's wife; she is struck with paralysis. I am afraid she will never recover, though the doctor says that she may partially. She has evidently something on her mind, and I think you ought to go and see, mother. I don't mean to-night, but early to-morrow. Now I must put my waif to bed, and then I will come down to supper; don't wait another minute."

Rose lifted little Mark in her arms,—he was so light, that it was no effort to do so,—and carried him up to the little room, which was in his eyes a paradise.

"Lady dear,"—this was the child's name for Rose,—"Lady dear, I had a very nice dream when I was asleep on the sofa. It was that some one came and said, 'Mark, you are my little boy,' and then I said, 'Why, it's my mother,' and then *you* said, 'No, it is your Lady dear.' But," said Mark, with a sigh, "I am sure my mother must have been like you. Clara can remember her just a little bit, but Clara lived with grandfather always, and I did not go to Lorne Street till mother died. I was seven then, and I am ten now."

All this he said as Rose was preparing Mark for bed, and she only made a rejoinder now and then.

"Do you know, Lady dear, I should like Clara to come, just to see how beautiful

everything is. Our mother loved pretty things, flowers, and the country, Clara says, and our father was not like grandfather; he was a gentleman born. Grandfather sometimes says, when he is put out with Clara, that's why she has got such fine notions, like her mother before her, and he says I'll get them too, because I cried when a big stack of chimneys was built up at the back of our house, and left us only that teeny bit of sky. He said I was a little fool: and who cared to see the sky? But I do care." And poor little Mark looked longingly out at the wide expanse of sky, and woodland, and copse, now all changed to the solemn hue of the summer night—the dark woods lying in masses set against the opal sky; the crescent moon's silver lamp hanging above them, and a planet shining with a lambent light near by.

Mark stretched out his arms, saying,—

"*That* must be my star that so often looks down over the roof. I know it must be mine, and I love it."

Then Rose joined the little thin hands in prayer, and Mark repeated after her the simple words which do not fail "to reach the Majesty on high." For prayer is not bound down to any prescribed form, nor fettered by any method; prayer is the springing of the soul to God, in the fulness of faith and trust; and "hear me for Jesus' sake" makes the prayer accepted in the Name of the Beloved.

Mark had a certain charm about him, which even the old servant who had followed Mrs. Townsend wherever she lived could not but confess. Preserved from contact with evil by his weakness and illness, Mark had become singularly fitted to receive the good when it was offered him. Touchingly patient and gentle, he won all hearts, though Parker would say,—

"I don't see why it should fall to Miss Rose to do everything for him. There were plenty of people who had heaps of money and time, and they never put a finger to help. It was the old story of working the willing horse; and the over-worked would break down at last, willing or unwilling, you may depend upon that!"

Perhaps Parker was right, but after all, there is a wonderful sense of happiness in heart-service, which those who give it grudgingly can never know.

It was early the next morning, when a single ring at the bell was answered by Parker, and Christopher Macdonald asked if he could see Mr. Townsend.

"Early and late," exclaimed Parker, "he gets no rest; but step into the study, and I'll tell the master. Why, you look like a ghost, Christopher; what is amiss?"

"My mother is very ill, for one thing."

"Oh! there are two things, are there?" said Parker significantly. "Has any news been heard of that ring?"

Christopher shook his head, and Parker continued, as she proceeded with her dusting operations in the study:—

"There's a deal of gossip about it, and no wonder; it was unlucky that your brother should make off; it caused talk, of course. I am sure I don't wish to hurt your feelings," she said, as she caught the reflection of Christopher's face in the little mirror on the mantel-shelf, and saw written on it a story of distress and trouble which touched her kind heart. "No, I wouldn't hurt your feelings, for the world: we can't help the ill deeds of our brothers, nor sisters either. There, sit down: I am just getting the kitchen breakfast ready, and I'll bring you a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter. The master is later than usual this morning; he is generally in the study by seven o'clock."

Parker departed, and Christopher was left alone. He had passed a sleepless night, and he felt as if he could find no comfort. He was sorely perplexed as to how to act, and he felt as if he could not let his mother die believing him to be the thief.

Mr. Townsend had always been so good to him. He had taught in his night-school through the winter, and was always ready to help at the concert and readings at Overbury. He had lately been assisting in re-organising the Overbury cricket club, and Mr. Townsend depended on him for good influence, and steadfast determination to put down bad language and drinking in the field. Christopher's pale, wan face, so unlike his bright rosy one, struck Mr. Townsend as soon as he entered the room. The bread-and-butter Parker had brought him was untouched, though he had drunk the tea.

"Well, Chris, is your mother worse? Why, my good fellow, what is the matter?"

The kind hand laid on his shoulder seemed to inspire Christopher with confidence.

"My mother's illness is not the worst thing

I have to bear, sir. I am not now sure whether I ought to tell you; but I do want a friend, and some one to advise me in a difficult matter."

"Well, Christopher, I am ready, if you want me."

"I know it, sir, I know it; that is why I have come to you."

"Have you been *elsewhere* first, Chris? Have you laid the trouble before my Master and yours, and asked for guidance?"

"Yes, sir," Christopher said, looking up steadily into Mr. Townsend's face. "Yes, sir, I have; but I cannot feel I have had any answer. I am quite as much troubled and perplexed to know what to do, as I was last night. Look here, sir. Supposing an unjust suspicion fastened on you; supposing some one you loved very much thought you had done a very wicked thing, and the only way of clearing yourself was to tell that person some one she loved *better* than you had done something far wickeder, something base, and treacherous, and false—which would you do? Would you bear the burden for the sake of the one you loved, and spare her from knowing that the other person had been far more guilty than she could imagine; or would you tell her all, and break her heart?"

Mr. Townsend was silent for a few minutes: then he said,—

"This is a difficult matter to decide; and I am afraid that, unless I know the facts without reservation, I could not give you advice."

"Very well sir; then I will tell you all." And Christopher in a few straightforward words told the sad tale of Ned's dishonesty and baseness, and of his mother's shrinking from the sight of *him* as the thief of Miss Wright's ring.

"There is one person who believes in me, sir. Thank God, she knows all."

"There is a *second* who believes in you, Christopher," said Mr. Townsend, holding out his hand, and taking the boy's in a firm, reassuring clasp. "*I* believe in you: and the light will come presently. But I must take time to think over the matter. I shall have seen your mother before you return from the Mill; call in on your way back, and we will talk of this again. Meantime God bless and direct you."

CHAPTER X.

HOPELESS AND HOMELESS.

Clara Smith felt the loss of little Mark more than she could have thought possible. Trade was slack, and there was not even the amusement of seeing customers, and sometimes enjoying a joke with them. Old James Oliver was particularly wordy and cross-grained, and Clara gave up "trying to be agreeable" to him, for it was no use.

She kept guard in the shop, and tried to amuse herself with some yellow-covered book with a frightful picture on the cover, which contained the poison eagerly swallowed by many hundreds of girls in her position. Since Mark had gone, she had read several of these books, and she began to pay more attention to the curling of her heavy black fringe, and to the rubbing up of her silver chains and bangles.

She was seated on a high stool, which was a vantage-ground from which she could survey the street—that is to say, as much of it as lay between her and the opposite houses—when the postman came into the shop with a swift business-like tread, and laid a letter on the counter.

This was a pleasant diversion. Clara knew the clear, pretty handwriting on the envelope; for Rose Townsend had written to her when Mark left her, to tell of his safe arrival at Overbury, and that he seemed better. Great was her delight when she read the contents of this second letter—delight which she could only show by getting down from the high stool, and dancing up and down the narrow shop, clapping her hands, and making a tattoo with her high heels on the dirty boards.

The letter contained a proposal from Miss Townsend, that Clara should take an excursion ticket to Clevedon, and spend a week with Mark. Then, if he was really better, he could return with her.

"He'll never let me go, that's the worst of it," Clara said; "he is in such a bad temper. But I will go, see if I don't, for all the old grandfathers that ever were born!"

While she was thus giving vent to her feelings, she was unconscious that a customer stood in the narrow doorway, till she turned from one of her perambulations, and faced the same young man who had brought the ring some weeks before. Yes, it was the same: and



"IS IT SAFE?" AN ARTIST'S STUDY.

[*Drawn by* W. Lothams.] [*Engraved by* J. Knight.

yet he looked so ill and so miserable, that she was half inclined to doubt whether it was the owner of the ring.

"Can I see Mr. Oliver?" Ned asked.

"Yes, I dare say you can; take a seat." And Clara pushed a shabby stool, covered with American cloth, out of which several curls of stuffing were peeping, towards Ned.

"It's a fine day, isn't it? though rather close in the town. I'm soon going into the country, down into Somersetshire. Do you know that part?"

Ned nodded; but he did not speak, or encourage Clara to continue her confidence.

"Yes," she said; "I am going to some friends, who live in a beautiful place—quite a show place; and they are likely to take me about everywhere. My little brother is with them now; he is very sickly, poor little chap—and I am sure the same may be said of you; you look like somebody just out of the hospital. Yes, I'll call grandfather. He is upstairs taking stock; when there's nothing else to do, he does that, and I sit here."

Ned did not respond. Evidently there was no fun to be got out of him. So Clara went to the foot of the narrow staircase, and ascending half-way, called,—

"Grandfather."

A shrill, rasping voice replied,—

"Do you want me?"

"There's a customer waiting"; and then Clara went up still higher, opened the door, and peeped into the room.

The bracelets and chains were displayed very much as they had been on a former occasion, and there was a little pot of jewellery paste and brushes, and a bit of wash-leather lying on the green baize cloth, which showed that old Oliver had been cleaning the ornaments.

"Here, take my seat, and go on burnishing this chain; and don't you stir an inch till I come back."

"I say, grandfather, you'll have to do without me for a week. I am going into the country to see little Mark. What do you think of that? Going to stay with Miss Townsend."

"You'll do no such thing," was the rejoinder, as the old man closed the door behind him, and shuffled downstairs.

"Won't I *just?*" Clara exclaimed. "I'll go, and then perhaps he'll be in a better temper when I come back again. What a poor lot of things!" Clara exclaimed. "Trade has been dull lately; folks have kept their properties, instead of raising money on them. There's the ring that young man downstairs brought. How well it looks, now it is cleaned up: and how that big diamond shines!" Then Clara took up the glasses in their black setting, and fitted them on to her nose, and began to examine the ring. "There's words inside. I wish I could make 'em out."

"F—a—c—t—yes? that's fact; but what does the letter after mean? Then there's something about verbs, verb—a. Facts and verbs, that's beyond me. Dear me! I wonder if grandfather will let him have more money on the ring."

It was this that Ned Macdonald was anxiously waiting to hear. Would Mr. Oliver buy the ring outright, or would he advance another five pounds on it?

Mr. Oliver was doubtful. He surveyed Ned with his sharp little black eyes, from under the shaggy, pent grizzly eye-brows, and said, "You see, that ring is a marked ring. I am an honest man, let me tell you; parties come to me troubled about money, and they say, all fair and above board, 'Here's a little bit of jewellery or plate, buy it outright, or advance money on it.' It's all fair and honest, and if they don't pay me back their loan, well, then I keep the property. But," and old Oliver bent over the counter, and brought his face very near Ned's,—"but, I am bound to ask, How did you come by that ring? Left you by will, eh? Picked up, eh? It isn't the sort of property a youngster like you gets hold of. Watches—I get dozens; Albert chains—scores; cigarette cases—lots; signet rings——plenty—from youngsters like you; but not old-fashioned rings like that you brought me."

"I wish you'd buy it," Ned said; "I wish you would. I don't want it; it was given me by a friend, who—who—owed me a little money, and hadn't the cash ready. He said I could make £20 out of it, and so get my debt paid and interest as well. Do you see?"

"I see! I see!" muttered old Oliver; "yes, I see!" Then to himself he was saying,—"A lie that—a lie—the ring is worth sixty pounds, if it's worth one. A lie—you must be cautious, James Oliver—you must be careful—you must be cautious!"

Oh, the misery which sin brings upon the

sinner! As Ned Macdonald stood by that counter, under the scrutiny of those piercing black eyes of old James Oliver, he went through what may be fairly called a torment of fear and misgiving.

The load seemed to grow heavier and more intolerable every instant. He was yet young, and the downward path was not so easy to tread as it becomes to one long hardened in evil ways. He could not forget Christopher, though he tried hard to do so. He could not help wondering if the old pocket-book had been found, and whether his subterfuge with the pawn tickets and the slips of paper had been successful. And if it had been successful, oh, what a weight of woe and misery he had brought on him and his mother!

They say that in the moment of drowning, before consciousness is quite destroyed, the events of a life lie, as in a map, before the drowning man. All the life—its events from childhood—flash before the mental vision. Joys and sorrows, moments of temptation, moments of yielding to temptation, falls and troubles, losses and gains, sins and conquests over sin, dead faces of long ago, loving faces which are to be seen no more, appear, and for one or two short moments *live*. And so it was with Ned, as he stood before old James Oliver at this crisis of his life. The old house in Mulberry Hollow, his mother standing at the door, waiting his return with Chris from school; her hand on his forehead, proudly smoothing back the masses of hair from his brow, her voice, her welcome, her tiny hands preparing the evening meal; peace, happiness, Home—all rose before him. His father's voice, with his broad Scotch accent, reading the passage of Scripture and offering the extempore prayer: Mollie with her sweet, serious face, and her small white hands folded—all came back! And these prayers, these loves, and this happiness, could be his no more! No, never could the vision be realized; he was an outcast from home, lost, miserable, and guilty, and hope was dead within him.

That June night when he stayed in Churton, instead of going home; that first visit to the theatre, to see a piece of low comedy and bad tragedy; that first turn into the bar of an inn to be treated to a drink by his evil companion; that first game of cards, when the stake was only sixpence, and he won it; that first descent into low deeps, where, defiled by the touch of pitch, he could never be the careless boy again, whose gay whistle resounded through the Hollow as he crossed the bridge, or ran down the steep bit of road to the head of the Hollow,—all was sharply defined before him, and all was over now. He was standing, like the criminal he felt, before old James Oliver, and shrinking from the scrutiny of those piercing eyes, as he told the lie about the ring.

"I shall be glad to sell it to you outright," he said. "You said you would have it valued, and if I could not redeem it, you would give me its value and keep it."

"Ah! ah! very good! yes! But you see, young man, I have not altogether made up my mind—no, not altogether. So I'll advance you another five pounds, and when you call again, I'll have more to say."

Ned was really so terribly in want of money to keep life in him, that he agreed to accept the offer, and left the shop as once before, with the weight at his heart growing ever heavier and heavier, and feeling that in all that great city he had no friend.

He was turning into a public-house, as before, to try to drown reflection and remorse by brandy and soda, when he felt a pair of searching eyes fixed on him, and a voice said,—

"Don't go in there. Can I help you?"

(*To be continued.*)

SHORT SENTENCES WORTH REMEMBERING.

"WHAT we weave in time we wear in eternity." "Hell is paved with good intentions." "Sin forsaken is one of the best evidences of sin forgiven." "It matters little how we die, but it matters much how we live." "Meddle with no man's person, but spare no man's sin." "The street is soon clean when every one sweeps before his own door." "Lying rides on debt's back—it is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." "He that begins with prayer will end with praise." "All is not gold that glitters." "In religion, as in business, there are no gains without pains." "In the Bible there are shallows where a lamb can wade, and depths where an elephant must swim."

The Poor Man's Golden Sheaf.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DAWN OF THE MORNING."

WE saw the wheat fields waiting
All golden in the sun,
And strong and stalwart reapers
Went by him one by one.
"Oh, could I reap in harvest!"
His heart made bitter cry.
'I can do nothing, nothing,
So weak, alas, am I."

At eve a fainting traveller
Sank down beside his door;
A cup of cool, sweet water
To quench his thirst he bore.
And, when refreshed and strengthened,
The traveller went his way,
Upon the poor man's threshold
A golden wheat sheaf lay.

When came the Lord of Harvest,
He cried: "Oh, Master kind,
One sheaf I have to offer,
But that I did not bind.
I gave a cup of water
To one athirst, and he
Left at my door, in going,
This sheaf I offer Thee."

Then said the Master softly:
"Well pleased with this am I:
One of My angels left it
With thee as he passed by.
Thou may'st not join the reapers
Upon the Harvest plain,
But he who helps a brother
Binds sheaves of richest grain."

Our Princess Royal:

THE EMPRESS-DOWAGER VICTORIA OF GERMANY.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.

"UNSER FRITZ."—THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—IN THE HOSPITAL.—HOME LIFE.—THE CHILD'S GARDEN. — THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE crowned head is "doubly Royal" when Royalty knows how to "honour all men." The Crown Prince Frederick and the Crown Princess were ever "friendly to all, without distinction of age, sex, or rank." They "used their high station to bring peace and joy to the dwellings of rich and poor alike." The Germans called the Crown Prince "Unser Fritz," "our own," or "our dear Fritz;" and the Princess reigned in all hearts.

Prince Frederick William first saw London one bright May morning in 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition. He saw much to impress him: but, above all things, he was attracted by the "perfect domestic happiness which he found pervading the heart of the greatest Empire in the world."

In September, 1855, he came again. The youth had now become a man. He had completed his twenty-fourth year, and longed for the companionship of a beloved and sympathetic wife. A visit to Scotland followed; and wandering one day over the heath-clad hills with the young Princess, "a spray of white heather" was gathered, quickly presented, and accepted; and so with this pure badge the bride was won.

The early life of the Princess had been full of promise. Her education had been specially conducted under the guiding care of the Prince Consort, and she soon displayed remarkable intellectual powers. The Royal children were taught by example as well as by precept. The Queen's first desire was, that they "should have the feeling of devotion and love, which our Heavenly Father encourages His children

to cherish for Him"; and the Prince Consort's mind was equally imbued with the great truths of Christianity.

Two years and more passed on, and then a brooch (a very pretty one) before church with her hair, and clasping me in her arms, said: 'I hope to be worthy to be your child.'"



"OUR PRINCESS ROYAL,"
WHEN CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY.

From a Photograph by LOESCHER & PETSCH, *Berlin.*

"Unser Fritz" arrived once more, to claim "Our Princess Royal." The marriage took place on the 25th of January, 1858. The Queen says: "Dear Vicky gave me

The welcome to Berlin was intensely enthusiastic; and with full purpose of heart the happy pair set themselves to the discharge of their Royal responsibilities.

Interest in philanthropic and educational matters, and in hours of relaxation gardening and modelling, filled up the year; and then the birth of a son gave a fresh interest to life, and soon the home became the nursery of olive branches.

Seven years of war, alas! followed upon years of peace. During this sad time the Prince gained the affection of the army. It was a common remark: "Every man is of equal value to *Unser Fritz!*" And in the hospitals the Crown Princess was never weary of her ministry of love. In one of the largest hospitals her attendance was daily, never missing a ward or omitting to speak to each of the patients. A wounded French prisoner, describing her visits to his comrades, said: "Ah, the ladies were all very kind, but none of them like *Madame la Princesse.*" She never passed a bed without some kind word; and if she saw that any were more wretched than the others, she talked most to them. Whatever ward she entered, she brought her sunshine with her.

The winter of 1870–71 ushered in seven years of peace. The education of the Royal children was now pursued with unremitting care and diligence. The home life was thoroughly practical and useful. At the farmhouse of Bornstedt, at Potsdam, the Crown Prince reared his prize animals, and the Princess had her model dairy. Here, as in the farming days at Osborne of an older generation, they came into contact with the tillers of the soil. Here it was that the Princess once arranged for her two eldest sons to reside during the Christmas holidays. "It is well," said the Royal mother, "for young people to accustom themselves to simple ways." Their parents were spending Christmas with our Queen. One morning a letter from England came to the two young Princes.—"Have you remembered," it said, "who you are, and what it is incumbent upon you to do at this season? We, your parents, are far away from our dear sons, and from our home. You, our children, must be our representatives. Seek out the poor, the suffering, in the cottages around you, and give to them freely, according to your means."

During later years the Crown Princess and her husband devoted themselves to the development of art and industry in Berlin and elsewhere. The Princess especially gave her mind to the scientific training of nurses; and when, at the celebration of the silver wedding, the good Berliners quietly collected a sum of 180,000 marks (£9,000) and presented it to the Royal pair, it was devoted, with other similar offerings, to the funds of the Victoria House and Nursing School.

Our sketch must close with a reference to "The Kindergarten," or "Child's Garden," originated by the Swiss Pestalozzi and completed by the German Fröbel. The Princess took the Pestalozzi-Fröbel House in Berlin thoroughly under her fostering care. At her suggestion a school of cookery was founded, the Princess Victoria being its first pupil. Another addition was the provision of baths for the children at the cost of a halfpenny. Young girls are also trained for earning an honourable and useful living as nursery governesses.

At Christmas time the gathering at the Kindergarten always affords a spectacle of the deepest interest; and the author of "The German Emperor and Empress" has written such a charming account of one of these gatherings that we cannot do better than give a brief extract.

"The spacious building was filled with a cheerful hum of voices, and strains of music came floating in at the doors of the large class-room. Already the benches were filled with the families of the pupils, dressed in their Sunday best; and the tall tree, waiting patiently for its final illumination, was a thing of beauty as it stood draped in shining chains of gold and silver paper. Green garlands and pretty pictures decked the walls, while beneath the shelter of some pine branches spread a snowy landscape of cottages and mimic people all in sugared gingerbread. Hundreds of fine gingerbread men

and horsemen lurked close by, with the great heap of paper parcels which were by-and-by to give such joy to little recipients.

"Presently a sound of wheels was heard, and immediately a number of young girls, acting as taper-bearers, fell to their anxious work. Before all the little candles were lighted a lady stood alone in the open doorway, smiling in upon the busy scene. With one glance of her clear, penetrating eyes she perceived that she had better *not* see just yet a little while; and so with kind thoughtfulness she turned aside to speak to the Superintendent, and not till she was told that all was ready did she proceed to admire the pretty scene.

"Meanwhile a tall, stately-looking officer had come in, with two daughters. As he held his cap in his hand, every one could recognise by his wide brow, and his bright blue eyes, that this was the Crown Prince.

"His genial countenance beamed with pleasure as he spoke to every one. Then came the Christmas Carol, and the repetition of a short poem and a little speech, by the children.

"So far the little ones had looked a little shy: but soon exclamations of delight and wonder were coming fast, as the fine gingerbread men found their way into short, fat arms. When at last a tall form might be seen fairly kneeling down in the centre of a little crowd of infants, peeping into carefully treasured paper parcels, holding up hands of well-feigned wonder, and presently covering with his cap a tempting little round head close by, it seemed as if a true 'Father Fritz' had indeed come amongst his children. The Princess all the while was busied in the work of distribution, helping the little ones to be happy."

It is not often that the world has been privileged to see Royalty in such close relation with the youngest and humblest of their people; but the strength and loyalty of a nation is indeed secure when pages of its history are thus woven in with the happy memories of childhood's holidays.

Harvest-Time.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., AUTHOR OF "BIBLE TEACHINGS IN NATURE."

HARVEST-TIME is the most delightful of all the seasons of the year. Some one has called it the year's sunset. Scenes of life and beauty crowd upon each other. The sky is of the sweetest blue; and soft, playful gleams give a tender tone to the universal sunshine. Down in the valleys the tinkling of the scythes and the voices of the harvesters seem like sounds from another world. The cornfields ripple in light and shade, like the waves of a sunset sea, away over valley and upland to the purple shores of the distant hills. The earth looks like a table spread for the precious food which God's own Hand has furnished; and a hungry world, whose staff of life the corn forms, waits impatiently for the feast.

Familiar as the scene is to us, we greet it season after season with the same fresh enthusiasm. We enter fully into the old feeling which glowed in the great child-heart of Luther, when he returned home through the rich harvest-fields of Leipsic,—"How it stands, that yellow corn, on its fair taper stems; its golden head bent, all rich and waving there! The mute earth, at God's kind bidding, has produced it once again—man's bread."

Truly the cornfield is holy ground. God has there made the place of His feet glorious. The old miracle of the multiplication of the loaves has been there performed anew, in a more gradual and less startling manner, but not the less wonder-

ful on that account. The miracle of the loaves was a sudden putting forth of God's bountiful Hand from behind the veil of His ordinary providence: the miracle of the Harvest is the working of the same bountiful Hand, only unseen, giving power to the tiny grains to drink the dew and inhale the sunshine, and appropriate the nourishment of the soil during the long, bright days of summer. I understand the one miracle in the light of the other.

That marvellous scene in the wilderness of Capernaum teaches me to look with even more reverence upon the ordinary ways of God's providence, and to receive with even more of deep thankfulness the bread that comes to me by what are called the common processes of nature, than if it had been given to me directly by the Hand of Jesus, with no toil or trust of my own.

No one can gaze upon these golden cornfields without being influenced more or less by the pleasing associations with which they are connected. They strike their roots deep down into the soil of time; they are as old as the human race. They waved upon the earth long before the Flood, under the husbandry of the "world's grey fathers." The sun in heaven has ripened more than six thousand harvests. Progress is the law of nature, and everything else obeys it, but the harvest-field exhibits little or no change. It presents nearly the same picture in this Western clime, and in these modern days, as it did under the glowing skies of the East. We see the same old familiar scene now enacted under our eyes in every walk we take which Ruth saw when she gleaned after her kinsman's reapers in one of the quiet valleys of Bethlehem, or which our blessed Saviour so frequently gazed upon when wandering with His disciples in the mellow afternoon around the verdant shores of Gennesaret. The harvest-fields make of the earth one great home, of the human race one great family, and of God the universal Parent, to whom day after day we are encouraged to go with filial faith and love, in a fraternal spirit which embraces the old world, asking not for ourselves only, but for all our brothers of mankind as well—"Our Father, which art in heaven, give us this day our daily bread."

Well has it been said that as we approach the season of Harvest we are within a month or two of absolute starvation. The barrel of meal is nearly exhausted, and no new supply can be obtained except from the fields that are slowly ripening under the patient heavens. Were the winds permitted to thrash these fields, or the mildew to blight them, or the caterpillars to devour them, or the rain or drought to prevent the ear from filling and ripening, not all the vast revenues and resources of England would avail to stay the terrible consequences. The rich and the poor, the needy and the independent, would be overwhelmed with a common ruin. All the other riches in the world,—its coal, iron, gold, and jewels,—failing the riches of our golden harvest-fields, were worthless as dust beneath our feet.

But the Covenant promise has never failed. Wherever the glittering feet of the rainbow—the sign of the Covenant—have rested, the Harvest-treasure has been found. Dearths and famines, grievous and long-continued, have occurred again and again over the whole world, but never in all places at once. Though Canaan was reduced to a howling wilderness, there was corn in Egypt. Dependent as we ever are and must be, we may place implicit trust in God's great Harvest-Covenant; and on the strength of that Covenant offer up continually, so long as the world endures, our morning prayer,—"Give us this day our daily bread."

The Old Fair Story.

A MOTHER kissed her baby,
Rocking it to rest:
And gently clasped within her arms,
It nestled in her breast.
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
Wherever life is found;
For, oh, it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.



A fair-faced boy and maiden
Passed through the yellow wheat,
And their hands were clasped together,
And the flowers grew at their feet.
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
Wherever life is found;
For, oh, it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.

An old man and a wrinkled wife,
Amid the fair spring weather:
"We've shared our sorrows and our joy,
God grant we die together."
The old fair story,
Set round in glory,
Wherever life is found;
For, oh, it's love, it's love, they say,
That makes the world go round.

Thomas Alva Edison:

INVENTOR OF THE TELEPHONE, THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, ETC.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEWSBOY.—THE STUDENT.—THE HERO.—THE INVENTOR.

THIS remarkable inventor, of whom the public has heard so much, and whose name is just now more than ever before the world, was born in 1847 at Milan, Erie County, Ohio. His mother was of Scotch parentage, but born in Massachusetts. She was well educated, literary, and ambitious, and had been a teacher in Canada. Young Edison's only schooling came from his mother, who taught him spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic.

When he was seven years old, his parents removed to Port Huron, Michigan. The boy disliked mathematics, but was fond of reading, and, before he was twelve years old, had read the "Penny Cyclopædia," Hume's "England," and Gibbon's "Rome." He early took to the railroad, and became a newsboy on the Grand Trunk line, running into Detroit. Here he had access to a library, which he undertook to read through; but after skimming over many hundred miscellaneous books, he wisely adopted the plan of select reading on subjects of interest to himself.

Becoming interested in chemistry, he bought some chemicals, and fitted up a laboratory in one of the cars. Combustion of phosphorus one day came near setting fire to the train, and the consequence was that the conductor kicked the whole thing out. He had obtained the exclusive right to sell papers on the road, and employed four assistants; but, not satisfied with this, he bought a lot of second-hand type, and printed on the cars a little paper of his own, called the *Grand Trunk Herald.*

Getting acquainted with the telegraph operators along the road, he resolved to become an operator himself. In his lack of means and opportunities, he resorted to the expedient of making his own apparatus at home. A piece of stove-wire, insulated by bottles, was made to do service as the line-wire. The wire for his electro-magnets he wound with rags, and in a similar way persevered until he had the crude elements of a telegraph. But the electricity was wanting, and as he could not buy a battery, he tried rubbing the fur of cats' backs; but he says that electricity from this source was a failure for telegraph purposes!

About two months afterwards, as a train was switching on to a side track at Mount Clemens station, the station-agent's little boy, two years old, crept on to the track ahead of the cars. Edison saw the danger, sprung to the ground, and barely succeeded in saving the youngster. The father, the station-master, being a poor man, could not show his gratitude by a money reward, but offered to teach young Edison telegraph operating. He gladly seized the opportunity, and for five months he went back to Mount Clemens, at the close of his day's work, to labour at night in learning to be an operator. At the end of this time he was able to go into the telegraph office at Port Huron. Here he worked for six months, and then went to Stratford, Canada, as night operator. He soon after went to Adrian, Michigan, where, in addition to his telegraph office, he had a small shop and tools, to which he turned his hand at odd moments for the purpose of repairing instruments.

This situation he lost by violating some rule while absorbed in his workshop; but in two months afterwards he appeared in Indianapolis, where he came out with his first invention, an automatic repeater, an arrangement for transferring a message from one wire to another without the aid of an operator. From this place he went in turn to Cincinnati, Memphis, Louisville, New Orleans, and back again to Cincinnati, where we find him in 1867, at the age of twenty, absorbed in projects of invention.

His utter negligence of dress and appearance, his insatiable thirst for reading, and his enthusiastic attempts to solve what appeared to others impossible, together with his willingness to work at all hours of the day or night,

* Next month we hope to give a portrait of the famous Inventor.

earned him the name of "Luney," by which he was best known for many years. Reaching his office one night, and finding it "on strike," he took in the situation, and went to work, keeping it up all night, working to his utmost, receiving the press dispatches. For this act he was raised from a salary of sixty-five dollars to one hundred and five dollars per month, and given the best line in the office. While here he conceived the idea, afterwards perfected in Boston, of sending two messages at the same time over the same wire. His "everlasting experiments" were looked upon with disfavour by the management, and the imagined neglect of his work caused so much dissatisfaction that he quitted the office and returned home to Port Huron.

Here he soon received a call from the Boston office to be the Boston operator on the "crack" New York wire. The manager knew him, but the appearance there of the very similitude of a green country gawky raised a shout of laughter at his expense, which almost unnerved him; and, to make the matter worse, before he had time to compose himself, he was shown his place to make a trial. The position was the dread of operators; the New York man was one of the fastest senders in the country, delighted in victims, and in this instance sat at his instrument with a grim satisfaction, waiting to open on the "new man," and chuckling with his Boston comrades over their expected fun. They commenced, and the New York man crowded his sending speed to his utmost, with never a "break" by the new man receiving. At the end of the message, the astonished and exhausted New York operator adds, "Who are you, anyhow?" to which the new man at Boston promptly replies, "I'm Tom Edison,—shake hands."

(To be continued.)

A Trip to Old Norway.

BY ONE WHO WENT.

IX. THE COUNTRY AND ITS HISTORY.

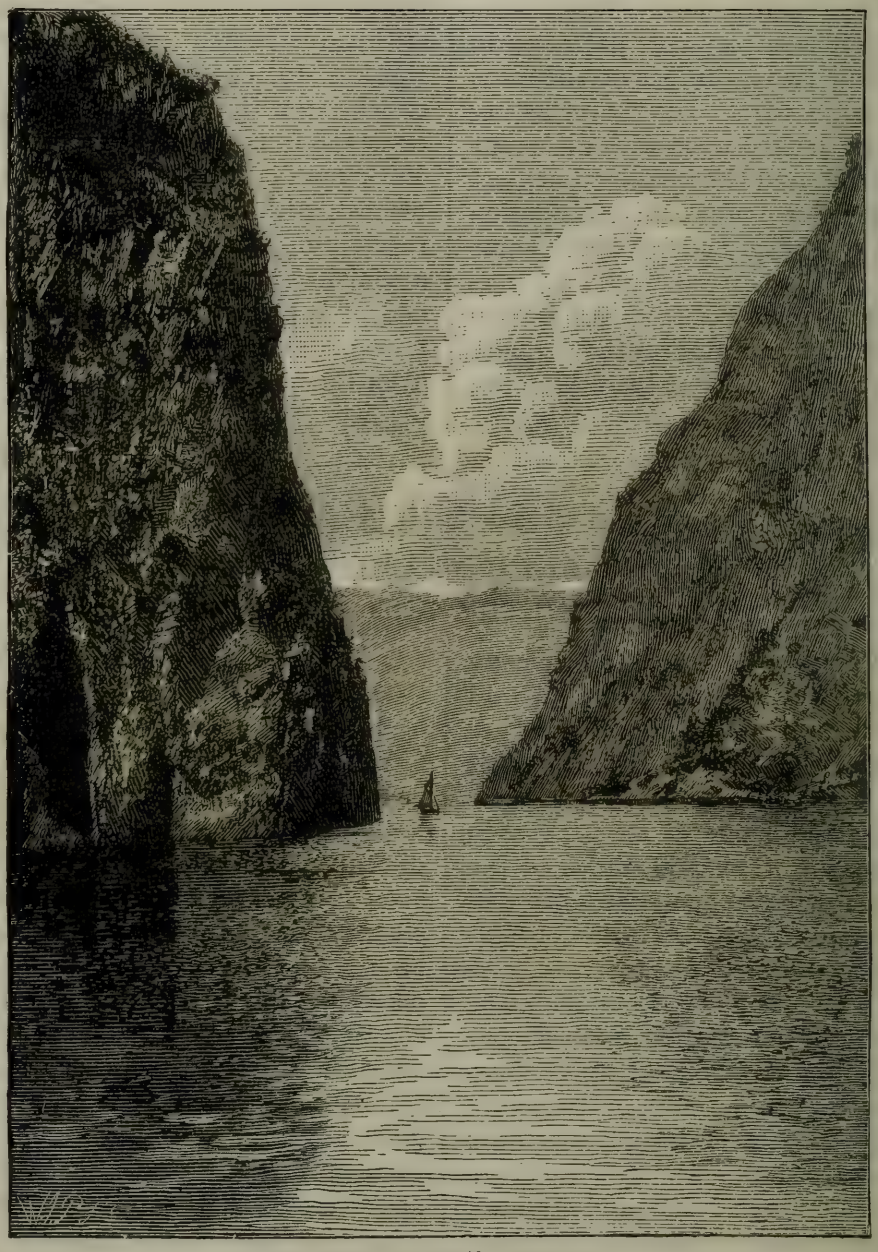
PERHAPS I ought, before giving so many "glimpses" of what is to be seen in Norway, to have said something rather more definite about the country itself and its history.

The country, though one of the largest in Europe, extending a thousand miles to the North Cape, and having in one part a breadth of 280 miles, contains only two million people: about half the population of Scotland, and not half the population of London. The shape of Norway is like a pear, with a very long upper portion. It is exceedingly mountainous—the central peaks rising to the height of more than 8,000 feet. The glaciers have been already described.

The country abounds in lakes and streams. It is said there are more than 30,000 lakes; all, of course, small. The largest is not 400 square miles in area; that is, not twice as large as Windermere. There are six chief rivers, of which the longest has a course of about 400 miles. They all rise at great elevations, and the majority have a very short course, and are unfit for navigation. Still, they are turned to good use. Timber from the higher valleys is floated down them to the fjords, whence it is shipped for foreign parts, or used in the great national industry of ship-building. There are railways now for short distances. The towns are few and small, and even the villages are few; whilst the farm-steads are often many miles distant from each other, and hard to find. The valleys are the only habitable and cultivatable portions of the country. The mountain regions are bare. The only vegetation found is in their fissures, and consists of the hardiest trees and shrubs. As to food, for the adventurous the lakes will furnish fish—trout and salmon—in amazing abundance, and ducks also in their season; the "fjeld"—that is, mountain side—will yield reindeer if you are a cautious and hardy hunter; and the "sæter," or highland farm (of which we have given illustrations), will supply milk, cheese, butter, and sometimes bread; whilst in the sheltered valleys may be found strawberries and many "berry" fruits.

* Our illustrations (pages 210, 211) give a view of the Nærö Fjord described last month (p. 185), and a view of Vossevangen, a quiet Norwegian village in a land-locked bay.

The history of the country shows that the Norwegians are a nation quite distinct from the Swedes and from the Danes, but they have been more or less united and connected. Wars, however, have been frequent. In the fourteenth century, Norway and Sweden were united; and a little later, Denmark was included. But in 1520 the Swedes revolted and gained their liberation under Gustavus Vasa. During the great wars of Napoleon, the Swedes, under Bernadotte, acquired the crown of Norway, but the Norwegians held a solemn assembly and framed a Constitution which Bernadotte was obliged to accept. Norway thus became once more a Sovereign kingdom, to which, indeed, Bernadotte, styled King



IN THE NÆRÖ FJORD.

From a Photograph by J. H. V. ELLERBECK, *Liverpool.*]

Charles XIII. of Sweden, did not succeed till 1818, on the death of the King previously reigning in Norway. The present King Oscar II. is his great-grandson.

The form of government in Norway is a constitutional monarchy, with a Parliament called the "Storthing," at Christiania, consisting of 114 members. The revenue is about £2,500,000. The army is estimated at 54,000 men. The provision for the education of the people, as in Sweden, is liberal and efficient; there are three grades of public schools, supported partly by local rates, partly by school fees, and partly by Government grants; and school attendance is compulsory. There is also a University at Christiania.

(To be continued.)



VOSSEVANGEN.

From a Photograph by J. H. V. ELLERBECK, *Liverpool.*]

"WHILST WE LIVE, LET US LIVE."

"WHILST we live, let us live," was the motto of Dr. Doddridge's family arms, on which he wrote:—

"'Live whilst you live,' the Epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
'Live whilst you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies:
Lord, in my view, let both united be;
I live to pleasure whilst I live to Thee."

Dr. Johnson, when speaking of this epigram, praised it as one of the finest in the English language. True piety and true philosophy walk hand in hand.

GOLD FROM THE MINE.

"I WILL set my heart to a higher work than barking at the Hand which chastens me."—*Kingsley.*

The mission of suffering is often to fit us for God's purposes by unfitting us for our own.

"More and More."

A HARVEST HYMN.

BY THE REV RICHARD WILTON, M.A., RECTOR OF LONDESBOROUGH.

"His merciful kindness is ever more and more towards us."—*Ps.* cxvii. 2 (P.B.).

MORE and more as years roll round,
Thy dear mercies, Lord, abound;
And Thy kindnesses descend
Without measure, without end.

More and more, Lord, we would give
Thanks to Thee in whom we live;
And ascend to Thee above
On the ladder of Thy love.

Day by day Thy doors of gold
Are for our delight unrolled:
Sunshine marches o'er the world,
With its banners all unfurled.

Blossoms opening their fair eyes,
Waft their incense to the skies;
Happy birds upon the wing,
Welcome to the morning sing.

Cornfields, lifting up their spears,
Bravely put to flight men's fears;
While a whisper, soft and low,
Tells of the "much fruit" they show.

Rippling o'er the breezy plain,
Shine the breadths of golden grain;
North and south, and east and west,
With the smile of God are blest.

More and more, as years roll by,
Kindness cheers us from on high:
More and more our thanks shall rise
For the bounty of the skies.

Gracious Lord, accept our praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
But most chiefly, as is meet,
For Thy Heavenly "Corn of Wheat."

A DRINK FOR HARVESTERS.

THE following recipe is given by the late eminent Dr. Parkes, in his valuable little book on "The Personal Care of Health": —

"When you have any heavy work to do, do not take either beer, cider, or spirits. By far the best drink is thin oatmeal and water, with a little sugar. The proportions are a quarter-pound of oatmeal to two or three quarts of water; it should be well boiled, and then one ounce or an ounce and a half of brown sugar added. Shake up the oatmeal well through the liquid. In summer, drink this cold; in winter, hot. You will find it not only quenches thirst, but will give you more strength and endurance than any other drink.

"If at any time you have to make a very long day, as in Harvest, and cannot stop for meals, increase the oatmeal to half a pound, or even three-quarters, and the water to three quarts. If you cannot get oatmeal, wheat-flour will do, but not quite so well. For quenching thirst few things are better than weak coffee and a little sugar; one ounce of coffee and half an ounce of sugar boiled in two quarts of water and cooled, is a very thirst-quenching drink. Cold tea has the same effect, but neither are so supporting as oat-meal. Thin cocoa also is very refreshing and supporting, but more expensive than oat-meal."

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

BREAD, the staff of life, is a very important item, in judging of national prosperity. In London there is one baker to every 1,200 persons. In 1810, the quartern loaf, which is now sold at sixpence or sixpence halfpenny, could not be had for less than one shilling and fourpence, and among the first effects of the crowning battle of Waterloo was the fall of the loaf to one shilling. What a national gain it would be if public-houses were not more numerous than bakers' shops! Can our temperance friends give us the statistics of public-houses in London and some of our large towns?

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

XXIII. IN THE HARVEST FIELD.



MR. JOHN ABBEY, in a Church Congress paper, gave the testimony of many workers in the Harvest field, as to the needlessness of alcoholic drinks. The following are amongst them:—

"My friend, William Robinson, writing from Brakes Farm, Hunting, York, said:—'I have frequently mown three acres of corn per day. I and my brother George once cut seven acres in one day: and at the time we were honest teetotalers of 20 years' standing. Our chief drink was oatmeal drink.'"

"Mr. George Robinson, writing from Thorpe, Market Weighton, Yorks, says:—'It is a fact that three of us have mown three acres of corn per day each, for days together, myself, my brother William, and John Atkinson, without any intoxicating drink.'"

"On a farm belonging to Mr. Abel Smith, M.P., in Herts, 'out of eleven men employed, six were Total Abstainers, and the other five nearly so: and the result was most satisfactory, both to employer and men. When the work was done, the men met at the Coffee Tavern, Hertford, and divided the savings of the month, which amounted to about £50, or £4 10s. for each man. All expressed themselves well pleased with the comfortable way in which they had got through the work, and said it had been the most pleasant harvest month they had ever had.'"

"Mr. Watkin, bailiff at Dilton Farm, Westbury, said:—'He had pitched nearly eighty or ninety sacks of wheat a day, without a drop of alcohol; and, as his men knew he was a teetotaler, they determined to test him to the utmost. His men sometimes told him if they could live as well as he, they could work as well; but he told them that they might live as well if they expended their money in beef instead of beer. He generally drank cocoa as a beverage, and he was certain that a quart of cocoa would do a man much more good than a quart of beer.'"

MR. ABBEY adds:—

"We have heard what the men have to say; now let us hear the testimony of one of the masters:—

"E. Humfrey, Heywood Farm, Maidenhead, writes:—'I have not given my men beer for the last eight years, and am well satisfied with the result. My two headmen and three brothers in my employ are staunch teetotalers, and they are good, trustworthy English workmen.'

"This is how I like to hear a master speak of his men, and I believe if it were not for the drink we should have more of this good feeling, so much to be desired between employer and employed."

We heartily agree with Mr. Abbey.

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADES.

XIV. Though I from rags have had my birth,
The finest folks upon the earth
Make use of me; and though I'm white,
To make me black is their delight.

CONUNDRUMS.

95. Why is a good poem like a good railroad?

96. When does the wind deserve reproof?

97. Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C?

98. Why is a well-trained horse like a benevolent man?

99. What fruit is like a statue?

100. Why is the alphabet like the mail?

101. Which newspapers are like delicate children?

102. When is a bill like a gun?

103. If I threw a stone into the Red Sea, what would it become?

104. What is that which goes when a wagon goes, stops when the wagon stops, is of no use to the wagon, and yet that which the wagon cannot go without?

105. Who never forgets a good action?

106. What is that that lies high, lies low, wears shoes, and has no feet?

107. Who is the rising artist of the day?

108. What window in your house is like a star?

109. If I shoot at three birds and kill one, how many will remain?

110. What is a man like if he is in the middle of the river, and cannot swim?

111. Why are poultry the most profitable creatures in a farm?

112. What old colony is still called a recent discovery?

113. Why am I more odd than you?

114. What is that which has never been seen, felt, nor heard; never existed, and yet has a name?

ANSWERS. (See AUGUST No., p. 189.)

CHARADES.

XIII. Book.

CONUNDRUMS.

88. General Holiday.

89. The mistletoe.

90. Out of debt.

91. A-corn.

92. By showing that it supports everything by its beams.

93. For sun-dry reasons.

94. Because it is a wool-sack.



"I LIVE AMONG THE FLOWERS." [See Page 215.

The Young Folks' Page.

XXIX. "I LIVE AMONG THE FLOWERS."

BY THE REV. W. BLAKE ATKINSON, RECTOR OF BRADLEY, AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE HEART."

I AM a little country child:
I live among the flowers,
And where the woods and corn-fields wave
Through summer's golden hours.
I love to roam the meadows through,
And hear the wild birds call,
And think upon the mighty God
Who made and keeps them all.

I am a little country child;
And glad am I to tell
Of One who moved among the poor,
And loved the country well.
This earth is very beautiful,
But brighter seems to be
Since Jesus walked upon it once,
A little child like me.

I am a little country child
The lilies and the birds
Remind me of a Father's care,
A Saviour's gentle words.
Content amid such scenes I dwell,
Yet hope that land to see,
Where lives the loving God, who made
This earth so fair for me.

XXX. WHAT FOR?

ONE day, during harvest, two farmer boys were resting at dinner-time, under a fine shady tree. One of them was named Bob; the other was named Tom. They were stretched out on the grass, talking pleasantly together.

"I say, Bob," said Tom, who was lying on his back, gazing listlessly up to the sky, "I'll tell you what I wish. I wish I had a farm as big as all that blue sky yonder. I'd have half of it in forests or woodlands, and the other half of it in nice meadow lands. Wouldn't I be somebody then, old chap?" And he fairly chuckled and clapped his hands for joy at the mere thought of being so well off. This was the thing that Tom desired,

"Good for you, Tom," said Bob; "but I tell you what I wish. I wish I had as many cattle as there are leaves in yonder woods. I'd be better off than you, Mr. Tom, with your big sky-blue farm. I'd be the richest man in this country, by a long piece."

"I'm not quite so sure about that, Bob," said Tom. "But suppose now you had all that cattle, what would you do with them?"

"Why, I'd put them to pasture in your big meadows, to be sure."

"But suppose I wouldn't let you? What then?"

"Why, then I'd make you, that's all."

"You couldn't do it."

"I could." Then came a blow, and the boys fell to fighting. There was nobody at hand to separate them, so they fought till they were tired. Then they stopped to take breath. While they were resting, Bob began to think of the folly of their conduct.

"Tom," said he, "what are we quarrelling about?"

"Why, about pasturing your cattle in my meadows."

"But I haven't got any cattle, and you haven't any meadows. How foolish we are! Give me your hand, Tom."

Tom took Bob's hand, and that was the first sensible thing they did. How many sinful quarrels would end if boys and girls were wise enough to ask, "What for?"

XXXI. GOOD NIGHT.

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

"NIGHT is not good, mother!
I love the shining light,
The merry, singing birds,
And our red roses bright.
Why do you say *good* night?"

"Red roses droop, my child,
Beneath the shining sun;
Bright birds that sing at morn
Swiftly, when day is done,
Seek their still nests, each one.

"Night brings the cooling dew
To grass and flower and tree;
Brings rest to beast and bird;
Sweet sleep to you and me,
And all on land or sea.

"And so, to all that live,
We love to say 'Good night.'
Oh, may it bring to you
Sweet dreams of all things bright.
Good night, my child, good night!"

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

OLD TESTAMENT PRAYERS.

1. HOW is it expressed that the father of the faithful prayed?
2. What Psalm names together three saints as eminent in prevailing prayer?
3. Name two who had three daily times of prayer.
4. Who prayed first for drought and then for rain?
5. Who prayed with tears for recovery?
6. Who prayed "day and night" for Jerusalem?
7. Who perpetuated an answer to prayer in a son's name?
8. Who cried unto the Lord all night?
9. Where do we learn that Jacob's wrestling was prayer?
10. Give two examples of men answered before they had done speaking.

ANSWERS (See JULY No., p. 167).

1. Luke xxii. 51.
2. Matt. ix. 27; ix. 32; xvii. 24.
3. Mark vii. 31; viii. 22.
4. Luke v. 1; vii. 11; xiii. 10; xiv. 1; xvii. 11.
5. John ii. 1; ii. 13; iv. 46; v. 1; ix. 1; xi. 1; xxi. 1.
6. John ii. 13; Matt. xxi. 18; Luke xix. 45; Matt. viii. 32.
7. Blindness, dumbness, deafness, lunacy.
8. Matt. xiii. 58.
9. Mark vi. 52.
10. Rom. i. 4.



Daily Bread.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—*St. Matt.* vi. 11.

LORD! by Thee the world is fed,
Thou dost give our daily bread.
Soon as man the seed hath sown,
Thy Almighty power is shown.

Thou with warmth and genial shower
Giv'st the seed its quickening power.
Thine alone—the power of God—
Gives the blade to pierce the clod.

Light Thou givest; Thou again
Makest small the drops of rain.
Held by Thee, the clouds on high
Drop their fatness from the sky.

Thus the stalk, the leaf appear:
Thus the seed-producing ear.
Myriad blossoms in the sun
Glitter till their work is done.

Thou dost every step defend
Till is reached the happy end.
Thus by Thee the world is fed,
Thus Thou givest daily bread.

Rev. H. C. G. Moule.

Gems from Old Writers.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

"IF there be happiness on earth, it is in labouring in the cause of Christ. The vineyard must be cultivated; and the command is, that we enter it and work."—*Anon.*

"I never seem fit to say a word to a sinner, except when I have a broken heart myself."—*Payson.*

"Humility and holiness increase in equal proportions."—*Anon.*

"I will suffer a thousand wrongs rather than offer one; I will suffer a hundred rather than return one. I have ever found that to strive with my superior is fatuous; with my equal, doubtful; with my inferior, sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness."—*Bishop Hall.*

"He that refuses to forgive an injury, breaks the bridge he will one day want to cross himself."—*Beveridge.*

"Every man thinketh he is rich enough in grace till he taketh out his purse and telleth his money; and then he findeth his pack but poor and light in the day of trial."—*Rutherford.*

"THE EARTH DOTH WORSHIP THEE."

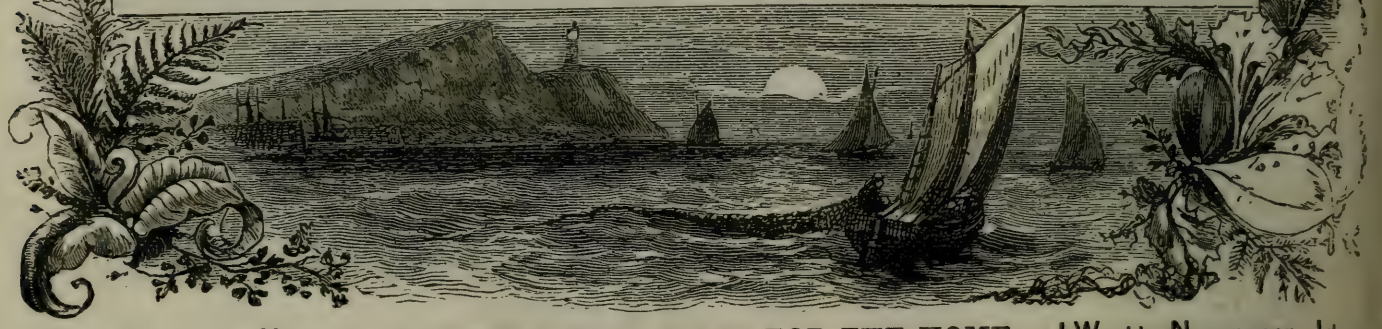
"They shout for joy, they also sing."—Ps. lxv. 13.

1	S	O Lord, how manifold are Thy works!
2	S	14th S. aft. Trin. *The Lord shall rejoice in His works.* Ps. civ. 31. [civ. 13.
3	M	The earth is satisfied with...Thy works. Ps.
4	Tu	Our God, we...praise Thy glorious Name.
5	W	For the precious things of the earth.
6	Th	All...in the heaven and in the earth is Thine.
7	F	Thou makest the...morning and evening.
8	S	He shall be as the light of the morning.
9	S	15th S. a. T. *My voice shalt Thou hear in the*
10	M	The eyes of all wait upon Thee. [*morning.*
11	Tu	Thou satisfiest...every living thing.
12	W	He giveth...food to the young ravens.
13	Th	Not one of them is forgotten before God.
14	F	Of more value than many sparrows. [Him.
15	S	A book of remembrance was written before
16	S	16th S. aft. Trin. *Forget not the humble.*
17	M	The needy shall not always be forgotten.
18	Tu	The Lord taketh my part with them that help me. Ps. cxviii. 7. [thee.
19	W	Peace be to thine helpers;...Thy God helpeth
20	Th	Thou hast been a shelter for me. Ps. lxi. 3.
21	F	St. Matthew. *Thus will I bless Thee while I live.*
22	S	Praise waiteth for Thee in Zion. Ps. lxv. 1.
23	S	17th S. a. T. *All the earth shall worship Thee.*
24	M	His tender mercies are over all His works.
25	Tu	All Thy works shall praise Thee. Ps. cxlv. 11.
26	W	The mountains shall bring peace to the people.
27	Th	The whole earth is at rest and is quiet.
28	F	Full of the knowledge of the Lord. Isa. xi. 9.
29	S	St. Michael. *Praise ye Him, all His angels.*
30	S	18th S. a. T. *Remember His marvellous works.*

Sun.—1st day. Moon.—New, 6th, M. 4.56.
Rises 5.14. Sets 6.42. ,, Full, 20th, M. 5.24.

September blow soft
Till the fruit's in the loft.—Old Saying.

7. Hannah More died, 1833.
22. George III. crowned, 1761.
28. Sir William Jones born, 1746.
30. Nelson born, 1758.



THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.



"GIVER OF GOOD:"

A Harvest Hymn of Praise.

BY THE REV. CANON BURBIDGE, VICAR OF ST. MICHAEL'S, LIVERPOOL.

GIVER of good, to Thee we raise
Our loud, united song of praise!
From Thee have come the sun and rain,
From Thee the fields of golden grain:
Our lips declare
Thy gracious care
As autumn brings Thy gifts again.

Not by the art of men, well skilled,
Are all the nation's garners filled;
We look above the reaper-band,
And trace our Father's generous Hand—
Thy love Divine,
In corn and vine,
And all the blessings on the land.

Oh, may Thy burdened sheaves that yield
Food from the glorious harvest field
Tell us of treasures that appear,
New from Thy Hand each circling year:
Thy gifts we see,
So fresh and free,
How can we harbour doubt or fear?

Father, we pray Thee still to bless,
Be Thou our shield from all excess;
Enriched in basket and in store,
With grateful hearts we'll sing and soar,
And daily long
With nobler song
In Heaven to praise for evermore.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth

The Gleaners.

"WEARY gleaner, whence comest thou,
With empty hands and clouded brow?
Plodding along thy lonely way,
Tell me, where hast thou gleaned to-day?"

"Late I found a barren field,
The 'harvest past' my search revealed;
Others golden sheaves had gained,
Only stubble for me remained."
Forth to the harvest field away!
Gather your handfuls while you may;
All day long in the field abide,
Gleaning close by the reapers' side.

"Careless gleaner, what hast thou here,
These faded flowers and leaflets sere?
Hungry and thirsty, tell me, pray,
Where, oh, where hast thou gleaned to-day?"

"All day long in shady oowers,
I've gaily sought earth's fairest flowers;
Now, alas! too late I see
All I've gathered is vanity."
Forth to the harvest field away!
Gather your handfuls while you may;
All day long in the field abide,
Gleaning close by the reapers' side.

"Burdened gleaner, thy sheaves I see;
Indeed, thou must a-weary be!
Singing along the homeward way,
Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day?"
"Stay me not till day is done;
I've gathered handfuls one by one,
Here and there for me they fall,
Close by the reapers I've found them all."
Forth to the harvest field away!
Gather your handfuls while you may;
All day long in the field abide,
Gleaning close by the reapers' side.

P. P. Bliss.

FRUITFUL TREES.

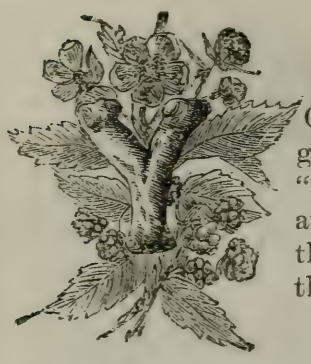
THOSE trees flourish most and bear sweetest fruit which stand most in the sun. The praying Christian stands nigh to God, and hath God nigh to him, and therefore you may expect his fruit to be sweet and ripe; when another that stands as it were in the shade, and at a distance from God (through neglect of this duty), will have little fruit found on his branches, and that but green and sour.—*Gurnall.*

A FRIEND'S HANDWRITING.

THE Scriptures carry in themselves independent and convincing evidence of the truth and sufficiency of all the narratives, doctrines, promises, and warnings they contain. Truth is its own witness, and exacts our assent. I recognise the handwriting of a friend, without needing to be told who has written to me. We want not the stars, much less a torch, to show us the sun; it is only the blind that cannot see it.—*Bengel.*

Mulberry Hollow; or, Deeds, not Words.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "MRS. HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES," "THE ROYAL LAW," ETC.



CHAPTER XI.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"YOU look very ill," the gentleman said kindly. "Come home with me, and I will give you something better than anything you can buy here."

But Ned shrank away.

"No, thank you," he said in a sullen voice.

"I live in Argyle Square," Dr. Townsend said, "close by; do not refuse me; I am sure you look as if you wanted a doctor. Come!"

Then the kind hand was linked within Ned's arm, and he drew him on through one of the narrow streets till they came out into Argyle Square.

"Why, the doctor is turning Bobby," said a mocking voice, as they passed a small public-house. "Good-day to ye, doctor; you've got somebody in a sorry plight; better step in here and take a glass."

"Better do anything than *that*," said Dr. Townsend. "Come, Pat, don't spend another farthing yourself on whisky."

"Ah! your honour, the whisky would soon put life into your prisoner. There, he is struggling to get off, I declare."

"*Your prisoner!*" The words fell on Ned's ear with strange significance, and he tried to free himself from Dr. Townsend's detaining hand. But his kindly intentions were not thus to be frustrated, and soon Ned found himself in the doctor's consulting-room, where, on a large library table, with many drawers, on which lay cases of instruments, stethoscopes, and the like, was a letter-rack, and in this rack several cards and letters for the post.

Ned's eye wandered over the table, as the doctor went to a glass cupboard, and brought out a glass and a phial, and at last caught the address on one letter,—

"Miss Townsend, Overbury, Somersetshire."

"Overbury!" His home. Overbury! His courage seemed to fail him. The miserable deception he had practised, and the terror of discovery, blended with bad irregular habits and scarcity of food, had so exhausted him, that this sudden shock of discovering that he was in a house where detection might soon follow, was too much for him. Everything seemed to swim around him, and he fell from the chair in a swoon.

When he recovered himself, Dr. Townsend was bending over him, as he lay upon the couch in the consulting-room. His practised eye read the young man's history pretty accurately. "A down-hill path," he said to himself, "ending in some great trouble. God help me to help him."

"Come, you are better now," he said cheerfully. "Now sit up and drink this, and then tell me what I can do for you."

"Nothing, sir, thank you! I must go now."

Ned staggered to his feet, but could hardly stand.

"No, I cannot let you off yet," Dr. Townsend said. "You must wait here till you are better able to leave the house. Where do you work?"

"I am out of work."

"Do you want a situation? What is your trade?"

"I have been in a draper's shop. I came to London to better myself."

"Ah! to *worsen* yourself, as thousands before you have done, I expect. Where did you live? Where was the draper's shop?"

Ned hesitated.

"In the country," he said.

"That's a wide answer. In a country town or village?"

There was no answer.

That letter with the address, "Overbury," made Ned think that detection was certain, if he mentioned Churton.

"Come!" Dr. Townsend said, "if I am to help you, you must be frank with me."

"I don't want help," Ned tried to say. "I've got money in my pocket; I shan't starve."

Those clear grey eyes were now fixed steadily on Ned; his fell beneath them, and he covered his face with his hands.

"I see plainly you are unhappy and in trouble; you cannot hide it from me. I cannot force a confidence; I wish you would trust

me. Look here!" he said; "you are not the first young man who has got into trouble in this great city. I have known many, I have helped some; let me help you. Tell me your name, and who your parents are, and where your home is. I will keep anything you confide in me sacred."

Ned once more rose to his feet.

"No, no, sir! it's no use; I can tell you no more. I must go and look for work, and if I can't find it, I can enlist."

"My boy, in your present feeble condition, you would never be passed by the medical officer. You have not the physique for the army; and if you had, the barrack-room would be as a furnace to you, out of which I doubt whether you would come unscathed. Give up all idea of taking such a step as that."

Ned clutched his hat in his hand, and prepared to go.

"Well, if you are determined," the doctor said, "I cannot stop you, and I cannot help you; but I can pray to God for you, and that I will do. Let me ask Him now, to bring you to a better mind."

Then the doctor put his hand on Ned's shoulder, and said,—

"Kneel down with me."

Ned's stubborn knees bent reluctantly; he did not like to do it; he had so long given up prayer—so long had turned away from God. But there was a force and power in Dr. Townsend, which he could not resist. The words of the prayer were few and simple, but they were uttered as if addressed to One who was present—no formal set phrases, no prescribed sentences—just an earnest request that the poor wanderers in that great city might be brought to light and peace, might seek forgiveness and be forgiven, might go to Him who was faithful and just to forgive sin, and to purify and save.

In a few minutes the door had closed on Ned and the doctor. The doctor turned to his long list of patients, ate a simple and solitary meal, and then went out again to follow in the footsteps of his Divine Master, and go about doing good.

There are such men as Dr. Townsend. The picture of this man in the prime of his manhood, going about the common ways of life, and striving to succour and comfort the sick and sad, is not wholly drawn from imagination. Let no one say that London doctors, or doctors in our great towns and cities, have something else to do than pick up dejected waifs of doubtful character, and take them to their homes. Let no one start the objection—what good did Dr. Townsend do Ned Macdonald? He could not persuade him to confess what was wrong; he could not break down the stubborn refusal to confide in him. Apparently the half-hour or hour of the doctor's day was wasted!

"Wasted?" *No!* The effort that seems failure is not always failure. If the good that we seem to miss, tarry in its coming, let us wait for it, and let us remember the words of deep and suggestive meaning,—

"While we have time, let us do good *unto all men:*" "He that soweth plenteously, shall reap plenteously:" and more blessed still, the assurance—"God loveth a cheerful giver."

CHAPTER XII.

A POUND TICKET.

CLARA made herself very obliging to her grandfather that evening, and even won a faint word of praise for the way she had burnished up the silver and jewellery; for after Ned had departed, James Oliver kept her to help him to replace the things in the safe.

"Did you buy that curious ring outright?" Clara asked.

"No, I didn't. Here, hand it over."

Old Oliver turned it round and round, and tried to read the motto within, but with not much greater success than Clara.

"'Facta n—o—n v——.' Humph, it's Latin or Greek, don't know which."

"Why, it's Latin, of course, grandfather; it just means, 'Facts not Verbs.'"

"You are mighty sharp and clever," said the old man, "like your mother before you. You always think you are wiser than other folks—I know that. I've misgivings about this ring, and next time my young man comes, he'll hear my mind. It's an old family relic. I've not had experience for fifty years in curios of all sorts that I don't know one when I see it. Why, there's some collectors would give double its real value, to get hold of this ring."

"Why don't you sell it then, grandfather?"

"Why don't I sell it? Because I am always

straightforward, and like to do what's just and right, of course."

Clara laughed, and said,—

"Of course you do, grandfather: and now I know you'll let me go by the excursion to Overbury, that is, Churton; just a tourist's ticket for a week. You have plenty of money to afford for that. A sovereign will be enough, and I'm going to visit gentry, and see Mark. I do really want to see Mark."

"What did you let him go for, then?"

"Why, to get fresh air, and see the sky, and trees and things. The air isn't over-fresh at the back of Serne Street, or the front of it either. I say, grandfather, it's a slack time, and you can spare me for a week; come, say yes."

Old James Oliver did not say yes, but neither did he say no. So Clara understood silence to mean consent. She sat up at the high desk in the shop, and wrote to Miss Townsend that she was coming by the excursion train the very next Saturday; that she was much obliged to her for asking her to come, and she was counting the hours till the time came to go to the station. She felt a thrill of satisfaction, as she put the sheet of thin paper into the envelope, and addressed it with "flourishing" capitals to "Miss Townsend, Overbury, Churton."

Then she set about her preparations gaily. She had some misgivings about her hat with the high scarlet aigrette and steel ornament. Miss Townsend had thrown out hints to the effect that she liked neat hats, with quiet colours. So she set out after the shop was closed, to buy a white straw, trimmed with white lace, in which she could not resist sticking a large bunch of daisies, with great yellow centres. It spoiled the hat, but Clara was satisfied: and when she told the woman who kept the shop of smart millinery, that she was going into the country, the hat was recommended as rural in its character, and quite suitable for the occasion.

Mr. Oliver made no further objection to her departure, and handed her from his canvas bag the bright gold sovereign which was to pay for her journey.

"I'll be back this day week, grandfather," Clara said, as she stood ready, her bag in her hand, and her face beaming with smiles. "Good-bye, grandfather; I dare say there'll be few customers till I come back, and you won't want me."

"Very well! very well! Good-bye, and mind you are home on Saturday, punctual; if not ——"

Clara had just given her grandfather's forehead a peck, rather than a kiss, and did not wait to hear the rest of the sentence, but hopped away.

It was early, and the streets were quiet. Here and there a few people were pursuing their way to their business. Here and there, too, were others, who had been spending the night in some evil haunts, and were staggering along with downcast heads and uncertain steps. The fair summer morning had no charm for them; the over-arching canopy of pale blue, which hung over the church towers and the roofs and chimneys of the great city, had no message to them of love, and an awakening from sleep, to run like the sun its appointed course.

A caged thrush, in a wicker cage, sent up its morning song of praise. Imprisoned in its confined space, it could yet remember the song of freedom and happiness it had learned in the green wood far away. But, for the man and the woman tied and bound by the chain of their sins, there is no song of love and hope; they cannot lift their voices or eyes heavenward, but grope in the dimness and darkness with which sin has surrounded them.

Clara paused as she passed across the Edgeware Road, on her way to Paddington, to look at a man who was leaning against the pillars of a shop front, with a dejected, miserable expression on his face. She recognised Ned at once, and said in a cheery voice,—

"Good-morning! I am off to the country for a week. You look very ill. I should say the country would do you good. I am on my way to Paddington."

Ned roused himself, and tried to smile. "I hope you'll have a pleasant journey," he said. "Are you going far?"

"To Overbury, near Churton, to see my little brother Mark, who was taken away by a young lady, for his health. Well, good-bye! I mustn't stand gossiping, or I may miss the train. I shall see you again, I dare say, when you pay grandfather another visit."

"You needn't say—I mean, it's no use telling anybody at Overbury that you have seen *me*."

"Well, that's a joke," Clara said. "How



VIEW FROM THE ENTRANCE TO SHANKLIN CHINE.

"O traveller, stay thy weary feet;
Drink of this fountain pure and sweet;
It flows for rich and poor the same.

Then go thy way remembering still
The way-side well beneath the hill,
The cup of water in His Name."

LONGFELLOW.

should I know you knew any one at Overbury? I don't even know your name. Perhaps you'll tell me what it is."

Ned turned away with a long-drawn sigh, which was almost a groan; and Clara, with another good-bye, tripped away, the daisies in her white hat nodding in the fresh morning air.

"It is a mystery," Clara thought; "he and the ring together made a mystery. I'd like to find it out, and perhaps I shall at last. I'm not often beat!"

When Clara reached Paddington, she forgot Ned and everything else in the importance of getting her tourist ticket to Churton, and she was gratified by the attention of a man who offered to carry her bag to the carriage and find her a corner seat. She trod on air, and began to build castles of future bliss, when she might find she had made a lasting impression on the attentive fellow-passenger, who was *quite* the gentleman.

Clara was right so far, and the gentleman in question had thought her too small and showy for a mixed crowd, and therefore had extended his courtesy to her. He talked pleasantly now and then, and gave Clara a book to read, which he carried in his pocket.

It had a bright red cover, with gold letters, and was full of pictures. Clara opened it, expecting to find one of the sensational romances on which, poor girl, she had fed, with histories of dukes and lords, and grand ladies in diamonds and velvets, and persons and tragic incidents of every kind, taken from the *Police News* weekly, and dressed up by ignorant hands to fill the pages of books, which find, alas! too many purchasers. But Clara was disappointed; the story was a simple one of self-sacrifice and devotion. There were no harassing details or tragic situations; but there was a touch of pathos, and a life-like reality in the tale, which made her say, again and again, "That child is quite like little Mark." Clara became so engrossed with the book, that the journey was all too short, and she had reached Churton before she could have believed it possible.

At parting, her friend said kindly, "Good-bye; take that book as a remembrance of this journey; it is written by my wife." So her hero was indeed a gentleman, though he had a third-class tourist ticket, and he had an authoress for a wife.

At Churton, Clara found the omnibus which would take her to Overbury. With her London bringing up, she was not at all put out or bewildered by the crowd at the station; and she was quite self-possessed when she arrived at her destination.

"My dear Rose! I rather wished you had not invited this second visitor," Mrs. Townsend said, as she looked out of her drawing-room window, and watched Clara come nimbly up the path.

"Oh, mother, I will take the responsibility; don't be afraid." And Rose ran downstairs to meet Clara, and stand between her and Parker—whose too openly expressed disapprobation Rose feared.

"Well, miss, here I am! How quiet it is, to be sure; why, there is not a sound but the birds. I am just crazy to see Mark."

And when Rose saw Mark's pale face glowing with delight, and watched the clinging clasp of his thin arms round Clara's neck, as she threw herself on her knees by his side as he lay on the sofa in the parlour nearest the hall door, she forgot to be sorry for the smart hat, and the curled fringe, and the rattling chains and bangles. She recognised the beauty of the sister's love for the little crippled brother, and rejoiced in it.

"Why, Mark, you look fifty times better," Clara said. "There, don't strangle me, and take off my hat! What a pretty room! and there's a canary, too; and you can see plenty of sky here; and I declare, there's roses peeping in at the window. Well, you ought to be a good boy. I'm come for a week, and we shall have plenty of time to talk; besides, I suppose you'll go back home with me?"

Poor little Mark looked very rueful.

"I'm not coming home yet; my lady dear said so."

Meantime Rose had been hearing Parker's murmured exclamations in the passage:—

"Dear me! Miss Townsend, what a dressed-up minx! Oh, she doesn't look respectable. I don't think you should have brought her to your mamma's house—I don't indeed. It's all very well in London, but it's a bad example here."

"Yes," Rose said. "Dear Parker, the last part of what you say is true, and I must do something to check it."

"Is she to take her meals with us, Miss Rose? Because I shouldn't like Susan to

see a young woman so decked out: putting notions into her head!"

Poor Rose was a little perplexed, and she scarcely knew what to do with her guest. But she had invited her to Overbury on purpose to try and do her good, and she must not shrink back.

"Let Clara have her dinner with you to-day, and take her little brother's up to him, instead of sending Susan with the tray. Ah, there!" Rose exclaimed; "the very person I wanted is coming round to the back-door—Mollie Burnside. How sad she looks, poor child!"

Rose went herself to admit Mollie, leaving the brother and sister together.

Mollie had brought home some work she had begun, before her aunt's illness, for Mrs. Townsend, and which she had finished by slow degrees, while sitting by her easy chair. For Mrs. Macdonald had reached that point of partial recovery from a paralytic stroke which is so familiar to those who have watched those they love under the same heavy affliction. There was the indescribable change, which is so painful, the weakened mind, shown by oft-repeated questions—the restlessness and irritability, the helplessness, which to the active worker is so distressing. And added to these symptoms, in Mrs. Macdonald's case there was the ever-pressing sorrow about her boys: the boys who had been, as I have said, the very pride and joy of her life; one gone, from whom, or of whom, not a word was heard; the other going bravely on his way, with a false suspicion resting on him—a suspicion which, worse than all, was cherished by the mother whom he loved.

Mrs. Macdonald would turn away her head when Chris came in from his work, and say fretfully and in tones of pathetic distress,—"Where's Ned? I want Ned; I want Ned. Where is he?" And to this question, Mollie would answer not once, but a hundred times,—"We do not know, dear aunt, but he will come back one day;" to be met by the rejoinder: "How do you know, Mollie? And *you* don't want him, Mollie, as *I* want him. Oh dear! where is he?"

"This will break us both down, if it goes on much longer," Christopher had said to Mollie on the day when she walked to Overbury. "You look thinner every day, and you have scarcely any colour left in your cheeks. I don't know how to bear to see it; and all for my sake."

"And if it *is* all for your sake, you know I don't grudge what I bear. If it is right to keep quiet and say nothing,—well, then, God will show us the time to speak, and let poor aunt know you are innocent. I feel sure Ned *will* confess at last, and we had better wait. It would be dreadful to tell your poor mother the truth now; and poor Uncle Fergus, he has felt Ned's disappearance so terribly, and *this* deceit of his about you would make him feel so dreadfully angry, and then break him down altogether."

Mollie spoke this to encourage and help Christopher, but her heart was heavy within her.

"Well, Mollie," Rose said, "my mother was hoping you would soon come."

"Did Mrs. Townsend want the work, miss? I hope not. I have been as quick as I could about it, but my time is so taken up."

"No. My mother wanted you, not the work. Come upstairs and see her. I want you to look after some London friends of mine. Little Mark's sister is come by an excursion train for a week. Mollie, will you take her for a walk, and show her the Uplands? Your uncle can give you admission into the grounds."

"I can't leave aunt for long, miss; she does not like the servant we have, and cannot bear me to be out of her sight."

"I will go and sit with her this afternoon, and you shall show the country to Clara Smith. Mollie, try and make her more like yourself."

"Like me, miss?"

"Yes; don't look so surprised," Rose said, laughing. "I do not know whether you will succeed; but anyhow, you can try. You look very sad, Mollie; is it anything fresh?"

Mollie's eyes filled with tears.

"No, miss, nothing fresh; but the trouble is telling upon us all. If it were not for Christopher, I don't know what we should do. Although he has far the worst part of the burden to bear, he is so cheerful, and is always thinking of something which will amuse poor Uncle Fergus; and he goes to his work, and comes home as if nothing were wrong; and yet,—ah, Miss Townsend, one day you will know, perhaps, all he has had to bear."

"*You* are his firm friend, Mollie," Miss

Townsend said with a smile; "and I dare say you do your part bravely also. Now you must go and see my mother, and to-morrow we will try to get my poor little Mark out in a chair. I think I know a boy who will drag it. Come upstairs with me."

(To be continued.)

Through the Isle of Wight.

(See Illustration, Page 223.)

THE Isle of Wight is truly "the Isle of Beauty": "Scotland in miniature"—minus the mist and the rain.

"Of all the Southern Isles she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's race."—*Michael Drayton.*

From a series of illustrated papers now appearing in *The Fireside Magazine*,* we give a magnificent view from Shanklin Chine. The lines beneath were written by Longfellow on the spot, and are fittingly inscribed on a copper shield over a fountain at the entrance to the Chine.

Those who have yet to see "the garden of England" have a rich treat in store.

THE EDITOR.

Thomas Alva Edison:

INVENTOR OF THE TELEPHONE, THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, ETC.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II.



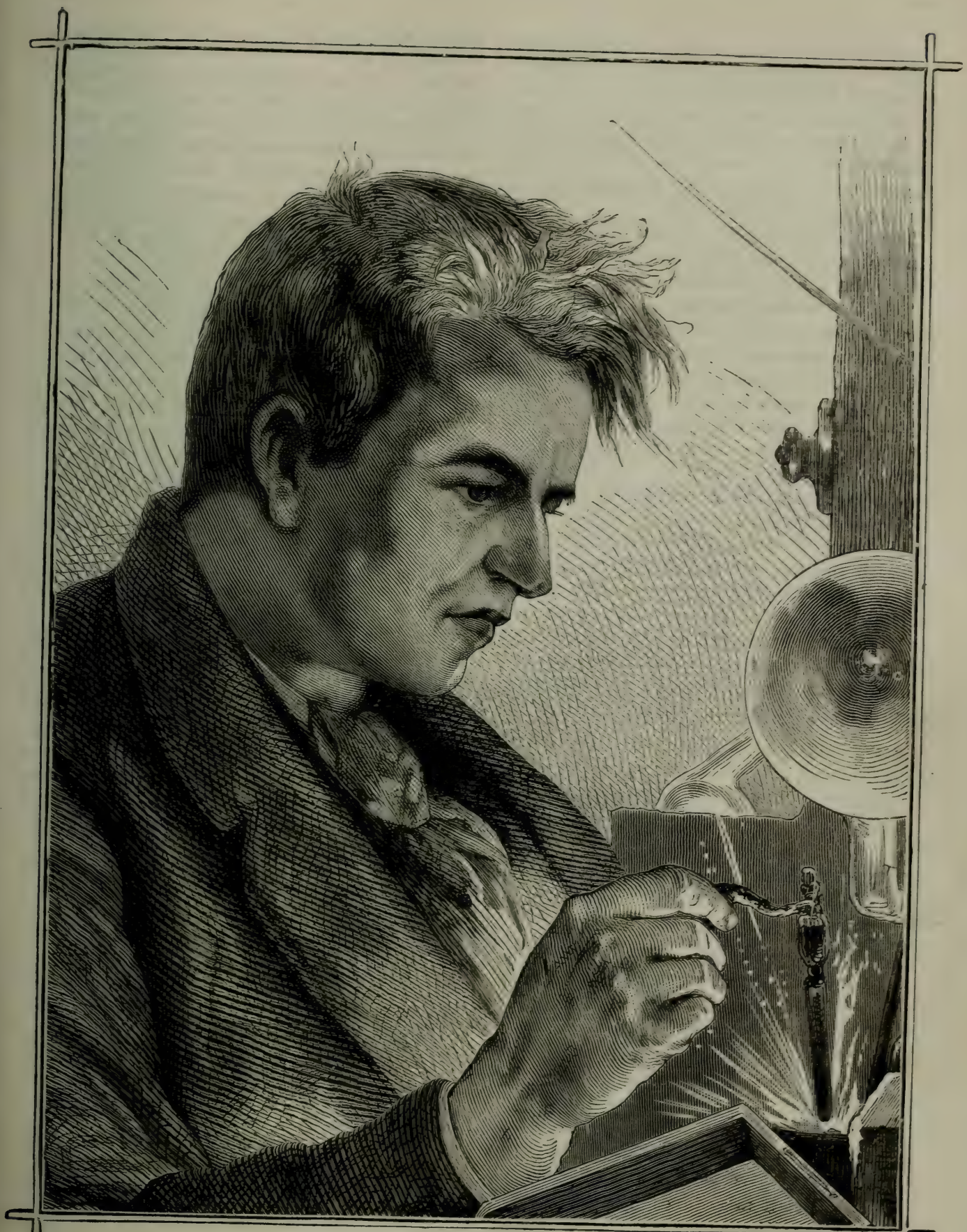
UPHILL WORK.—SUCCESS.—MR. EDISON'S SHOP.

E can make but brief mention of a few of the many incidents connected with Mr. Edison's later history. In the Boston office, one of his first efforts was an "internal improvement." The office was infested with cockroaches. He set up an apparatus for their automatic destruction. Mr. Edison's forte is automatic contrivances. He arranged strips of metal around the bottom of the walls in the room, and connected them with the opposite poles of a battery, so that when the beetles stepped from one to the other, they closed the circuit and their lives at one operation, and made room for others.

In Boston, Mr. Edison set up a small shop and continued his experiments, which he put into such practical shape that he saw more money in them than in his salary. He worked out the idea of his duplex telegraph, and went to Rochester in 1870 to test it between that place and Boston. The effort failed, though Mr. Edison says it ought to have succeeded. He then came to New York, scarcely knowing what to do next. He hung around the office of the Gold Indicator Company, studying their cumbersome apparatus. One day some part of it failed in a time of excitement; Mr. Edison offered to remedy it; he was laughed at incredulously; but the case was desperate, and he was allowed to try. He succeeded, and the managers, ready to perceive the value of such a man, made him superintendent. He introduced improved apparatus, invented the gold printer, put up a private line, and finally sold it to the Gold and Stock Company, together with his services, or the privilege of having the first option to buy his telegraphic inventions.

Mr. Edison was now fully launched on a tide of success. To furnish his instruments, he established a factory in Newark, New Jersey, employing three hundred men. As a manufacturer he was not a success. If he had an order for any of his inventions, and, after having made a part or all of them, he invented an improvement, nothing would do but he must incorporate it, even though at his own expense. At last, finding that the close

* The *Fireside Pictorial Magazine*, September and October, 6*d.* each, sent post free on receipt of twelve stamps, by Mr. C. Murray, the Publisher, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.



EDISON AT WORK.

attention demanded by his manufacturing business was incompatible with the freedom demanded for invention, he abandoned it, and in 1876 bought a site for an experiment shop at Menlo Park, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, twenty-four miles from New York, a mere bag station with about a dozen houses, mostly his own and his workmen's.

The following graphic word-portrait of the famous American at work was given at this time by an American writer :—

"On the crown of a knoll is a long two-storey white frame building, in the middle of a little lot, surrounded by a white picket fence. This is Mr. Edison's shop. On the ground-floor, as you enter, is a little front office, from which a small library is partitioned off. Next is a large square room with glass cases filled with models of his inventions. In the rear of this is the machine-shop completely equipped, and run with a ten horse-power engine. The upper storey, occupying the length and breadth of the building, 100 by 25 feet, is lighted by windows on every side, and is occupied as a laboratory. The walls are covered with shelves full of bottles containing all sorts of chemicals. Scattered through the room are tables covered with electrical instruments, telephones, phonographs, microscopes, spectroscopes, etc. In the centre of the room is a rack full of galvanic batteries. On one of the tables is a phonograph, run by steam-power, with a belt through the floor to the machine-shop. In the rear of the room is a fine pipe organ, with an open hymn-book on it. The Associated Press wires run through his laboratory, and anon he picks up his telephone and chats with Philadelphia, or with Prof. Barker, at the University of Pennsylvania.

"When visitors call to see him, they are most likely to inquire for Mr. Edison from the man himself—an unostentatious manner, a careless dress, and, in fact, the unchanged whole that formerly put in an appearance as the new man at the Boston telegraph office. The crowd of farm-boys that come over to see the wonderful talking machine find him as ready to gratify their curiosity as the more pretentious 'professor.'

"While carrying on his manufacturing at Newark, Edison married, and—well. Dot and Dash are the nicknames of the little girl and boy that come every once in a while to 'see the wheels go round.'"

In our next chapter we hope to give some account of Mr. Edison's successive and marvellous inventions.

(*To be continued.*)

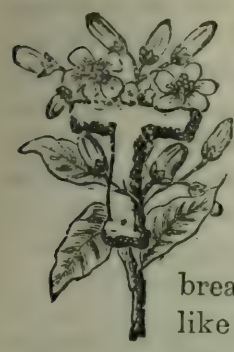
The Home Songster.

V. "OUR OWN."

IF I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken,
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!



The Power of the Holy Spirit.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. C. RYLE, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

THE Spirit is an Almighty Spirit. He can change the stony heart into a heart of flesh. He can break the strongest bad habits, like tow before the fire. He can make the most difficult things seem easy, and the mightiest objections melt away like snow in spring. He can cut the bars of brass, and throw the gates of prejudice wide open. He can fill up every valley, and make every rough place smooth. He has done it often, and He can do it again.

The Spirit can take a Jew—the bitterest enemy of Christianity—the fiercest persecutor of true believers—the strongest stickler for Pharisaical notions—the most prejudiced opposer of Gospel doctrine, and turn that man into an earnest preacher of the very faith he once destroyed. He has done it already—He did it with the Apostle Paul.

The Spirit can take a Roman Catholic monk, brought up in the midst of Romish superstition—trained from his infancy to believe false doctrine, and obey the Pope—steeped to the eyes in error—and make that man the clearest upholder of Justification by Faith the world ever saw. He has done so already—He did it with Martin Luther.

The Spirit can take the son of a working man, without learning, patronage, or money—at one time notorious for nothing so much as evil-speaking, and even swearing—and make him write a religious book, which shall stand unrivalled and unequalled in its way by any since the time of the Apostles. He has done so already—He did it with John Bunyan, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

The Spirit can take a sailor drenched in worldliness and sin—a profligate captain of a slave ship—and make that man a most successful minister of the Gospel: a writer of letters, which are a storehouse of experimental religion, and of hymns which are known and sung wherever the English tongue is spoken. He has done it already—He did it with John Newton.

All this the Spirit has done, and much more, of which I cannot speak particularly. And the arm of the Spirit is not shortened. His power is not decayed. He is like the Lord Jesus—the Same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. He is still doing wonders, and will do them to the end.

"Thine, O Lord;"

OR, HARVEST GRATITUDE.



BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE CROWN OF THE ROAD," "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

THINGS, "of course," are too often not noticed. The common mercies of life are undoubtedly the greatest mercies: but they are the most easily "taken for granted." Reason, health, sunlight, air, and water—how seldom we really praise God for these!

It is good for us sometimes to get a rainy month when we are craving sunshine. There is often a wheel within a wheel, and there are national blessings of greater importance than even a bountiful harvest. If we have learnt by the uncertainty clinging to Harvest prospects how dependent we are on the Open Hand which alone can "fill all things living with plenteousness," it may do us more lasting good than even "the cheap loaf" which we all know how to value—when we miss it.

There is another way of looking at matters, which is very well as far as it goes, but no farther. "It might have been worse," is a poor and negative feeling, and a very unworthy

expression of thanks. "It might have been worse," of course; but how much worse? Should we not think of that? There are such experiences as those of famine—experiences which in our memory may not have paled the faces and clouded the happiness of the millions. Harvest "averages" come to be looked at far too much as mere matters of atmosphere, precaution, and human diligence.

Every now and then there comes a season of scarcity unaccountable by those "natural causes," of which it might truly be written, "These be thy gods, O Israel," and permitted, or rather sent, it may be, for the sake of bringing us all, as we have said, to book—to "the Book," and wringing from all but obstinate and "superstitious" believers in the supremacy of second causes the expression, "Thine, O Lord, is the weather and the Harvest too!"

But this, after all, is not such a year as that. Although we cannot hope for an average Harvest, we may still spend a grateful, and therefore a happy, Autumn-tide. A grateful, and therefore a happy, Autumn-tide we *ought* to spend whether our expectations are fully realized or not. The best state of mind, in the enjoyment of even partial blessings, is—

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more."

And then there is the lesson of "giving to others." Plenty does not always prompt generosity. The needy are often bountiful givers. The poor widow, in giving her "two mites," gave "more than they all." Perhaps a limited harvest this year may open our hearts and hands more even than "smiling plenty" would have done: and then our Harvest in this "year of grace" will indeed have taught us a gracious lesson, and tuned our hearts to Harvest Gratitude.



THE PRISON ON BEDFORD BRIDGE.

The Bunyan Bi-Centenary.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE, AUTHOR OF "BENEATH THE BLUE SKY," ETC.

"Revere the man whose Pilgrim marks the road,
And guides the Progress of the soul to God."

ON the last day of August, 1688, the great author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" left this world for the rest of Heaven. As brazier, lace-maker, preacher, and author, he had lived for sixty years, and he had seen 100,000 of his famous Allegory circulated. Probably, however, a greater number of his books have been sold during the last thirty years than in the whole of the one hundred and seventy years preceding 1858.

As we look on the best portraits of Bunyan, we think that he must have been an engaging, interesting child: and then the question is

suggested, what was his lot in childhood's days? There is reason to believe that "Margaret Bunyan came not of the very poor, but of people who, though humble in station, were yet decent and worthy in their ways, and took an honourable pride in the simple belongings of their village home." The family were probably not originally of the peasant stock, but having come down somewhat in the world, were now, according to their own showing, *braziers*. They were certainly not gipsies, as some have supposed.

The family doubtless attended the ministry of Christopher Hall, at Elstow Church, and we know that John went to school, probably Bedford Grammar School—not a very common thing for poor children to do in those days. According to a contemporary witness, the elder Bunyan was "an honest, poor labouring man, who, like Adam unparadised, had all the world before him to get his bread in; and was very careful and industrious to maintain his family."

Of Bunyan s early life it would seem that his references to himself have been unfairly exaggerated. The truth is, that at an early age he understood the Gospel, and realized with a vividness very unusual in one so young the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." The frivolous companions he speaks of were the young people of Elstow; while the vain pleasures of the world, which afterwards grace taught him to despise, were the pastimes of the village green. Even his dreams by night were religious dreams. Are not such facts inconsistent with the theory that the rearing of the allegorist was altogether godless?

When at length he married, it was with a pious woman. As every one knows, his wife's dowry consisted of two books of Puritan theology: and Bunyan devoted so much attention to these that the exercise seems to have burnished up his reading, which may probably have grown rusty during the preceding years of war and revolution. After his conversion he solemnly declared that he never broke the moral law by committing the sin of impurity; and now we have a striking proof, in the avidity with which he read about the practice of piety and the pathway to heaven, that his inclinations tended towards religion.

But although he was pleased with his wife's



BUNYAN'S COTTAGE.

books, he read them without arriving at conviction. As would be quite natural under the circumstances, the words of his young and gentle companion exercised greater influence on his susceptible mind than the printed works of the Puritan authors. The devoted girl recalled the scenes of her earlier youth in such a winning style, and so dwelt on her revered father's piety, that her listener resolved to become a religious man himself.

He accordingly gave up bell-ringing, dancing, tip-cat, and swearing, and presently developed into as strait-laced a Pharisee as one might expect to meet in a day's walk. The delusion quickly passed away, however. He saw the Divine plan of salvation in all its glory, and as a very young man, a little over twenty, he found the peace and joy which never left him.

Soon after he was twenty-four he began preaching; and three or four years later he appeared before the world in "Gospel Truths Opened." In this case it was literally true that old things had passed away, and all things had become new. His mode of life altogether changed. John Bunyan, *brazier*, is now a communicant at Bedford; and his sermons preached in the surrounding villages, with a fervour that could only come of sterling piety, and a force that betrayed his great genius, produced powerful effect.

Some years ago we embraced an opportunity of visiting Elstow, and seeing the relics of Bunyan's times, which are found in that quaint village, which still wears a seventeenth century face. The tower of the Norman church, containing the same bells to which the Dreamer listened, is an ornament in the landscape; and a charming view is obtained by those who climb to its leaden roof. Hard by is the ruin of the Hillersdens' mansion, the great house of the neighbourhood in Bunyan's day; and the village green, with its old house in the centre, is wonderfully like what it was two centuries ago.

"It has been the lot of John Bunyan," says James Montgomery, "to do more than one in a hundred millions of human beings is usually able to do."

"The Pilgrim's Progress," says the poet Southey, "is a book which makes its way through the fancy to the understanding and the heart. The child peruses it with wonder and delight; in youth we discover the genius which it displays; its worth is apprehended as we advance in years; and we perceive its merits feelingly in declining age."

Bunyan has thus been the friend of the people for two centuries, and now that the bi-centenary of his death has come round, the honest brazier's readers are a greater multitude than ever they were before.

Away from Home:

"THOUGHTS IN THE LONESOME TWILIGHT."

BY E. E. REXFORD.

I SIT in the lonesome twilight,
And hear in the streets below
Strange voices and hurrying footsteps,
But never a one I know.
Here, in the great wide city,
A stranger I stand apart,
As lonely as if a dweller
In the distant desert heart.

But the din dies out of the twilight,
As I sit and think of Home;
Where father sits in the firelight,
With thoughts of the ones who roam.
I can see the red light playing
Strange freaks with his silver hair,
As he whispers the dear names over
In a way that is half a prayer.

He is sitting there with his Bible
Open upon his knee,
And I know that the dear old chapters
Are blent with his thoughts of me.
Oh, thought that is sweet as heaven,
Wherever my feet may roam,
There is one true heart to love me,
And pray for me at Home!

I know what he sees in the firelight,
With that strange and far-off look,
As he thinks the sweet words over
That he reads in the dear old Book.

Close by the gates of heaven
  He sees my mother stand,
And to him in the flash of the firelight
  She waves a beckoning hand.

O tenderest heart and truest!
  Your thoughts are in heaven and here;
Of the friends in the two worlds, father,
  The heaven-friends are most near.
I cannot see in the firelight
  The face that I long to see,
For thinking of home and father,
  Swift tears have blinded me.

But I know that his lips are saying
  A prayer for his boy to-night,
And asking that God will guide me
  In paths that are paths of right.
And he prays that when life is ended,
  And no more our feet may roam,
In the world that is *over yonder*
  He may have us all at Home.

The miles may be long between us,
  But be they many or few,
His love will o'erreach all distance,
  And help me to be true.
And the thought will be sweet with comfort,
  Wherever my feet may roam,
That I've one true heart to love me,
  And pray for me at Home!

A Trip to Old Norway.

BY ONE WHO WENT.

X. A SUNDAY IN NORWAY.

QUIET Christian workers should always aim to combine pleasure with their Heavenly Father's business. They best "live to pleasure" who "live to Him." The Rev. George Everard, of Dover, who has so often contributed to these pages, gives the following narrative of a happy Sunday spent at Bergen, which we are sure will be read with great interest.

"I could not help smiling at a request made to me just before landing at Bergen. On leaving home a friend had expressed his pleasure that during the next few weeks I should have rest from preaching. Travelling in a country where I did not know a word of the language, of course it seemed unlikely that in this way at least I should have work to do. The vision of my friend at the garden gate was before me when the ship's carpenter came to me with an earnest request. He wished to know whether I would come that afternoon and speak to some Norwegians in his house. He was sure that he could gather many together if I would come and speak a few words to them about the Saviour's love. He seemed to be a faithful, godly man, and had been interested in a service which we had held on the deck of the steamer on the previous Friday afternoon.

"I objected that I could not speak a word of the language, and that it would therefore be quite in vain to attempt it. But he would take no refusal. He thought a few would understand English; all of them would be interested; and at least, I must come. He would come for me to our hotel at any time I named, and he was sure that many would be glad to be present. I felt I had no choice: so I promised, with a dear brother in the ministry who was with me, to be ready for him at four o'clock.

"Meanwhile we went off to our hotel. In drenching rain we had to walk some mile and a half over the terrible coggle-stones. Alas for sore feet in Norwegian and Swedish towns! When we reached the hotel, it seemed at first as if no accommodation could be found, but by-and-by we took possession of rooms that morning vacated by travellers. Even many of the English seem to pay little regard to the sanctity of the Lord's Day, and it was often a grief to us to see those who might have been expected to act otherwise journeying hither and thither on the Sunday as if it had been an ordinary day.

"About eleven o'clock we went to one of the churches, as we wished to see a Norwegian service. Most of the older churches in Norway are huge, desolate-looking places—the pulpit far away from most of the people; and, I fear, that very seldom is there anything like a full congregation.

"In the church to which we went at Bergen

there was a very singular arrangement. The communion rails and table were at the side of the church: a very considerable height above this was a large roomy pulpit: whilst above this again, not far from the roof, was the organ and choir. A considerable part of the service was chanted or sung by Prester Daniels or the choir. We found that several parts of the service were the same as those in the Book of Common Prayer, and we almost felt at home when we heard the old English tune usually sung to the Psalm,—

'Before Jehovah's awful Throne.'

In this and in all the Norwegian churches we found that the numbers in the Service-book of the hymns to be sung were put up on a board in very large figures, which could be seen in all parts of the church. The sermon thoroughly interested us, though we could understand but little of its purport. But I never had such a lesson in elocution before as from the good Prester of Bergen. His great earnestness, his variety of tone and manner, the solemn pause, the quiet argumentative style now and then, then the question, the exhortation, the attitude of solemn warning—all this made the sermon, to myself at least, one not likely to be soon forgotten. The subject was taken from the story of the unjust steward, the appointed Gospel for the ninth Sunday after Trinity in the Norwegian as well as the English Church.

"After the service we stayed to witness the baptism of five or six little ones. There was a good deal of variation from the English form. The child had the cross made on the breast as well as on the forehead. Water was poured over the head of the child; the font being a large golden angel with outspread wings, let down by a long chain from the roof. The hand of the minister was likewise pressed on the head of the child, in token of the Saviour's blessing. We noticed also that words of exhortation were spoken individually to each of the parents or sponsors who brought the children.

"By four o'clock we were ready, with two or three English travellers, to accompany our good friend the ship's carpenter to his house for the service which he had arranged.

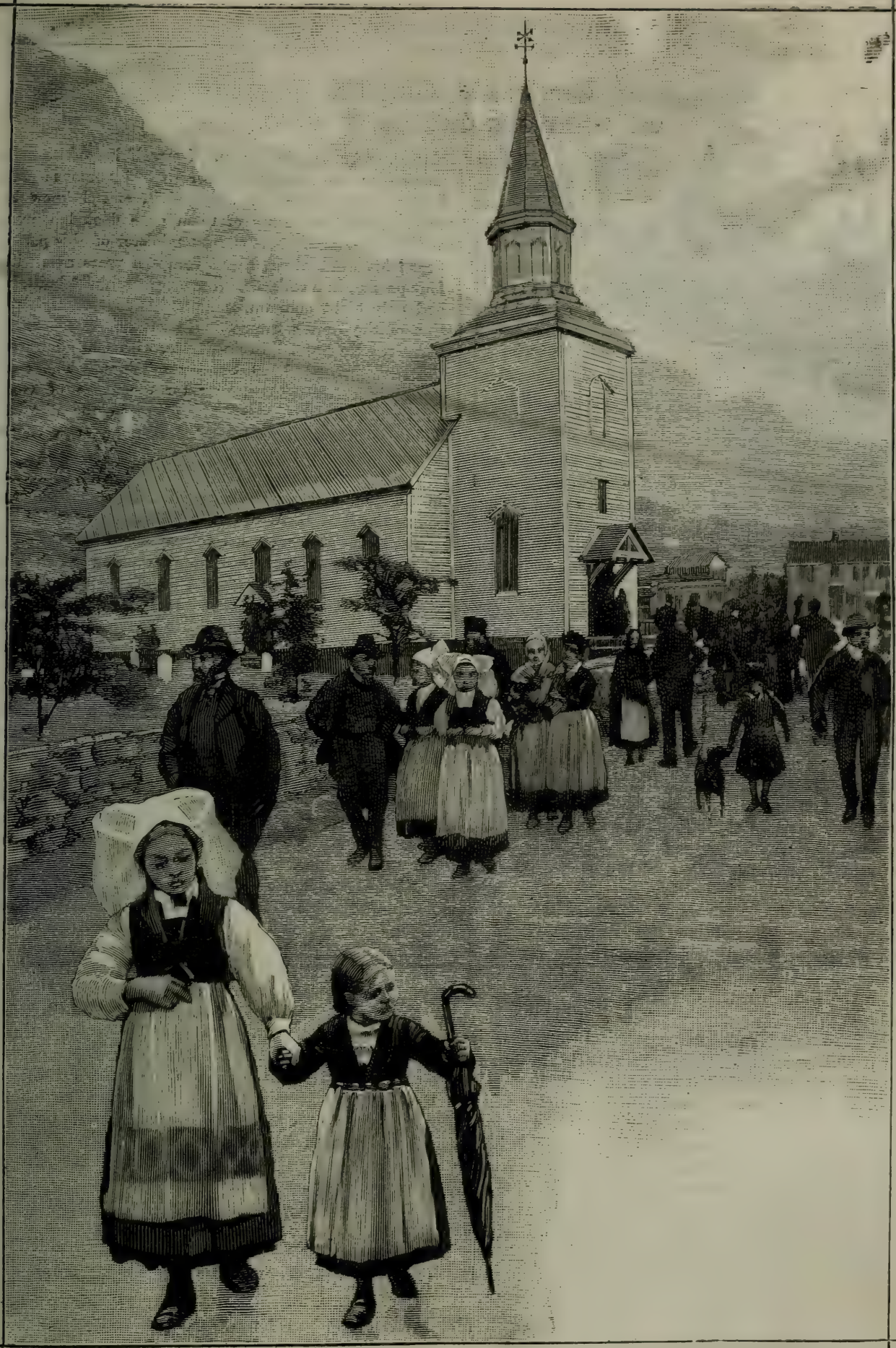
"When we reached it, to our surprise we found the house thronged, the two lower rooms being packed full in every corner. There could not have been less than sixty present. As we entered, we heard them singing a Norwegian hymn in one of the slow, plaintive melodies to which they are accustomed. Then we found that in the Providence of God the door was open for a word of exhortation being addressed to them. A tradesman was present who had lived in England, and he stood beside me and translated sentence by sentence as I spoke.

"I chose the scene in St. Mark iii., where Christ was teaching a little company of His disciples, and His mother wished to speak to Him. Then came the look of unspeakable love as He glanced round on those who sat about Him, and said,—'Behold My mother and My brethren.' Then the precious 'whosoever,' bringing down that look to those in every age and in every place who shall hear and do the will of God: 'Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My brother and sister and mother.' A few words were spoken about the great 'whosoever' of St. John iii. 16: 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Then they were reminded that doing the will of God must always follow believing the promise; and that Christ would be the Elder Brother of all such as then believed in Him and did the Father's will.

"I shall never forget the eager look of those strange faces. They seemed to drink in the word with real joy. I noticed one old lady (past eighty), the tears trickling down her cheeks, who fixed her eyes upon me and listened as if she had never before heard the 'Old, Old Story.' Her warm, hearty grasp of the hand, her 'Mangetok' (many thanks) when I left, encouraged me to hope that at least to one soul the message from an Englishman had not been in vain. The service was closed by another Norwegian hymn, and a very fervent prayer by a young man.

"That night we lay down to rest thankful, not only for our safe voyage, but that in a distant land the Master had given us a little work to do for Him."

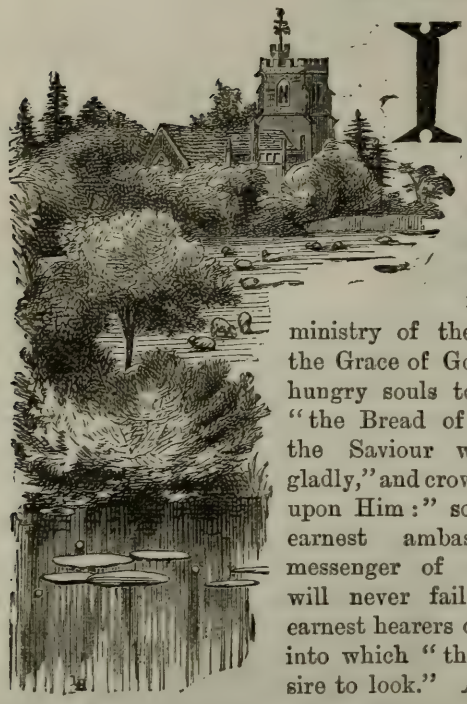
(To be continued.)



COMING FROM CHURCH AT ODDE.

England's Church.

VII. WHAT OUR CHURCH IS DOING.



IN religious matters especially we do not like counting numbers. We are well assured that a simple and faithful ministry of the Gospel of the Grace of God will bring hungry souls to feed upon "the Bread of Life." As the Saviour was "heard gladly," and crowds "pressed upon Him:" so the loving, earnest ambassador and messenger of the Gospel will never fail to gather earnest hearers of the truths into which "the angels desire to look." At the same time, we must never forget the spiritual results of the ministry of the Word must ever be traced to the Gospel preached, and not to the preacher, who, though he may "scatter the seed," is himself powerless to secure any "increase."

Bearing this in mind, it is a cause of great thankfulness and encouragement to faithful workers to place on record instances of "what our Church is doing" in very many parishes throughout the land. The Rev. Canon Christopher, Rector of St. Aldate's, Oxford, has recently given particulars of two such cases—one in Liverpool, and one in London.

The first is the parish of St. Nathaniel's, Windsor, Liverpool, the Vicar being the Rev. R. Hobson. The Bishop of Liverpool himself gave the facts and figures in a Church Congress paper, on the subject, "Can the Church reach the Masses?" His lordship said:—

"I know a parish of 5,000 people in Liverpool without a rich man in it, but only small shopkeepers, artisans, and poor. There are only thirty families in it which keep a servant, and not one family which keeps two. Now, what does the Church of England do in this parish? In a plain brick church, holding 1,000, there is a simple, hearty service, and an average attendance of 700 on Sunday morning, 300 in the afternoon, and 950 in the evening. In three mission rooms there is an average attendance of about 350 in the morning, and 450 in the evening.

"The communicants are almost all of the working classes, and nearly half men. I myself helped once to administer the Lord's Supper to 395 persons: and I saw the hands which received it, and I knew by those hands that many of them were dock labourers and foundry men. The worthy minister of this parish began his work alone, about fourteen years ago, with four people, in a cellar. After his church was built, he had only eight communicants at his first administration of the Lord's Supper. He has now 800 communicants. He has 18 Bible-classes, with 600 adults on the register, and 1,700 Sunday scholars. The congregation raises £800 a year for the cause of God. There are 1,100 pledged abstainers in the district. There is not a single house of ill-fame or a single known infidel in the parish."

The second instance refers to the Islington Churches in London, and especially to St. James's, Holloway, where the Rev. E. A. Stuart is Vicar.

St. James's is supposed to seat about 2,000 people, and there is scarcely a Sunday evening when the Church is not literally crowded. The curate has an overflow service at the same time, at the lecture hall, which is filled with four to five hundred people, and yet often two hundred have to go away unable to get in.

The communicants last Easter were 663, and 133 on Good Friday: but this is by no means the largest Communion, as the bulk of the congregation are young men in the City, and young people in houses of business, who are out of London for the Easter holidays. The communicants for 1887 were 10,646. The congregation raised last year £2,277 for parochial purposes, £297 for Home Missions, and £768 for Foreign Missions.

Besides St. James's Church, all the following in the neighbourhood are well filled on the Sunday evening, some even crowded:—St. Paul's, St. Augustine's, St. John's, Highbury, Chapel of Ease, St. Barnabas', St. George's, St. John's, Upper Holloway, All Saints, and several others.

Canon Christopher also mentions Oxford Churches where a similar blessing is being realized: and fittingly concludes his record in these impressive words:—

"To God be all the glory of the successful work of the Gospel I have described. At this time let me entreat all to pray that God may graciously pour out His Holy Spirit upon the city and university of Oxford, upon every parish, every minister of the Gospel, every congregation, and every college.

"God is able to do a greater work than any I have brought forward. Let all be hopefully united in prayer for that Spirit, who alone can do the work which has need to be done in every parish, and in every heart."

PITHY PROVERBS.

LOVE makes labour light.

BETTER ask the way than go a mile astray.

IDLE young, needy old.

THE harder you work the less you will faint.

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

XXIV. THE BISHOP OF DOVER ON TEMPERANCE.

THE Bishop of Dover writes:—"I have never taken any total abstinence pledge, but for several years I have been a total abstainer, and, as regards my own health and power, I have to thank God for it. In my own household and family, with boys growing up and going out into the world, I have to thank God for it. And last, but not least, I have to thank God for it as giving me a special and a successful way of dealing with men—yes, and I would say with women too—in my own position in society, individual cases of almost hopeless intemperance."—*Thanet Guardian.*

XXV. COFFEE v. ALCOHOL.

IN a most powerful article on alcohol and its evil effects upon the French people, the well-known French writer, Thomas Grimm, advocates an antidote for the evil complained of. He says: "Take off the entire taxes from coffee and sugar; induce the people to drink good coffee, well sweetened, and you will cure them of alcoholism." And he goes on to show that in Sweden, where this experiment has been actually tried, and an example set by the King at the Royal table, the results have been marvellous, reducing the consumption of alcohol to less than one-half of what it used to be in what was notoriously an intemperate country. This advice applies with even greater force to England. In France good coffee is common, in England all but unknown.—*Fireside News.*

XXVI. THE BAR-ROOM AS A BANK.

YOU deposit your money—and lose it. Your time—and lose it. Your character—and lose it. Your health—and lose it. Your strength—and lose it. Your manly independence—and lose it. Your self-control—and lose it. Your home comfort—and lose it. Your wife's happiness—and lose it. Your children's happiness—and lose it. Your own soul—and lose it.

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADES.

XV.

Cut down, yet saved with much ado and pain;
Scattered, dispersed, yet gathered up again;
Withered, tho' young; tho' dying, yet perfumed;
Laid up with care, but kept to be consumed.

CONUNDRUMS.

115. What is that which makes a pair of boots?
116. Name that bird which if you do not you must die.
117. What question can only be answered by saying yes?
118. What are they which, placed at a distance, meet without moving?
119. What letters are never out of fashion?
120. Prove that heat travels quicker than cold.
121. Why is a blind beggar like a leg of mutton and a wig?
122. Why are hay and straw like a pair of spectacles?
123. If I buy four cakes for a penny, and give you one of them, why am I like a telescope?
124. Why does a duck waddle across the road?
125. Why is a portrait like a Member of Parliament?
126. What is the difference between the Queen, an orphan, and a new-born baby?
127. Where are the lightest men in Great Britain?
128. What is the best wind for a hungry sailor?
129. What two ships are of the masculine gender?
130. Why is a sailor's amusement like an old woman's work?
131. Prove that sailors are always very small men.
132. Why do sailors always know what it is o'clock?
133. Why is the sea in a storm like the sea in a calm?
134. What is it that has three feet, and cannot walk?
135. What word in the English language becomes shorter by having a syllable attached?

ANSWERS. (See SEPTEMBER No., p. 213.)

CHARADES.

XIV. Rags.

CONUNDRUMS.

95. Because in both the lines run smoothly.
96. When it whistles loudly through the house.
97. Because she forms lasses into classes.
98. He stops at the sound of wo(e).
99. A fig; it is an F, I, G (effigy).
100. Because it consists of letters.
101. Those that are weekly (weakly).
102. When it is presented and discharged.
103. Wet.
104. Noise.
105. An attorney.
106. Dust.
107. The sun.
108. The sky-light.
109. None; the rest will fly away.
110. Like to be drowned.
111. For every grain they give a peck.
112. Newfoundland.
113. Because I am the querist (queerist).
114. Nothing



SEA-SIDE WONDERS.

The Young Folks' Page.

XXXII. SEA-SIDE WONDERS.

(See Illustration, Page 238.)

JACK FORECASTLE has "yarns" many for the young folks, and nothing delights him or them more than the "unwinding" process. Jack has been "down to the sea in ships," and seen "wonders in the deep," such as the Psalmist describes in the 107th Psalm. These "wonders" he is able to tell them are full of comfort indeed to the tempest-tossed mariner, when "the stormy wind lifteth up the waves of the sea," and "the soul is melted because of trouble."

Jack, we may suppose, is just ending a marvellous tale of rescue from shipwreck: and as he raises his hand, we fancy we can almost hear the grateful words from his lips as he dwells upon the deliverance that brought them "out of their distresses"—"Ah, boys, and girls too, never forget, '*He holdeth the sea in the hollow of His Hand!*'"

We may not all go down to the literal sea; but we are all, young and old, "passing over the waves" of a "troublesome world:" and there is no comfort like that of feeling that we have One in the vessel who is able to "make the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." Some of our young friends may meet with storms ere long. We hope they will then hear the Voice in the storm which is ever saying: "'It is I: be not afraid':—I hold this stormy sea in 'the hollow of My Hand.'" C. B.

XXXIII. GOD SEES AND COUNTS.

"CAN'T God count?" said a tiny little girl to her brother. It occurred in this way. They were carrying a basket of cakes to their grandmother, and they were very curious to see what was in the basket. So they very carefully raised the cover, and looked in. After counting over the cakes several times, they almost made up their minds that they might eat just one of them, when the little girl looked up in her brother's face, and asked the matter-of-fact question, "Can't God count?" This settled the matter; the lid was shut down, and all the cakes were carried to their grandmother.

XXXIV. WHAT IS FAITH?

AN excellent reply was once given by a Sunday scholar to this question:—"Faith is taking God at His word, and asking no questions." Luther says, "Faith is courage in the heart that sees everything to be good that God does."

XXXV. "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

Do you know where, in the Bible, it says, "Thou God seest me"? Who can tell me? It is in the 16th chapter of Genesis. Is it to frighten people, or to comfort them, that it says—"Thou God seest me"? It is cruel the way some people talk to children, and even take comforting passages to terrify them, and make them afraid. How often I have heard people tell boys and girls, "God sees you!" to frighten them. But it was what Hagar said when God had been very kind to her, when cruel Sarah drove her out of the house. He appeared to her to comfort her; and she said, "Thou God seest me!" because He was so kind.

It is a happy thing that God sees us. He sees us, when we try to be good; He sees us, when we try to love Him; He sees us, when we are in any danger. God is with you in the dark: so you need not be afraid of anything. There is nothing to fear. If you go to sleep, there is a text to go to sleep upon; and if you stay awake, there is a text for that. One is in the 127th Psalm, and the other in the 77th. When you go to sleep—"So He giveth His beloved sleep." If you go to sleep, God gives you sleep. And if you do *not* go to sleep, there is this text (Ps. lxxvii. 4), "Thou holdest mine eyes waking." So God keeps you both waking and sleeping.—REV. J. VAUGHAN.

XXXVI. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

(*Translated from the German by the late Dr. Fleming Stevenson.*)

I AM Jesu's little lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am;
Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,
All things fair and good He shows me:
Even calls me by my name;
Every day He is the Same.

Safely in and out I go,
Jesus loves and keeps me so;
When I hunger, Jesus feeds me,
When I thirst, my Shepherd leads me—
Where the waters softly flow,
Where the sweetest pastures grow.

Should I not be always glad?
None whom Jesus loves are sad;
And when this short life is ended,
Those whom the Good Shepherd tended
Will be taken to the skies,
There to dwell in Paradise.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

THE PARABLES.

1. GIVE two examples of Old Testament parables.
2. What Psalm foretold that the Lord would speak parables?
3. Which parable did the Lord imply was the easiest of all?
4. Which two did He Himself interpret?
5. What three *pairs* of parables have we?
6. What parable does St. Mark give in place of that of the leaven?
7. From what question did the parable of the good Samaritan arise?
8. Which parable was due to a man's thought read by the Lord?
9. What double purpose did parables serve?
10. Which two parables greatly resemble each other, yet are different?

ANSWERS (See AUGUST No., p. 191).

1. xli. 13; lxxii. 19; lxxxix. 52; cvi. 48.
2. cxlvi. to cl.
3. cxx. to cxxxiv.
4. xc.
5. cxix.
6. cxxxvi.
7. Acts xiii. 33.
8. Luke xxiv. 44.
9. Matt. iv. 6; Ps. xci.
10. cviii., of lvii. and lx.

October.

Harvest Praise.

"He openeth His Hand, and filleth all things living with plenteousness."

PRAISE, O praise our God and King;
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful ever sure.

Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light.

Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield.

Praise Him for our harvest store,
He hath filled the garner-floor;
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss:

Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let creation sing;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

M. H. Baker.

Gems from Old Writers.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

"IF joy be exulting, peace is joy reposing. It is love in the green pastures, and beside the still waters."—*P. Hamilton.*

"No man is a better merchant, than he that lays out his time upon God, and his money upon the poor."—*Bishop Taylor.*

"Humbleness of mind is gained more by believing on Christ than by dwelling upon our sins."—*Anon.*

"Trust Him when you cannot trace Him. Do not try to penetrate the cloud which He brings over the earth, and to look *through* it. Keep your eye steadily fixed on the bow in the cloud. The mystery is God's, the promise is yours."—*Macduff.*

"The nail of reproof must be well oiled in kindness before it is driven home. The great thing is to show the person that you really love him; and if you manifest this in the sight of God, He will bless your efforts, and give you favour in the sight of your erring brothers."—*Anon.*

"Thou art the King of Glory."

"Great is the Glory of the Lord."—Ps. cxxxviii. 5.

1	M	Art Thou not from everlasting? Hab. i. 12.
2	Tu	We shall not die. Hab. i. 12.
3	W	The King eternal, immortal. 1 Tim. i. 17.
4	Th	His ways are everlasting. Hab. iii. 6.
5	F	I have loved thee with an everlasting love.
6	S	Thou art my King, O God. [Jer. xxxi. 3.
7	S	**19th S. a. T.** *To me to live is Christ.* Phil. i. 21.
8	M	I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.
9	Tu	My flesh and my heart faileth. Ps. lxxiii. 26.
10	W	Cause me to escape. Ps. lxxi. 2.
11	Th	Salvation is of the Lord. Jonah ii. 9. [for ever.
12	F	God is the strength of my heart...my portion
13	S	Blessed be the King that cometh. Lu. xix. 38.
14	S	**20th S. a. T.** *Behold your King!* John xix. 14.
15	M	His glory is great in thy salvation. Ps. xxi. 5.
16	Tu	He shall be a Priest upon His throne.
17	W	Thou canst make me clean. St. Matt. viii. 2.
18	Th	S. Luke. *They that be whole need not a physician.*
19	F	He healed all that were sick. Matt. viii. 16.
20	S	The Lord thy God is mighty. Ps. xlvi. 5.
21	S	**21st S. a. T.** *He will deliver us.* Dan. iii. 17.
22	M	We wrestle...against the rulers of darkness.
23	Tu	Pray, lest ye enter into temptation.
24	W	Fight against them that fight against me.
25	Th	Stop the way against them that persecute me.
26	F	Say...I am thy salvation. Ps. xxxv. 3.
27	S	Stand up for mine help. Ps. xxxv. 2.
28	S	**22nd S. aft. Trin.** SS. Simon and Jude. *He delivereth and rescueth.* Dan. vi. 27.
29	M	I am He that liveth, and was dead. Rev. i. 18.
30	Tu	I have the keys of hell and of death. Rev. i. 18.
31	W	A Name written,...King of kings. Rev. xix. 16.

Sun.—1st day. Moon.—New, 5th, A. 2.34.
Rises 6.2. Sets 5.33. ,, Full, 19th, A. 9.9.

Many hips and haws, many frosts and snaws.

11. Battle of Hastings, 1066.

12. America discovered, 1492.
15. Sarah Martin died, 1843.
20. Grace Darling died, 1824.
26. Dr. Doddridge died, 1751.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.



"NOTHING BUT MISCHIEF."



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Parting Letters; or, "A Joy at Home."

BY THE EDITOR.



LAST words — especially kind words—are seldom forgotten. Parting letters are often long preserved. Young men going out into the wide world are manly enough to *feel deeply*, though they may say little, when the ties of Home are broken by separation. Often those ties, in the very time of separation, are really drawn closer than ever.

It has been thought that the following purposely brief letter, written to a young friend leaving England for Colonial life, might be helpful in similar cases: and with this hope it is printed.

"My dear ——

"I cannot write much, but let few words express my best wishes. A dear friend of mine has a 'journeying' text—'In Him we . . . *move*.' Let it be yours. You cannot then go wrong: for His presence ensures perfect security. We may meet with trial, temptation, and even death: but 'God'—the God of all grace, our Saviour-God—'is able' to keep us in all circumstances. 'He may lead us round, but He will lead us right:' and then, in the Home above—'in His presence' there—there is 'fulness of joy.' Take God then with you as your Father, Friend, and Guide: be ever looking unto Jesus; walk in the Spirit: and no evil—no *real* evil—can befall you.

"One word more. I have always tried to teach my own dear children to remember they are in a very full sense the *keepers* of their *parents' happiness.* I cannot give you a higher thought of filial duty than this. Let there be much joy at —— on *your* account. Let them often hear from you, and hear only that which will make their hearts glad. 'A good son maketh a *glad* father:' and the joy of a *mother* in her son's best welfare no one can tell.

"Again, may God be with you *always*, and may His grace help you *always* to be a joy at home.

"Your affectionate Friend,

* * *

"One touch of nature makes us all akin." It may be, a good many young men, who read these simple words of counsel as they are planning their departure from dear old England for far-distant climes, will resolve, in the strength of God, to be more than ever in remembrance, and in affection, "a joy at Home."

Mulberry Hollow; or, Deeds, not Words.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "MRS. HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES," "THE ROYAL LAW," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

OLD MEMORIES AWAKE.

THE next afternoon the village of Overbury was surprised to see a wheel chair drawn along the road towards the Hollow, on either side of which walked Clara and Miss Townsend. Many were the remarks which Clara's appearance called forth. But of all the remarks, Mrs. Mason's were the most emphatic.

She was hanging out clothes on the high ground of the gigantic bank of the Hollow, when she caught sight of the chair, in which lay little Mark, and the smart young woman by his side.

"Who has Miss Townsend caught hold of now, I wonder? Dear me! what folks they are for taking up people—not that they ever tried to take up *me;* but I'll just run down and ask Mrs. Sayce to come and have a look."

Mrs. Mason stripped a few of the garments she had left to dry and bleach off the lines, and rushed down towards Jim Sayce's cottage bursting with news. Mrs. Sayce was standing by the door rocking her baby in her arms, and singing to him in a low voice, for he was uneasy with his teeth.

"Do'ee come and look; there's the curate's sister with such a smart young lady—leastways, she looks as if she *thought* herself one—and the cripple child in a chair, and they are waiting at the top of the Hollow. Mrs. Sayce, do'ee come and look; the girl's hat is as high as the church steeple, and she has got a bunch at her back that your baby might lie on. Bless his little heart, he looks very poorly. What do you give him?"

Mrs. Sayce threw the apron over her child, and went out into the path by the bank of the little river, whence a view of the road at the top of the Hollow could be seen. She watched Miss Townsend run down to Macdonald's cottage, and then Mollie came out and joined the group at the top of the road.

There was a somewhat stiff greeting between the two girls; and as they hurried away with the chair, Mrs. Mason said, "*Those* two are not birds of a feather. Mollie is as prim as prim can be; and that girl—well, I do wonder at Miss Townsend, that I do——"

Mrs. Mason wondered at so many things—indeed, she lived in a state of perpetual amazement and curiosity as to her neighbour's concerns.

"Poor Mollie!" Jim Sayce's wife said, as she turned towards home with the child in her arms; "it seems hard that those two boys should make her life miserable. She is getting quite thin, and losing all her good looks."

With what rapture little Mark looked round him when the grounds of the Uplands were reached, I cannot say. Macdonald met the chair, and told the boy who dragged it to bring it under the shade of a spreading cedar, for the wheels might make a mark on the paths, and must on no account leave a trace on the turf. Mark was quite satisfied to lie back on the cushion and look about him, while Mollie, with her father's permission, took Clara through the grounds. They met Miss Wright, who asked the same question she always asked, "How is your poor mother, Mollie?" and, always receiving the same answer, rejoined, "Poor woman! I suppose nothing has been heard of her son?" And Mollie could only say, "No, ma'am, nothing."

Sir Maurice Wright was also perambulating the beautiful grounds, and enjoying the sense of possession. Yet somehow there was often at his heart a void. This grew rather more than less every year. For age was creeping on, and his step was slower, and his figure less erect. Looking back on life is but a sad retrospect for all of us—so much left undone, so little done: so many unkind words that we wish in vain had never been spoken; so many kind and tender ones withheld.

Sir Maurice's thoughts went back this beautiful summer day to his early life—its struggles and privations. His education had been faulty; but he had done his best, as he rose in the social scale, to remedy the defect. Still he was conscious that he did not stand on the same level as his neighbours in the county, and he shunned rather than courted them. Far away in the mist of years, there was for him a single image which he loved to recall. His wife had

been born in a higher position in life, and, unlike himself, her heart was set on becoming meet for the heavenly inheritance. She did not strain every nerve as he did to possess wealth, and to gain the distinction which it brings; but she was a woman who feared and loved God, and strove to serve Him.

Had she lived, Sir Maurice Wright would not have been pacing these flowery walks alone, feeling that aching void at his heart, and the need—the deep need—of something lasting and satisfying, which the Uplands could not give him. His wife had not left him childless, as some people thought. He *had* a daughter who died in infancy, and a son who deeply offended him—a son on whom he had set so many hopes; a son who was to marry rank and settle at the Uplands after him. But the son did not marry rank, but a girl whose origin was obscure, and who was too proud to ask to be helped by any one who did not recognise her claim or acknowledge her in any way. It was all a tale of the past now, dating back to a time before even Macdonald could remember him as his master: and yet this afternoon it was strangely vivid and real.

Presently he saw a chair, a Bath chair, under a cedar tree, in a little square of turf which was near the house. Sir Maurice paused and looked, and looked again, but he could not make it out. *Who* could have had the audacity to wheel a Bath chair to that place under the cedar tree?

Sir Maurice advanced cautiously; he wished to come upon the intruder with a kind of reprimand—nay, a threat of prosecution!

Before the chair on the turf lay the boy who had dragged the chair from Overbury fast asleep, stretched out with his hat tipped over his eyes. In the chair lay a little boy with a pale, wan face, on which the dark lashes of his eyelids made a shadow. He, too, was asleep; in his one thin hand he held a rose, and the other lay listlessly on the apron of the chair. There were lines of pain round his lips, and yet the expression was one of calm and peace, as if the rest were sweet. A gentle breeze fanned his brow, and the soft hair was stirred gently as it passed. Sir Maurice stood transfixed.

Who could it be? A sharp pain like a sword-thrust smote Sir Maurice to the heart. He stood like a man suddenly spell-bound, gazing at the little sleeper, whose breath came and went so gently. Presently the heavy eyelids were raised, and, with a sigh, Mark awoke. His large, clear eyes met those dim ones, which were fixed on him, with wonder—not with fear. Sir Maurice did not speak, and Mark said,—

"Who are you? and where am I?"

The ice was broken then; Sir Maurice drew himself up.

"You are trespassing," he said. "Who brought you here?"

"My lady dear said I might come, and so did your gardener, sir. I have only been lying here quite quiet. I cannot walk, and I have not done any harm. Please, sir, do not be angry."

"What is your name?" Sir Maurice asked.

"Mark Smith, sir." Then, with childlike confidence, he said, "I live with my grandfather, and so does Clara. She is my sister—ever so much older than I am; but I am older than you think, I dare say. I am ten, but I am very small. My lady dear thought I was only eight, sir; think of that!"

Sir Maurice made no rejoinder, and, turning away, murmured, "Extraordinary—most extraordinary!"

Macdonald was now seen crossing the lawn.

"Here, Macdonald!" Sir Maurice called. "What does this mean?"

"Well, sir, it's a poor child Miss Townsend is interested in, who is shut up, year in and year out, in London: and she brought him here to try and do his health good; but he is past anything like that now, I'm afraid. Miss Townsend asked leave for the boy and his sister to see the place, Sir Maurice. I hope you'll excuse the liberty."

"I cannot say I approve thowing open the grounds, and this must be no precedent for the future, Macdonald. However, let it pass this time. No news, I imagine, of your son, Macdonald?"

"*No*, sir, not a word; and my wife is very ailing—very ailing indeed. There's no cure for a broken heart, Sir Maurice."

Sir Maurice did not answer. But it is better, perhaps, that hearts should break with sorrow, than harden into stone. Sir Maurice and his head-gardener had a sorrow in common, but the effects were different. Poor Macdonald was not hardened against his son Ned; nay, if he had come home as a penitent,

he could have forgiven him: for did not his Master say, "Forgive as ye would be forgiven"? Sir Maurice, on the contrary, acknowledged no such Master, nor did he look to Him for example, or forgiveness, or comfort, or strength to bear what trials He saw fit to send. Thus his sorrow had the hardening effect on him which, of all conditions in the world, is perhaps the most piteous to see.

The heart of stone may be broken, the ice-bound fount of love and tenderness unsealed: but this can only be done by the Hand of Love,—infinite Love, which sometimes flows through an earthly channel, and softens and purifies.

Mollie found Clara very communicative, and, before they had gone the round of the grounds, she had heard almost all there was to be heard about her past, present, and possible future.

"My father was a gentleman," she said, "and quite above my mother. His friends objected and turned him off; but he did not care a rap—he had such a spirit, and so had my mother."

"How long has she been dead?" Mollie asked.

"When Mark was a little thing. I don't exactly remember the time. Then we went to live with grandfather. He is richer than he lets any one know; he has heaps of money, and I think if Miss Townsend knew it, she would not have brought Mark here. So I kept quiet, for I believe it will save the child's life; and as to grandfather paying for him to go to a Convalescent Home, he laughed in my face. The man in the moon would as soon have thought of it! *I* get little enough out of him; but then, I work for him—keep the books and see to the customers, and sometimes I get a sight of the jewellery. I say, you would stare to see how grand ladies come sometimes to raise money on their precious stones—not in their real names, you know! You haven't got any jewellery, I suppose?"

Mollie laughed.

"No. What do I want with chains and lockets?"

"Oh, well, you'd look a bit more stylish if you had a locket, and of course you know you are very pretty; and you *would* be something to look at if you did your hair properly, and wore ruffles instead of collars, and got your gown *cut* well; there's nothing like a good cut. I wish you'd let me do your hair some day. Plaits are so old-fashioned."

Mollie could only listen; to interrupt Clara's flow of words was impossible.

"You look very doleful sometimes," she said, after a pause. "Have you lost your heart now? and won't he come to the front? or is there any fuss about it with your uncle and aunt? Come," she said, putting her arm round Mollie's waist; "if you'll tell me your story, I will tell you mine in return."

"I have no story to tell which would amuse you," Mollie said. "Hadn't we better walk back now towards the lodge? Miss Townsend may be waiting for me at the Hollow."

"Well, I'm certain you must have a lover, and I'm certain *that* makes you look so melancholy."

This was partly true, and yet Mollie did not feel at all disposed to make her troubles the theme of discourse.

"Well, I think I rather like a touch of melancholy. I'm sure a young man who has been to grandfather's twice looks the picture of woe. I know *he* has got a story. He alters his voice, too, I think—you know, to divert suspicion. He brought a ring to grandfather's to raise money on it, and grandfather says it's an old family piece—a relic, you know."

"A ring!" Mollie exclaimed involuntarily; then she tried to ask in an indifferent tone,—

"What is the ring like?"

"It is a diamond ring, very old-fashioned, and inside there are some words engraved. Neither grandfather nor I can quite make them out, but they look like Facts and Verbs."

Mollie pressed her hand to her side, and said,—

"Miss Wright—Sir Maurice's sister—lost a ring last spring: it was a diamond ring. I think you had better tell her about it."

"Oh, I don't know! I should be afraid to face that stiff old lady; besides, grandfather would say I'd no business to chatter about his properties."

They had come to an ornamental piece of water now, lying rather below the level of the grounds. There was an old punt upon it, surrounded with sedges and rushes. It lay in the deep shadow, and willows bent over it, the tops of the branches touching the water.

"Oh, let's go down there," Clara said, "and get into the boat. Come along."

"No, Clara; don't go there. I am sure we ought to be turning back to the lodge. Uncle Fergus would not like us to be too long."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Clara. "I shall go;" and she tripped away down the steep path, calling to Mollie to follow her.

"No, Clara; come back," Mollie repeated.

The bank of the little pond shelved downwards, and there was such a thick bed of long weeds that the extreme edge was treacherous, and what looked like safe ground was, in reality, a swamp.

Before Mollie could reach Clara, as she stooped to gather a tall yellow iris, she had slipped down into the pond and disappeared.

CHAPTER XIV.

SAVED.

MOLLIE did not lose her presence of mind; she was at the spot where Clara had fallen in a moment, and seizing the boughs of the overhanging willow, she hung on to them with one hand, while with the other she grasped Clara's, who had risen, but was struggling amongst the weeds and rushes.

Her hat with the daisies was gone, and her dark hair, released from pins and rolls, hung over her face. Half-choked and terribly frightened, she called to Mollie to save her.

The pond was deep in the middle, and Mollie knew if once Clara slipped back again, she would probably be out of her depth immediately, and it would be difficult to save her. Gathering all her strength, she said calmly,—

"Don't struggle, but hold fast to my hand. Some help will come in a minute."

"How do you know? Oh! Mollie, I'm half-choked, I'm strangled, I'm——"

"Keep quiet," was all Mollie could say: and then her whole soul went up to God in earnest prayer for help. One hand was torn and bleeding with the grip of the rough willow branches, and the other one strained till it seemed ready to be wrenched from the socket by Clara's frantic efforts to hold on.

Every minute the position grew more painful and more difficult; and Mollie suddenly gave a great cry, which sounded in the still evening air:—

"Oh, Christopher! Oh, Christopher!"

The voice reached the ears of Christopher himself, who had come into the grounds of the Uplands to find his father, to deliver a message from a florist at Overbury, about some young seedlings. On hearing the call, he turned towards the sloping ground, where the little lake lay hid. Rushing to the spot he leaped down, and, plunging into the water, caught Clara in his strong arms, just as her hold on Mollie's hand had relaxed.

"Take care! take care, Mollie," he cried, as the willow branches rebounded when her weight was taken off. "Oh! take care."

"And who is this?" he said, as Mollie regained her feet—"and where shall we take her to—the lodge, or to the house?"

"Come," he said to Clara; "don't make such a piece of work; you are not drowned yet, and you may thank God that Mollie saved you."

But poor Clara could not control herself; she shuddered and cried and moaned. The weight of water in her clothes made her a heavy burden; and Christopher, when they reached level ground, put her on her feet, and told her to try to walk, supporting her as he spoke with his arm.

But Clara seemed powerless; and, indeed, the shock and fear had been very great.

Mollie, too, was as pale as a sheet, and trembling in every limb. Her hand and shoulder gave her great pain.

In this plight, they met the master of the Uplands walking with bowed head, and eyes fixed on the ground. His thoughts were far away, and he could only see before him the pale face of the child sleeping in the chair. He was in some unexplained way touched and in a softened mood; and, instead of sharply inquiring what Christopher meant by walking through this part of the grounds, he exclaimed,—

"What has happened? Who is this?"

"This young person has fallen into the pond, Sir Maurice; and she would have been drowned if Mollie had not caught her hand and held her up."

"Take them round to the back premises, and let Mrs. Ball know. Say I wish them to be attended to."

Clara's sobs and inarticulate murmurs went on, but Mollie was calm, and said,—

"Thank you, sir; Clara's little brother is in the chair by the cypress tree. We must take

care he is not frightened, for he has been very ill, poor little boy."

"Very good, very good. Is this young woman that child's sister, do you say?"

Sir Maurice had actually turned in the direction of the house, and, to Christopher's surprise—and still more to Mrs. Ball's—preceded them into the servants' hall, and said, in his formal manner,—

"Mrs. Ball, see that this young person has every attention, and put her to bed in the servants' quarters. She has fallen into the pond; and you," he said—taking no heed of Mrs. Ball's and the other servants' exclamations—"*you* come with me, to inform the little boy of his sister's accident."

But Mollie hesitated.

"If you please, sir, may I speak to Christopher first?"

All the Macdonalds stood in awe of Sir Maurice, and Christopher whispered, "Go at once, Mollie; you had better go at once."

But Mollie lingered as Sir Maurice stalked out of the hall.

"Christopher, I think that girl knows something about the ring. I think it will be cleared up at last. Do please listen"—and Mollie drew Christopher away: while Clara, in the midst of tears and trembling, was insensible to the honour of being put to bed and carefully tended in a grand house. She rather liked to be the object of attention to Mrs. Ball and her maids, who were running hither and thither, and bringing hot water and hot flannels, and showing a kindly interest in her spoiled finery.

"My hat, my hat is in the water!" Clara gasped; "my new hat; and, oh dear! I've lost my gloves, and——"

"We'll find them, my dear," Mrs. Ball said; "you must come up to bed, and I'll wrap you up in blankets."

"I want Mollie Burnside. I want——" But what else Clara wanted did not reach Mollie's ears. She had withdrawn with Christopher, and told him the tale of the ring, as Clara had told it to her.

It was quite late in the evening when Clara, lying comfortably in a pretty room next Mrs. Ball's, was rather enjoying the importance of her position, when the door opened, and in walked Miss Wright.

She was as erect as ever, with a look of fixed determination on her face, her hands clasped over the handle of a little bag, which she almost invariably carried about with her, though no one quite knew why.

Clara felt awe-struck by Miss Wright's presence, and still more so by her voice, when, seating herself by her bed, she said:—

"I hope this will be a lesson to you to be more careful in future; and I hope,—yes, I *do* hope you are thankful for your preservation from drowning."

Clara's old spirit seemed to rouse, and she answered quickly,—

"Of course I'm thankful; and I know I ought to be."

"I am glad to hear it," said Miss Wright, "very glad; and now I have a question to ask you. I don't know your name: so first I ask that——"

"Clara—Clara Smith. Perhaps," said Clara, with a dim idea that her accident might appear in the corner of a newspaper—"perhaps you'd like to know how old I am."

"I wish to know some particulars about a ring—*my* ring—that I believe is in the possession of your grandfather. Give me what information you can, and—well, you will be rewarded."

"I told the girl who helped to get me out of the pond all I knew. There is an old-fashioned ring, which a young man raised some money on; but how do you know it's *your* ring? There may be twenty rings with words inside; and I don't know why you should think it's yours."

"You should be more respectful in your tone and manner," Miss Wright said severely; "but, however, I will excuse it under the circumstances. So far about the ring; now about your little brother."

"Mark! Oh, I wish he could come here and see me, that I do"—and Clara's lips trembled, and large tears came welling up in her dark eyes. "I love Mark, and I know he wants to come."

Hereupon Miss Wright cleared her throat, and said,—

"I believe Sir Maurice has given orders about your little brother, and you will see him to-morrow. It is thought better for you to remain quietly here till the morning. Mrs. Ball will attend to you. But, there is *another* question I have to ask. Do you remember your father?"

"Yes, of course I do. He was a gentleman,

—I know that; and he had a grand education, and would have had heaps of money: only he quarrelled with his father, and he never gave him a scrap of money. Grandfather! *my* grandfather took us in, Mark and me, or I suppose we should have had to beg our bread. My mother had been brought up at a boarding-school, and *she* was grandfather's only child; so when she died, he took to us. My mother was very good, I can tell you; religious, you know—and she worked for my father, and for us, by teaching English in a French school in Guernsey. Sometimes," Clara said, with a burst of real feeling, "I wish with all my heart mother had lived, and then I should have a very different sort of life—I know I should."

Miss Wright nodded as if in assent, and then said,—

"You are sure your father's name was Smith?"

"Well, I should think I knew *that* much," Clara said. "Dear me! I am so hot and so tired—just as if I had been up the Monument or St. Paul's."

All Clara's life had been passed in London, and she naturally drew her similes from thence.

"Have you anything in your possession that belonged to your father?" Miss Wright asked.

"Yes; I've got a seal—a red Cornelian seal—with letters on it; but that is all."

Now a tap was heard at the door, and Mrs. Ball appeared.

"If you please, Miss Wright," she said, "I have Sir Maurice's orders that the little cripple should be carried up to see his sister. Chris Macdonald is carrying him upstairs."

Even as she spoke there was the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs; and then Christopher came into the room with little Mark in his arms.

He laid him by Clara's side, and it was touching to see the brother and sister clasped in a close embrace.

"Oh! Clara, Clara, I am so glad God took care of you, and that you are safe. That young lady has got her hand all bleeding; it was torn by the tree, but she does not mind—do you?" he asked, as Mollie stood modestly in the doorway, not liking to intrude.

"Do you?" Mark repeated.

"No, indeed. I am so glad, so thankful:" and Mollie bent down and kissed Clara's burning cheek.

"You—looking so meek and delicate—who would have thought you would be so brave?" Clara said. "Wasn't it awful when you hung upon the branch of the tree—and I hung on you? Oh! I'll never forget it—never! I thought of all the wrong things I had done, and I was so frightened—and then I heard you say a prayer to God—and then—help came."

"No, don't take the child away," Clara pleaded; and no one seemed to have the heart to remove him.

An hour after, Mollie and Christopher were on their way home.

"There is some mystery yet," Christopher said.

"You mean about that ring?"

"No, not about the ring, for we have only jumped to the conclusion that it is the same ring. But Mr. Townsend has been shut up in the library with Sir Maurice for an hour, and Mr. Townsend is going to London to-morrow."

"The light is coming at last, Chris," Mollie said. "I feel as if there were a rift in the dark cloud—and—yet——"

"If the ring *is* found, it will lead to the discovery of Ned's guilt—and then——"

"Then God will make the way plain," Mollie said. "I can trust Him, Christopher. I can indeed."

"He has given me a comforter in you, Mollie. No one seems half grateful enough to you for your courage. Oh! when I saw you hang there over the pond, and knew the willow bough might give way any minute, I felt what I pray God I may never feel again; and you so calm all the time!"

"Yes," Mollie said, raising her sweet, serious eyes to Christopher. "Yes; I seemed to *hear* the words quite clear and close to me: 'It is I; *be not afraid!*' How could I be afraid when I remembered His words?"

(*To be continued.*)

THE MIRROR REFLECTING THE SUN.—"A small mirror may flood a room with dazzling light if only it confronts the sun. So a child may dwell so near to Christ that he or she may be the charm and lustre of the Home."—*Bolton.*

St. Andrew's Day.

BY THE LATE REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, LL.D.

WHAT day in all the year than this [bliss
More meet to bring domestic
In praise before the Lord?
Or if we have domestic care,
To lay it before God in prayer,
And search His answering Word.

We think of one this blessed day
Who followed Christ without delay,
And, full of holy fear,
First his own brother Simon sought,
And him to Jesus meekly brought,
In brotherhood more dear.

The youthful convert, fain to prove
The blessings of his new-found love,
First seeks his own abode;
And the dear brother of his heart
Persuades to choose the better part,
And give himself to God.

No triumph of maturer years,
Won for the cross in toil and tears,
Will ever seem so fair.
As that one grain—a brother found!
And doubly, as a brother, bound
This new-born bliss to share.

Are there for us some brethren dear,
Near to our hearts, but not so near
To God as they should be?
For whom we know no peace or rest
Until they choose the thing that's best,
And Christ's Salvation see?

Or are there those, whom we have borne
Upon our hearts, till their return
To Him, from Whom they strayed,
Has been to prayer the best reply,
The Saviour's tenderest sympathy
In mercy could have made?

Then let us come, and one and all
Use this glad Christian festival
For special prayer and praise;
Prayer for the lost to be restored,
Praise for the loved ones whom the Lord
Hath brought back to His ways.

And as the rolling year brings round
The memory of some lost one found,
Some loved one gone astray;
Let each domestic grief, or joy,
Our heart's best Faith and Love employ
On each St. Andrew's Day.

"BETTER NEVER LATE."

PUNCTUALITY is said to be the politeness of kings. It is also the politeness of subjects. When a certain nobleman, who had made an appointment with George III., went to his Majesty too late, the king made a remark upon his unpunctuality; on which the nobleman replied, "Better late than never."—"No," said the king, "that is a mistake; I say, *Better never late.*"

"Too late" is the curse of life: too late for obedience; too late for love; too late for respect; too late for reverence; too late for reform; too late for success; but not too late for ruin.

Many are born with noble gifts and talents; but patient labour is necessary to make them available. Bacon, Newton, and Watt—Pitt, Wellington, and Palmerston—worked as hard in their lifetime as any mechanics.—*Dr. Smiles.*

"SPINDRIFT."

YES; only "Spindrift," and yet useful! "The pale-clustered flowers of barren spray," which the restless sea-wind "strews along the strand," are nevertheless helpful to the soil, and thus teach us, in another form, the Master's lesson—"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

Mr. Macwhirter's painting was greatly admired at the Royal Academy. It is truly a masterpiece.



From the Picture by J. MACWHIRTER: *Exhibited at the Royal Academy.*]

SPINDRIFT.

(*See Page* 250.

The Lessons of St. Andrew's Life.



BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

ST. ANDREW was eminently a missionary Apostle, first to his own home and then to the world. Wheatley says: "As St. Andrew was the first that found the Messiah (John i. 38), and the first that brought others to Him (John i. 42), so, for his greater honour, we commemorate him first in our anniversary course of holydays, and place his festival at the beginning of Advent, as the most proper to bring the news of our Saviour's coming."

As a model Christian worker in the field of evangelistic effort, the brief record of St. Andrew's life suggests valuable lessons.

I. He was a teacher of others *called from the ranks of toil.*

He was certainly of humble birth, and his education, in days when books were parchment-rolls, must have been very limited. His father Jona was a fisherman, and he helped him. It was no easy calling—often involving night labour ("We have toiled all the night and taken nothing")—and attended with the ordinary perils of the deep.

As a fisherman, he was called to be "a fisher of men;" our Lord thus teaching us the dignity of labour in *every* lawful occupation. We may any of us thus ennoble our station, however humble it may be.

> "If done to obey Thy laws,
> E'en servile labours shine.
> Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
> The meanest work Divine."—*Herbert.*

Many still, by connecting God with their every-day "business," are so the better fitted for effective spiritual service. Of one thing we may be sure, as with Andrew, our business—if kept in its proper place—will never hinder, but rather qualify us for, and perhaps stimulate us to undertake, special work for God.

II. St. Andrew, whilst a toiler, was *a diligent student of the Holy Scriptures.*

We gather this from the fact that his mind was evidently prepared to recognise Jesus as the Messias (St. John i. 35–42). Pious children as a rule have pious parents. As Samuel was the son of the praying Hannah; as Timothy was the child of the believing Eunice; and Eunice again the daughter of the like-minded Lois—so we infer that the parents of Andrew must have taught him to know and love the Scriptures, or he would not so readily have understood how the Messias was "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

"Mighty in the Scriptures" is the best qualification for all spiritual work. If preachers experimentally "preach the Word," they will never lack attentive hearers. The more the Bible is studied, the more wonderful and inexhaustible will its contents be found. Andrew's brother, Peter, only a fisherman, as an inspired man wrote a short treatise, so full of heavenly truth that Archbishop Leighton, whom Doddridge calls "that wonderful man," laboured with intense delight for years in its study and exposition. "Leighton on St. Peter" is a book which never could have been written had not the Epistles of St. Peter been truly inspired of God. A distinguished infidel on being asked, "How it was that the Bible is so far superior to all other books that it can be read over and over a thousand times, and still retain its freshness?" and, "Why no other book like it was ever written?" replied, "Because there is not room in the world for two such books."

III. St. Andrew was *a self-denying worker for God.*

It is not easy even now for an unlearned fisherman to study books; it was less easy in Andrew's time. He had also, with his

brothers, to give up "boats and nets" at the Saviour's call; and whilst one disciple, the Baptist, was in prison, and the "Son of Man had not where to lay His head," Andrew followed Him—a life of privation and difficulty before him.

Every true worker for Christ must possess this same spirit, and in some shape or other must "take up his cross." If there be no cross, we may be pretty sure there is little service. In the present day no Christian can really care for the evangelisation of the masses without *effort* that "costs something." Happy are they who taking up the cross of self-denial for Christ's sake, find, as all such do find, that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

IV. St. Andrew may be described as *a silent worker*.

Peter his brother always took the lead. We hear much of him. Andrew seems to have been of a retiring disposition. He is only incidentally mentioned in three passages: St. John vi. 9; xii. 22; and St. Mark xiii. 3. Still he was highly honoured. He was one of the earliest disciples. He enjoyed special communion with our Lord (John i. 39). He was privileged to win and bring "his brother Simon," the future Apostle to the Gentile world, to Christ (41, 42). He became an Apostle himself, and after our Lord's Ascension he is said to have gone preaching the Gospel in Scythia, Greece, Asia Minor, Thrace, and finally—the way to the Crown—he suffered martyrdom at Patræ, in Achaia, on the peculiar form of cross (X) which still bears his name, avowing himself "the scholar of Him who did hang on the cross."

Silent workers are often the most efficient workers, and greatly honoured by the Master. In high places, and possessing what are termed popular gifts, we are apt to fancy we are doing great things; but God employs weak and humble instruments to accomplish the greatest results, "that no flesh should glory in His presence." It is when, like Peter and Andrew, we confess that with all our labour and gifts we have "taken nothing," that the Master perfects His strength in our weakness, and "the great multitude of fishes" are brought into the Gospel net.

Whether called to lead and rule in the post of prominence, or to labour in the shade in quiet places, the main point is to be sure we work for and with Christ, "strengthened by His Spirit in the inner man." Then, as "fishers of men," we shall cease to depend on our own power, and, "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," as workers together with God, we shall attempt great things, expect great things, and witness great things.

"Ring the Bells!" "Home Words" for Christmas.

WE are, as usual, obliged to issue our *Christmas Supplemental Number* with the *November* "*Home Words*" in order to get a sufficient number printed in time to meet the immense demand.

In addition to other Christmas reading, and first-class Illustrations, the Number this year contains a Christmas Tale, entitled:—

"Steenie's Home."

By the Rev. T. S. MILLINGTON, Author of "Straight to the Mark," "Man and Boy," etc.

The Price, *with* the November Magazine, is *Two-pence;* but further single copies, price *One Penny* each, can be ordered from the Booksellers.

To save disappointment in the supply, the Publisher has arranged to send with the November Magazines a proportionate number both to the Clergy who localize "*Home Words*," and also to the Trade. Copies unsold, if any, will not be charged, but should be returned as early as possible *before* Christmas Day.

The Number will be suitable for a "Christmas Box" for the Guests at Parish Gatherings, Robin Dinners, etc. In quantities it can be supplied direct for 6*s.* per 100. Address: The Manager, "*Home Words*" Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

"Good Will to Men:" "The Fireside" Christmas Number.

This is also now ready. It is full of Christmas reading, and is worth entertaining for the entertainment it will give at any Fireside. Price 6*d.* London: "*Home Words*" Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C.

The Almanack Text.

BY A TRAVELLER.

THE Bible is its own witness. Light comes from the sun; and whence but from God could Bible teaching come? Bad men could never teach thus: and good men never would; for "Thus saith the Lord" would be, on their lips, or from their pens, fearful untruth.

I often feel this self-evidencing witness of Bible truth brought home to me by my morning Almanack Text. This morning it is so. I suppose, especially as years advance, we are sometimes "entering into clouds." The Almanack Text reminds me, "He knoweth what is in the darkness." I remember Cecil's illustration of faith—the little one jumping with ready mind and confidence into the arms of the father in the dark cellar. How applicable to ourselves! "He"—our all-wise Father—"knoweth what is in the darkness" as we enter the "cloud." So, too, will it be as we enter the valley of the shadow of death. Even then to the "eye of childlike faith"—to use Sir James Simpson's grand words as the end drew near—we may say, "It is all light there." Our Father knoweth!

I shall be glad if my Almanack thought gives comfort or strength to any fellow-traveller. I would also hope that many may be led to look more regularly to the Almanack Text. Hidden in the memory, and better still the heart, these short texts are wonderful helps through the busy hours of the day. The entrance of God's Word "giveth light."*

Thomas Alva Edison:

INVENTOR OF THE TELEPHONE, THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, ETC.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.

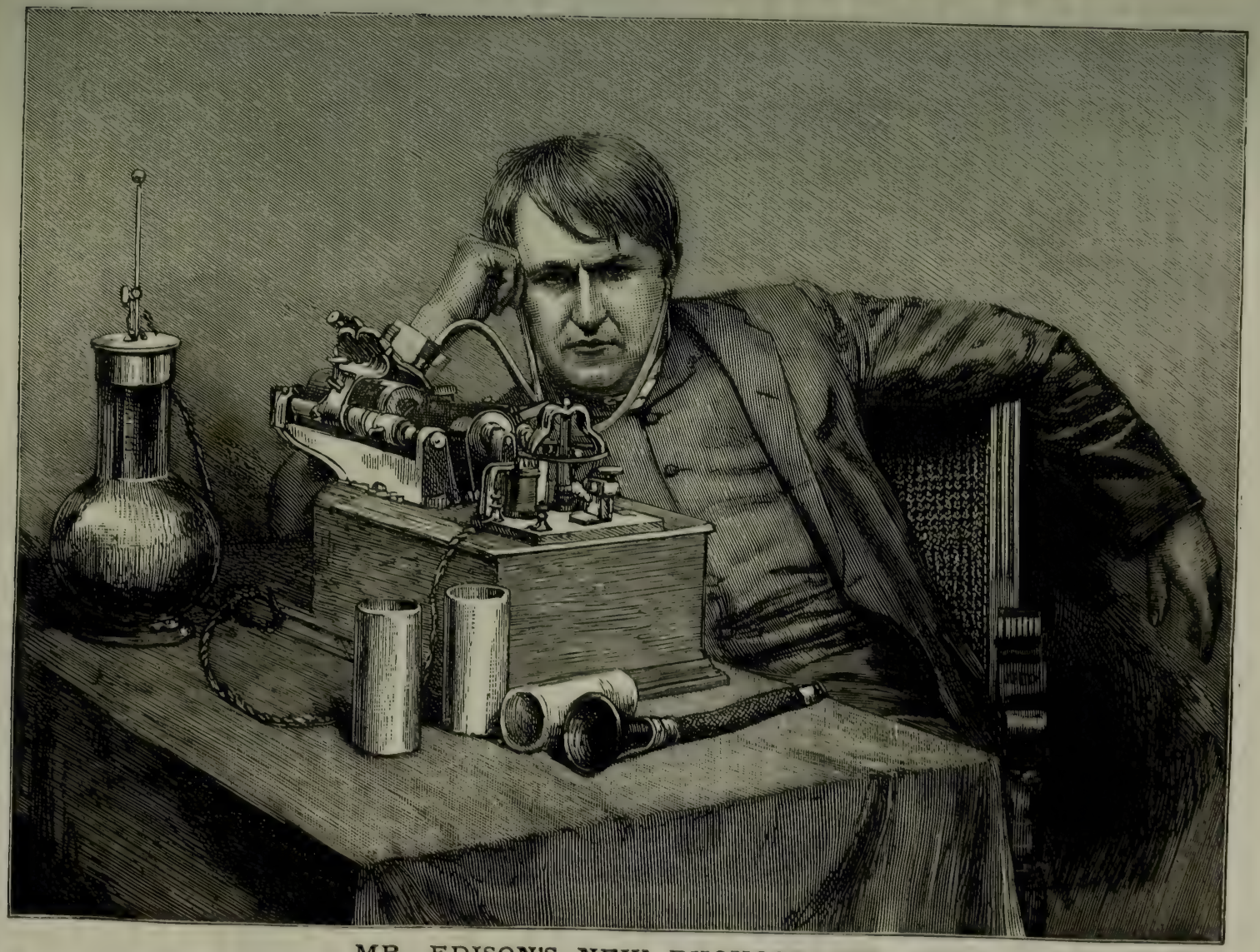
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—THE PHONOGRAPH.—THE TRIUMPHS OF SCIENCE.

WE cannot speak at length of Mr. Edison's successive inventions. He owns a large number of patents, but of these only about a dozen are of real value; the others are taken out to guard all approaches to the valuable ones. Among his pet patents are his quadruplex telegraphy, by which four messages may be sent at the same time over the same wire; and his electric pen, for multiplying copies of letters or drawings.

The telephone and phonograph are, of course, his most marvellous discoveries; although perhaps his fame will rest still more on his researches in electricity. A writer in a New York journal at the time when he was engaged in the latter, so aptly described the nature of his invention, that we cannot do better than quote his words.

"It seems incredible," he writes, "that Edison has succeeded in making his electric light out of a little piece of paper—paper of the same character and texture as that on which these words are written. It is asking, perhaps, as much of faith for credence as was necessary to cause men to believe that his phonograph was not, after all, ventriloquism. Yet, incredible as it may seem, a little piece of paper which you might blow away with a breath gives out the electric light. It becomes no more affected, so far as destructibility is concerned, than platinum—one of the most infusible of metals—under the heat of a tallow candle. And from this piece of paper is obtained a pure and unadulterated light, a globe of sunshine, without deleterious

* *The Localized Parish Almanack* is becoming almost a parish necessity. The above illustrates its value, and may serve to call attention to *The Fireside Parish Almanack* for 1889, which is now ready. A copy will be posted free to any address by the Publisher, Mr. Charles Murray, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, E.C. The *Day of Days Tablet Almanack* is also now ready, 1*d*.



MR. EDISON'S NEW PHONOGRAPH.

MR. EDISON IN HIS LABORATORY RECEIVING THE FIRST PHONOGRAM FROM ENGLAND.

gases, without noxious vapours, indifferent to wind or weather, requiring no matches to ignite, giving out no smoke or flame, possessing the uniformity and steadiness of the sun itself in clear weather, and withal a light cheaper in production than the cheapest oil.

"Not the least curious in the contemplation of this wonderful achievement of science is its simplicity. The construction involves no incomprehensible intricacies. It is nature in nature's garb. A small piece of paper, a piece of cardboard, a cotton thread—for all have been used with almost equally good results—is subjected to an intense furnace heat, and the charred remains placed in a vacuum. An electric current is then sent through the same, and the electric light is given."

Mr. Francis R. Upton, who was Mr. Edison's mathematical coadjutor for some time, gives a deeply interesting summary of the history of the electric light. Sir Humphry Davy first discovered the voltaic arc method of illuminating by electricity. Professor Dumas' experiments in Paris in 1834 were so brilliant, that, although the cost was six dollars a minute, he boldly predicted its final success. In 1845 an American named Starr received assistance from Mr. George Peabody, and took out a patent. Two years later, Dr. Draper, of New York, made a number of experiments to test the qualities of highly-heated platinum. One of his suggestions, we are told, lay for twenty years unheeded, and would probably have done so for a much longer period, had not Mr. Edison made use of a similar device, and, as his assistant remarks, proved himself to be "the ingenious artist," in his first electric-light invention. In 1862, Faraday introduced the electric light into a British lighthouse. France and Brazil tried the same experiment, but even this failed to arouse public interest.

The marvels of the phonograph have yet to be fully developed, but its use is advancing with giant strides. There are probably a million instruments already at work throughout the civilized world. For thirteen years Edison has been gradually improving the instrument, and now as Colonel Gouraud, his representative in England, tells us, "ordinary letter-writing between them has been superseded by this invention." Mr. Edison's phonogram, spoken across the Atlantic, 3,000 miles away, and ten days before, is heard in his house with perfect distinctness. Their correspondence is now recorded on the drum of a phonograph in the shape of "talk," which is carefully enclosed in a hollow cylindrical box, and then stamped and sent on its mission across the Atlantic.

At the recent meeting of the British Association, as an illustration of the power of the instrument, Colonel Gouraud caused the record of sounds which had been produced by the blowing of a cornet in Mr. Edison's laboratory in America to be again given forth for the benefit of the audience. Amid breathless silence there presently escaped from the wide-mouthed funnel attached to the revolving drum a cornet solo of "The Last Rose of Summer." Notwithstanding the unusual size of the hall for experiments of the kind, every note was clearly heard in all parts. At a later period of the meeting further illustrations were given; and it was certainly most interesting to hear the resonant tones of Edison's own voice, with preliminary coughing, "ahems," and side directions to workmen in his factory, speaking on this side of the Atlantic after a lapse of several months. Next there was a variety of dialogue, with an imitation of the multifarious noises incident to a barnyard.

The President of the Association, Mr. Wm. Henry Preece, C.E., in thanking Colonel Gouraud, read a letter from Captain Morley, an American geographer, dated Washington, May 12th, 1844, which shows how truly a dream may anticipate the reality. "What a pity it is," wrote Captain Morley, "M. Daguerre, instead of photography, had not invented a process of writing by merely speaking through a trumpet on a sheet of paper! What a glorious thing it would have been!" "On the previous night," added the President, "at Colonel Gouraud's house, he had listened to a sonata of Beethoven, rendered through the phonograph, and played in New York in May last. He could say without hesitation that it brought tears to his eyes."

Great indeed are the triumphs of science in these latter days: and the history of Edison and his work, since he found his first laboratory in a newspaper boy's den in a train on the Grand Trunk Railway, furnishes a remarkable instance of the persevering pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

Be it never forgotten, true science is the gift of the God of Knowledge to man, and the wisest philosopher will ever be the humblest student.

Wayside Chimes.

V. "Come and Rejoice with Me."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

COME and rejoice with me!
For once my heart was poor,
And I have found a treasury
Of love, a boundless store.

Come and rejoice with me!
I was so sick at heart,
But met with One who knows my case,
And knows the healing art.

Come and rejoice with me!
For I was wearied sore,
And I have found a mighty arm
Which holds me evermore.

Come and rejoice with me!
My feet so wide did roam,
And One has sought me from afar,
And beareth me safe home.

Come and rejoice with me!
For I have found a Friend
Who knows my heart's most secret depths,
Yet loves me without end.

I knew not of His love,
And He had loved so long,
With love so faithful and so deep,
So tender and so strong.

And now I know it all,
Have heard and know His voice,
And hear it still from day to day;—
Can I enough rejoice?

A Trip to Old Norway.

BY ONE WHO WENT.

XI. A WEDDING.

A WEDDING is always an interesting spectacle. Everybody has a good wish for the happy couple, whether they are married in England or Norway.

Marriage in Norway is attended with some peculiar steps and circumstances.

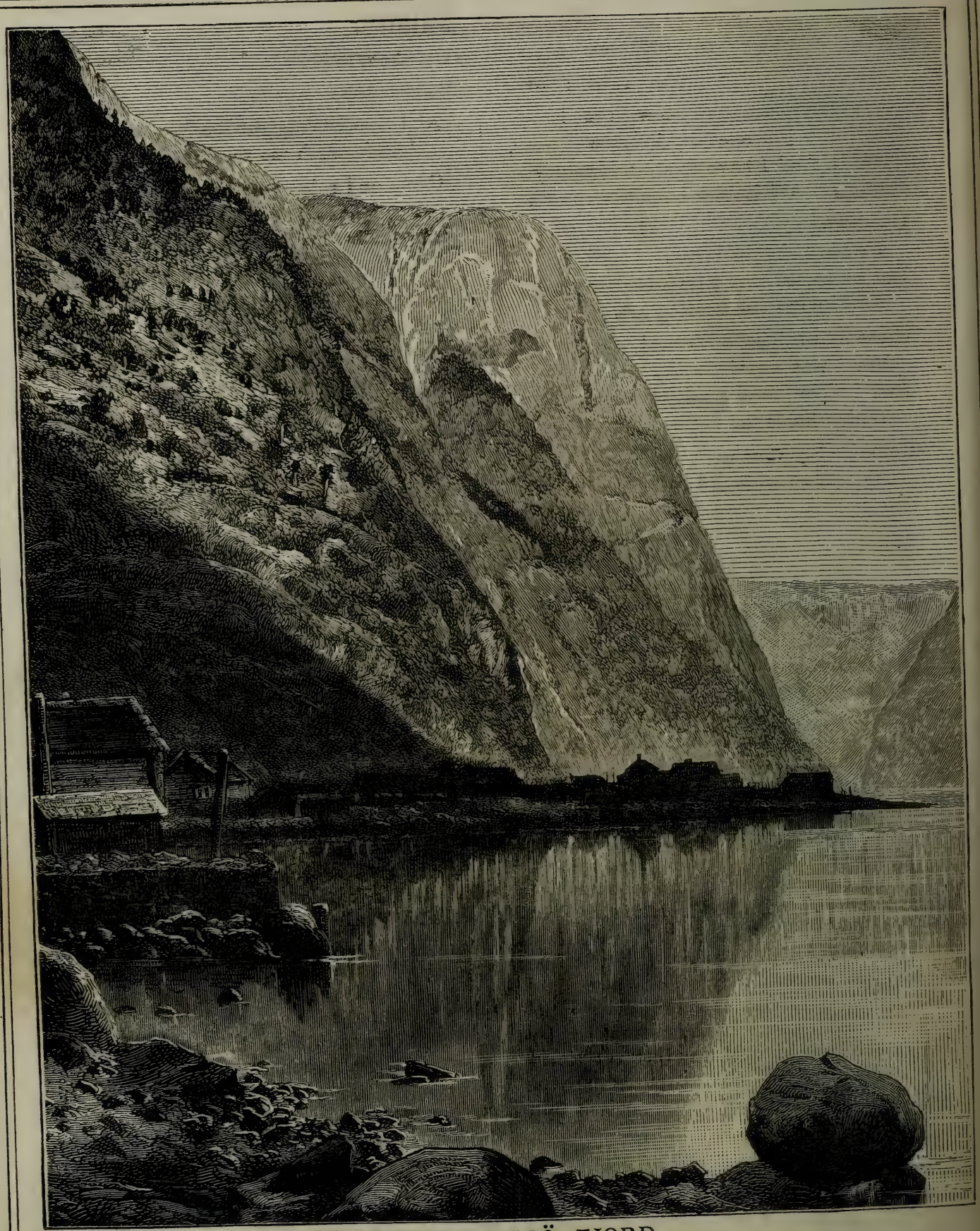
When a young man, following his own choice or the counsel of his parents, has selected a maiden in the hope of making her his wife, he empowers a friend whose standing is of some consideration in the community to make known his wish to the father or guardian of the girl. "*Tio læra!*" (Time will show) is the invariable answer, no matter how welcome the proposal may be; and a considerable period must elapse before the question may be raised again. If the answer be affirmative, the lover himself may then speak with the maiden alone. If she gives her consent, they clasp each other's hand, and the betrothal is settled.

On the morning of the day appointed for the marriage the bride has a crown placed on her head. This bridal crown is usually made of red cloth, ornamented with white and gilded silver spangles, which, when the bride moves her head, sound like little bells. As it is too costly for every bride to provide herself with one of these crowns, they are often kept in the large farmhouses as heir-looms which have descended from one bride to another. They are frequently lent to poorer friends and relations. Indeed, it is considered a shame to refuse the loan to a bride. Other ornaments belonging to the bridal attire, such as large silver buttons and lockets, are also frequently lent in this way.

The rest of the bridal dress ordinarily consists of a black jacket of homespun, with a red bodice trimmed with woollen bands and silver lace, a red vest, a deep red petticoat of homespun, a linen apron with scarlet border, and a deep red cloth sash, with gilt decorations and long flowing ends.

Whilst the bride is being adorned and crowned, there is much excitement in the other rooms of the house. All the doors remain open; people go in and out at their pleasure; children with cakes in their hands stand in the farmyard, full of fear lest they should soil their new clothes; and the bridegroom's two men, together with the steward of the kitchen, have plenty to do to supply and satisfy the continually arriving and numerous wedding guests.

(*To be continued.*)



IN THE NÆRÖ FJORD.



A NORWEGIAN SHEPHERDESS.

England's Church.

VIII. WHAT OUR CHURCH TEACHES.

BY THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (DR. TAIT).



IF men desire to corrupt the pure Gospel of Christ, either by unauthorized additions or by watering it down so that it becomes a mere sentimentalism, the Church of England has no word of encouragement for either of those mistakes.

I desire that all who are alienated from the Church of England at this time, should read carefully its formularies, and the books of its great writers; that it should be understood that the Church of England protests now as much as it ever did against errors which are anti-Christian, or which corrupt Christianity.

While in a wide spirit of comprehensive love it desires to draw into its fold all those who are faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ, does any one say that there is any faltering in our views as to the errors of the Church of Rome?

Does the Church of Rome teach a doctrine respecting the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which, beginning in superstition, generally ends in idolatry? Does not the Church of England with unfaltering voice declare against the Romish doctrine of Transubstantiation? Does it not declare that the means whereby we feed on the Body and Blood of Christ is *faith?* Does it not in that famous rubric * tell us that he who from lack of time or opportunity is unable to receive the actual elements, may yet receive into his soul blessings, though the outward communion be altogether absent? And does not all this set before us distinctly that the Church of England is faithful now, as it ever was, to the true Scriptural doctrine of that Holy Sacrament which our fathers died to support?

Does the Church of Rome tell us that the Bible is not sufficient; that there must be other teachers, and another system of inspiration, besides that which comes down to us from Christ and His Apostles through the Written Word? Does not the Church of England tell us that no particular Church, nor the gathered assemblies of the Universal Church, are free from error, and that their only hope is to keep steadfast by the Written Word?

Does the Church of Rome with faltering voice tell us that there are great doubts really as to what is the efficient cause of our reconciliation with God?—setting forth, indeed, the Lord Jesus Christ as our Atonement, but telling us that partly by sacraments, partly by works, and partly by faith, we become partakers of justification? The Church of England has no hesitation in saying, as it said of old, that the doctrine that "we are justified by faith only," is a most wholesome doctrine.

And whatever other errors there may be of the Church of Rome, which militate against the pure Apostolic faith, to all of them we may find the antidote in the approved formularies of our Church, and in the writings of our divines.

On the other hand, would any one say that our Christianity may become a sort of half-and-half infidelity? Who can read the formularies of the Church of England without seeing that a Personal Christ—His Incarnation, His Death for our sins, His Intercession for us at the Father's right hand, His gift of the Holy Spirit—is set before us in every page? Who can doubt that the Church of England sets before us the Personality of the Holy Ghost, and teaches us dependence alone on the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; to pray for the influence of a personal Comforter to bring us to our risen Lord?

With the clearest and most unhesitating maintenance of the great Gospel truths, with the clearest protest against errors which are dangerous to the soul on one side and on the other, the Church of England still stretches wide its arms, and desires to bring souls to its Lord from all directions, and is antagonistic to no Church and to no individual, so far as that Church and individual are faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ.

IX. SUMMARY OF CONTRIBUTIONS TO RELIGIOUS OBJECTS BY CHURCHMEN DURING 25 YEARS.

IT is too often supposed that the Endowments of our Church interfere with Voluntary Offerings. In some cases it may be so; but the following remarkable figures abundantly show that as we have "freely received" from our ancestors many noble churches, so we are ready "freely to give":—

CHURCH Building, etc. (all grants from Church Societies and Corporations excluded)	£35,175,000
Elementary Education (Schools, Colleges, etc.)...	21,362,041
Literature and Church Institutes (Books and Societies)	£1,059,501
Foreign Missions (no foreign contributions reckoned)	10,100,000
Home Missions (including the Temperance work, and that among Seamen)...	7,426,478
Charitable Work (as Nursing and Hospitals)	3,818,200
Clergy Charities	2,103,364
Theological Education	528,653
	£81,573,237

* See Prayer Book: Third Rubric: "The Communion of the Sick."

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

XXVII. "A LOST LADDIE!"

"I WILL pity the sorrows of all
Who are ready to fail in the fight,
And a word may be sent on my faltering breath
Which shall save some desperate soul from death,
As mine has been saved to-night."

B. M., Author of "Elijah."

"A young Scotchman called to see me, who showed me his diploma as a physician. He was a graduate of Edinburgh University, a fine-looking fellow, as handsome a man as ever walked the streets, except from being marked and scarred by this enemy. After some conversation he left me, and his last words rung in my ears; they brought tears into my eyes, and I think I shall never forget them. Standing before me, he said: 'I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Gough; you have given me your time, and you have told me the truth; but it's nae use, there is nae hope. Shake hands with me, will you? I am a lost laddie!' And he went away. As I saw him going out, stalwart and strong, in the pride of health, 'a lost laddie,' my eyes filled with tears, and at night I awoke, hearing the cry of a despairing man, 'I am a lost laddie!' How many 'lost laddies' are there to-day in the United States? How many are there in the City of London?"

J. B. Gough.

XXVIII. FUR TRAPPERS OF THE FAR WEST.

"AFTER the hunt the hardy trappers bring in their packs of beaver to meet the purchaser, sometimes to the value of a thousand dollars each. The traders sell their goods at enormous profits; and the thoughtless trapper, indulging in fire-water, from which he has long abstained, is too often induced to gamble away the gold for which he has risked life and gone through many hardships. When all is gone he gets credit for another equipment, and sets off alone, often to return and repeat the same process, although the profits of one or two successful hunts would enable him to stock a farm and live among civilized men."—"*The Western World,*" *by W. H. Kingston.*

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

CHARADES.

XVI.

I am black or white, blue, red, yellow, grey, and sometimes almost without colour. I am admired and feared, sometimes high, sometimes low, of all shapes and sizes, and always changing my appearance. Sailors dread me, and painters admire me. Sometimes I am prayed for; sometimes prayed against. I am a robber, yet always return the fruits of my plunder. Without my help everybody in the world would perish.

CONUNDRUMS.

136. What word is it the first two letters of which are male, the first three female, the first four a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman?

137. When are secrets like the sails of a ship?

138. How is punctuality *immaterial?*

139. Of what trade is the sun?

140. When does June come before may?

141. Give eleven other different ways of rendering the following line:—

"The weary ploughman plods his homeward way."

142. Tell me how to make your coat last.

143. Why are laundresses great navigators?

144. What letter made Queen Elizabeth mind her P's and Q's?

145. Which is the noisiest letter in a dairy?

146. Why is U a miserable letter?

147. Why is the nose on your face like the letter V in civility?

148. Why is a whisper like a forged note?

149. What is worse in London than "raining cats and dogs"?

150. What is the best colour to keep a secret in?

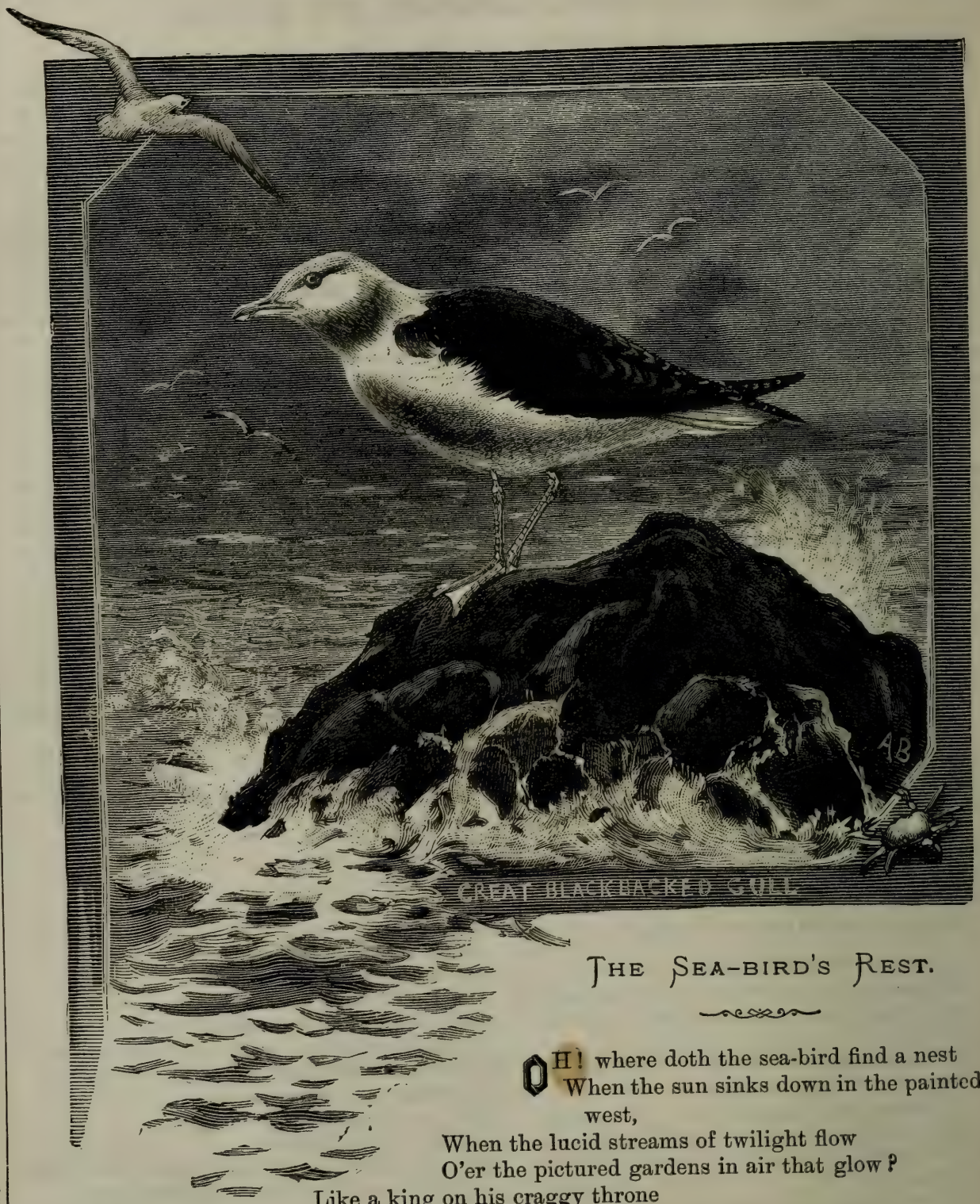
ANSWERS. (See OCTOBER No., p. 237.)

CHARADES.

XV. Hay.

CONUNDRUMS.

115. Two.
116. Swallow.
117. What does Y E S spell?
118. Extremes.
119. *F a s h i o n.*
120. Anybody can catch cold.
121. He is sometimes boy-led, sometimes cur-led.
122. They are good for age (forage).
123. I make a far-thing present.
124. To get to the other side.
125. It is a representative.
126. The Queen has an heir apparent, the orphan has ne'er a parent, the baby has no hair apparent.
127. In Cork.
128. That which blows foul (fowl), then chops, and then comes in with little puffs.
129. A man-of-war and a mail (male) steamer.
130. It is spinning a yarn.
131. They can sleep in their watches.
132. They are always going to see (sea).
133. It is still sea.
134. A yard measure.
135. Short.



"The Sea is His."

The Sea-bird's Rest.

OH! where doth the sea-bird find a nest
When the sun sinks down in the painted west,
When the lucid streams of twilight flow
O'er the pictured gardens in air that glow?
Like a king on his craggy throne
He seateth him; and there alone,
Watching the wrecks of grandeur made,
When the storm-wind o'er the dark waters played,
Doth the sea-bird find a rest.

W. J. Brock.

The Young Folks' Page.

XXXVII. MY MOTHER!

AND shall I never more on earth
See thee, my mother?
Who watched beside me from my birth,
Who shared my griefs and childish mirth?
Ah! now I know and feel thy worth,
My mother!

Who tended me when young and weak,
Save thee, my mother!
Thy voice, in accents kind and meek,
Bade me the paths of virtue seek;
Shall I again ne'er kiss thy cheek?
My mother!

Thy soothing arms no more can spread
Round me, my mother;
No more I rest my weary head
Upon thy breast; by thee am led;
Say why thy gentle spirit fled—
My mother?

How bitter when they bore away
Thy form, my mother;
Why dost thou sleep in silent clay?
Come back to me some sunny day,
And smile once more upon my play;
My mother!

Oh say if I thy voice shall hear
Again, my mother?
My heart doth hold thee now more dear,
For ever gone—the frequent tear
Attests the wish, would thou wert here,
My mother!

In memory fond my heart will twine
Round thee, my mother;
The loving care for me was thine,
The wayward tempers oft were mine,
Oh would I could recall the time,
My mother!

They tell me that thou now art clad
In white, my mother;
In that bright Home above, so glad,
Where Jesus is, and none are sad.
Would that with thee a share I had!—
My mother!

For oh to me thy loss is great—
So great, my mother!
And then it seems so long to wait,
For Jesus He may call me late!
But thou wilt meet me at the gate,
My mother!

T. DILLON.

XXXVIII. "GOD IS NOW HERE."

THERE was a little girl living with her old grandfather. She was a good child, but he was not a good man. One day when the little child came back from school, he put in writing over her bed, "*God is nowhere:*" for he did not believe in the good God, and he tried to make the little child like himself. What did the little girl do? She had no eyes to see, no ears to hear, what her grandfather tried to teach her. She was very small; she could only read words of one syllable at a time; she rose above the bad meaning which he tried to put into her mind; she rose, as we ought all to rise, above the temptations of our time; she rose into a higher and better world; she rose because her little mind could not do otherwise, and she read the words, not "*God is nowhere,*" but "*God is now here.*"—*Dean Stanley*

XXXIX. EARLY EDUCATION.

WITH great judgment the Duchess of Kent took special care that the Princess Victoria should travel to different parts of the country, to see places and objects of interest. She also visited famous manufactories, where she learnt some of the nature and action of machinery, as well as something of the lives of those whom it employed. In 1832, Mr. James Strutt, when she visited his Derbyshire cotton mills, took great pains to make the little Princess understand the machinery, showing her a working model, and putting it in action before her, explaining the different parts as they worked, etc. In 1856, when the Queen bestowed a peerage on Mr. Strutt's son, she remembered this, and smilingly mentioned it.

It was on one of these journeys, shortly before the accession, after the Duchess had received and replied to a civic deputation, the future Queen of Great Britain made her first public speech. It was brief, but thoroughly to the point. She said, with a deep blush and a pretty expression of diffidence:—"I am very thankful for your kindness; and my mother has expressed all my feelings."—*The Queen's Resolve.*

The Bible Mine Searched.

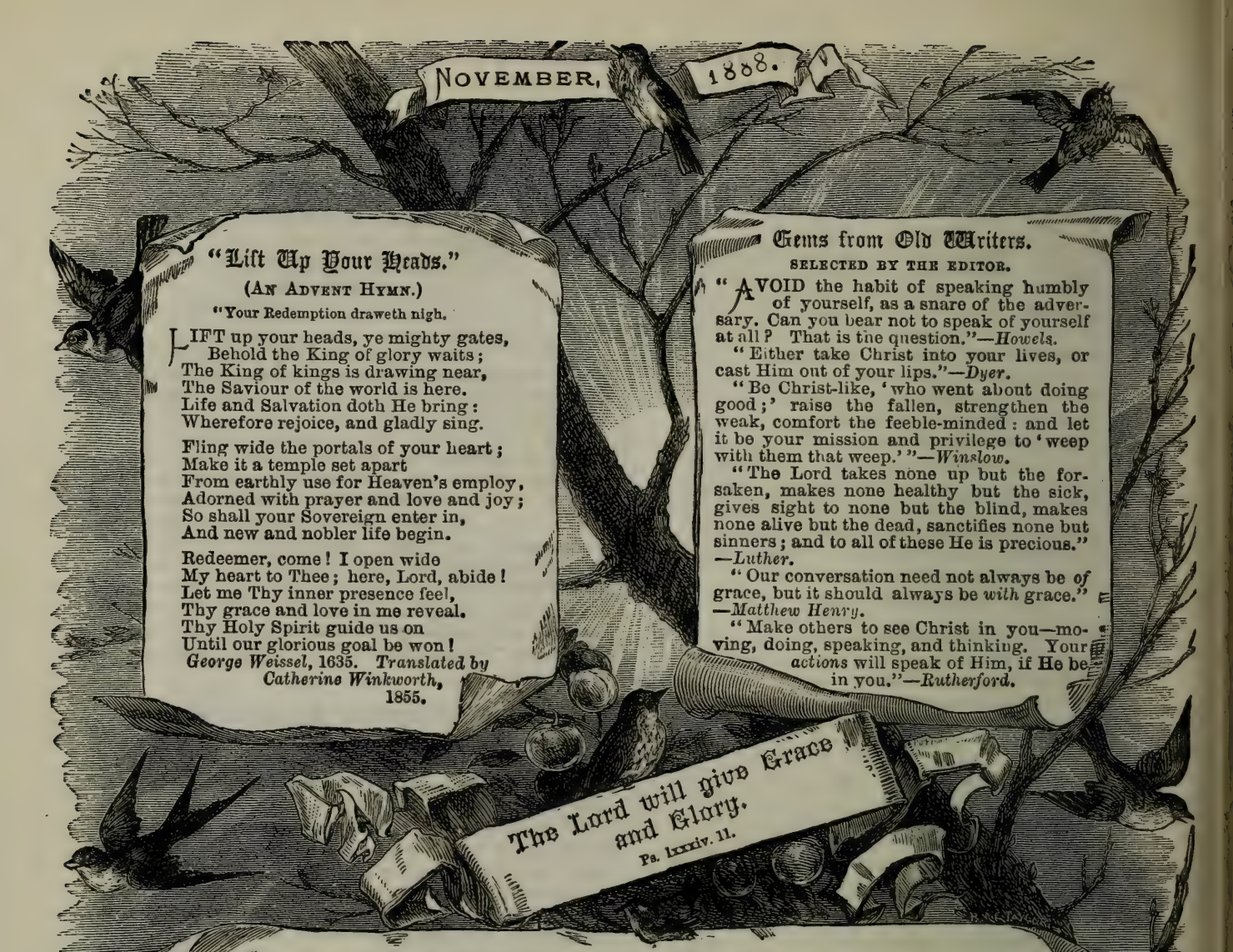
BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. THREE times St. Mark tells how the Lord took people aside. Find the cases.
2. Where in the Old Testament is the prophet Jonah mentioned, besides in his own book?
3. What happened in Uzziah's reign which was spoken of long after?
4. Give three examples of men who refused payment for God's gifts.
5. What were Ezekiel, Amos, St. Matthew, St. Luke, and St. Paul, by calling?
6. Show that the gates of Eastern cities were places where justice was administered and business done.
7. Who was a model of early rising?
8. Who were astonished and incredulous when the answer to their own prayer came?
9. Find two cases where a man's companions heard a voice but did not see the speaker.
10. Find places where the growth of a tree is made the image of the rise of a kingdom.

ANSWERS (See SEPTEMBER No., p. 215).

1. Gen. xii. 8.
2. Ps. xcix. 6.
3. Ps. lv. 17; Dan. vi. 10.
4. Jas. v. 17, 18.
5. Isa. xxxviii. 2.
6. Neh. i. 6.
7. 1 Sam. i. 20.
8. 1 Sam. xv. 11.
9. Hosea xii. 4.
10. Gen. xxiv. 15; Dan. ix. 20.



"Lift Up Your Heads."

(An Advent Hymn.)

"Your Redemption draweth nigh.

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.
Life and Salvation doth He bring:
Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing.

Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal be won!

George Weissel, 1635. *Translated by Catherine Winkworth*, 1855.

Gems from Old Writers.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

"AVOID the habit of speaking humbly of yourself, as a snare of the adversary. Can you bear not to speak of yourself at all? That is the question."—*Howels.*

"Either take Christ into your lives, or cast Him out of your lips."—*Dyer.*

"Be Christ-like, 'who went about doing good;' raise the fallen, strengthen the weak, comfort the feeble-minded: and let it be your mission and privilege to 'weep with them that weep.'"—*Winslow.*

"The Lord takes none up but the forsaken, makes none healthy but the sick, gives sight to none but the blind, makes none alive but the dead, sanctifies none but sinners; and to all of these He is precious."—*Luther.*

"Our conversation need not always be *of* grace, but it should always be *with* grace."—*Matthew Henry.*

"Make others to see Christ in you—moving, doing, speaking, and thinking. Your *actions* will speak of Him, if He be in you."—*Rutherford.*

The Lord will give Grace and Glory.

Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

"Numbered with Thy Saints."

"Thou King of Saints."—Rev. xv. 3.

1	Th	All Saints. *Gather My saints together unto Me.*
2	F	Ye shall be gathered one by one. Isa. xxvii. 12.
3	S	I will gather the remnant of My flock.
4	S	**23rd S. aft. Trin.** *There shall be one fold and one Shepherd.* John x. 16.
5	M	All His saints are in Thy Hand. Deut. xxxiii. 3.
6	Tu	Yea, He loved the people. Deut. xxxiii. 3.
7	W	Herein is love...He first loved us.
8	Th	He gave Himself for us. 1 John iv. 10.
9	F	I am Thine, save me. Ps. cxix. 94.
10	S	Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy [power.
11	S	**24th S. aft. Trin.** *We are His people.* Ps. c. 3.
12	M	All Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine.
13	Tu	Those that Thou gavest Me I have kept.
14	W	Despise not one of these little ones.
15	Th	Who hath despised the day of small things?
16	F	Seekest thou great things?...Seek them not.
17	S	Thou shalt see greater things. John i. 50.
18	S	**25th S. a. T.** *These all died in faith.* Heb. xi. 13.
19	M	And confessed that they were strangers.
20	Tu	Let the saints be joyful in glory. Ps. cxlix. 5.
21	W	They that feared the Lord spake often one to [another.
22	Th	The Lord hearkened and heard it.
23	F	He also will hear their cry, and will save them.
24	S	The Lord is on my side; I will not fear.
25	S	**26th S. af. T.** *Draw nigh to God.* Jas. iv. 8.
26	M	Hide not Thy Face far from me. Ps. xxvii. 9.
27	Tu	Be not far from me, for trouble is near.
28	W	The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon
29	Th	Jesus Himself drew near. Lu. xxiv. 15. [Him.
30	F	St. Andrew. *With Me where I am; that they may behold My glory.* John xvii. 24.

Sun.—1st day. Moon.—New, 4th, m. 0.2.
Rises 6.56. Sets 4.29. ,, Full, 18th, a. 3.16.
Where law ends, tyranny begins.
4. Mendelssohn died, 1847.

5. The Gunpowder Plot, 1605.
8. John Milton died, 1674.
10. Luther born, 1783.
25. Isaac Watts died, 1748.

THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, Id.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.





Drawn by W. GOODMAN.] A LITTLE CHRISTMAS TRAVELLER. [*See Page 267.*



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

A Little Christmas Traveller.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

YES; and a Traveller well laden with Christmas love, in Head, and Heart, and Basket. The Railway Train is bringing Rose nearer and nearer to "the spot of earth supremely blest," and thought is evidently so busy planning and meditating loving "surprises" for granny, and father and mother, and sisters and brothers, that even Christmas fun must wait awhile, before we hear in Rose's Home, on all sides, the merry laugh of Christmas welcome.

Well, in a most true sense we are all Christmas travellers—young and old, rich and poor; and I seem to read the lesson in Rose's lovingly thoughtful face, that ours will be a Happy Christmas if, like her, we bear about with us plenty of Christmas love, in Head, and Heart, and Basket. Let the Head be busy planning pleasant "surprises"; let the Heart be as warm as the Christmas fire can make it; and let the Basket be as full as Christmas bounty can fill it. Then let this be our Carol of Christmas joy: "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable Gift;" and let this be the outcome of God's great Bounty to us all: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

"Make Room for Jesus in the Inn."

WHEN to the shepherds grouped around
On Bethlehem's plains the joyful sound
Was heard announcing Jesu's Birth—
"Goodwill to men and peace on earth!"
With joy they hastened on their way,
Their humble reverence there to pay;
They ask without, they seek within—
No room for Jesus in the inn!

He begs a lodging in each breast
By sinful passions sore oppressed;
But no admittance can He gain:
He sues and pleads, but pleads in vain.
The house is full; no vacant place:
Envy and pride usurp each space;
The hosts of evil lodge within,—
No room for Jesus in the inn!

Lord, give Thy Spirit's quickening light;
Put all the powers of hell to flight;
Make Satan's banded legions flee,
And set the soul from bondage free;
Thy purifying grace impart,
To cleanse and sanctify the heart;
Cause holiness to reign within,—
Make room for Jesus in the inn!

ANON.

Mulberry Hollow; or, Deeds, not Words.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "MRS. HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES," "THE ROYAL LAW," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CROOKED MADE STRAIGHT.

THE links in the chain of God's Providence are very wonderful; and there is a sense of security and peace which comes with the faith that He holds that chain, and not one link can fail to keep the whole in perfect order and continuity.

There is no "chance," as some would tell us—no blind destiny, to which we all must submit. The Hand of Wisdom and Love guides and orders all things in heaven and earth: and well may we pray, "Keep us steadfast in this faith."

Mr. Townsend went to London by an early train the next day, and he and his brother went to Lorne Street, and found old James Oliver only too glad to get rid of "the ring."

"A family relic," he said, "and one come by honestly. Take it—take it; but of course you must make it good to me."

"There will be no difficulty about that," Mr. Townsend said; "and I can at once pay you the money you advanced on the ring."

"Aye! surely, and a compensation. I must have a compensation."

"That we must settle afterwards," Mr. Townsend said. "The ten pounds must suffice now, and you must give me a written acknowledgment. And now I have another question to ask. Have you any clue to the man who brought the ring here?"

"None—none whatever. He said he'd call again, and I have been expecting him. But I fancy my suspicions on his last visit as to where the ring had come from may keep my fine gentleman away. Still, he is pretty hard up, and *want* may bring him."

"If he comes, detain him, and send for me," Mr. Townsend said. "And now about your two grandchildren—the little cripple boy and his sister?"

"The girl is gone gadding off to the young lady's home, and a great nuisance it is. I don't know how to get on without her."

"We want to ask you to tell us what you know of these two children's parentage?"

"They are my daughter's children. She was a wilful piece of goods, was my daughter. I gave her a good education, and she went out as a governess: and then a gentleman fell in love with her, and they were married. How could I help it? I did not know it till it was done. The gentleman gave the name of Smith; he was fair-spoken enough, and reckoned on his father forgiving him. But the old gentleman was as hard as nails, and he said he'd never see his face again, and would never give him a penny: and he kept his word. My daughter had spent enough for a dozen, and she went out teaching in Guernsey, and there her husband died, and she died, and I had the two orphans on my hands. I, a poor man. It was pretty hard. My daughter—poor thing—got very religious at last, and the little one, Mark, is like her in *that*, but nothing else. The girl, Clara, is the image of her poor mother—a handful, I can tell you, but good in the main; yes, good in the main, and very useful to me. I don't stint her in money."

"Now for a very especial reason," Mr. Townsend said, "we wish to see anything Clara or the boy may have which belonged to either parents."

James Oliver's cunning little eyes twinkled, and he seemed to catch at some meaning in all these inquiries.

"Hum! ah! what are the special reasons, gentlemen?"

"We think we have a clue to the relations of your daughter's husband."

"Relations! well, they'll only spurn the children."

"I think not," Mr. Townsend said. "I believe that the poor little boy has touched a long-slumbering chord in his grandfather's heart, and that he will be well provided for if God spares his life."

"Poor little cripple! poor little Mark!" said old Oliver, rubbing his hands together. "Well! well! I'll show you Clara's little work-box. It was her mother's, and in it is a seal, a red Cornelian seal, with letters on it."

Then old Oliver beckoned to the two gentlemen to follow him upstairs—calling upon the boy, who tended the shop in Clara's absence, to stir from the door at his peril, and to ring the bell if any customer came.

The little dingy room over the shop—so mean in its surroundings, with a green baize table-cloth, and horse-hair chairs and sofa, and the ugliest carpet of red and brown squares—was not unfamiliar to the doctor, but to his brother it was quite new. The windows—for there were two—were dusty, and looked as if they were never opened, and hung with dirty yellowish muslin curtains.

No wonder Mr. Townsend thought: "That poor child suffers from being caged up here; there does not seem a breath of air—and what a musty, fusty smell!"

Dr. Townsend saw his brother's glance around him, and his look of disgust at two black bottles and four wine glasses which stood on the sideboard.

"Ah!" he said, "this home is a paradise when compared to many I am called to enter."

"I prefer a poor cottage—an attic even—to a room like this," Mr. Townsend said.

The old man was so much engrossed with foraging in a cupboard for the work-box, and then fitting a key into it, that he did not hear or heed these remarks.

The old work-box was opened at last, and the contents laid on the table.

"My poor girl told me to take care of these things—trumpery things, and worth little; but she said they were of value to the children."

There were several packets of letters yellow with age, and there were curls of hair tied with blue ribbon, and labelled,—"Clara's hair; my baby's hair;" and there was the seal—an old-fashioned gold seal.

Old Oliver said, "Here, take it, and examine the engraved initials with my glass."

Mr. Townsend did so; and, turning to the doctor, said,—

"It is a true story. The initials are M. J.W. They stand for Maurice John Wright."

"You will let me take this box to your granddaughter?" Mr. Townsend said.

"No, no; she must come home. I shan't let it out of my keeping."

"She cannot return yet, for she had a fall into a pond yesterday, and she is suffering from the shock, and is to be kept in bed for some days."

"Stuff and nonsense! she must get up then. What am I to do without her?"

"Look here, Mr. Oliver," the doctor said; "by an extraordinary chain of circumstances, the loss of this ring has brought about the discovery of your grandchildren's grandfather. The name of Smith was a false name—a *common* name, which might easily escape detection; your daughter married the only son of Sir Maurice Wright, who was then Mayor of Churton. It is in his house—the Uplands—that the children are now staying. Give me the work-box, and I shall establish the case beyond dispute."

Old Oliver sank back on the hard, slippery sofa, on which he had rested while unlocking the cupboard. He seemed dumb with amazement. When he recovered himself, he said:—

"I hope, gentlemen, you will not bring a poor man like me into trouble about that ring. There! I make it over to you for the ten pounds—no further due; no further due. Gentlemen, do you hear?"

"Yes, yes, I hear," said Mr. Townsend. "Pack up the box in paper, and let us be off. You shall hear again about the children,—and after your maintenance of them for so many years you shall be considerately treated."

And so it ended. Mr. Townsend returned to Overbury with his news, and hastened to the Uplands to communicate it to Sir Maurice.

The seal and some of the letters were convincing proofs of the identity of Clara and Mark as the children of Sir Maurice Wright's only son—Maurice John Wright. Amongst the letters was a paper which Sir Maurice read with a remorse which seemed to eat into his very soul. The writer said:—

"My father has cast me off, but God hath taken me up. I will never seek anything at his hands, nor suffer my wife to seek it,—except forgiveness; that I would fain obtain, and then die in peace."

There was an addition made in feeble lines:—

"He died in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, ten days after he wrote these words. I must live for the children; and then, my day's work done, may I meet my husband, who gave up so much for me."

Then there was yet another, and still more convincing, proof of Sir Maurice's relationship to Clara and Mark. There was a bit of thick letter paper, on which, in his *own* handwriting, Sir Maurice read his own hard words:—

"As you have chosen to disgrace yourself, this is to let you know, once for all, I will have no part or lot in the disgrace. I have paid your debts again and again. I have

borne with you till now. Now I renounce you utterly, and never wish to see your face again. I will *never* forgive you. To this I set my hand.—M. J. W."

There is surely no bitterer punishment for our guilt than that which we make for ourselves. As Sir Maurice read these hard, stern, unforgiving words, he bowed his head on his hand, and groaned, in the bitterness of his soul,—

"I repent, I repent—too late, too late; but henceforth I will do my duty to your children, Maurice. I do indeed forgive you now. I forgive as I hope to be forgiven."

CHAPTER XVI.

AT MIDNIGHT.

It was scarcely a week after that discovery of the lost ring, when Mollie was awakened from her first sleep by a strange noise. She had slept in her aunt's room since her illness, and any slight movement of the invalid always roused her. A night light was burning on the mantle-shelf, and Mollie sat up in bed and looked at the sleeper. In the dim light, she saw she slept peacefully, and she thought the sound of that knock must have been a dream. She was about to lie down again, when she heard it again—a dull, muffled tap at the window of the room. She rose, and throwing a shawl over her, went to the window. She drew aside the curtain, and a face was peering in—a face, the features of which she could hardly distinguish; but a low, hoarse voice whispered her name.

"*Mollie!* come down; it is I—*Ned.*"

Poor Mollie's firmness nearly failed her; it was all she could do to keep herself from screaming aloud. But the thought of Mrs. Macdonald, and the effect a sudden fright and shock might have on her, made her strangle the cry before a sound was made.

She answered in a low voice,—

"*Yes,* I will come."

Then she quickly dressed and groped her way softly downstairs, unfastening the door, and going out into the night—a beautiful clear autumn night, the stars throbbing with intense brilliancy, and a moon in its last quarter, rising in the eastern heaven. In a moment more, Ned had laid his hand on hers.

She started back, and something of indignation mingled with the pity she felt for him

"Come farther from the house. I want to speak to you," he said. "Out on the bridge."

She followed with a sinking heart.

"What can I do for you, Ned?"

"Nothing. I am starving to death. But I did want to see you before it was too late."

"How did you get up to the window?" Mollie said, asking, as we often do, an ordinary question, when one full of meaning is trembling on our lips.

"I put up the ladder. I remembered where it was kept years ago. It *must* be years—since—— Mollie, I found *that ring.* I kept it. Ah! what I have suffered! what agony I have had ever since!"

"I do not doubt it," Mollie said, in a low voice. "The ring is restored to Miss Wright; it was found——"

"Found! Where—at old Oliver's?"

"Yes——"

Then there was another silence. The little rivulet tinkled below, singing itself to sleep under the stars—those beautiful stars which ever seem to bring us a message of infinite love and infinite power!

Mollie clasped her hands and sent up a prayer for help and wisdom.

"I am very ill, Mollie, and very miserable," he said; but the tone was scarcely one of deep penitence—it spoke more of a vain self-reproach, a rebellion against the consequences of his sin, rather than of sorrow for the sin itself.

"Ned," Mollie said, very slowly and distinctly, "it was dreadful to steal the ring—very, very dreadful—but it was worse, oh! far worse, to try and turn the suspicion on Christopher. Your mother found that old pocket-book, and told me of it. No one but Christopher and I know of it—no one; but oh, Ned! all this sorrow—this double sorrow—has broken your mother's heart. She will never be the same again."

"Oh, don't say so! don't say so, Mollie!" Ned exclaimed, bursting into a fit of hysterical crying. Presently he said, "Will Sir Maurice have me arrested?"

Mollie drew back instinctively from the touch of his hand, which had grasped hers. It was so cowardly of him to fear for himself at that moment.

Then he went on:—

"What shall I do? What shall I do? I am afraid to be seen at Overbury. I came

just because I felt I must see you once more, and hear your voice, and hear you say you forgive me. And Christopher, will he forgive me?"

"Yes; I know he will."

"I should like to see him; but that cannot be. I am going back to London. If I could have the fare back! I am going to see the only friend I have in the world. Maybe he will help me to get away. If not—well, there's the river, the deep, dark river. I have looked at it from the bridge many and many a time, and longed to end it all, and then——"

"Then you would add sin to sin," said Mollie firmly. She was full of pity for him; and yet she could but contrast his way of bearing the trouble he had brought on himself, with the way Christopher—standing on that long bridge—had borne the trouble he had brought on his young brother. Truly the contrast was a marked one.

"Who is your friend?"

"Dr. Townsend—the brother of your parson here. I have kept away from him, but I'll go straight to him now if I can; but I've only a shilling in my pocket—my last shilling."

"Wait here," Mollie said, "till I come back;" and then she disappeared in the dim shadows, and went softly into the house. No one heard her light step. No one knew how she went to her purse, and took from it a sovereign. That would pay Ned's journey; that would prevent a scene with his mother which might end fatally for her.

"Ah! I hope I am doing right," Mollie said, as she hurried back to Ned with the money. "Here, Ned," she said; "here is the money. Go to Dr. Townsend, and be ruled by his advice; and, oh! Ned, do pray for forgiveness, and turn to God! I loved you like my brother; I can love you so still. I can't forget the old happy days, and I shall pray to God always for you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Ned said, choked with sobs.

"Write to us when you can, send good news, and I will tell your mother that you are alive, for she is always speaking of you as dead. Good-bye." Then, disengaging herself from his detaining hand, she was gone.

She fastened the outer door, and, going quietly to her little bed by Mrs. Macdonald's side, her forced calmness gave way, and she cried bitterly.

Presently her aunt stirred in her sleep, and talked, as she often did without waking, of the past:—

"There's Ned with Mollie! How fond the boys are of the child! She's like a little sister to them. What a handsome boy Ned is, and so clever! He shall not be forced into being a gardener, as Macdonald wishes. He shall go into a genteel business. Chris is more fit for the mill. Oh, Christopher!"

The pronunciation of the name, with its accent of distress which always accompanied it now, woke her, and she called,—

"Mollie—Mollie—where are you?"

Mollie was at her side in a moment. Then there came the old, old question,—

"Where is my Ned?"

"Ned is alive, aunt, and as I have every reason to know he says Christopher was entirely innocent about that ring!"

"I can't take in—my head goes round. What do you say, Mollie?"

"I say Christopher is quite, quite innocent, and there is no need to be troubled any more about him, dear aunt."

"Thank the Lord for His mercy," poor Mrs. Macdonald said. "And Ned, Ned, poor Ned!"

"We must hope for the best," Mollie said. "We must pray and hope; and now let me give you your draught, and then go off to sleep again."

Very soon Mrs. Macdonald was sleeping quietly. But Mollie did not sleep; she lay watching for the dawn, and hailed the first pallid rays of morning which came into the room, and made the little flame of the night light look ghastly and yellow.

As soon as it was light, Mollie dressed and went into the kitchen to wait for Christopher's coming down, that she might tell him the story of the past night.

The worst was over now, she thought—and the story would clear *her* sky, which had been so sadly overcast. Mollie looked brighter than Christopher had seen her for many a long day, when he came down ready to join his father at breakfast.

Little did he guess how Mollie's night had been spent, till, putting her hand through his arm, she drew him outside the cottage, and told him all.

It was an hour never to be forgotten by either; and their hearts went up in thankfulness to God.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST.

YEARS have passed away, and again it is summer at Uplands. All outward things look much as they had looked under Macdonald's devoted care. There was the same blaze of brilliant flowers, the same emerald turf of the same unrivalled smoothness.

Sir Maurice Wright is a feeble old man now, leaning heavily on his stick, while at his side is a boy of fifteen who walks with the help of crutches.

The boy was talking and laughing merrily, and his grandfather was listening to him with evident pride.

"And we may have them all to tea, grandfather," Mark said, "mayn't we?—old Macdonald and young Macdonald, and Mrs. Macdonald and the children? They would so like to come, and they do so enjoy the garden."

"Ask as many as you like, Mark, but don't tire yourself."

"Oh, no; I am scarcely ever tired now: and, grandfather, I am so happy, and it is all your doing."

The old man laid a hand on the young head, which scarcely reached up to his elbow, and said,—

"You have done so much for me, my little Mark!"

"I am still your little Mark. I don't mind your calling me little, though sometimes I can't help wishing I was a wee bit taller. Aunt Dorcas calls me the poor little cripple."

A Convalescent Home at the head of Mulberry Hollow had been built at Mark's earnest request. It was presided over by Mollie Macdonald, who had for some years been Christopher's wife, and who was like a mother to the pale and suffering little ones, who came from Churton, or were sent by Dr. Townsend from Lorne Street, or streets far more unhealthy than Lorne Street, to drink in the fresh, sweet air of the country, and regain health and strength, with the help of plentiful and wholesome food.

This home had been the wonder of the neighbours; and Mrs. Mason had declared it was nothing short of a miracle to see the old gentleman paying almost his daily visits there. Miss Wright, of course, went to poke and peer, but even she was more affable than she used to be before little Mark came.

Little Mark had indeed seemed to bring peace with him, and Miss Dorcas was not insensible to his influence.

The ring was still worn on her fore-finger: for she said she wished to keep the occurrence "in her own mind and in the minds of others," to be a warning to those who saw it, that "your sin is sure to find you out."

Poor Miss Dorcas, she could never forget a grievance: and from the first Clara had been in a state of open rebellion against her. Indeed, I must freely confess that in the happy reunion of the family, Clara was the difficulty. Even Rose Townsend and her mother were greatly perplexed as to what it was best to do for her. She was so independent and so unwilling to be led, that it was only by gentleness and kindness that it was possible to reach her better nature.

There was much that was generous in her nature, and she declared her fixed intention of never giving up her old grandfather on her mother's side. "No; not if I never see you again, or this fireplace," she had said to Miss Dorcas. "He took us in when other folks turned us out, and I shall hold to him."

Poor Miss Wright was in despair. It would soon be talked about that Clara's grandfather was an old money-lender; and think of the disgrace!

It had been undoubtedly a great problem to solve, and Clara's friends were for a time greatly perplexed. But at last the right thing came. One of the good women, who are so much on the increase, who wish to devote their lives to some work for God, and the good of others, a patient of Dr. Townsend's, heard Clara's story. She offered to receive her, and give her lessons in things of which she was ignorant; and, in return, she was to make herself useful in teaching some poor girls who frequented Lady Bexley's house for classes—cooking classes, sewing classes, and house work. Lady Bexley lived in a large house in the suburbs, and there Clara consented to go on one condition, which did her honour. She was to be allowed to visit her old grandfather at intervals, and make up his accounts, and look after his properties.

This Clara did faithfully to the time of the old man's death, and he left her well provided for and independent of her relations at the Uplands. Lady Bexley was the right person to deal with Clara. She brought the right

influence to bear upon her, and by calling out her sympathies and making her help others, the whole tone of her character by degrees was changed.

Twice a year she paid a visit to the Uplands, and delighted in Mark's society, keeping very much apart from Miss Wright, and scarcely responding to her little brother's opinion of Sir Maurice.

"I love him, Clara," he would say. "He is so good to me, and he will do anything I ask him; and then, he does love me."

"Ah, that's it," said Clara, with refreshing frankness, "and he doesn't love me; I am too much like our mother, I am. I am glad I am like her, and have spirit enough to fight my own way and hold my own."

Then Mark would sigh and say, "Let us talk of something else, Sissy;" and Clara would kiss him and tell him he was as good as gold, and the stiffest old fossil in the world must love him.

Clara's greatest friend at Overbury was Mollie Macdonald. She would go and sit with her in her pretty, well-furnished home, which formed one wing of the Home for Convalescent Children, and tell her again and again that she was the first person in all the world whose goodness she believed in. And Mrs. Mason, when she saw the two friends on the Day of Rest walking to church together, one on either side of Mark's pony chair, would tell her husband that Clara Smith now gave herself no airs, and that she was just as friendly with young Macdonald's wife as if she did not live with a lady of title, and had a pretty little fortune of her own.

Mrs. Townsend, too, when she saw Clara and Mollie kneeling on either side of Mark at the Holy Communion, felt a thrill of thankfulness that Rose's efforts for good had, in Clara's case, been crowned with success. For there could be no doubt that though Clara's natural temperament was still the same, it had been touched by the power of that Grace, the blessed Gift of God, which brings pardon of sin, and shows that every step in this common life of ours must be taken in the faith of Him who has left us an Example that we should follow Him, not in "words" only, but in "deeds"—not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing His holy will from the heart.

We will look at the Uplands once more—a last look.

It is a day when "Mark's children" are all collected for tea. There are a dozen pale-faced little ones seated at a table under the spreading cedar-tree, where once Mark had slept in his chair long years before.

Mark is as quick on his crutches as any one in handing cake and bread-and-butter. Clara is there too, with Mollie's last baby in her arms, and Macdonald has brought his wife up from the Hollow to look on for a little while.

Mrs. Macdonald can now enjoy life a little, for there have been really cheering letters from Ned, who, by Dr. Townsend's kindness, had been sent out to Australia, and had done well there.

A past like Ned's can never wholly be wiped out; but let us always try to join in the joy of the angels when one sinner repenteth. For Ned had really repented. It was seen in the humble tone of his letters, and especially in one which he had written to Christopher after his first year's absence. For this very afternoon, when Christopher came in from the mill, where he is now the principal manager with a good salary, he has a letter from Ned in his hand, which he puts into Mollie's.

"A registered letter! Why, it must have money in it!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; read it, and then you can show it to my father."

The letter contained two Bank of England notes for five pounds, and the words which accompanied them were few.

"DEAR CHRISTOPHER,—I have had a good haul from my last employer on a sheep-walk. I send you therefore ten pounds—the money I got wrongfully on Miss Dorcas Wright's ring. If you please, do what you will with it—tell every one or tell no one, as you see best. My love to our mother and my dear sister Mollie. As I have said before, if she had rated and scolded me *that* night, I don't know what I might have done; but her loving words saved me. May God bless her!

"Your affectionate and penitent brother,

"EDWARD MACDONALD."

"*Deeds, not words*," said poor Macdonald, "this time, thank God!"

And with one consent the money Ned had restored was devoted to the funds for maintaining the comforts of the sick children in Mark's Convalescent Home.

"Merrily the Christmas Bells."

BY THE REV. J. FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D.

MERRILY the Christmas bells
Peal upon the morn:
Cheerily their music tells
"Christ to-day is born."
'Tis the tale the angels told
To the shepherds in the fold,
Chanting heavenly melodies,
While God's glory filled the skies.

Let us chant that hymn sublime
That erst the angels sung:
Let every race and every clime,
And every heart and every tongue,
Wake a world-wide song of praise,
As the joyful strains they raise:
Earth proclaim and Heaven reply,
"Glory be to God on High!"

Not myrrh, nor frankincense, nor gold,
The offerings we bring,
As royal Magians gave of old,
To Child and God and King.
We give not part, we give the whole;
We give our spirit, body, soul:
We love and worship and obey
The Infant God-King born to-day.

Christmas bells, peal merrily
On this festal morn—
"Glory be to God on High!
Christ to-day is born!"
So sang the Church in ages past:
So shall she sing while time shall last:
Her hymn on earth, while warring, given,
Her hymn triumphant yet in Heaven!

Life's Accounts:

FOR THE PASSING YEAR.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' IN THE PSALMS," "THE OILED FEATHER," ETC.

IMAGINE an ignorant man who had never heard of figures, or seen one made, coming to another man and asking him how he can possibly find out whether he will come out gainer or loser by embarking in a certain venture, or working a certain property. He can tell the person from whom he inquires that labourers are so much a day, and that there is this expense and that, and that the inbringings of such and such a branch of the business will be so much; but how is he possibly to find out how he will stand at the end of the year? Nay, the question is harder still; one year must work into the other—how will he stand when his lease is up?

By a very simple process this man's friend answers his question with mathematical precision. A little multiplication, and addition, and subtraction, and division: a covering of perhaps only a very small sheet with differently shaped pen-marks, arranged in different ways, will do what is required. Perhaps it is a very little sheet, and at the bottom of it stand some eight or ten figures, and opposite them stands a single word, either "profit" or "loss," as the case may be. Those figures tell how that man will stand when all his work is done; and how he will come out of years of toil—or of one year—according to the question which is asked.

Every figure made by the calculator had its inexorable meaning: when he added he really put things together; when he subtracted he really took away; when he multiplied he really increased manifold; when he divided he really cut up and reduced.

But the whole process was unintelligible to the man who knew not figures. Nor



Drawn by A. Hunt.] BRINGING HOME THE YULE LOG.

indeed could any bystander have told how the sum would work out, until perhaps very near the end, or until, it may be, the very end itself.

Very possibly the man who wants the answer is himself astonished when he hears the result. Be it for profit or for loss, perhaps he never thought that he could have gained so much, or perhaps that he could have lost so much either.

Now I would have you observe—or what I am now saying would have no point as regards what I am yet about to say—that although he does not put a pen to paper, or make a single figure, still it is this man who has the farm or the business who really makes them all. He has said that so many labourers are to work at so much a day: that this outgoing is to be so much, and that so much: that this incoming is also to be so much: and so, everything that is put down is just the value of this little incoming and outgoing multiplied or subtracted from, added to or divided by, as the case may be.

Once the man has told the calculator such and such is the price, say of one man's work, then long rows of figures will in the end tell unerringly what the cost of the labour will be during the whole lease; and so with everything else—each figure will be true, each one will be in its place, each do its own particular work—some, such as multipliers and dividers, doing tremendous work—each one will represent something. And now behold, at the lease's end, the man is proved a rich man or a beggar!

Although I do not pretend that there is a perfect analogy between what I am going to say and what I have been saying, there is likeness enough to show you a tremendous truth, and to warn and perhaps startle you too.

You are the leaseholder, and your lease is your life. There are certain—not so very many principles of good or evil—elements of profit or loss to be worked out, worked out during many days, day after day; and One is putting down the figures of each day's gainings or losings, its expenditures and their results, and He will show you what the sum total is *when the sum is done.*

Your character for eternity is being formed day by day in this act and in that: addings and takings away are going on, sometimes with large figures, sometimes with small: and at certain seasons and under certain circumstances your evil is being multiplied or divided, greatly increasing or diminishing, from some cause or other, and likewise your good. And as single figures affect a sum more or less, so single acts for good or evil are affecting your whole life and its last great result.

One bad companion may divide into the very depths of your character, and leave you many times less worth than you were before; one bad act may curse you in like manner; one good companion, one noble deed, may multiply your character or life in like manner for good; and this little thing and that will add up or subtract—a little, it may be, here and there—but all to appear in the great result.

Every day figures are being put down in the sum which will be our life's history: and at last the end will come, and the result will be proclaimed. For some of you who now read these lines a lease is fast drawing to a close. In a few days one period of your life will have passed; its opportunities for good or evil will never come again. A sum total of another Year will be entered in God's Book within a few days' time. You will go forth from this year better or worse than when you entered upon it—the better or the worse as the product—the nett result on your character of a host of little deeds, and words, and ways, and companionships, and of duties done or left undone; and with this gain or loss you will go out into the great world to add figures of some kind to the life which will end in the great account.

You are better or worse than when you entered this year.

"Nay," you say; "if not better, at least not worse."

Yes, worse; for if you are only where you were you are thus much worse, that you must have settled down in an unimproved state—and to be long unimproved is to become unimprovable at the last.

God grant that if we have any such amongst our readers they may rouse themselves to seek the influences of the Holy Spirit who can start them on anew. "A new heart and a new spirit will I give you," is the hope of your future, and the Blood-shedding of Jesus your Atonement for the past.

And blessed be God for those who close up this year with a good result. What they have become will probably be a great element in what they will be hereafter. The little figures of the past year will fit into their proper places in relation to the figures which are yet to come, the records of deeds, and words, and thoughts, of doings, and leavings undone, all of which will be the record of our life—of what we have been formed into by the mouldings and processes of the past.

The life of some is closing, and its sum, its nett result, will, ere a few days have ended, be entered in the book of great accounts.

A Trip to Old Norway.

BY ONE WHO WENT.

XII. A NORWEGIAN WEDDING. (*Continued from Page* 257.)

A GRAPHIC account of a wedding witnessed in Bergen is given by the author of "A Month in Norway," and it may fitly close our pictorial sketches of "A Trip to Old Norway." The writer says :—

"Garlands of fresh flowers decorated the church, and little bouquets, tastefully arranged in patterns, were plentifully strewn on a cloth on the floor, on which the bride and bridegroom had to stand.

"When the time was come, the minister preceded the party from the vestry to the communion rails. He was dressed in the old white starched ruff which one sees in portraits of divines of Queen Elizabeth's time, and wore a long black gown, without sleeves, meeting in front, and enveloping the whole figure. After all the bridal party had taken their seats, the ceremony began by the singing of a hymn by the choir. The minister then knelt down for a short time in prayer. When he rose, the bride and bridegroom also rose, and coming forward stood upon the flower-strewn white linen cloth, while the minister delivered a long extempore exhortation to them.

"He was remarkably fluent, and most impressive in manner; but it must be a trying part of the ceremony for the young couple, who have to stand there—all the rest of the party sitting round in a circle—for a full half-hour, the observed of all observers. Towards the close of his exhortation, the old minister, ceasing to address the young people, turned solemnly round to where the elders of the party were sitting, and addressed them in such affecting terms as drew tears not only from the bride and young and old ladies present, but also from a tender-hearted little German tradesman of the place who stood next to us.

"After the exhortation, the minister, taking a book, asked questions of the bride and groom, to which they bowed the head in answer. The bride then pulling off her right-hand glove, and taking the hand of the bridegroom in hers, they knelt down, and the old pastor, laying his hands on theirs thus clasped, pronounced them man and wife; and then placing his hands alternately on each of their heads, prayed for them and pronounced blessings on both of them. This and the preceding part the old man did in a simple, impressive manner.

"The couple then returned to their seats; and after some prayers by the minister and the singing of another hymn by the choir, the whole thing concluded by the old man giving three sweeping bows to the congregation on the three sides of the church, and marching out."



CROWNING THE BRIDE.

Taking in a Home Newspaper.

"THE *Church Guardian* of Montreal publishes the subjoined extract from the *Parish Helper* :—

"'We shall persist until a goodly number of Church papers are taken in our parish. We want the help and life that a weekly Church paper will put into our parish. We will not accept the pleas of "can't afford it," "too poor," as long as we see that daily papers, illustrated weeklies, "companions," juvenile papers, magazines, and chromos can be afforded. It is simply shameful that Christian people will spend money for literature that tells them all about the world, the flesh, and the devil, but will begrudge an insignificant sum for a good weekly Church paper.'

"The last sentence is rather strongly worded. We believe the free distribution to every house in a parish of a specimen number of a Church



THE FIRESIDE NEWS: "THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE."

Home newspaper would in most cases amply suffice to establish a considerable and steady circulation.

"If any of the Clergy or our Lay friends are disposed to make a trial of THE FIRESIDE NEWS, the Publisher is willing to bear half the outlay, which would really be very trifling.* Many Societies receive large contributions to give away literature which most people *could* quite easily and *would* most readily pay for, if in a cheap form brought under their notice, and we should regard it as a mark of real interest in our work if only fifty of our readers will render this service."

So says THE FIRESIDE NEWS.

But a better plan still would be for every reader of *Home Words* just to order *next week's* number at the nearest bookseller's. The demand would astonish the Publisher, and secure a sale surpassing the circulation, not only of all our Church papers put together, but of any London daily: although we must add there would still be *one* weekly secular paper, whose principles the Clergy would certainly not approve, which is, we believe, read by at least one-sixth of the entire population.

Why should not our Church friends give the *Fireside News* a similar circle of readers? No paper is cheaper. It gives for 1*d.* 16 large pages (the size of the *Graphic*), containing as much printed matter as would make an ordinary volume of 120 pages.

We know so well the "power of the pence," that we shall regard it as "a helping hand" indeed, if each of our readers will at once invest the penny.

England's Church.

IX. OUR CHURCH'S MISSION.

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

THE National Church is an organization to teach religion all over the land. What is the religion it teaches? That question can be variously answered; but I want to draw attention to one point which the Church has in common with other denominations—it is based upon the Word of God.

I want it to be noticed, that wherever the Church of England system is thoroughly carried out, it brings that Word of God (beyond any other body with which I am acquainted) into the ears and within the knowledge of the people; spreading reverence for and acquaintance with the Bible into every corner of the land. Where are the services of any religious body that dispense more freely the Bread of Life than the Church of England certainly does? Where is the body that teaches more actively and consistently in its schools the knowledge of the Bible?

The Church of England is an institution that for many centuries has taken part in the destinies of the country; and if England is great, it is because she is a religious country, and the Church has guided her religion up to this point. Without denying her defects, I maintain that, viewed by the tests applied to great institutions, the Church of England is now pursuing her mission with greater activity than she ever exhibited before.

What is that mission? Not a mission of self-enrichment or pride, but one of teaching the poor—ay, the poorest in the land—to know their God and Saviour; and to obey the laws, not simply for the sake of escaping the policeman, but as an obedience to God Himself. In this mission she makes no distinction between the rich and the poor; indeed, if she does make any, it would be in favour of the poor and not of the rich. If her light were extinguished, there would be in many a country-place that now enjoys the light, almost perfect darkness; because the Church of England has been, more than any other agency that I know of, the guardian of both political and religious freedom.

It is on this account I ask the people to think well before they lift a sacrilegious hand to attack the Church. She has been the friend of the poor man when he was oppressed by those above him; she is still his friend when he is oppressed only by ignorance and vice; and she has been the friend of freedom from the first. She has plenty of work still to do in the same direction, and, by the blessing of God, the noisy enemies who assail her will be put to silence by the voice of reason and common sense, declaring that she shall be allowed to go on for many generations in the excellent work which God has set her to do.

* The Publisher will supply for this purpose 250 copies of any week's issue for 10*s.*, 500 for 15*s.*, or 1,000 for £1 7*s.* 6*d.* Address:—Mr. Charles Murray, *Home Words* Office, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

XXIX. "TEMPERATE IN ALL THINGS."

"To join advantage to amusement, to gather profit from pleasure,
Is the wise man's necessary aim, when he lieth in the shade of recreation.—*Tupper.*

"I will be sober, not because I must,
But eke because I love sobriety."—*Anon.*

"Make temperance thy companion, so shall health sit on thy brow."—*Dodsley.*

"Intemperate youth, by sad experience found,
Ends in an age imperfect and unsound."
—*Denham.*

"Yet I am strong and lusty.
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."
—*Shakespeare.*

"If thou well observe
The rule of not too much, by Temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st,
So may'st thou live."—*Milton.*

XXX. "EVERY YEAR!"

THE annual expenditure in drink and tobacco in the United Kingdom, is said to amount to more than £3 6*s.* per head of the entire population—men, women, and children—or more than £13 for every adult male. Think of this amount spent *every year* in making Home more Homely! We say nothing of the saving in rates and taxes, so largely required for workhouses and prisons and lunatic asylums,—buildings which habits of temperance would to a great extent soon empty of their tenants! Why, £3 6*s.* per head would pay the rent in many cases twice over. Try the plan for 1889.

C. B.

Puzzledom: for Home Recreation.

BY ONE OF THE "OLD BOYS."

ANSWERS. (See NOVEMBER No., p. 261.)

CHARADES.

XVI. Cloud.

CONUNDRUMS.

136. Heroine.
137. When they get wind.
138. It is the soul of business.
139. He is a tanner.
140. When you look it out in the dictionary.
141.
1. The weary ploughman plods his homeward way.
2. The weary ploughman homeward plods his way.
3. The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way.
4. The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way.
5. Weary the ploughman plods his homeward way.
6. Weary the ploughman homeward plods his way.
7. Weary the homeward ploughman plods his way.
8. Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.
9. Homeward the ploughman, weary, plods his way.
10. Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way.
11. The homeward ploughman, weary, plods his way.
12. The homeward ploughman plods his weary way.

142. Make your trousers and waistcoat first.
143. They cross the line, and go from pole to pole.
144. The R made (Armada) her.
145. Letter S—it makes cream scream.
146. It is always in troubles and difficulties.
147. It stands between two eyes (i i s).
148. It is uttered, but not allowed (aloud).
149. *Hailing* cabs and omni-busses.
150. Keep it in violet (inviolate).

"Home Words" Christmas Reading.

WE have only space to give the Titles and Prices of a few of our Christmas Books.

The Fireside Pictorial Annual, 7*s.* 6*d.* **The Day of Days**, 2*s.* **Home Words**, 2*s.* **Hand and Heart**, 2*s.*

1. **By Canon Bardsley**—(1) "His Grandfather's Bible," 3*s.* 6*d.* (2) "The Romance of the London Directory" (Second Thousand), 3*s.* 6*d.*
2. **By Agnes Giberne**—(1) "The Nameless Shadow," 5*s.* (2) "Our Folks," 1*s.* 6*d.*
3. **By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.**—(1) "The Queen's Resolve," 1*s.* 6*d.* (2) "The Royal Year," 1*s.* 6*d.* (3) "The Crown of the Road," 5*s.* (4) "Courtship and Marriage," 6*d.*
4. **By Mrs. Marshall**—(1) "Dayspring," 5*s.* (2) "The Royal Law," 2*s.* 6*d.* (3) "The Two Homes," 2*s.* 6*d.*
5. **By Mrs. Garnett**—"Loyally Loved," 2*s.* 6*d.*
6. **By Mrs. Johnson**—"Bridesmaid and Bride," 3*s.* 6*d.*

Ring the Bells: Home Words for Christmas, 1*d.*—"**Goodwill to Men**," The Fireside Christmas Number, 6*d.* **The Fireside Parish Almanack**, 1*d.*, and **The Day of Days Tablet Almanack**, 1*d.* Can be had at all Booksellers.

OUR MAGAZINES for 1889.—**Home Words**, 1*d.*; **Hand and Heart**, 1*d.*; **The Day of Days**, 1*d.*; and **The Fireside Pictorial**, 6*d.*, are nearly ready. *Specimen* packets of the four Magazines (Price 9*d.*), will be sent to any address, on receipt of *six* postage stamps, by Mr. CHARLES MURRAY, 7, Paternoster Square, London, E.C. We hope many of our readers will help us in this way to reach new Homes.



"A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE."

[See Page 283.

The Young Folks' Page.

XL. "A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE."

(See Illustration, Page 282.)



ES: and a good "bit" too, a real nugget of sterling gold. Kindness to animals is a mark of a noble character. Cowper, the poet of Home, well said:—

"I would not call that man my friend,
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

A worm has a right to live, till it is necessary to destroy it. Every living thing is "God's creature:" and the "observing eye" will see much to admire, and probably something to imitate, in the study of the animal and even of the insect world. Boys and girls should have "Home pets:" and they should all commit to memory the lines of Coleridge:—

"He prayest best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear Lord who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

C. B.

XLI. A LITTLE FACE.

A little face to look at,
A little face to kiss,
Is there anything, I wonder,
That's half so sweet as this?

A little cheek to dimple
When smiles begin to grow,
A little mouth betraying
Which way the kisses go.

A slender little ringlet,
A rosy little ear,
A little chin to quiver
When falls the little tear.

A little face to look at,
A little face to kiss,
Is there anything, I wonder,
That's half so sweet as this?

A little hand so fragile,
All through the night to hold
Two little feet so tender
To tuck in from the cold.

Two eyes to watch the sunbeam
That with the shadow plays—
A darling little baby,
To kiss and love always.

XLII. THE LITTLE HAND.

A little boy, a Sunday scholar, had died. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went into the room to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper; for his face was beautiful even in death.

As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but as her child repeated the request, she took the cold hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in that of his weeping sister. The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through tears—the tears of affection and love—and said, "Mother, *this little hand never struck me!*"

What could be more touching and lovely? Young readers, have *you* always been so gentle to your brothers and sisters that, were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or a sister take your hand, were it cold in death, and say, "This hand never struck me"?

Remember the Old Year will soon be gone. Don't let it go without seeking and finding forgiveness for every unkind thought and word and deed it has recorded in God's Book. And then begin the New Year with the sweet Confirmation prayer, that you may "daily increase in God's Holy Spirit"—the Spirit of love and peace and joy—"more and more, until you come to His everlasting Kingdom."

XLIII. A GOOD RESOLVE FOR 1889.

If spared to see 1889, I will, by God's grace, try to do all the good I can, in all the ways I can, at all the times I can, to all the people I can.

XLIV. THE POWER OF THE LITTLES.

A vizier, having offended his royal master, was condemned to life-long captivity in a high tower, and every night his wife wept at its foot.

"Go home," said the husband, "and find a black beetle, and then bring a bit of butter and three strings—one of fine silk, one of stout twine, another of whipcord—and a strong rope."

When she came provided with everything, he told her to put a touch of butter on the beetle's head, tie the silk thread round him, and place him on the wall of the tower. Deceived by the smell of butter, which he supposed was above him, the insect continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus the vizier secured the silk thread. By it he pulled up the twine, then the whipcord, and then the strong rope, by which he finally escaped.

Is there not great power in little things?

The Bible Mine Searched.

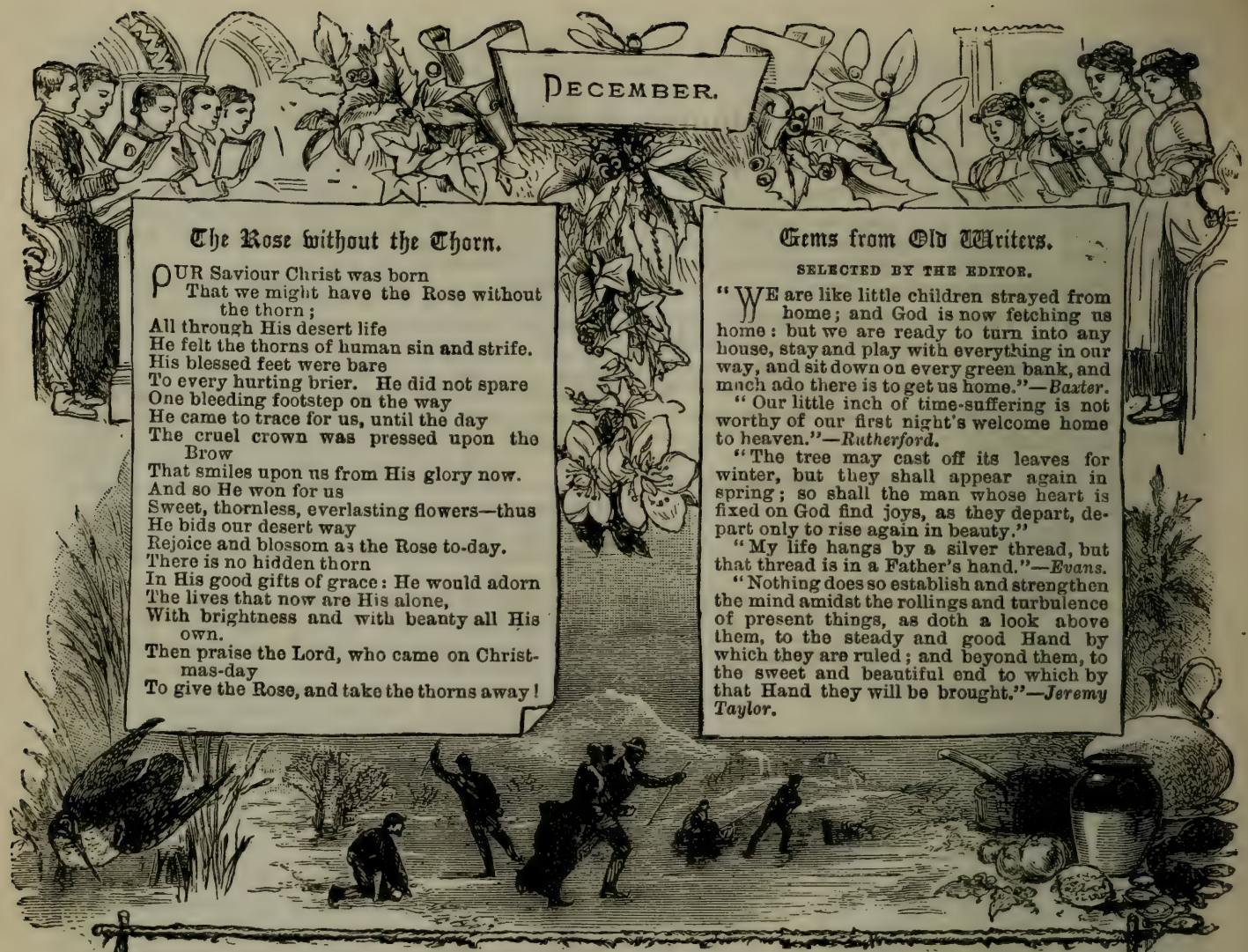
BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. GIVE three passages which prove that Tyre depended largely on the Holy Land for food.
2. Give three examples of kings not able to sleep.
3. Show from law, prophets, and New Testament, that *blood* should not be eaten.
4. And quote a verse which states the reason.
5. Find a short chapter in which a prophet addresses his disciple only.
6. Name three generations of one pious family who were contemporary with the prophet Jeremiah.
7. Who preferred the worst of religion to the best of the world?
8. What event led to a valley being called "blessing"?
9. Who burned two prophets alive?
10. Two false prophets bore the name of the latter of those; find them.

ANSWERS (See October No., p. 239).

1. Judges ix. 8; 2 Sam. xii. 1.
2. Ps. lxxviii. 2.
3. Mark iv. 13.
4. The sower. The tares.
5. The tares and the net. The mustard seed and the leaven. The hidden treasure and the goodly pearl.
6. The seed growing secretly.
7. Luke x. 29.
8. Luke vii. 39.
9. Matt. xiii. 13 shows that, beside the purpose of illustration, they were an enigma to the unbeliever.
10. The talents and the pounds.



DECEMBER.

The Rose without the Thorn.

OUR Saviour Christ was born
That we might have the Rose without the thorn;
All through His desert life
He felt the thorns of human sin and strife.
His blessed feet were bare
To every hurting brier. He did not spare
One bleeding footstep on the way
He came to trace for us, until the day
The cruel crown was pressed upon the Brow
That smiles upon us from His glory now.
And so He won for us
Sweet, thornless, everlasting flowers—thus
He bids our desert way
Rejoice and blossom as the Rose to-day.
There is no hidden thorn
In His good gifts of grace: He would adorn
The lives that now are His alone,
With brightness and with beauty all His own.
Then praise the Lord, who came on Christmas-day
To give the Rose, and take the thorns away!

Gems from Old Writers.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

"WE are like little children strayed from home; and God is now fetching us home: but we are ready to turn into any house, stay and play with everything in our way, and sit down on every green bank, and much ado there is to get us home."—*Baxter.*

"Our little inch of time-suffering is not worthy of our first night's welcome home to heaven."—*Rutherford.*

"The tree may cast off its leaves for winter, but they shall appear again in spring; so shall the man whose heart is fixed on God find joys, as they depart, depart only to rise again in beauty."

"My life hangs by a silver thread, but that thread is in a Father's hand."—*Evans.*

"Nothing does so establish and strengthen the mind amidst the rollings and turbulence of present things, as doth a look above them, to the steady and good Hand by which they are ruled; and beyond them, to the sweet and beautiful end to which by that Hand they will be brought."—*Jeremy Taylor.*

"BY FAITH BEHOLD THE GLORY."

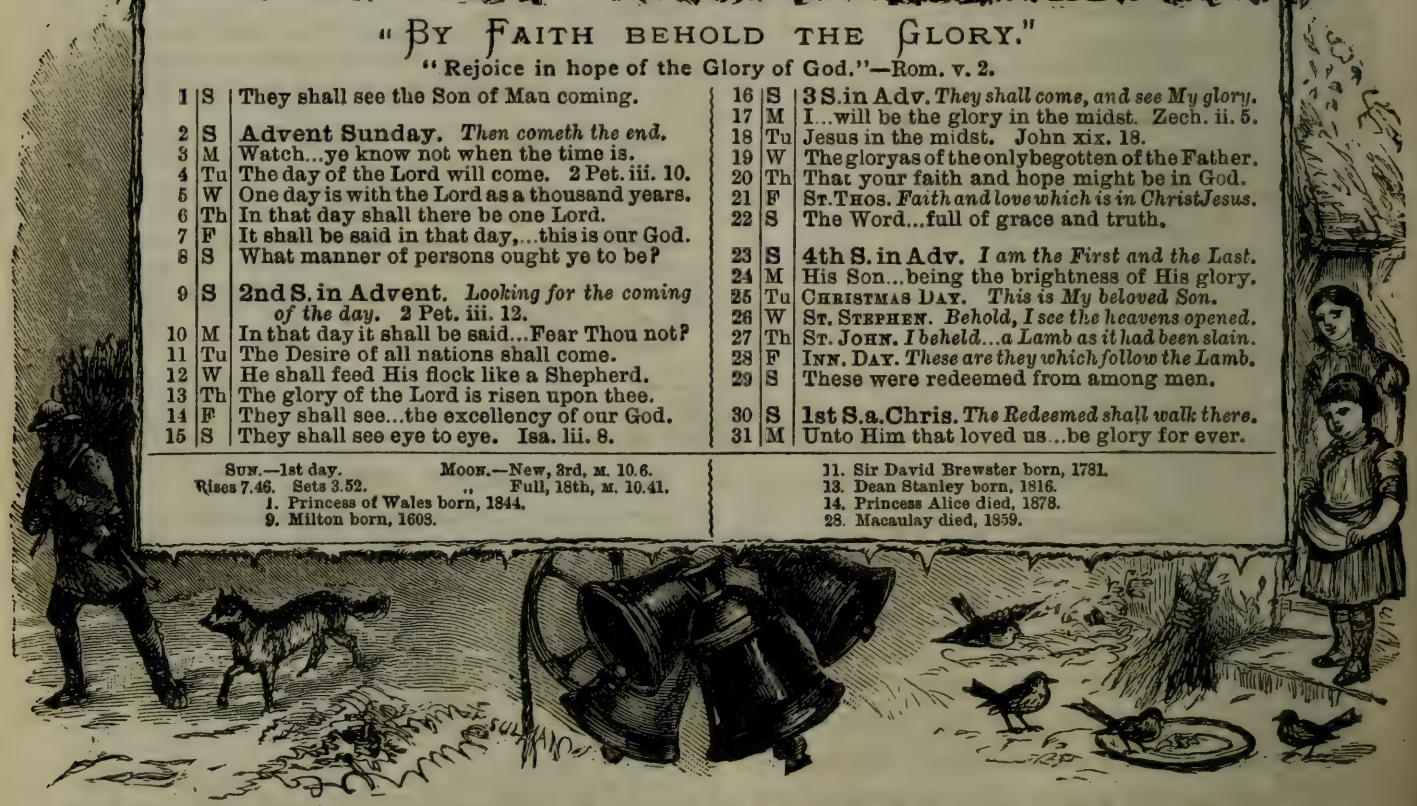
"Rejoice in hope of the Glory of God."—Rom. v. 2.

1	S	They shall see the Son of Man coming.
2	S	**Advent Sunday.** *Then cometh the end.*
3	M	Watch...ye know not when the time is.
4	Tu	The day of the Lord will come. 2 Pet. iii. 10.
5	W	One day is with the Lord as a thousand years.
6	Th	In that day shall there be one Lord.
7	F	It shall be said in that day,...this is our God.
8	S	What manner of persons ought ye to be?
9	S	**2nd S. in Advent.** *Looking for the coming of the day.* 2 Pet. iii. 12.
10	M	In that day it shall be said...Fear Thou not?
11	Tu	The Desire of all nations shall come.
12	W	He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd.
13	Th	The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
14	F	They shall see...the excellency of our God.
15	S	They shall see eye to eye. Isa. lii. 8.
16	S	**3 S. in Adv.** *They shall come, and see My glory.*
17	M	I...will be the glory in the midst. Zech. ii. 5.
18	Tu	Jesus in the midst. John xix. 18.
19	W	The glory as of the only begotten of the Father.
20	Th	That your faith and hope might be in God.
21	F	ST. THOS. *Faith and love which is in Christ Jesus.*
22	S	The Word...full of grace and truth.
23	S	**4th S. in Adv.** *I am the First and the Last.*
24	M	His Son...being the brightness of His glory.
25	Tu	CHRISTMAS DAY. *This is My beloved Son.*
26	W	ST. STEPHEN. *Behold, I see the heavens opened.*
27	Th	ST. JOHN. *I beheld...a Lamb as it had been slain.*
28	F	INN. DAY. *These are they which follow the Lamb.*
29	S	These were redeemed from among men.
30	S	**1st S. a. Chris.** *The Redeemed shall walk there.*
31	M	Unto Him that loved us...be glory for ever.

SUN.—1st day.
Rises 7.46. Sets 3.52.

MOON.—New, 3rd, M. 10.6.
,, Full, 18th, M. 10.41.

1. Princess of Wales born, 1844.
9. Milton born, 1608.
11. Sir David Brewster born, 1781.
13. Dean Stanley born, 1816.
14. Princess Alice died, 1878.
28. Macaulay died, 1859.



THE FIRESIDE NEWS. | MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. | Weekly Newspaper, 1d.
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.

ONE PENNY.

DEC., 1886.

AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."

THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Turner.] [Frome, and London.

HYDROLEINE.

That this marvellous cleanser is immeasurably superior to any of the much vaunted "Extracts," or to any preparation of a similar character yet introduced, is endorsed by the fact that the

SANITARY

INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN have, after exhaustive trials, awarded their Certificate, a distinction never before conferred upon any other

SOAP POWDER.

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A Pure Soluble DRY SOAP in Fine Powder. Packets 1d. and upwards.

Hudson's Extract of Soap

Softens Water. Lathers Freely in Hard Water—Cold Water—Soft Water—Hot Water.

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Cocoa



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SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

YORKSHIRE RELISH *Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.* — THE MOST DELICIOUS SAUCE IN THE WORLD.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER 1d. *Packets*; 6d., 1s., 2s., *and* 5s. *Tins.* — THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

GOODALL'S QUININE WINE *Bottles*, 1s., 1s. 1½d., 2s., *and* 2s. 3d. *each.* — THE BEST TONIC YET INTRODUCED.

GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER *In Boxes, 6d. and 1s. each.* — MAKES DELICIOUS CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS, AND AT HALF THE PRICE.

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GOODALL'S EGG POWDER *In* 1d. *Packets*; 6d. *and* 1s. *Tins.* — ONE PENNY PACKET WILL GO AS FAR AS FOUR EGGS.

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"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

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WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE

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They give new life and vigour to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic, and Mild Stimulant, these Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic, and stimulating, without intoxicating.

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Cures Drowsiness, Biliousness, Pains and Aches.

HOP

For Weakness and General Debility, and as a preventive and cure for Fever and Ague, nothing equals it.

BITTERS.

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ROMANCE OF THE LONDON DIRECTORY. By the Rev. C. W. Bardsley, M.A. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

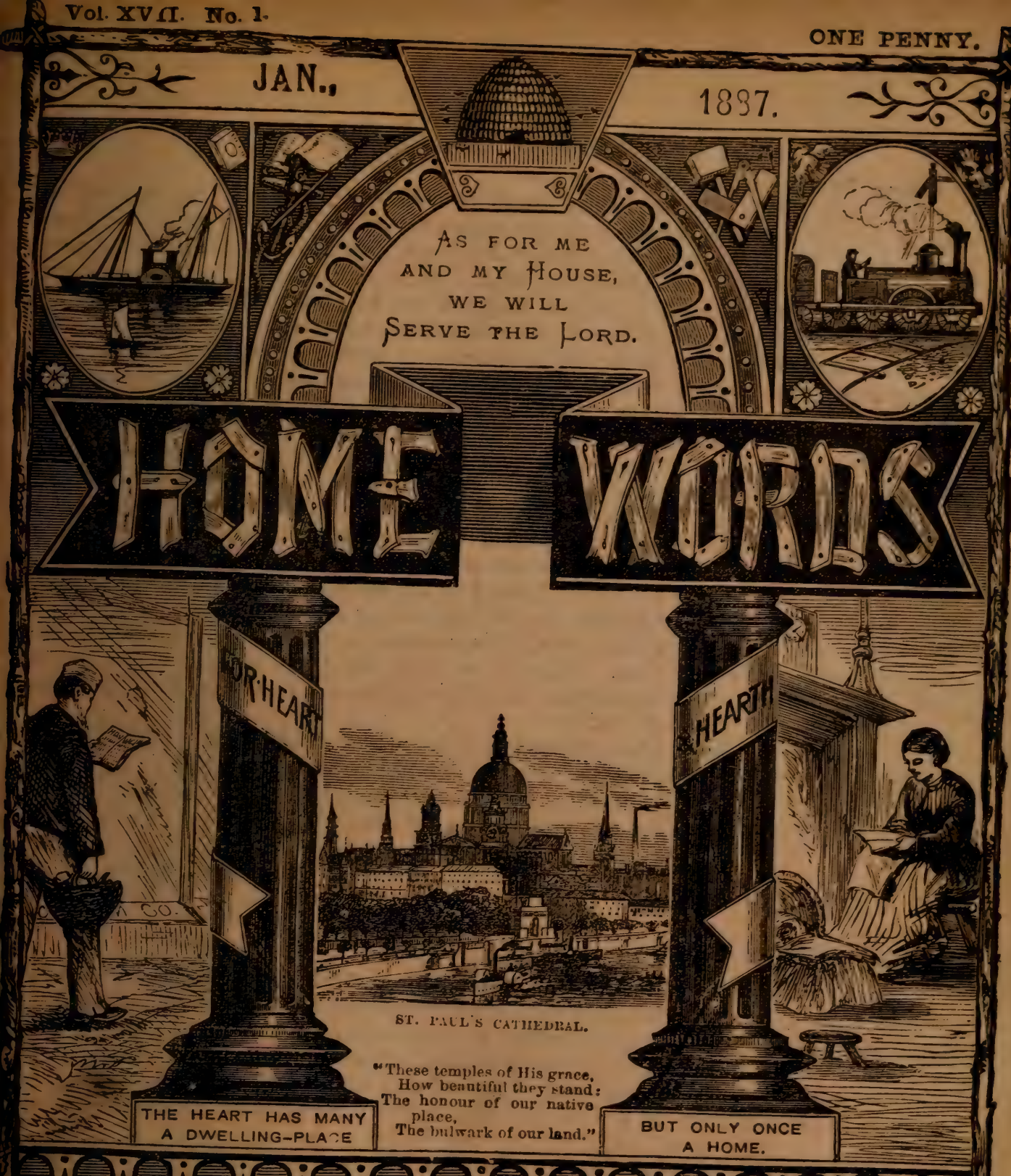
DAYSPRING. A Story of the Time of W. Tyndale. By E. Marshall. Cloth gilt, with Illustrations, 5s.

Vol. XVII. No. 1. ONE PENNY.

JAN., 1887.

AS FOR ME
AND MY HOUSE,
WE WILL
SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native
place,
The bulwark of our land."

THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner,]

[Frome & London.

LETTER FROM THE RECTOR.

My dear Parishioners and Friends,—

In putting into your hand the January issue of our Magazine, I am anxious to convey to you my earnest and heartfelt wishes that the year upon which we have now entered may be to each one of you "A Happy New Year." I am well aware that to many of you, in the present depression of trade, the outlook may not seem very hopeful. There are many, far too many, in our very midst who are maintaining a hard struggle for their daily bread. Poverty, pain, sickness, loss of friends—these, and even worse things may be our lot in the coming year. Yet shall we not for that very reason labour and pray that the year may be a happy one to ourselves and our neighbours? Happy with that calm, strong peace which the world cannot give nor take away. Happy because we may be counted *worthy* to be partakers of the sufferings of Christ, "who for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich." Happy because although "Heaviness may endure for the night, joy cometh in the morning." "This light affliction which is but for a moment shall win for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory if we look not at the things which are seen," for the things which are seen are "temporal" (passing away), but the things which are "*not seen*" (except by the eye of faith), the things of God, these are eternal. Let us "labour to make our calling and election *sure*," and then all must be well. Certain I am that *all things*, trials as well as joys, work together for *good* to them that love God. Only let us seek that "the love of God may be shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Spirit given unto us," and let him "who loveth God, love his brother also."

We have been wonderfully blessed and helped of God in our parish matters lately, and it would seem that there is much in store for us in the future. In asking you to "Watch and pray," I would suggest as our motto for 1887 the text, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our Faith."

Believe me, my dear friends,
Yours sincerely and affectionately,
CLAUD E. L. CORFIELD.

PARISH NOTES.

The Rev. G. Howard Wright, Superintendent of the C. E. Temperance Society, who lived for some time amongst us at Heanor Hall, and who will be remembered by many for the care and labour which he bestowed upon the Sunday Schools, is coming to preach in the Parish Church on Jan. 23rd, morning and evening. He will also address the Teachers, Bible Classes, and Sunday School Scholars in the Church, in the afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

The Rev. W. B. Deaden will speak at the Albert Hall on Wednesday, Jan. 12th, when an Annotated Bible will be presented to him. This Bible has been subscribed for most readily by those who received benefit from his address, and who thoroughly appreciated his earnest and devoted labours. We are already assured of a good gathering at the Hall on that evening.

The Bishop of the Diocese will hold a *Confirmation* at the Parish Church early in the spring. The Rector is anxious to receive the names of candidates as soon as possible, in order that he may arrange the classes. An effort will be made to take classes for Men and for Women, in addition to the classes for young people. Many have expressed their anxious desire to come to the Lord's Holy Table, but feel debarred owing to their negligence in the past with regard to the Rite of Confirma-

tion. We trust that they will be enabled, in this beautiful service, to "confess Christ before men," and to enter into a solemn covenant with a reconciled Father and an Almighty Friend.

The Rev. James Hawkins, B.A., of Durham University, was ordained to this parish by the Bishop of Southwell, on Sunday, Dec. 19th. He comes amongst us with the highest credentials from the examiners and from those who have known his work in the past, and he is filled with an earnest desire to spend and be spent for Christ. Mr. Hawkins will reside at Langley Mill, and thus be able to strengthen the work both at Aldercar and Heanor.

A new Mothers' Meeting has been begun at the Criterion Coffee House, at Langley Mill, on Tuesday afternoons. We trust that this is only the beginning of much good work which is to be attempted at Langley Mill.

The Temperance Society and Band of Hope hold their annual Tea on New Year's Day, at the National Schools. The Rev. Harcourt Anson, Vicar of Littleover, is expected to attend.

The Social Tea and parish gathering at the Town Hall took place just as we were going to press last month. Space does not permit us now to give lengthy particulars of the events of the evening. Everything seemed in every way most successful. Especial thanks are due to the ladies who made admirable arrangements for such an excellent tea at small cost, and to the choir, ringers, and the ladies and gentlemen who provided the musical part of the programme. Mr. R. H. Robinson, the Parish Churchwarden, gave full particulars of the various objects to which the Church Expenses Fund is devoted, and urged more liberal support. The services in such a large and important parish church cannot be carried on without considerable outlay. Mr. Mayfield proposed, and Mr. Holbrook seconded, a kindly vote of welcome to the Rector and the Rev. E. M. Robinson on their entering upon their respective duties in the parish, and the hearty way in which this proposal was carried seemed to guarantee that it embodied the feelings of the whole body of the parishioners generally. Mr. Mayhew (Aldercar), Mr. G. Gregory, Mr. Towson, Mr. Hodges, Mr. Draper, and Mr. Wilkes were also among the speakers; Mr. Eagle and others named upon the bills being unavoidably absent.

At the Social Tea the Rector referred to the large number of people who are anxious to find seats in the Parish Church, especially on a Sunday evening, and made an earnest appeal to the members of the congregation to invite such into any spare sittings. All can claim seats in their Parish Church and all are made welcome; at the same time the old and regular attendants should not be thrust aside, and the Rector concluded by asking them to come early, and to make an effort to occupy their old places at the *morning service* if they should find themselves crowded out in the evening.

The first popular concert at the Albert Hall was most successful, and realized £3, the tickets being sold at a low rate to bring them within the reach of all. In addition to the kind friends who carried out such an excellent programme, thanks are due to Mr. R. Holmes for the loan of flowers, to Mr. Newton for his dray, to Mr. Brelsford for the piano, and to those who worked so hard to decorate the room or sell tickets.

The Offertory for the month of November amounted to £8 6*s.* 8*d.*, of which £7 6*s.* 8*d.* went to the Church Expenses Fund. The annual account of this Fund is given by the Churchwardens, and it is apportioned to cleaning, heating, and lighting of the church, and salaries of Organist, Clerk, Ringers, etc. The collection for the Poor Fund amounted to £1.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

Dec. 5. Fanny, daughter of George Henry and Elizabeth Briggs.
„ „ Joseph Frederick, son of Thomas and Mary Bullock.

The Sacrament of Baptism is administered on the first Sunday of the month at 3, also after the Children's Service on the last Sunday of the month, and at other times if required. "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein" (Luke xviii. 17).

FUNERALS.

Dec. 2. Elizabeth Parkins, aged 41 years.
„ 6. Mary Carrol, aged 52 years.
„ 12. George Henry Beresford, aged 9 years.
„ „ Mary Ann Badderley, aged 65 years.
„ 15. Rosanna Rebecca Robey, aged 5 months.

Vol. XVII No 2. ONE PENNY.

FEB., 1887.



AS FOR ME
AND MY HOUSE,
WE WILL
SERVE THE LORD.



HOME WORDS





ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native
place,
The bulwark of our land."



THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner,] [Frome & London.

PARISH NOTES.

Our readers will be interested to learn that, in answer to their efforts, the circulation of the Heanor Parish Magazine has increased by one hundred copies a month. We wish now to ask for further co-operation in the way of literary contributions. Any reports of meetings, letters on subjects of interest to the parish, or notes on local matters, would be welcome.

Mr. Frank Adams, of King's College, London, has come to work amongst us as a Lay Reader, and will strengthen the staff of parish workers. Mr. Adams is anxious to devote himself to pastoral work, in order that he may ultimately become qualified to offer himself to the Church Missionary Society for foreign service.

A Soup Kitchen is a much-needed adjunct to our parochial machinery, and until this can be established, several ladies have kindly undertaken to make soup for the poor on certain days of the week. We should be glad to hear of more ladies joining in the good work. The tickets are distributed through the District Visitors.

The members of the *Mothers' Meeting*, which is held at the old School, on Mondays, had their Christmas Tea on Jan. 5th. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, a very large number of the members assembled, and they entered with wonderful spirit into the enjoyment of the evening. Mrs. Robinson, Miss Corfield, Miss Poundall, the Rector, and the Rev. E. M. Robinson, were among those present.

The Mothers' Meeting at the Coffee House, Langley Mill, which meets on Tuesdays, were also invited to a Tea on Jan. 18th, and were well entertained by Mrs. Towson, Mrs. Eagle, and their friends. There is still room for a few more members to join both these societies, and the ladies who preside will gladly receive as many as possible.

The beautifully-bound annotated Bible, which was presented to Mr. Dearden at the Albert Hall at the large gathering on Jan. 12th, bore the following inscription :—"Presented to the Rev. W. B. Dearden by some of his friends at Heanor, as a small recognition of his earnest work for his Master at the Mission held in the Albert Hall, October, 1886."

The Annual Tea was given to the Heanor Band of Hope on Saturday, Jan. 1st, at the National Schools. After an excellent repast, the Rev. Harcourt Anson, Vicar of Littleover—who is himself a good teetotaler—gave a conjuring entertainment, which was highly appreciated by the children. At the close of the entertainment, temperance hymns were sung by the audience, and recitations were said by the children, notably by A. M. Lacey, Ada Lee, A. Coging, and J. Singleton. Short addresses were also given by the Rector, and the Revs. Harcourt Anson, Ashley Corfield (Blackburn), E. Murray Robinson, and Mr. Mayfield. All the speakers heartily congratulated Mr. Mayfield on the large number of children he had succeeded in inducing to join the ranks of the Band of Hope, and great hopes were entertained that the number might be doubled another year. Our best thanks are due to Miss Berresford, Miss Peabody, and Mr. Holland, for the music they so kindly provided. The following

ladies and gentlemen assisted in the commissariat department—Mesdames Mayfield, Bailey, Elliott, Weston, and Miss Poundall; Messrs. Bailey, Bramley, Hickingbottom, Marchbank, Parkins (Hon. Sec.), Peabody, Shrewsbury, W. Warren, J. Weston, F. Wright, etc. The Band of Hope meets on alternate Tuesdays, at the National Schools, and our friends there would be glad of more helpers in providing good entertainment for the children, and in carrying on a useful portion of our parochial work.

Another successful social gathering which we ought to record was the Tea for all the teachers and members of the Bible Classes of our large central Sunday Schools, which are held at the National Schools. This tea took place on Jan. 15th, and brought together a goodly number of earnest workers. The Boys' School, under the superintendence of Mr. J. D. Bailey and Mr. Hickingbottom, has largely increased of late, and the classes have recently been reorganized. Mrs. Hodges, the Superintendent of the Girls' School, has also under her care a large staff of workers and a well-ordered and increasing number of scholars. Mr. Mayfield's Bible Class keeps well up in numbers and efficiency, and Mr. Turner's Bible Class now numbers over twenty young men. Miss Hunt, Miss Browne, and Miss Brentnall, have large Bible Classes for Young Women, in the Girls' School, and Mr. N. Ball has the nucleus of what promises to be another large class of Young Men.

A very interesting Lecture was given to the members of the Young Women's Christian Association and Friendly Society, on Monday, Jan. 17th, by the Rev. C. E. Little, Vicar of Mapperley. The lecture was illustrated by a Magic Lantern, and was entitled, "Turning Points in the History of Christianity in England." The Society meets each Monday, at the National Schools, at 7 o'clock, and has now a very large and still increasing number of members. All young women over 15 years of age are invited to attend.

The *Confirmation* will be held by the Bishop of the Diocese, on March 9th, at 7.30. Classes are as follows: (1) *Men*, at the Rectory, Sundays, 3.15; (2) *Women*, at the Rectory, Thursdays, 2.30; (3) *Young Men*, Vestry, Thursdays, 8.15; (4) *Young Women*, National School, Wednesdays, 7.15, and also Rectory, Wednesdays, at 3.30. All who wish to *hear* about Confirmation will be gladly welcomed, as also those already confirmed who wish for instruction in the Way of Life. May the Lord in His great mercy grant life to all who come, and may this Confirmation time be a season full of rich blessing for our parish.

Aldercar Quarterly Sunday School Teachers' Social Gathering took place on Jan. 8th. The Revs. W. H. Stamper and J. Hawkins were present, the Rector being unavoidably absent through a severe cold. Mr. Stamper made touching reference to his approaching severance from the scene of his seven years' work, and earnest wishes were expressed for his future happiness and welfare.

The *Offertory* at the Parish Church for the month of December amounted to £10 16*s*. 0½*d*.; of which £4 9*s*. went to the Hospital, £1 2*s*. to the Poor Fund, and the remainder to the Church Expenses.

Aldercar Congregational Tea will be on Feb. 14th, when we look for a good gathering.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Jan. 2. Florence, daughter of Charles and Clara Bartram.

MARRIAGES.

"Those whom God hath joined together."

Dec. 25. At Aldercar Church, Joseph Woollerton to Elizabeth Meakin.
„ „ George Hardy to Annie Stirland.
„ „ Alfred Bailey to Elizabeth Wragg.
„ „ James Brailsford to Martha Grainger.
„ „ John Holmes to Rebecca Brough, both of Heanor.
„ 29. John Fletcher, of Mapperley, to Clara, daughter of the late Henry Hall West, of Heanor. The ceremony was performed by the Rector, assisted by his brother, the Rev. Ashley T. Corfield, and was witnessed by many friends.
Jan. 8. John Hardy to Sarah Jane Hallam, both of Heanor.

FUNERALS.

"Behold I come quickly."

Dec. 19. Sarah Thompson, aged 4 years.
„ „ Charles Herbert Williamson, aged 5 years.
„ 25. Isaac Allen, aged 56 years.
„ 28. James Wilcockson, aged 8 months.
„ 30. Robert Elliott, aged 37 years.
Jan. 10. Mary Whysall, aged 77 years.

Vol. XVII No 3. ONE PENNY.

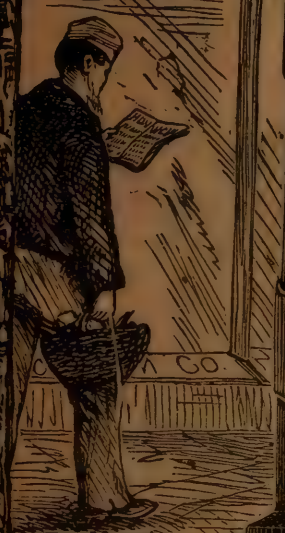
MARCH. 1887.



AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.



HOME WORDS





ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."



THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner,]

PARISH NOTES.

How shall Heanor celebrate the Queen's Jubilee? The question is being asked by very many of our fellow-parishioners, who read the accounts of the great preparations which are being made in neighbouring towns and villages. The *Heanor Parish Magazine* being the only paper published expressly for Heanor and Langley Mill, we would gladly open our columns for suggestions on the subject. No doubt the scheme for a Market Place, if carried out, will make this year a red-letter year in the annals of our town. Still, the Jubilee Celebration should be something in which all may take part, and we would name the following ideas, as embodying things practical and useful: (1) The erection of some Alms-houses, where some of the poor of our parish might find in their old age a comfortable home; (2) A grand parade of all the children of our Day Schools, who now number *fourteen hundred and fifty*. In this parade the elder scholars of the various Sunday Schools might take part, as also the members of different societies, such as the various Clubs, Young Men's Friendly, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, etc. The poor people should also be remembered, and an open-air tea provided for all. Such a celebration, if it could be carried out, would naturally take place on the Queen's Accession Day, the 20th of June. (3) The enlargement of the National Schools, so as to admit Standards I. and II. of the boys. (4) As an especial Church celebration, we would suggest the cleaning of our Parish Church, which is so worthy of all the care which we may bestow upon it.

At a general meeting of the parishioners, held in the Old School, Marlpool Lane, it was unanimously decided to accept Mr. Mundy's offer to remove the organ into the chancel. It is hoped that thereby the singing will be improved, and the services be made more hearty. Mr. Wilkes is anxious to supply the two stops which are needed to complete the organ.

In his sermon on the death of Lord Iddesleigh, the Rector made an interesting reference to the deceased statesman's early life. One of Mr. Corfield's predecessors (as also one of the predecessors of his father) in the Vicarage of Shirley was Archdeacon Shirley, afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man. The Archdeacon used to receive pupils at Shirley Vicarage to prepare for the universities. Among these pupils, for a short time, was Stafford Northcote, who afterwards filled so many high offices of State, and had lately been created Earl of Iddesleigh. "He was a man," the preacher said, "who was not only an able and wise administrator, and a devoted and loyal subject to his Queen, but more than that he was a humble-minded, earnest Christian, and one found faithful in the service of the King of kings." Only recently, when engaged in the restoration of Shirley Church, Mr. Corfield had written to the then Sir Stafford Northcote, with reference to the subject; and had received from him a letter, which breathed in its every line the spirit, not only of a courteous English gentleman, but of one who sought *first* the kingdom of God. It was not too much to say that the influence of such a man upon the social and political life of our country could hardly be exaggerated. His was a proud and precious record of political purity. His was a restraining and wholesome influence. His was a lofty and honourable example. If God in his mercy only grant us statesmen and noblemen of such character as this, there will be no cause to despair of our country.

[*Continued* **page 8** *of* **cover.**

An interesting gathering recently took place at the Rectory, when the Rev. Robert Palmer, missionary from China (and Association Secretary for this district), gave details of the work of the Church Missionary Society in China and elsewhere. Addresses were also given by Rev. E. M. Robinson, who has visited Africa, and by Rev. T. Andrews. The collection amounted to £2 3*s*. An increasingly active missionary spirit is being manifested in the parish. It is hoped that many will come forward as annual subscribers, or be willing to take boxes. "Missionary Sunday" at the Sunday Schools always brings together a large number of our young people, and good work is being done by the Working Party for Home and Foreign Missions. The C. M. S. sermons will be preached on March 13th by the *Rev. L. Nicholson,* for eighteen years a missionary in Africa.

Our readers will be glad to learn that recent letters from Tasmania give much better accounts of our late Rector. We feel sure that there are very many of his old parishioners who never fail to remember him constantly in their prayers.

Our friends of the *Albert Hall Mission* have determined not to let things rest until they can get the Hall filled. A large gathering and social tea is announced for Saturday, March 19th. Working men from Nottingham are expected to attend, and there will be a strong platform of local friends. Mr. Adams wishes to acknowledge the receipt of £1 from Rev. G. H. Wright, and 2*s*. from Mr. John Calladine, towards the Mission Fund. Thanks are also due to Mr. Hunt and his kind friends for their strenuous efforts in connection with the recent concert. Owing to the competition with other gatherings, the attendance was not so good as might have been expected, and the net profits were only £1 10*s*. Mr. Butler, of Park Street, kindly lent the flowers.

The Rector will give his Lecture on his "Tour in France, Switzerland and Germany" on March 29th, at the Albert Hall. Mr. F. C. Corfield, of Butterley Car, will take the chair.

The *Young Men's Friendly Society,* which meets each Monday evening at the Old School, and which is making good progress under Mr. Murray Robinson's care, has lately held its Annual Fête. There was a goodly muster of members, and a very enjoyable and profitable evening was spent. Arrangements are now being made for the Athletic Sports and Cricket Club.

Lent Lectures are being given every *Thursday,* at the Parish Church, 7.15. We look for increasing attendance. The preachers are:

Mar. 3. Rev. John Draper, M.A., Rotherham.
„ 10. Rev. W. E. Bradstock, M.A., Ironville.
„ 17. Rev. Percival Page, M.A., Brinsley.
„ 24. Rev. T. Barker Hardy, B.A., Mansfield.
„ 31. Rev. H. W. Plumptre, M.A., Eastwood.

The *Confirmation* will be on Wednesday, the 9th of this month, at the Parish Church. There will be no Service that evening at the Albert Hall. A few seats in the chancel may possibly be reserved for sponsors and friends of those confirmed, but others who wish to find places will have to come early, as we may anticipate the presence of a large number of people.

[*Over.*

The Aldercar Annual Congregational Tea was held in the Girls' Schoolroom, on Monday, February 13th. About 130 were present at tea, and the after-meeting was crowded to the doors. The Rector presided, and was supported by the Rev. J. E. Matthews, Vicar of Swanwick, the Revs. W. H. Stamper, E. M. Robinson and J. Hawkins. The yearly statement of accounts, given by Mr. Salthouse, showed a balance in hand, although the church has been cleaned during the year at considerable expense. The meeting was of a very varied and interesting character. Earnest good wishes were expressed for the future welfare of Mr. Stamper, who is leaving Aldercar through ill health, after seven years' faithful ministry. A handsome dessert service was presented to him and Mrs. Stamper from the Sunday School workers and other friends. Mr. Stamper, in responding, spoke of the cordial support he had always received from his helpers in Sunday School and other work. During the evening earnest addresses were given by the Rector and his fellow-workers, and Mr. Matthews delivered a short lecture, full of interest, on Church Missionary work in China. A collection in aid of the C. M. S. was taken at the close. The proceedings throughout were of the most hearty and enthusiastic character.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Jan. 23. Fred, son of Thomas Austin and Sophia Beresford.
„ „ Sarah, daughter of Henry and Mary Ann Cave.
Feb. 6. Annie May, daughter of John and Mary Wood Robinson.
„ „ William Henry, son of John and Mary Wood Robinson.
„ „ Will Ashley, son of William and Annie Hawley.
„ „ Fred, son of John and Mary Hobson.

MARRIAGES.

"Those whom God hath joined together."

Jan. 31. Enoch Holmes to Sarah Ann Beeley, both of Heanor.
Feb. 5. John William Beresford to Ada Elizabeth Bancroft, both of Heanor.

FUNERALS.

"Behold I come quickly."

Jan. 18. Mary Rimington, aged 59 years.
„ 26. Elizabeth Bestwick, aged 13 years.
„ „ Sarah Watson, aged 72 years.
Feb. 7. Arthur Stainsby, aged 2 years.

AT ALDERCAR.

BAPTISM.

Jan. 16. Frank, son of George and Elizabeth Smith.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 22. Robert Meakin and Elizabeth Chambers, both of Langley.
„ 29. Horatio Nelson Barks and Ann Morley, both of Langley Mill.
Feb. 6. John William Peacock and Phoebe Hardy, both of Marlpool.
„ 10. William Stainsby and Mary Bestwick, both of Heanor.

FUNERALS.

Feb. 3. Eliza Wilcockson, aged 3 months.
„ 16. Mrs. Slater, of Langley Mill.

The Offertory at the Parish Church for the month of January amounted to £12 6*s.* 9*d.*, of which £2 2*s.* 5*d.* went to the Temperance Mission, £1 12*s.* 9½*d.* to the Poor Fund, and the remainder to the Church Expenses.

Vol. XVII No 4.

ONE PENNY.

APRIL. 1887.



AS FOR ME
AND MY HOUSE,
WE WILL
SERVE THE LORD.



HOME WORDS





ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native
place,
The bulwark of our land."



THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner,]

HEANOR.

PARISH NOTES.

The most important event which has occurred in this parish during the last month was the Confirmation, held in the Parish Church, on Wednesday, March 9th, by the Bishop of the Diocese. Over seventy candidates from this parish, and nine from the parish of Eastwood, presented themselves. The church and its precincts were thronged with crowds, who seemed to take a deep interest in the beautiful and impressive service. The special hymns printed for the occasion were, "Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee?" "O Jesu, I have promised," "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," and the Litany, "Spirit blest, who art adored," which last was sung kneeling. The Bishop expressed himself as much pleased with the evident earnestness of the candidates, and the marked interest of the congregation. His Lordship delivered two addresses, in the latter of which he urged upon the candidates the necessity of keeping themselves in the love of God, and using every possible means of grace, especially remarking upon the helpfulness of good companions and good societies, such as the Friendly Societies and Communicants' Unions. Let it be the anxious endeavour of every earnest Christian to strengthen and encourage our young brethren in the great battle of life, which now lies before them. They have enlisted themselves in the service of the great Captain of our salvation, and He alone can enable them to endure unto the end.

Of the modes of celebrating the *Queen's Jubilee*, mentioned in our last edition, most of our correspondents seem in favour of a procession and tea for the children of our Day and Sunday Schools, on the 20th of June. The day will no doubt be observed throughout the Queen's vast dominions as a holiday, and a day for general rejoicings. Heanor will not be behindhand in proving its loyalty to the cause of Constitutional Government, and of devotion to the person of a Queen, who, by her spotless life, has been such a bright example to her subjects, and has won the universal esteem and affection of her people.

A Committee, appointed by a general meeting of our townsmen, would best carry out the details of any Jubilee Scheme which might be adopted. At any rate, the Thanksgiving Service appointed for the day will be held at the Parish Church. The streets will doubtless be made gay with bands playing and flags flying, and the hearts of the children will be made glad with good cheer and the distribution of Jubilee medals and books. We would again, however, give expression to the general wish, that some permanent benefit might accrue to the poor, and also that the town might be improved by the enlargement of our National Schools, the new building bearing a suitable inscription as a memorial of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

The *Vestry* for election of Churchwardens, and the passing of the Parish Accounts, will be held on Easter Monday, in the Vestry, at 7. All who take an interest in the manner in which the money is spent, which they devote to God in the offertories, are earnestly invited to attend. The election of Churchwardens is also a matter of moment to the welfare of the parish, and the Rector wishes on that day to carry out his intention of having a *Church Council* duly elected. The Vestry for the same objects for Aldercar and Langley Mill will be held on the Tuesday in Easter Week.

[*Continued page 3 of cover.*

The *Holy Communion* will be administered on Easter Sunday at the Parish Church, at 8.15, and at the close of the Morning Service. Also at Aldercar, after the Evening Service. It is earnestly hoped that all who truly desire to live in union with their Risen Lord will endeavour to be partakers on that Holy Day. The Holy Communion, as a general rule, is now administered at the Mid-day Service on the second Sunday in the month, and at 8.15 on the fourth Sunday; also at Aldercar on the first Sunday. The Communicants' Meeting takes place on the *Tuesday before* the second Sunday in each month.

The *Services on Easter Day*, in both Churches, will be especially interesting, owing to the large number of those lately confirmed, who will, on that day, come to the Lord's Table, and also on account of the special preparations which are being made by the Choirs to make the Services worthy of our "Our Triumphant Holy Day."

On March 20th, *Canon Lewis*, Vicar of St. Ann's, Nottingham, preached two sermons in the Parish Church, on behalf of the expenses incurred in the alteration of Vestry and Seats, necessitated by the removal of the organ. The actual expenses of the removal have been generously borne by Mr. Mundy.

The *Church Missionary Sermons* were preached last month by the Rev. L. Nicholson, who has laboured so long amid the most deadly climates of W. Africa. The church was crowded, and the sermons most excellent and interesting. The collections amounted to nearly £6, over £1 being contributed at the Children's Service. The *Boxes* this year (without the Sunday School box) have produced a further sum of £3 16*s.* 6*d.*, the holders being Misses Corfield, E. Woolley, Robinson, Hunt, Frances Lane, Florence Ward, Mrs. Clarke, Master Howard Shardlow. The *Meeting* at the Rectory, £2 3*s.* The *Working Party*, 12*s.* 2*d.*; and the *Subscriptions*, £3 18*s.*, the subscribers being, the Rector, £1, Mr. G. B. Gregory and Mr. T. Mayfield, 10*s.*, Miss Gregory, Mr. Gribble, and Mr. Turton, 5*s.*, as also Messrs. J. D. Bailey, Calladine, Robinson, White, Draper, T. Browne, Hodges, and Flint, with Miss Poundall and Miss Woodhead. This is certainly a small account for such a large parish, but it is earnestly hoped that much better things may be done next year, and much more general effort made to fulfil the very *first duty* of a Christian Church. Those who give most abroad *for Christ's sake* give most at home also. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

By the death of *William Cowlishaw* the parish has lost a familiar figure, and one of the last of the old type of parish clerks. Every possible mark of respect was shown at his funeral, which was witnessed by a very large assembly of people. The clergy, churchwardens (Messrs. R. H. Robinson and E. Eagle), sidesmen (Messrs. G. Gregory), J. Holbrook, and choir accompanied the *cortége* from the house to the grave, and among those present, in addition to the above, were Messrs. T. Mayfield, Gribble, Towson, Adams, Bailey, Turner, Marchbank, Wilkes, Shewsbury, Bestwick, etc. On leaving the cemetery chapel, the hymn, "*Brief life is here our portion,*" was sung, and at the grave, "*Days and moments quickly flying, blend the living with the dead.*" The Rector spoke a few earnest words at the graveside, testifying to the faithful manner in which the deceased had always attended to his duties, and expressing a hope that all might prove as diligent in their calling. The old man had, on his deathbed, expressed an earnest repentance of sin and faith in his Saviour. "Though we be so strong that we come to *fourscore years*, yet is our strength but labour and vanity, *so soon* passeth it away, and we are gone."

[*Over.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Feb. 27. Alfred, son of Samuel and Sarah Elwell.
" " Percy, son of John and Annie Thornhill.
" " Frank, son of John and Sarah Ann Shrewsbury.
" " William Henry, son of Samuel and Mary Ann Baldwin.
" " Ada Eliza, daughter of Henry and Eliza Rawson.
" " John, son of John and Sarah Rebecca Harriman.
Mar. 5. John, James, Bessie, and Eliza Ann, children of Joseph and Lydia Harvey.
" " Fred, James, and Charlotte, children of Samuel and Fannie Hallam.
" " Joseph, Martha Ann, and Eliza Mary, children of Henry and Sarah Meakin.
" 7. Cicely Fletcher, daughter of Edward and Mary Eley.
" " Tom Fletcher, son of Charles Alfred and Jane Agnes Millington.
" 13. Annie, daughter of William and Annie Maria Marchbank.

MARRIAGES.

"Those whom God hath joined together."

Mar. 5. Elijah Brough to Ann Wragg, both of Heanor.
" " Arthur Wilkinson to Martha Maria Riley, both of Langley.
" 12. Thomas Boothe to Mary Holland, a member of the Girls' Friendly Society, both of Heanor.

FUNERAL.

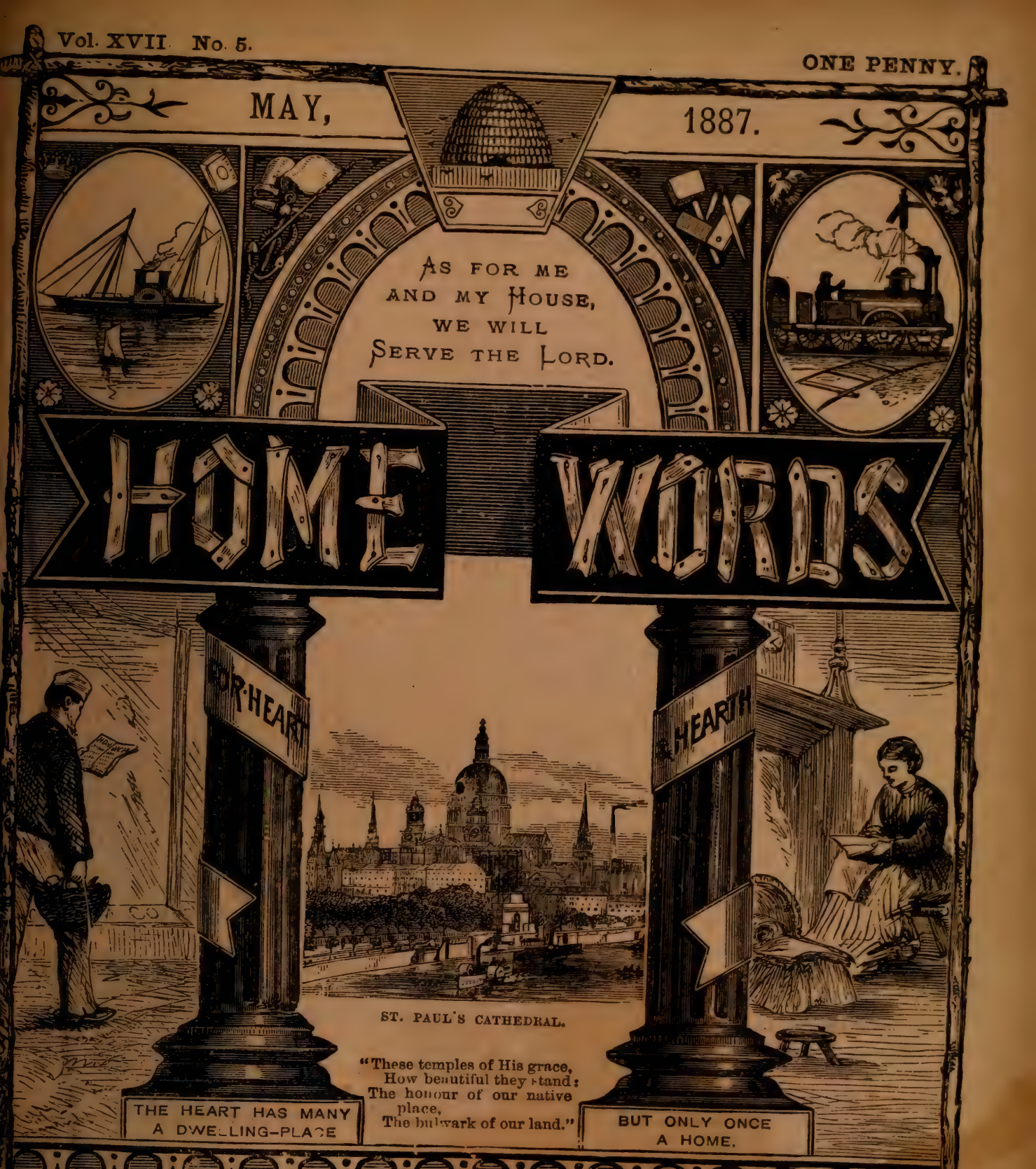
"Behold I come quickly."

Mar. 19. William Cowlishaw, after many years' faithful service as Parish Sexton and Clerk, aged 80 years.
" 17. At Aldercar, Gertrude Dalton, aged 8 months.

The Offertory at the Parish Church for the month of February amounted to £9 1*s.* 5½*d.*, of which £1 15*s.* 8½*d.* went to the Poor Fund, and the remainder to the Church Expenses.

Vol. XVII. No. 5. ONE PENNY.

MAY, 1887.



HEANOR Parish Magazine.

HEANOR.

PARISH NOTES.

Easter Vestry.—The Heanor Parish Vestry Meeting was held on the Monday in Easter week, and was productive of much interest. The Rector took the chair at 5 o'clock in the Vestry, when the Churchwardens, Messrs. E. Eagle and R. H. Robinson, were re-elected. The adjourned meeting took place in the Rector's School, Marlpool Lane, the Vestry being quite insufficient to accommodate the large number of parishioners who were anxious to show by their presence their interest in Church and parish matters. Hearty thanks were given to the Churchwardens for their attentive discharge of their by no means easy duties during the past year, and the Rector referred to the loss which the Church had sustained by the death of William Cowlishaw, who had always been most reliable and diligent in his work.

On Mr. Churchwarden Eagle presenting his accounts, there was found to be a deficiency of something over £30, although the offertories had considerably increased during the year. The origin of the deficiency was found to be in several extra expenses which had been recently incurred. The chief items of this extra expense were £6 odd to Mr. Grainger, for painting and gas fitting; £5, extra gas; some £4 for bell ropes and bell repairs; £4 16*s.* to Mr. Oldershaw, builder; nearly £5 for new books for the Choir; Faculty for removing the Organ, £3 8*s.*; and several pounds for additional repairs to the Town Clock. Upon the Rector promising to bring the deficiency before the notice of the parishioners, these accounts were passed unanimously.

A resolution having been carried that the number of Sidesmen (that is really, *Synodsmen*, or members of the Parish Synod) be increased to *four*, the following gentlemen were elected; viz., Messrs. G. B. Gregory and J. A. Woolley, nominated by the Rector; and Messrs. John Holbrook and T. Mayfield, by the parishioners.

On the motion of Mr. Mayfield, seconded by Mr. Wilkes, a resolution was also unanimously carried to the following effect:—"That it is expedient that a *Church Council* be annually elected at the Easter Vestry; such Council to consist of the Clergy, Churchwardens, and Sidesmen as *ex-officio* members, together with fourteen Councillors elected by *bonâ-fide* members of the congregation, seven of whom should be nominated by the Rector, and seven by the parishioners."

A rider was afterwards added, against the expressed wish of the Chairman, that "ladies be qualified to be elected to seats on this Council." The Chairman said with reference to this matter that it might possibly be well for women to *vote* for the members of the Council, but the District Visitors numbering about thirty, and forming a kind of Ladies' Board, it was inexpedient to have them also on the Council. On a division, however, the motion as amended was carried, and the following ladies and gentlemen were then duly elected as the members of the first Church Council of the parish of Heanor:—

EX-OFFICIO MEMBERS.

Rev. Claud E. L. Corfield, M.A., *Chairman.*

„ E. Murray Robinson, B.A., } *Assistant Curates.*
„ James Hawkins, B.A., }

Mr. Edward Eagle, } *Churchwardens.*
„ R. H. Robinson, }

„ G. B. Gregory, }
„ J. A. Woolley, } *Sidesmen.*
„ John Holbrook, }
„ Thomas Mayfield, }

ELECTED MEMBERS.

Nominated by Rector.	*Nominated by Vestry.*
Mr. Samuel Towson.	Dr. Woolley.
,, Robert Gribble.	Mr. W. H. Turton, B.D.
,, Thomas Heald.	,, John Hodges.
,, J. D. Bailey.	Mrs. Burton.
,, William Robinson.	,, H. Gregory.
,, J. Bowley.	,, B. Hardy.
,, John Calladine.	Miss Poundall.

After the election of the Council, the Vestry proceeded to discuss some subjects relative to the efficiency of the Choir; and the meeting became too protracted for the Rector to make the usual statement about the progress of Church work in the parish, and to thank the various bodies of Lay Helpers. The thanks of the parishioners generally are, however, especially due to the energetic and self-denying *Teachers* in our various Day and Sunday Schools; to the *Members of the Choirs*, whose work is entirely voluntary, and which occupies much of their time, rendered for the service of God and His Church; the *District Visitors*, whose careful house-to-house visitation is so much appreciated, and renders such excellent service to the Clergy; the *Albert Hall Mission Workers*, who are bearing the brunt of an uphill battle; and also to that large body of true workers, who, without any actual official position, are yet seeking anxiously, both by *earnest personal solicitation* and by the living voice of consecrated and holy lives, to draw others to the House of God.

With regard to the *deficiency in the Church Expenses*, we are glad to be able to announce that £15 has already been received towards the £32 required. Of this sum E. M. Mundy, Esq., has kindly contributed £10, and Mr. G. B. Gregory £5. The thanks of the parishioners are certainly due to Mr. Mundy for his generous liberality in thus helping still further, for not only has he incurred very considerable expense in removing the organ, but he has also very recently contributed £15 towards the Curates' Fund.

The *Albert Hall Mission* is being carried on with renewed vigour. The tea which took place in the month of March was very numerously and influentially attended, and although (owing to children being admitted to a meat tea at half-price) the receipts only just covered the expenses, yet a considerable impetus was given to the work. The addresses delivered by Mr. Lomas, of Derby, the Rev. J. Hawkins, Messrs. T. Mayfield, J. Neil, and others, were excellent in effect.

The Rector's lecture on Switzerland, on March 29th, was very well attended, and seemed to be much appreciated. The receipts amounted to £1 1*s.* 3*d.*, and were devoted to the Albert Hall Mission Fund. Mr. Stevens, of the Church Army, is now conducting the services at the Hall and other centres of Mission Work. Helpers are needed as much as ever, for singing, for speaking, and for gathering the people together—"Why stand ye here all the day idle?" "Son, go work *to-day* in My vineyard."

The *Langley Mission Sunday School* had a tea and outing at the Rectory on the Tuesday in Easter week. About one hundred young people came together; and as the day was beautifully fine, a most enjoyable time was spent. In the evening a

meeting was held at the Old School, and addresses were given to the children by the Rector and the Rev. E. M. Robinson. The following teachers are doing good work in this school; viz., Miss Corfield (Superintendent), the Misses Graham and Marshall, Miss Richards, Miss A. Hunt, and Dr. Turton, Mr. F. Adams, Mr. Butlin, and Mr. J. Purdy, while there are several ready helpers, like Mr. James Bestwick and Mr. Swann, who arrange the room and who work hard to make the school a success.

Whit-Sunday being one of the great Church festivals, the Holy Communion will be administered at the close of both the Morning and Evening Service. We commemorate on this day the coming of the Holy Spirit of God. May that Spirit's presence and power be felt amongst us.

Thursday, May 19th, being *Ascension Day*, services will be held at the Parish Church in the morning, at 10.30, and evening, at 7.15.

Many of our regular communicants were absent from home on *Easter Day*, so that it is a matter for deep thankfulness that so many as eighty-eight came to the Lord's Table at the early service, forty-six after the Mid-day Service, and thirty-three at Aldercar, making a total of 167. Last year there were altogether sixty-three at the Parish Church, and the year before only twenty-two. May God only grant that as numbers once more increase, so also the *real spiritual life* of each of us may be quickened. "Wherefore, brethren, give *diligence* to make your calling and election *sure;* for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall."

ALDERCAR.

The *Quarterly Tea and Meeting* of the Aldercar teachers was held on Saturday, March 26th. It was decided to hold a fortnightly preparation class, and to take a fixed course of lessons. Various matters connected with School and Temperance work were discussed. Mr. Worthington was appointed Secretary of the School, and Mr. Hawkins Treasurer.

A *Men's Bible Class* has been formed in Aldercar, which meets in the school-room every Tuesday evening, at 8. The membership is at present twenty-three. It is hoped that many others may be added to the number who will consider an hour spent in the study of God's word well spent.

The *Vestry Meeting* was held on Easter Tuesday, at 7 o'clock. Rev. J. Hawkins presided, in the absence of the Rector. There was a good attendance of parishioners. Messrs. J. G. Salthouse and H. G. Gregory were again elected Churchwardens. The collections for Church Expenses amounted to £16 17*s.* 4*d.* These, with the balance in hand (£11 18*s.* 6*d.*) and donations (£3 10*s.* 6*d.*), just met the expenditure of the year—£32 6*s.* 4*d.* Satisfaction was expressed that, in spite of extra expense, due to cleaning and renovating the church, the year's accounts left no debt. The question of the better warming of the church was discussed, and the matter was left in the hands of the Churchwardens. The Rector was requested to publish a notice discouraging Sunday funerals.

[*Continued page 3 of cover.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Mar. 20. Wilfred James, son of Charles Patrick and Annie Carroll.
„ 24. Burnet, Esther Ann, and Lucy Ann, children of John and Lucy Williamson.
„ „ John, Mary Eliza, George, Fanny, Thomas, William Edward, Lydia, Herbert, children of William and Fanny Wood.
April 14. Clara Jane, Claud, and Laurence, children of William and Martha Stainsby.
„ „ Arthur, son of Henry and Mary Boam.
„ „ Catherine Agnes, Sarah Jane, and Edward, children of Thomas and Jane Hollingsworth.

MARRIAGES.

"Those whom God hath joined together."

Mar. 22. Josiah Tomlinson to Celestine Buxton, both of Langley.
„ 26. William Buxton to Caroline Peace, both of Heanor.
„ 27. Robert Stainsby to Hannah Burton, member G. F. S., both of Heanor.
April 2. Charles Stuart to Mary Brough, both of Heanor.
„ 11. Joseph Stevens to Annie Wheatley, both of Heanor.
„ 13. Albert Edward Naylor, of Marlpool, Heanor, to Lucy Spendlove Tomlinson, of Carrington.

FUNERALS.

"Behold I come quickly."

Mar. 17. Gertrude Dalton, of Langley Mill, aged 8 months.
„ 28. John Chadwin, aged 18 years.
April 2. Hannah Walker, aged 82 years.
„ 10. Ann Elizabeth Slaney, of Langley Mill, aged 4 years.
„ 12. William Harrison, of Langley Mill, aged 12 months.
„ 14. Henry Walter Riley, aged 2 years.
„ 16. Ellen Bestwick, aged 27 years.

The Offertory at the Parish Church for the month of March amounted to £13 10*s*., of which £5 16*s*. 8½*d*. went to the Church Missionary Society, 7*s*. went to the Poor Fund, and the remainder to the Church Expenses.

Vol. XVII. No 6. ONE PENNY.

JUNE. 1887.

AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner.] [Frome & London.

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

"*Where does all the money go to?*" As this question is sometimes asked with regard to the offertories which are made Sunday by Sunday, it might be well to state that a full, accurate, *public* and exact account is rendered at the annual Vestry Meeting. Parishioners who give anything should attend that meeting and learn what is done with the money which they devote to God and for the service of His House. But in case some of our friends were unable to attend, we print the following statement which will be read with interest :—

The *total sum collected* for the Church Expenses in the eighty collections made for this object during the past year amounted in all to £85. 9*s.* 7¼*d.*

The sum expended amounted to £119. 6*s.* 2½*d.*, leaving a deficiency, as has been before stated, of £33. 11*s.* 6¾*d.* Now at the risk of repetition we think it well to give *the whole of the items of the expense,* which are as follows: The late William Cowlishaw (eleven months' salary), £11.; Organist, £20.; Gas, £21. 6*s.* 5*d.*; Insurance, £2. 7*s.* 6*d.*; Faculty, £3. 8*s.*; Printing, £2. 1*s.* 6*d.*; Choir (books and trip), £10. 8*s.* 9*d.*; Coal. £7. 1*s.* 11*d.*; Bell-ringers and repairs to Bells, £8. 4*s.* 5*d.*; Church cleaning and materials, £6. 17*s.* 8*d.*; Mr. Grainger and Mr. Oldershaw (as in our last issue), £12. 12*s.* 11*d.*; Town Clock (repairs and winding), £6. 2*s.*; Mission work, £1. 16*s.* 0½*d.*; Salaries (organ blower, etc.), £2. 19*s.* 6*d.*; Churchwardens' fees to Archdeacon, 18*s.*; Mr. Ackroyd, 6*s.* 6*d.*; Hymn-books for congregation, £1. 1*s.* 4*d.*; which, with a few shillings for sweeping flues, etc., makes the entire total, as above, of £119. 6*s.* 2½*d.*

The only collections made in addition to the above were those for the Hospital, the Church Missionary Society, the Tower Restoration Fund, and the Sunday Schools; of which accounts had been rendered from time to time in this Magazine, and the ten collections which were the only ones the Churchwardens could allow for the Sick and Needy, and which amounted to less than £10.

It will thus be seen that every farthing of the money is accounted for and devoted to most necessary objects. We would express an earnest hope that the debt might be entirely cleared off soon, and that more might be given to the Poor Fund. *Ten pounds* is a ridiculous sum for the relief of the poor among *ten thousand people,* and to last them for a whole year! "Let every man give according as he is disposed in his heart, *not grudgingly,* or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."

Heanor Parish Day Schools.—The Day Schools of this parish are, as is well known, among the very best of those which come under the notice of her Majesty's Inspector for this district. In combining *first rate order* and *most satisfactory school results with low fees* and *no charge at all upon the rates,* we have a combination of excellent qualities which place the schools of this parish far in advance of many of our less fortunate neighbours. There, is however, one other quality of excellence in our Day Schools for which so much hard work is cheerfully undertaken—we refer to the excellence in the religious instruction. This is given simply on the main facts of our Christian faith, with special reference to moral conduct and duty; and that it is very highly valued by *all the parents* is conclusively proved by the fact that all the children are sent most regularly to this part of the school instruction, although the conscience clause allows any parent to keep his child away from it if he so pleases. We subjoin a few extracts from the recent report of the Diocesan Inspector, which were held over last month for want of space.

Langley Mill Boys' Schools (*Head Master:* Mr. Wilkes).—"This important school continues to receive careful Scriptural instruction, especially in the higher groups, and passed a satisfactory examination."

Langley Infants' School (*Head Mistress:* Miss Browne).—"The Infants have been very carefully taught, answered brightly, and said their repetition *exceedingly well.*"

Aldercar Girls' School (*Head Mistress:* Miss Wright).—"The girls are in *excellent order* and passed a good examination."

Aldercar Infants' School (*Head Mistress:* Miss Annable).—"Great pains had been taken to prepare the infants for examination, and the repetition was *exceptionally* well known; order very praiseworthy."

Reports of Heanor National Schools (*Head Mistresses:* Miss Hunt and Mrs. Elliott).—Equally and exceptionally high merit will appear in another issue.

Heanor Young Men's Friendly Society.—The members of the above Society met at the old Schoolroom, Marlpool Lane, on Monday, May 9th, under the presidency of the Rev. E. Murray Robinson, B.A., president, to hear a lecture on "Africa," by Mr. George Burton, who has recently returned from the Cape. The large room was crowded, and a most interesting lecture was delivered. Mr. Burton fully described the manners and customs of the people, the appearance of the country, and showed a large number of interesting curiosities, which he had brought back with him from the Cape. At the close a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer on the motion of the Rev. B. Darrad, who also gave some thrilling accounts of the recent shocks of earthquake which he had experienced in the south of France.—*Local Paper.*

The proceeds of the *Missionary Box* in the Sunday School amounted to £3 16*s.*, which is good proof of the earnest missionary spirit which is amongst our young people. On a recent "Missionary Sunday," the Rector read a letter from his brother, the Rev. Egerton Corfield, who is a Missionary (and Principal of the Baring College), at Batâla, in North India, from whom most cheering accounts have been received. Millions of our fellow-subjects in that great country of India are turning away from their idols, and might now be won for Christ. Shall we not pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more labourers into his harvest, and to strengthen such as have gone forth?

The *Band of Hope* has closed its operations for the summer, so far as the meetings in the National School are concerned; but Temperance Meetings are held *each* Saturday evening at the Albert Hall, and much good work is being done. Mr. Ogden, from Derby, was the principal speaker on Saturday, May 21st.

A Branch of the *Heanor Young Women's Christian Association* and Girls' Friendly Society is being established at Aldercar School, for the Langley Mill district, and much help is promised by good friends who are anxious to make this branch as successful as the Heanor one. The Heanor Branch will hold a Tea and *Jubilee* festivities in the Rectory grounds on Saturday, June 18th.

An excellent *Tea at the Albert Hall* was given, on May 21st, by Mrs. Cave, Mrs. Osborne and Mrs. Beresford, entirely at their own charges, to over one hundred people, in support of the Mission. We cannot speak too highly of the generous kindness which prompted this act. The whole of the arrangements were admirably carried out by ready helpers, and a most welcome assistance has been given to the work.

During this month a District Visiting Society has been formed for Langley Mill and Aldercar. We are glad that so many have heartily responded to the invitation to work for the Master in this way—than which none may be more fruitful in abiding good, if it be carried on prayerfully and earnestly. The first monthly meeting was held in the Aldercar Schools on Wednesday, April 27th, with the Rector in the chair. The following ladies have taken districts:—Miss E. Gregory, Miss A. V.

Gregory, Miss Millington, Miss Eagle, Miss Bowes, Miss Jowitt, Miss Argile, Miss Fletcher, Miss Grainger, Miss Annable, Miss Wright, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Hollingsworth, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Slack, Miss Slater and Miss Tucker. There is still need for a few more helpers.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

May 1.	Elizabeth Ann, daughter of Henry and Fanny Birks.
„ „	Mabel, daughter of John and Jane Boothe.
„ „	Lily, daughter of John and Martha Smith.
„ „	Sarah Annie, daughter of Edwin and Annie Elizabeth Evans.
„ 12.	Leslie, son of Joseph and Hope Hart.
„ 15.	Arthur, son of Walter Browne, of Stonyford.
„ 19.	Dinah, daughter of Edward and Mary Elizabeth Wragg.
„ „	Mary Ann, daughter of George and Mary Wood.
„ „	Samuel and Walter, children of Alma and Lydia Price.

MARRIAGES.

"Those whom God hath joined together."

April 20. John Hibbotson Ashton, of Hulme, Manchester, to Ruth Annie Sowter Jowitt, of Langley Mill.

May 1. William H. Rayner, of Aldercar, to Mary Yates, of Langley Mill.

FUNERALS.

"Behold I come quickly."

April 24.	Sarah Smith, of Wood Lincoln, aged 71 years.
May 7.	Sarah Gregory, of Heanor, aged 51 years.
„ 4.	Charles Sanders, of Langley Mill, aged 46 years.
„ 23.	Joseph Meakin, of Heanor, killed at Shipley Collieries, aged 34 years.

Both the funerals recorded in the parish registers of Heanor for the past month speak to us very solemnly in the words of the impressive Burial Service of our Church, "In the midst of life we are in death." Sudden, very sudden, has been the call in each case. We can only in these pages make one short note, and it shall be this. One of the last acts of *Mrs. Gregory* was to go round her district a few hours before her own death, to send in to the Rector the names of the sick and dying who needed to be visited. Shall we not then remember the words of our Saviour in which He said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, *ye did it unto Me*"? Visiting is often heart-rending work, but if undertaken for *Christ's sake*, and in His name, there is a *sure reward*. Only let us remember that the *time is short*. Let us work the works of Him that sent us, while it is called *to-day*, for "The *night cometh*, when no man can work." We shall pray that God may be pleased to use some of us "even now" to bring His life to the dying and His comfort to the sorrowing.

The *Offertory* at the Parish Church for the month of April amounted to £10. 9*s*. 1*d*., of which £2. 12*s*. 1½*d*. went to the Poor, and the remainder to Church Expenses.

Vol. XVII. No. 7. ONE PENNY.

JULY, 1887.



AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.



HOME WORDS





ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."



THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner,] [Frome & London.

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

Last month will be a red letter month in the annals of our parish and town on account of the celebration of the *Jubilee* of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. The wish expressed some months ago in the pages of this *Magazine* has been fulfilled, and the people of Heanor have shown by their efforts and by their subscriptions that they are able and willing to take their stand, shoulder to shoulder, with the people of other countries, cities, and towns, in showing their loyalty to the great and good Sovereign of the vast dominion to which we belong. Vast indeed is the empire over which our Queen exercises her rule. Vast has been the progress of our country during the fifty years that she has been permitted by Providence to exercise that sway. Only let each remember that a kingdom's glory and greatness brings to each subject of that kingdom great responsibilities and pressing duties. The greatness of the empire of England is built upon the character of her people. The English character has always been one of strong self-reliance, a determination never to be beaten, joined with a constant and firm adherence to law and order. A nation composed of individuals with a character of this kind, built upon faith in God, belief in duty and respect for righteousness, may well be invincible. Magnificent indeed may be the future of our country. Only let each one remember that "England expects *every man* to do his duty." Each man's self-denying effort must add to the stability, the power, the progress, and prosperity of his country. Idleness and insubordination, wickedness and waste, must inevitably lead to the ruin of the noble heritage which our forefathers won for us—won as it was by glorious toil, in victories of peace and war. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, sin is a disgrace to any people." May God prolong the life of our Queen! May God promote the prosperity of our country, for in His favour, won by obedience to His voice, lies our strength and our security.

One advantage among many others which we have reaped from the Jubilee celebrations in our parish has been the creation of a genuine *public spirit*. When once a united public spirit was aroused, large sums of money were readily subscribed, and willing workers came forward. Langley Mill, it is true, unfortunately kept somewhat apart, but we had the opportunity of welcoming the strong body of teachers and scholars from the schools at Aldercar; and we trust that shortly we may become so united as a parish that we may *feel our own strength*, and do good work in proportion to that strength. The population of the parish now considerably exceeds many small towns in the south of England, which are yet far in advance of us in possessing advantages which has been the result of public spirited enterprise. We refer to such advantages as possessing mechanics' institutes, free libraries, public baths, cottage hospitals, alms houses, etc. It will be the province of the *Heanor Parish Magazine* to endeavour to promote such public spirit, and to make public such suggestions as may from time to time come to hand for the good of our parish and people—Floreat Heanor!

On June 18th the Rector invited the members of the Heanor branches of Young Men and Young Women's Friendly Societies to tea at the Rectory. About 230 of the young people put in an appearance, and succeeded in making themselves very happy, the day being very fine and enjoyable. During tea and afterward the Heanor Brass Band played some choice selections in excellent style, the music being much appreciated. Addresses were also given by the Rev. E. M. Robinson (President of the Young Men's Society), Mr. Mayfield, and Mr. Bailey, setting forth the aims and objects of the Societies; and the Rector expressed a confident hope that when those

benefits were really understood, the membership would be doubled, and on the next occasion he would have to entertain at least 400. The members of the Young Women's Christian Association then signed an address to the Queen in the following words :—

"*To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.*

"MADAM,—

"We, the undersigned members of the Heanor Young Women's Christian Association and Girls' Friendly Society, beg to approach your Majesty with feelings of profound respect and ardent loyalty, to tender our earnest congratulations upon the completion of fifty years of your Majesty's prosperous reign.

"We are deeply thankful to our heavenly Father that, in His great love, He has been pleased to guide and prosper your Majesty in your rule over so many millions of people committed to your charge; and that we, the women of England, have in your Majesty such an example of all that is good and true.

"That your Majesty may long continue to exercise your beneficent sway over your vast dominions, is the earnest prayer of your Majesty's most humble and faithful subjects."

Mr. Stevens continues to carry on his Church Army and Mission work with untiring energy. Very many outdoor meetings and cottage lectures are being held in all parts of the parish, in addition to the four weekly meetings at the Albert Hall and at Langley. Miss Travers, sister-in-law of the Rev. Edwin Eardley, formerly of Heanor Fall, has kindly come to strengthen the good work. Meetings for women and girls are being held. Funds, interest, prayer, and more helpers are earnestly needed.

At the tea on June 18th, the members of the Heanor Young Men's Friendly Society made a very pleasing presentation to the Rector. This took the form of a walnut inkstand and an address (signed by all the members) in the following words :—

"We, the members of the Heanor Young Men's Friendly Society, desire to convey to you, our Rector, our good-will on the occasion of the Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. We also wish to give to you our warm and heartfelt thanks for your kindness to us, on this and all other occasions, at the same time wishing you all success in your good work in this parish."

The Offertory for the month of May showed a considerable increase upon the previous month. The total collected amounted to £11 4*s.* 11½*d.*, of which £9 3*s.* 6*d.* went to Church Expenses, and £2 1*s.* 5½*d.* to the Poor Fund.

The Rev. Dr. Weitbrecht, missionary from North India, attended an interesting open-air gathering at the Rectory on June 14th, and gave particulars with regard to the progress of the good work in that great country. Dr. Weitbrecht's visit was interesting to Heanor people, as he is working at Batâla in conjunction with the Rev. Egerton Corfield, the Rector's brother. The doctor exhibited some views of Batâla Missionary College, and a group representing Mr. E. Corfield and his wife, with the Bishop of Lahore, Dr. Weitbrecht, Miss Tucker ("A.L.O.E."), Mr. Clarke, Mr. Bateman, and other English and native Christian workers in the province of the Punjaub. Before the meeting a Sale was held of some very pretty and useful articles which had been contributed by kind friends for the object, some vases sent by Mr. Calvert, of Langley Mill, being especially admired. The Sale realized about £5; but the gathering must by no means be estimated by its result from a pecuniary point of view, for undoubtedly much interest was awakened which can hardly fail to result in earnest effort and prayer for the great cause which lies so near the Master's heart.

It might be well if our readers were acquainted with the fact that the clergy are willing to take Funerals in the unconsecrated ground at the cemetery, if the friends of deceased persons should find it *necessary* to bury on that side.

Children may be brought to Holy Baptism at the Parish Church on *any Thursday*, at 6.30, by giving notice, and on the first Sunday of the month, at 3. The Sacrament of Baptism is administered at Aldercar Church on the third Sunday in the month in the afternoon. There is *no fee at all* for baptism.

The Rector would be glad to prepare (with God's help) for Holy Baptism *persons of any age* by whom the rite has been hitherto neglected. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

The Sunday School Sermons will be at the Parish Church on July 24th, when the Rev. W. B. Dearden will preach.

LANGLEY MILL AND ALDERCAR.

An opening tea and general meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held at Aldercar School on Wednesday, June 1st. The Rector presided, and explained the aims and methods of the Association, which seeks to promote at once Christian principles, general culture, and practical help. A Bible Class will be conducted on alternate weeks. Classes have been formed for instruction in various subjects; and an employment agency has been opened. A large staff of willing helpers have come forward, to whom grateful acknowledgment is due. Already 61 members have been enrolled. Mrs. Body, of Aldercar Grove, and Miss Brentnall, of Dunstead, have been appointed secretaries. The Society is certainly calculated to be of the greatest possible benefit to the young women of all classes and denominations in Langley Mill.

Successful *Sunday School services* were held at Aldercar Church on Sunday, June 12th. The special hymns were well rendered, and Mr. Mayhew and his fellow-workers are to be congratulated on their efforts to make the anniversary a success. The three sermons were preached by the clergy of the parish, and the collections for the day amounted to £6 4*s*. 6½*d*.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

May 26. Arthur and Fred, sons of William and Elizabeth Bestwick.
„ „ Mary Ellen and Florence Emma, daughters of Abraham and Sarah Ann Morley.
„ 29. Mary, daughter of John and Hannah Gillott.
June 5. Mary Ann, daughter of Alfred and Mary Inger.
„ „ Annie, Harriet, John, and Henry, children of Robert and Mary Ann Earnshaw.
„ „ William Joshua, son of Joshua and Emily Hufton.
„ „ Emily Elizabeth, daughter of Charles and Evangeline Bestwick.

MARRIAGES.

"Those whom God hath joined together."

May 22. Uriah Fletcher to Catherine Kerry, both of Heanor.
„ 28. Henry Barker to Margaret Smith, both of Heanor.
„ 29. George Martin to Sarah Rawson, both of Marlpool.
„ 30. John J. Ratcliffe, of Aldercar, to Alice M. Hogg, of Codnor.

FUNERALS.

"Behold I come quickly."

May 25. Elizabeth Bircumshaw, of Aldercar, aged 85 years.
„ 30. John Neal, of Langley Mill, aged 13 months.
June 9. Mary Gillott, of Heanor, aged 58 years.

Vol. XVII. No. 8 ONE PENNY.

AUG., 1887.



AS FOR ME
AND MY HOUSE,
WE WILL
SERVE THE LORD.



HOME WORDS





ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native
place,
The bulwark of our land."



THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner,] [Frome & London.

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

"*The Wakes*" take place this month. The feast was originally kept in memory of the dedication of our Parish Church, and has been celebrated for many hundreds of years. Readers of the *Heanor Parish Magazine* will endeavour to keep the feast this year as it was originally intended that it should be kept. The Rector hopes to preach the "Wakes sermon" on Sunday evening, August 14th, when all parishioners who have friends should bring them to our fine Parish Church. The plan of travelling home by train on the Sunday cannot be too strongly condemned. The vice of Sunday travelling is unfortunately becoming increasingly popular among our young people, and the breaking of God's law with regard to the Rest Day is leading to all kinds of evil. Every man *needs* one day in seven to seek life for his soul, and Sunday travelling not only *starves a man's own soul*, but deprives the railway men of their rest here, and it may be of their eternal rest hereafter.

Speaking of a time for rest, we are glad to note the success of the *Early Closing Movement* in Heanor. We trust that many of our neighbours will enjoy many a happy recreation hour through the early closing of the shops once a week. Would that our friends the Licensed Victuallers might take the hint and go in for *Sunday Closing!* Many would be glad to do so if only the others would do the same.

The *Annual Tea and Conference* of the S.S. Teachers of several adjoining parishes took place in the pretty grounds at Eastwood Rectory last month. About *thirty* of our teachers from the Heanor and Aldercar schools put in an appearance, and many others must have deeply regretted their inability to be present. The sermon was preached by the new Vicar of St. Andrew's, Nottingham, and a useful paper was read by the Vicar of Bramcote. Five or six of the clergy took part in the discussion, which was well taken up by the teachers, Mr. Mayhew, from Aldercar, being among the laymen who addressed the gathering.

The first meeting of the *Heanor Parish Church Council* was held in the old school, Marlpool Lane, at the close of June. The Rector presided, and was supported by the Rev. E. M. Robinson, the Rev. James Hawkins, and Messrs. E. Eagle, R. H. Robinson (Churchwardens), Dr. Wolley, Dr. Turton, Messrs. J. Hodges, S. Towson, J. Bowley, J. Calladine and other members of the council. Several important matters touching the welfare of the parish were discussed, and it was agreed to hold a Garden Fête at Heanor Hall, in order to liquidate the debt on the Church Funds, and to clean the Parish Church. A motion was carried ordering the ringing of the bell at noon, which had been discontinued owing to the desire to economize. The name of Mr. R. Wilkes was added to the council in the place of the late Mrs. H. Gregory. A discussion arose as to some alterations which have been made in the choir with regard to the responses. The Chairman left the matter entirely to the council, the members of which expressed entire and unanimous approval of the service which had been tried, only one much-esteemed and valued member of the council expressing his disapproval, but not voting against the resolution.

At the council meeting the chairman expressed his firm attachment to the principles of his late father, and his dislike to the teaching of formalists; but at the same time he was anxious to follow, as far as possible, the wishes of his people. The

true way to bring people to God's house was not only by good music and a well-rendered service, however necessary that might be, but by each member of the congregation having given his heart to Christ, and his life to God's service, earnestly trying to induce others to do the same. It is, indeed, *no easy matter to draw a man to the worship* of God, when he has, by long neglect, destroyed his own desires after good things; but kindly invitations repeatedly given, neighbourly words backed by earnest prayer to the Disposer of all hearts, may do great things. Shall we not pray that God may help us "by all means to gain some"? Oh, may He sanctify, direct, and teach the clergy themselves! May His presence be *felt* in the services of our Church, and may He enable the people to *receive* that engrafted word which is able to save their souls, and then we need have no fear, but that if it is His will, our beautiful church shall be full to overflowing with earnest worshippers of that God whom to know is Life Eternal.

The firm of *Messrs. R. & I. Morley* have shown their intention to keep up their well-known name for liberality, by promising substantial help for the Poor Fund and Mission work, and by giving a portion of land at the back of the National Schools for the proposed enlargement. The managers will be glad to receive subscriptions towards the new School. Surely many friends might like to take the opportunity to give *voluntarily* at least a *half* of what they might be *compelled* to give if the school was built by a rate.

We have again to chronicle much activity on the part of our friends of the *Albert Hall Mission.* The Church Army Tent has done good work at Heanor, at Marlpool and Langley Mill, Captain Stevens being indefatigible, and meeting with sterling help from his supporters, who do their best to supply the lack of services in others. Another successful *Tea* was held at the Albert Hall, on July 23rd, which was attended by the Rev. W. B. Dearden, Mr. Ogden (Derby), Captain Turner (Nottingham), and about thirty members of the Radford corps with their very efficient Brass Band. Work carried on with such spirit if owned of God is *sure* to be successful. Our readers will do what they can to help and encourage earnest and energetic friends. It is truly terrible to find what a vast number of our neighbours never go to any place of worship, and are still living "without God, and without hope in the world."

The *Mothers' Meetings,* which are held at the old school and at the Coffee House, Langley Mill, sent over a hundred of their members to the recent tea at the Rectory, to which they had been freely invited. Interesting addresses were given by the Rector, Mr. Murray Robinson and his brother, Mr. Godfrey Robinson. The last-named has been a great traveller, and gave graphic descriptions of his voyages and travels. The Heanor handbell ringers were in attendance, and rang changes during the evening.

The junior members of the *Parish Church Choir* took their annual excursion to Scaborough on July 5th, and were favoured with a bright and happy day. We regret, however, that we cannot record, as in former years, a *united* choir trip. Union is maintained by cultivating a spirit of ready self-sacrifice. Selfishness inevitably leads to those splits and divisions which form so many parties and sects, and so greatly weaken the cause of Christ.

The Sunday School Sermons were preached in the Parish Church on July 24th by our old friend the Rev. W. B. Dearden, and were very well attended. There was a Flower Service in the afternoon. The members of the new mission school at Langley, of which Miss L. Corfield is superintendent, attended for the first time,

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Mr. Bailey, Mr. Mayfield, Mrs. Hodges, and Miss Hunt are to be congratulated upon the rapid strides which the Sunday Schools in Loscoe Road are making. Mr. Turner is in charge of the new department recently opened for boys, and which is now quite full. Parents will be glad to send their children a considerable distance to attend these first-rate schools. May the great Teacher Himself guide and help the teachers, and enable them to win souls for Christ. "It is not the will of your Father, which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

The *Offertory* at the Parish Church for June amounted to £8 5*s*. 2*d*., of which £1 9*s*. 3*d*. was for the Poor, and the remainder to the Church Expenses Fund.

The *Mission Services* for children at the Albert Hall have been well attended and much appreciated.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

July 7. Percy, Robert, and Amy, children of Robert and Rhoda Froggat.
" " Mary Ann, daughter of Charles and Mary Stewart.
" " William, son of Herbert and Selina Brough.
" " George Henry and John, sons of Abraham and Sarah Ann Morley.
" " Fanny and Esther Ann, daughters of Reuben and Sarah Ann Booth.
" 14. Rosa Mary and Maud Minnie daughters of Alfred and Rachel Brentnall.

FUNERALS.

"Be ye also ready."

June 30. Sophia Henson, aged 73 years.
July 5. Richard Bateman, aged 67 years.
" 13. Rhoda Milner, aged 87 years, interred by her son, the Rev. W. H. Milner, of Newcastle.

Vol. XVII. No. 9

ONE PENNY.

SEPT., 1887.

AS FOR ME
AND MY HOUSE,
WE WILL
SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native
place,
The bulwark of our land."

THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Lutler & Tanner,]

[Frome & London.

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

THE *Harvest Festival* at the Parish Church will take place on Thursday, September 22nd, and Sunday, 25th. We trust that the church will be as beautifully decorated, the offerings as liberal, and the congregations as crowded as last year. The Rev. John N. Quirk, M.A., the able and energetic Vicar of Rotherham, will be the preacher on the Thursday, when the offerings are for the poor. The preachers for the Sunday will be the Rev. E. M. Evans, M.A., the new Vicar of Ilkeston, and the Rev. R. P. Hills, M.A., the new Vicar of Ironville. There will be *four* services on this festival day; viz., the Holy Communion, at 8.15; Morning Prayer, 10.30; the Service of Song, at 3; and the Evening Prayer, at 6.30. May the great Lord of the harvest grant that thegood seed may always be sown in the services of our church, and that an abundant harvest may be gathered unto life eternal. "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap."

The *Garden Fête* and Sale of Work at Heanor Hall was in many ways a most decided success. The provision made for the amusement and entertainment of all who came was most extensive, and was generally acknowledged to be even more attractive than in any similar gathering amongst our neighbours. All who had anything to do with the Bazaar worked with a will. Many good neighbours and friends gave most liberally of their works and wares, their fruits and flowers, and the stalls were most plentifully supplied with artistic and useful articles. All the good things also in the refreshment rooms were freely given and well catered. The bands played most energetically. The days were beautifully fine. The *concerts* were rendered with great spirit, Mr. Cecil Berle being most clever and indefatigable. The performances of Professor Hutchinson, the well-known ventriloquist, were admirable and most amusing. The "*waxworks*" worked hard, whether "wound up" or otherwise, some of the representations, indeed, having cost considerable labour in costume and arrangement. The *museum* of interesting objects, collected by Mr. N. Ball and Mr. Calladine, was in itself worth the trifling sum charged for admission to the grounds. The *cricket match*, too, spoke well for the honour of Heanor, although a local paper made the curious statement that it "ended in an easy victory for the *losers!*" while most successful of all, perhaps, was the *chess tournament*, played with living pieces, who proved so attractive in themselves and in their costumes. The general effect of the processions of kings and queens, attended by their knights and pawns with glittering spears and waving banners, headed by bandsmen-heralds, and emerging from among the green foliage of the trees, was so effective as to give quite the appearance of fairy-land to the picturesque gardens of the old Hall.

Our only note of regret with regard to the Garden Party is that *more* of our friends did not avail themselves of an opportunity which is not likely to be given them again. Of course we have to bear in mind that our good neighbour, Mr. Mundy, was asking our aid in his successful effort to lessen the debt on the Ilkeston Church Institute, and some of our friends could not go to Heanor Hall *and* to Shipley. There were also many similar gatherings in the neighbourhood at the same time. Trade, too, is in such a terribly depressed state that many of our warmest friends among the working classes were quite unable to show their interest in the event, and do what they were anxious to do for their own Parish Church, even when the entrance fee was so trifling. The effort, therefore, which, for the skill, spirit, and enterprise in its execution, *deserved* to raise, at least, a hundred pounds, was only productive in

clear profit of a little over forty pounds. However, this result was not at all a bad one for about a *month's* work, when at the same time real healthy pleasure and recreation was provided for a number of our friends, and an opportunity taken for happy, social intercourse.

At a meeting of the Church Council held after the Bazaar, a resolution was unanimously passed tendering a "hearty vote of *thanks* to those ladies and gentlemen who, by their generous contributions and kindly efforts, had contributed to its success." It would be impossible, in the limited space at our disposal, to attempt to give a complete list of all who thus helped. Several of the committees, were, however, formed from the members of our District Visitors, who also worked energetically among their own people, and whose names we give in the order of their respective districts; viz., *Marlpool:* (1), Mrs. and Miss Robinson; (2), Mrs. and Miss Hodges; (3), Miss Browne; (4), Miss Clower. *Langley:* (1), Mrs. Gregory; (2), Miss Brentnall; (3), Miss Spray. *Heanor:* (1), Miss Gregory; (2), Mrs. and Miss Burton; (3), Mrs. Case. *West Hill* (and Commonside): (1), Miss Gribble; (2), Miss Marshall; (3), Miss Ball; (4), Mrs. Locke; *Nelson and Park Streets:* (1), Miss Poundall; and (2), Miss Turton (with Miss Meakin). *Loscoe Road:* (1), Mrs. Mayfield; (2), Mrs. Browne (with Miss A. Hunt); (3), Miss Heald; (4), Mrs. and Miss Hardy; (5), Mrs. Marchbank (with Miss Wright); and (6), Miss Inger (Wood End). *Langley Mill* (in Parish Church District): (1), Mrs. and Miss Eagle; (2), Miss Millington. In addition to the above ladies who carry on the arduous and most necessary work as District Visitors, there are several of our good helpers who cannot at present take a district, but who worked hard on the bazaar committees. Of these we should wish to name Mrs. Bailey, Miss Corfield, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Holbrook, Miss Hunt, Mrs. Thorpe, and Mrs. Turner. Mrs. Sebastian Smith's daughters had a tasteful little stall of their own. Mr. Bowley, Mr. Draper, and Mr. Turner, formed the concert committee; the Rev. E. M. Robinson and Mr. J. Bosworth the cricket committee. Mr. Hodges and Mr. Stevens arranged the platforms and stalls, while Mr. Bulman did perhaps the hardest work of all in arranging the chessmen and waxworks. Thanks are certainly due to Mr. Mundy for so kindly allowing the use of the Hall; to Mr. Turton for free use of the grounds; and to Mr. Froggatt, the gardener, for much kind help.

The Offertory at the Parish Church for July again shows a gratifying increase, amounting, as it does, to £16 1*s.* 4¼*d.*, of which £8 6*s.* 6*d.* went to the Sunday Schools, £1 4*s.* 5¾*d.* to the Poor, and the remaining £6 10*s.* 4¼*d.* to the Churchwardens for Church Expenses.

A statement of the expenses of the *Albert Hall Mission,* from its commencement last September up to May 1st of this year, will be of interest to our readers. Coals and cleaning cost £4 12*s.* 10*d.*; gas, £2 19*s.* 4*d.*; printing and tracts, £4 7*s.*; rent (half-year), £8 10*s.*; Mr. Oldershaw (strapping walls), £2 19*s.*; hire of chairs, etc., £4 11*s.* 10*d.*; total, £28. Towards this expenditure £19 10*s.* has been realized up to May 1st; viz., £5 2*s.* 8*d.* by donations and collections; £7 17*s.* 3*d.* by concerts; £3 19*s.* 10*d.* by teas and collections per Mr. James Bestwick; £1 1*s.* 6*d.* by lecture; and £1 8*s.* 9*d.* by sub-letting the Hall, leaving a *deficit* of £8 10*s.* Since Captain Stevens has taken the Mission in hand, several teas have been held and constant collections made, of which a weekly account is submitted to head-quarters, and further notice will be given in this *Magazine.* There is still, however, a large deficit, and much need for active co-operation on the part of the friends of energetic work.

Heanor]

At a recent meeting of the committee for erecting a *Jubilee Memorial*, the Rector expressed his anxiety that the memorial should be of some lasting benefit to the *poor* of the parish, and suggested that it might take the form of either (1) establishment of a *Soup Kitchen* for the benefit of the poor in the winter time; (2) *Scholarships* for poor children at our National Schools; (3) *Hospital appliances*, such as Bath chairs, water-beds, crutches, etc., for the sick; or (4) a *Mendicity Society* for the relief of deserving cases. After discussion, however, the committee came to the conclusion that the erection of a *fountain* would fall in best with the wishes of the subscribers, and a sub-committee was formed to make and submit designs and estimates. The only available position for such a fountain, which would certainly be a great boon to the locality, is in the old market-place opposite the King of Prussia.

Our friends at Langley Mill intend to hold a Harvest Festival this year at Aldercar Church. The number of worshippers at this pretty little church have lately been steadily increasing, and we have every reason to anticipate crowded congregations on the occasion of the Harvest Festival. Particulars will shortly be issued. May our good friends' hopes be realized, and an abundant blessing be vouchsafed.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

July 31. Charles Joseph, son of Samuel Kidd and Bertha J. Cooper.
Aug. 7. Annie Beatrice, daughter of William and Annie Richards.
" " Thomas Henry, Mary Elizabeth, Arthur, and Esther, children of John and Sarah Rebecca Harriman.
" " Henry, son of Joseph and Lydia Ann Harvey.
" " May, daughter of Alfred and Mary Ann Slater.
" " John Henry, son of Charles and Sarah Beecroft.
" " Leonard, son of Samuel and Sarah Gillott.
" " William Bullock, Jacob B., Joseph B., Martha B., Walter B., and Lucy B., children of William Bullock and Sarah Ann Flint.
" 11. Wallace Frederick Kyte, son of Thomas and M. E. Soar.

MARRIAGES.

"Those whom God hath joined together."

July 23. Samuel Pynegar to Mary Allen, both of Heanor.
Aug. 8. William Marsh, of Heanor, to Mary Ann Wallis, of Greasley.
" " Reuben Morris to Lavinia Granger, both of Heanor.
" 14. Henry Arthur Calladine to Mary Ann Hallam, both of Heanor.
" " William Hutchinson to Charlotte Peabody, both of Heanor.

FUNERALS.

"Be ye also ready."

July 26. Sarah Fletcher, after a long illness, aged 51 years.
Aug. 13. Elizabeth Walker Locke, died suddenly, aged 72 years.

Heanor Young Women's Christian Association.—The meetings of this useful Society will *begin again* on September 26th, when we *hope* to have an address from Mrs. Bradstock, who is so well known for her successful work. At the *tea* in December it is expected that Lady Laura Ridding will attend and distribute prizes for progress made in the various classes and for attendance.

ALDERCAR AND LANGLEY MILL.

BAPTISMS.

July 19. Lewin Richard, son of Charles and Maud Tansey.
Aug. 14. Maria and Edith Mary, daughter of Henry and Mary Helen Jowitt.
„ „ Margaret Howitt, daughter of William R. and Carrie M. Smallwood.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 13. Joseph Neale, of Langley Mill, to Caroline H. Manchester, of Heanor.
„ 15. William Wright to Phœbe Earnshaw, of Heanor.

FUNERALS.

July 23. William Leonard Ratcliffe, aged 15 months.
„ 29. John Fern, aged 75 years.

School Treat.—The Annual Treat of the Aldercar Sunday Schools was held on Saturday, August 6th. After tea in the Schoolroom, the children and friends adjourned to a large field near the church, kindly lent by Mr. H. Gregory. The weather was splendid, and games of all descriptions were in full swing until dusk. Sweets and nuts were abundantly supplied by Mr. Slack, Miss Gregory, and others. The Rector, Miss Corfield, and Miss L. Corfield; Mr. H. Gregory, Miss Gregory, and Miss A. Gregory; Mr. and Mrs. Boddy, Mrs. Brentnall, and other kind friends, greatly contributed to the enjoyment of the children by their presence in the various games. A very happy gathering was brought to a close as darkness set in, by the distribution of prizes for attendance and good conduct. The Rector spoke of the great pleasure it gave him to be present, and of his interest in Aldercar and earnest desire to further the prosperity of the church and school there. He announced the likelihood of the formation soon of a Young Men's Bible Class on Sunday afternoons under Mr. Boddy. Miss L. Corfield handed prize-books to the following children:—
Girls.—1st Class, Sarah Hollingsworth, Harriet Fletcher; 2nd Class, Pollie Renshaw and Marian Potter; 3rd Class, Emily Raynor and Annie Potter; 4th Class, Ada Renshaw and Florence Knowles; 5th Class, Ethel Tilford, Annie Morse; 6th Class, Emma Walker, Carrie Harborne; 7th Class, Minnie Renshaw, Annie Slater.
Boys.—1st Class, Hugh Brown, Edwin Moss; 2nd Class, Arthur Renshaw, Arthur Pearce; 3rd Class, Frank Morse, Thomas Norris; 4th Class, Fred Tilford, George Smith; 5th Class, L. Morse, John Fell; 6th Class, F. Blythe, J. Hunt; 7th Class, F. Foster, C. Fell; 8th Class, S. Walker, W. Smith; 9th Class, William Floyd and W. P. Brown.

Vol. XVII. No. 10. Bunting ONE PENNY.

OCT., 1887.

AS FOR ME
AND MY HOUSE,
WE WILL
SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS

FOR HEART

& HEARTH

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."

THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR
Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner.] [Frome & London.

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

The Annual *Sunday School Treat* in connection with the Parish Church Schools took place on September 3rd, and was in every way most successful. The tea was held in the National Schools, Loscoe Road, where about 500 young people put in an appearance, including the Mission School from Langley. All sat down together at well-arranged tables in the three large Schoolrooms, the energy and good-will of our excellent staff of teachers being well tested in supplying so many needs at the same moment. We were glad to notice the large number who were present from the members of Bible Classes, which are such an encouraging feature in our Sunday Schools. The Langley Mill Brass Band played some selections of music during tea-time, and afterwards marched at the head of the long procession of children, Bible Classes, and teachers, as way was made from the Schools to the Rectory. While the Teachers and the Band were being entertained at tea at the Rectory, the children adjourned to the field adjoining, and soon made themselves very happy with the usual games and pastimes—cricket, rounders, races, swings, and scrambles became the order of the day until Mr. G. Beresford began to send up his balloons. Then the evening closing in, a hymn was sung, and the Rector addressed a few words to the large assembly. He said that he felt sure that the *Teachers* would not be wanting in prayer and earnest effort on behalf of the members of those classes whom their Heavenly Father had committed to their care, and he was deeply sensible of the self-denial and labour which the teachers brought to their work; only let the *children* themselves be earnest in prayer for their teachers, regular in their attendance, and anxious to receive help while it was offered, then surely a rich blessing from on high was in store for them all. The unavoidable absence of Mr. Bailey, who is so able and willing to amuse and interest on such occasions, was a cause for regret. Many of the teachers and elder scholars were, however, glad to see Mrs. Corfield again taking part in a Heanor School Feast. Her presence reminded them of those days when the brightest and happiest of all in making the children glad was he who, for fourteen years as Pastor of this parish, did so earnestly long to see the little ones fed for Christ, and rejoiced in the blessings of the Kingdom of Heaven. At the close of the day, Mr. Mayfield led the children in their own way in returning thanks to the present Rector, whose one wish it is to carry on the work of his father and brother, to follow them as they followed Christ, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus when He said, "Feed my Lambs."

Notice.—The Parish Church *Sunday Schools* are held at the National School, Loscoe Road. The Schools open in the morning at 9.30, and in the afternoon at 2.30. Children are expected to be punctual and orderly. Mr. J. D. Bailey is superintendent of the boys, and Mrs. Hodges of the girls. Mr. Mayfield, Mr. Turner, and Mr. N. Ball have *Classes for Young Men*; and Miss Hunt, Miss Browne, and Miss Brentnall *Classes for Young Women*. Miss Hodgkinson has charge of a large department for *Infants*.

At the close of last month the members of the *Communicants' Union* had a pleasant drive to a *picnic* and outing at Robin Hood's Well, to which they had been invited by the Rector and Miss Corfield. About 40 were able to go, and thoroughly enjoyed the day in the beautiful woods. After tea the party were rowed about on the reservoir in four boats, kindly lent by Mr. Barber, and the lake presented a most animated and enjoyable appearance, the day being beautifully fine. A slight mishap occurred on the return journey. A large van was driven against one of the breaks

and smashed a lamp. No further mischief was done, and the accident served to remind the members of the party of the debt of gratitude which they owed to the watchful care of that Heavenly Father who had given them that happy day and "all things richly to enjoy."

We would take this opportunity of repeating that the Communicants' Union meets on a *Tuesday* at the beginning of each month, at the National Schools, and we should be glad to hear of more of the younger communicants joining.

The senior members of the *Choir* took their excursion on the same day as the Cummunicants' Union, going to Matlock by break, and enjoying themselves very much. Mr. Holland, however, seems to have caught a chill, and we regret to learn has been far from well ever since. The congregation are much indebted to the members of the choir, who voluntarily give such constant and self-denying effort towards leading efficiently the beautiful services of our Church in the worship of Almighty God. We feel sure, however, that their best reward will be in realizing the glorious privilege of being able to consecrate to the service of the great Giver of all this talent for music which He has Himself bestowed.

The new *Railway* from Ripley to Heanor is making rapid progress, and our parish is having an addition made to its population by the arrival of some two or three hundred of the men who will be working on the line. A *Missionary* to work among these men has been already appointed, and our support is asked. Sermons will probably be preached and collections made in the Parish Church for this object during the present month. Our readers will do well to interest others in the work. The small room at the Albert Hall will be freely lent to the men as a News and Reading Room, and Captain Stevens will help the Missionary as much as possible.

The *Young Women's Christian Association* has made a vigorous start again after the short summer holiday. An excellent address was given by Mrs. Bradstock, wife of the Vicar of Ripley, on Sept. 26th, and several new members were enrolled. All the classes in connection with this Association are *free* to members. The Society is unsectarian, and includes members of all the different denominations, and it is hoped that eventually every young woman in the parish may be induced to join. Mrs. Clarke has been most kind and indefatigable in her work for the Association. The Bible Classes and Classes are held every Monday at 7.30, at the National School.

Details with regard to the *Harvest Festival*, which took place on Sept. 22nd, and was continued on the 25th, will be given in our next issue. Excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. John Quirk, Vicar of Rotherham, and by the new Vicars of Ilkeston and Ironville, the Revs. E. Muirhead Evans, and the Rev. R. P. Hills. The church was beautifully decorated by willing helpers, and the offerings were large; many people who were themselves *poor* sending their gifts for others who were *poorer* than themselves.

The Services on *Thursdays* at the Parish Church are now begun again. Will *each one* of our readers make a special effort to come, and ask others to come also? God Himself calls us for *one hour* to His worship, shall we refuse to go? *Courses of Lectures* are being given by the Clergy. These lectures, however little some may think of them, have cost labour and been the subject of earnest prayer on our behalf. Shall we not at any rate *try* to encourage our Clergy, and, above all, seek a blessing from God by making every effort to attend?

The parish has now become so large that it is impossible for the Clergy, with the work which they have on hand, to *visit* their parishioners and friends as often as they would wish to do. The District Visitors endeavour, therefore, to be a medium between the people and the Clergy. If, however, any parishioner would express to the District Visitor his desire to see a Clergyman, it would give the Rector or his good fellow-labourers the greatest pleasure to make every effort to come at once. One good way of seeing the Clergy is to attend the services and meetings. At the close of any service the Rector would be most thankful to speak to any one about the things concerning the Kingdom of God, and as one who must himself render an account to his Master, he earnestly longs to be of use to *individual souls*. He desires most anxiously not merely to be a preacher but, by the grace of God, to be a real pastor and friend to His people.

One of the most interesting exhibits at the Museum at the recent Garden Party at Heanor Hall, was the ancient Register of our parish. The register is over 300 years old, and has been beautifully kept, the writing being most clear and distinct. The names which appear from month to month in this Magazine, of persons who have been baptized, married, or buried by the Clergy of the parish, are added to these old records, and they can be found in future times when a certificate or copy may be very important.

The offertory of the Parish Church for August amounted to £14 14*s*. 0½*d*., of which £2 12*s*. 6*d*. went to the Poor Fund, and the remaining £12 1*s*. 6½*d*. went to the Churchwardens for Church Expenses.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

Aug. 28. Albert Edward, son of William and Martha Bramley.
„ 30. Margaret Emily, daughter of Frederick Channer and Agnes Rebecca Augusta Corfield.
Sept. 4. Lily, daughter of William and Charlotte Elwell.
„ „ James Albert, son of James and Mary Anne Bestwick.
„ „ Annie, daughter of James and Jane Lickley.
„ „ Frederick, son of James and Jane Lickley.
„ „ John Henry, son of Joseph and Sarah Anne Meakin.
„ 11. Leonard, Thomas William, Mary Ellen, Reginald, children of David and Sarah Offley.

MARRIAGE.

"Those whom God hath joined together."

Sept. 18. Thomas Hodgkinson to Eliza Mary Knowles.

FUNERALS.

"Be ye also ready."

Elizabeth Holbrook, aged 87 years.
Lily Booth, aged 9 months.
Mary Elizabeth Plumb, aged 2 years.
Amy Chambers, aged 19 years.
Elizabeth Prince, aged 48 years.

Vol. XVII. No. 11. ONE PENNY.

NOV. 1887.

AS FOR ME
AND MY HOUSE,
WE WILL
SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS





ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."



THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner.]

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

The Heanor Parish Tea and Social Gathering will be held in the Town Hall on Tuesday, Nov. 29th, when we shall hope for as good attendance and as much success as last year.

Our notice last month of the *Harvest Festival Services* at the Parish Church was necessarily brief. The services were even more successful than in previous years. On the Thursday, when Rev. F. N. Quirk preached, the church was very well filled, and £4 2*s*. 1*d*. was collected for the sick and needy. The first lesson was read by Rev. P. Page, Vicar of Brinsley, and the second by Rev. A. T. Corfield (Balderstone); altogether six clergy taking part in the service. The offerings of fruit, flowers, and vegetables were most liberal, and the decorations were carried out in an elaborate style, much help being most willingly rendered. The *pulpit* and *reading-desk* decorations were superintended by Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Robinson, and Mrs. Woolley; the *chancel rails*, etc., by Mrs. Bailey; the *font* by Miss Poundall; the *organ* by Miss Wilkes; the *lectern* by Mrs. and Miss Hodges; the *windows* by Miss L. Corfield, Misses Heald, Miss Eagle, Miss Robinson, Miss Hardy, Mrs. Browne, Miss A. Gregory, Miss Woolley, Miss E. Woolley, Miss C. Meakin, Miss Inger, and other ladies; *west door* by Mr. Froggatt; and the *pillars* by Mrs. Burton and the young ladies from the Fall. The church was quite full at each of the three services on Sunday; the offertories amounting altogether on that day to £10 11*s*. 9*d*. The offertory in the afternoon by the children (£1 18*s*.) was given to the sick and poor children of the parish. Our only note of regret in connection with this Festival was the small number who attended at the early service for the Holy Communion.

Our friends of the *Albert Hall* Mission also had a very successful Harvest Festival. The Mission Room was profusely decorated by a band of most energetic helpers; and the store of fruits and vegetables kindly contributed by sympathizing friends seemed even to exceed in abundance that which had been given to the Parish Church. The services took place on Sunday, October 3rd, when two sermons were preached—that in the afternoon by the Rector, and in the evening by Rev. J. Hawkins, B.A. when the large Hall was quite packed.

On the Monday following, a well-attended tea took place, towards which further kind contributions had been made by the friends of the Mission. The tea was excellently managed, and thoroughly sociable. After tea, a largely attended meeting took place, over which the Rector presided, when a good selection of music was rendered by a large choir, and a sale of the fruit, etc., was made towards the funds of the Mission. Certainly this effort has shown that there is a strong feeling of goodwill towards the work of this Mission, and our friends are to be heartily congratulated on their success. The total amount realized altogether over £9.

During the month a *Magic Lantern* will be exhibited at the Mission Hall by the Rev. E. G. Lea-Wilson, Vicar of Old Radford; and arrangements are being made for several sacred Concerts during the winter. Mr. G. Parr has been elected Secretary to the Mission in the place of Mr. F. J. Adams.

The Band of Hope, which meets on alternate Tuesdays, at the National School, has recommenced active operations. Mr. J. Bowley has been elected Secretary in lieu of our good friend Mr. F. Parkins, who has left the parish.

The Temperance Meetings held in the Albert Hall every Saturday evening deserve to be more widely known and better attended

Thr Young Men's Friendly Society, which meets in the Rector's Old School every Monday, has a good programme arranged for the winter. Three lectures have already been delivered. The first, by Mr. Boddy, dealt with the lasting stability of the promises of the word of God. The second, by Mr. W. H. Turton, B.D., was an interesting dissertation on the structure of the Human Ear, and the mechanism of the Telephone. The third, by Mr. Leyland, was a thoughtful essay on Education.

A well-arranged Concert, got up by Mr. B. W. Bulman, in aid of the fund for cleaning the church, was given in the Schoolroom on 19th of last month. Mr. J. H. Gower, Mus. Doc. (assisted by some of the Trent College Choir), Rev. E. M. Evans, Miss Brentnall, and Miss Graham, well rendered an enjoyable programme.

A *New Sunday School* has been opened at the Albert Hall, which, though only designed for the smaller children at first, will ultimately prove a great boon to that rapidly increasing district. The School opens at 2.30 on Sunday afternoons, when the little ones will be in good hands.

The offertory for September amounted to £20 9*s*. 2*d*., of which £13 9*s*. 7½*d*. went to Church Expenses, £5 10*s*. 10½*d*. to the Poor Fund, and £1 8*s*. 8*d*. to sick and needy children.

The total collected at the Harvest Festival Services amounted to £14 13*s*. 10*d*.

ALDERCAR.

It was determined to hold a Harvest Festival at St. John's this year for the first time. The idea was taken up with the utmost willingness, and help came in from all sides. To give the names of all who assisted would be to enumerate all our Aldercar people. It will be sufficient to mention those to whom various parts of the church were allotted for decoration. The east window was tastefully adorned with plants and flowers furnished by Mrs. Salthouse. The east end, including pulpit, reading-desk, etc., was in the hands of Miss E. and Miss A. V. Gregory, Mrs. and Miss Boddy, Miss Eagle, Miss Brentnall, Mr. and Miss Jowitt, and Miss E. Woolley. The side windows were allotted to Miss Bowes, Miss Argile, and Miss Slack (assisted by Messrs. Slack and Wallace), Messrs. Walker, Slack, and Toplis, who filled their windows in unique fashion with things useful in the subsequent distribution; Miss Annable and Mrs. Ratcliffe and many willing helpers; Mrs. Towson and Miss Millington. Miss Wright beautifully decorated the font; and Messrs. Mayhew, Hartley, and Pender took the west end. The general effect was very pleasing. There was an abundance of bread, vegetables, and fruit, and choice grapes were supplied from Dunstead Lodge, Aldercar Hall, Godkin House, Cocker House, and by Miss Gregory, of Heanor. On Sunday, three services were held. The Rev. P. Page, of Brinsley, preached in the morning; the Rev. E. M. Robinson addressed the children in the afternoon, on "Living Bread"; and the Rev. J. Hawkins preached in the evening to a crowded congregation. The offertory, which was for the Choir Fund, amounted to £5 15*s*. 4*d*. There was a general wish that the services might be continued, and on Monday night Mr. Hawkins again preached to a large congregation. On Tuesday morning the distribution of the offerings was made to about seventy people recommended by the District Visitors. This first Harvest Festival has been a great success, and will be a splendid precedent for coming years. The spirit with which it has been carried out is beyond praise. Such unity and willingness and energy put into all our Church work, and hallowed by constant reference to the great Head of the Church, would infallibly ensure success.

Mr. Hawkins's Bible Class for Men will (D.V.) be resumed for the winter on Tuesday, October 25th. The subject for the winter's study will be the Life and Letters of St. Paul. At intervals, lectures on various interesting subjects will be delivered. Every effort will be made to make this hour on Tuesday evenings one of the most profitable in the week. New members are earnestly invited to join.

At the end of this month (November) a special course of Advent Lectures on Wednesday evenings will be begun in St. John's Church. Particulars will be announced later.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

Sept.	25.	Bertha Louisa, daughter of Thomas Morley and Louisa Nix.
,,	,,	Arthur, son of William and Elizabeth Ann Careless.
,,	,,	Elizabeth, daughter of Arthur and Louisa Askew.
,,	,,	Mary Hannah, daughter of Eli and Ann Beresford.
,,	29.	Arabella and Florence, children of James Robert and Arabella Hall.
,,	,,	Enoch and Mary Jane, children of James and Sarah Ann Thomlinson.
,,	,,	Elizabeth, Samuel, and Albert, children of John and Sarah Gillott.
Oct.	2.	Hannah, daughter of James and Amy Brown.
,,	,,	Walter, son of Thomas and Mary Booth.
,,	,,	Hannah, daughter of Thomas and Mary Ellen Martin.
,,	,,	Ann Elizabeth, daughter of William and Catherine Widdowson.
,,	13.	Florence Mary, daughter of Amos and Mary Brooks.
,,	,,	Alice Hannah, Martha, Henry, and Samuel, children of John and Ann Rebecca Wood.
,,	,,	Mary Ann and Mabel, children of Samuel and Sarah Ann Mellors.
,,	16.	Clara, daughter of James and Emma Slater, Wood Lincoln.
,,	,,	Albert Frederick, son of Frederick Hardwick and Kate Dodson, Colwick.
,,	,,	James, son of William Henry and Sarah Handford, of Langley Mill.

MARRIAGES.

"Those whom God hath joined together."

Oct.	1.	Matthew Bostock to Elizabeth Brown, both of Heanor.
,,	7.	Arthur Attewell, of Nottingham, to Mary Longdon, of Langley Mill.

FUNERALS.

"Be ye also ready."

Sept.	19.	Ruth Fletcher, aged 83 years.
,,	,,	Ann Noon, aged 46 years.
,,	27.	George White, of Langley Mill, aged 39 years.
,,	,,	Mary Ann Collies, aged 58 years.
,,	29.	Elizabeth Bestwick, of Langley Mill, interred at Aldercar, aged 66 years.
Oct.	4.	Mary Eley, of Marlpool, aged 65 years.
,,	5.	Catherine Tomlinson, aged 3 months.

Vol. XVII. No. 12. ONE PENNY.

DEC., 1887.

AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."

THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner,] [Frome & London.

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

In sending out our December number of the Heanor Parish Magazine, we would wish all our readers "*A happy Christmas.*" Christmas Day falls this year on a Sunday, and perhaps some of the young folks may think that they will for that reason lose something in the way of merriment and pleasure. There is, however, no cause for disappointment because the great Holy Day falls on a Sunday. If our young friends would try to remember *why* we are *glad* at Christmas-time, they might even find reason to be thankful to keep the birthday of their Saviour on a day hallowed by God Himself. We are *glad* on Christmas Day because Christ Jesus on that day came into the world "to redeem us from all iniquity, and make us the children of God, and heirs of everlasting life." We give *gifts* on Christmas Day because our Heavenly Father on that day gave us the great gift of His own Son, "who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich." We can never know any real and *lasting* happiness, unless we have *first* learnt to rejoice in the true Christmas joy of knowing that God Himself is "our Father," and Christ Jesus our own personal Saviour. May God in His great love grant that this year, on this Holy Day, we may think more of these life-truths, and may make our prayer the good wishes of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

On *Christmas Day* the Holy Communion will be administered at the Parish Church, at 8.15 a.m., and also at the close of the Morning Service. We shall expect very large congregations on this great Festival Day of the Church of Christ, and we trust that every communicant will make a *special effort* (in view of the presence of their friends) to be present at the table of their Lord.

Advent Lectures are being given each Thursday at the Parish Church, at 7.15 p.m., as follows :—

Dec. 1. Rev. R. P. Hills, M.A., Vicar of Ironville.
„ 8. Rev. W. Pope, M.A., Rector of St. Nicholas', Nottingham.
„ 15. Rev. A. J. Prior, M.A., Vicar of St. Barnabas', Derby.
„ 22. Rev. J. M. Mello, M.A., Vicar of Mapperley.

These gentlemen are coming, at considerable inconvenience to themselves, for our benefit, and we earnestly trust that large congregations may assemble. Mr. Pope is well known as one of the most earnest and successful incumbents in Nottingham, and Mr. Prior is doing excellent work at St. Barnabas', Derby. A course of Advent Lectures are being given also on Wednesdays, at St. John's Church, Aldercar.

Two thousand copies of the *Heanor Parish Almanack* have been issued. The Almanack contains much useful matter in the shape of parish notices, as well as a text for each day. As every householder will wish to have a copy, the Rector will be very pleased to *give* as large a number as possible; but as the issue will cost a good many pounds, no doubt some of the parishioners would wish to pay the price, viz., one penny a copy.

Now that the winter has come upon us once more, we shall again feel our need of a *Soup Kitchen*, and other means of bringing help to the poor. Unfortunately the offertories for the Sick and Needy are still very inadequately supported, and the Poor Fund is overdrawn (£6). An effort should, however, certainly be made to give as many soup and grocery tickets as last year.

During the past month an interesting gathering took place at the *Albert Hall*, when a Tea was given by the workers as a birthday celebration in honour of Mr. Stevens. The Rector, the Rev. E. M. Robinson, the Rev. J. Hawkins, Mr. Tonge (the Navvy Missionary), Mr. Lamb (Eastwood), and many earnest supporters of the good work were present. Hearty wishes were expressed that Mr. Stevens might meet with the success which his untiring labours deserve. He is now asking all friends who can do so to join a *Working Party*, which has been formed with the object of having a Bazaar in aid of the Mission Funds.

Several friends of aggressive Mission work are very anxious that Mr. Stevens might have some room at *Marlpool* where he might conduct his meetings, instead of being compelled to hold them in the open air, or inconvenience a friend by crowding his house. Marlpool people are making the request. Let them show themselves really *earnestly desirous* of an extension of work in that neighbourhood, and then the funds for renting or building a Mission Room *ought* to be raised.

We have to record the successful issue of a second *Concert*, at the National School, arranged by Mr. B. W. Bulman, in aid of the Fund for Cleaning the Parish Church. Unfortunately, there were other important concerts the same week, and the attendance though very good was hardly equal to the occasion. No doubt the further concerts which are promised will become more widely known, and Mr. Bulman's efforts to give the Heanor people the rich benefit of hearing really high-class music, will be satisfactorily appreciated. Popular Musical Evenings and Entertainments are also being given at the Albert Hall on Saturdays.

St. Andrew's Day, the 30th of November, is the day which has been set apart for intercession an behalf of Foreign Missions. The day was observed at Heanor this year by a service at the Parish Church in the morning; in the evening an interesting address was given by the Rev. D. Symmonds, of Chesterfield, on the Missionary work of the *Colonial and Continental Church Society*. The address was well illustrated by a magic-lantern, and the meeting deserved to have been much better attended. The Meeting in the School, on the 22nd, in aid of the *British and Foreign Bible Society*, was of an interesting character; but here again the attendance, although strongly representive, was not as good as might have been expected. There is much need for many amongst us to learn the first principles of Christianity, and to obey the command which the Duke of Wellington so well called the "marching orders" of the Church of Christ: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

On November 8th, a Meeting was held at the National School, to form a *Junior Branch* of the Young Women's Association. The formation of this Branch has become a necessity, owing to the earnest desire of so many girls under fourteen, that some recreative Evening Classes might be provided for them as well as for their elder sisters. The Classes will meet on *Tuesdays*, at 7. A goodly nnmber of young people have been already enrolled, and the success of the movement seems assured, as the Committee have been fortunate in securing the very efficient help of Miss Hunt.

The Annual *Tea* in connection with the Senior Branch of the Young Women's Association will be held on December 17th, when Lady Laura Ridding has been asked to attend.

Notice.—The Bishop of the Diocese will held a *Confirmation* early in the spring, either at the Parish Church, or at Eastwood. The Rector is anxious to arrange the Classes for instruction as soon as possible. All who wish to *hear* about the meaning of the rite are invited to attend, and will be gladly welcomed. Very great blessing

is often bestowed upon the careful and *prayerful* instruction given in these Classes, and parents should make every effort to introduce their young people to come. Classes will also be arranged for elder people as far as possible to suit their convenience, and in some special cases instruction would be given to *individuals* at their own homes. Many, no doubt, are *unprepared to be confirmed*, but surely no earnest-minded person should be unwilling to *learn how to be prepared*. Names shouldbe given to the Rector at once, and "may God teach the hearts of His faithful people by the sending to them the light of His Holy Spirit." "If thou shalt *confess with thy mouth* the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in thy heart, thou shalt be saved."

Active preparations are being made to hold a *Christmas Tree*, at the Albert Hall, in aid of the funds of the Mission, and the kind co-operation of all is invited. The recent Harvest Festival produced the excellent result of £7 15*s.* 10½*d.*, and the weekly offertories and collections had been lately very good. The week ending Oct. 23rd produced 16*s.* 6*d.*; that ending Oct. 30th, 11*s.* 9*d.*; weeks ending Nov. 6th, 15*s.*; Nov. 13th, 13*s.* 8*d.* The Treasurer (Rev. J. Hawkins), therefore, speaks hopefully of the state of the finances of the Mission, but friends will see that the weekly offertories and collections as above will not cover the captain's well-earned stipend, together with rent, coals, gas, and cleaning, unless these *special efforts* from time to time continue to be well supported.

A new *Mothers' Meeting*, making the *third*, will be begun at the Albert Hal on Tuesday, Dec. 6th, at 3 o'clock. Miss Corfield, Mrs. Mayfield, Miss Poundall, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Marchbank, and Mrs. Sutton, have promised to help.

The *Offertory* at the Parish Church amounted for the month of October to £7 4*s.* 1½*d.*, of which £6 0*s.* 11½*d.* went to Church Expenses, and £1 3*s.* 2*d.* to the Poor.

LANGLEY MILL AND ALDERCAR.

The *Band of Hope* has been re-organized, and the first meeting was held in the School on Nov. 7th. The meetings will continue to be held fortnightly, on *Mondays*. All old members are invited.

On Wednesday evenings during *Advent*, services are being held at St. John's Church. The first was held on Nov. 30th, when the Rev. J. Hawkins began a series of Addresses on "Interviews with Jesus." The services begin at 7, and do not last more than an hour; and as their special object will be the deepening of the spiritual life, it is earnestly hoped that many may make a special effort to attend.

Offertories.—Oct. 30th, £1 16*s.* 4*d.*, Church Expenses; Nov. 6th, 12*s.*, for Poor Fund.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

Oct. 23. Horace Vincent, son of Walter and Caroline Buxton.
„ 23. Alice Grace, daughter of Enoch and Eliza Holland.
Nov. 3. Florence and George Richard, children of John and Elizabeth Harbottle.
„ „ Annie Elizabeth, daughter of William and Sarah Jane Cooper.

MARRIAGES.

"Those whom God hath joined together."

Horace Albert Blackwell, of Hazelwood, and Mary Elizabeth Bull, of Marlpool.

Vol. XVIII. No. 1.

ONE PENNY.

JAN.. 1888.

AS FOR ME
AND MY HOUSE,
WE WILL
SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."

THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR
Parish Magazine.

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

"*A Happy New Year*" to all the readers of the Heanor Parish Magazine! We are very thankful to know that our good wishes will reach over 600 subscribers who take in the Magazine, and not to these only, but to the many friends to whom the Magazine is lent or sent. We wish you *all*, your homes, and your dear children, every blessing from the great Giver of all good things. May the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God, even our Father, who hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and *good hope* through grace, comfort your hearts and stablish you in every good word and work, and the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into patient waiting for Christ.

The *Social Tea and Parish Gathering* took place in the Town Hall just as we were going to press last month. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, the gathering must be pronounced in every way an unqualified success. A service was held previously in the Parish Church, and it is intended that this service should become an annual feature. The sermon was preached by the Rector, who spoke very solemnly with regard to: (1), the *motive* which should underlie all our work for God; (2) the *spirit and strength* in which it can alone be successfully carried on; and (3) the *happiness and privilege* of being enabled to bring relief to the suffering, and to work for the glory of God.

After the tea, which was of excellent quality and well arranged, the Rector called upon Mr. Churchwarden Eagle to read the statement of accounts, which was as follows:

Since Easter, 1887, the following money has been *received*—

EASTER, 1887.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.
Offertories since Easter	62	18	4½
Subscriptions—			
E. M. Mundy, Esq. (annual subscription)	10	0	0
E. M. Mundy, Esq., for removal of organ	25	0	0
J. B. Gregory, Esq.	5	0	0
Dr. Woolley, towards new stops ...	3	3	0
Mr. Wilkes, towards new stops ...	2	2	0
Mr. Milner, towards new stops ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Bryan, towards new stops ...	0	2	0
Total receipts of Sale of Work and Garden Party, less expenses	42	15	1
	£151	10	5½
	132	7	5¼
	£19	3	0¼

Expenditure.	£	s.	d.
Deficit on Easter Accounts	2	6	10¾
Gas	15	19	7
Coal	3	19	2
Church Cleaning, Filling Boilers, and Sweeping Flues	9	3	11
For Ringing 12 o'clock Bell	1	8	0
Choir Treat	9	4	6
Fire Insurance	2	7	6
Printing Jubilee Forms and Bills for Harvest Festival	2	1	4½
Mr. Doar, for Woodwork	4	14	0
One New Surplice	1	0	0
Bellringers' Treat	0	12	6
Sent to Church of England Temperance Society	1	0	0
For Winding up Church Clock	2	10	0
Removal of Organ	20	0	0
New Stops for Organ	36	0	0
Mr. Wilkes, Organist	20	0	0
	£132	7	5¼

At the conclusion of Mr. Eagle's report, the Parish Churchwarden, Mr. R. H. Robinson, urged the necessity of cleaning the church, and stated that an estimate had been prepared, showing that about £100 was still required for this object. Mr. J. Holbrook (Sidesman) then moved a very hearty vote of thanks to the clergy, for their earnest endeavour to carry on the work of the parish during the past year, and to assure them of the sympathy and united support of the meeting of the parishioners generally. This was seconded by Mr. A. J. J. Woolley (Sidesman), who in doing so promised two guineas towards the fund for cleaning the Parish Church.

The Rev. Canon Knight, Vicar of All Saints', Derby, also spoke to this resolution, and referred to the help which the Rector had from time to time afforded him in Derby. He earnestly urged the necessity of working *together* and working hard, especially dwelling upon the duties of Sunday School teachers and district visitors: the former were to make every effort to attend the Teachers' Meetings and make the Sunday School work the work of their life; while the latter were to carry on, with unfailing perseverance, the laborious, but most necessary, work of visiting regularly from house to house.

After the resolution had been put by Canon Knight and carried in the heartiest manner, the Rector, in returning thanks, referred to the progress which, through God's mercy, had been made in the parish during the past year. Some of the figures were as follows :—

Congregation (estimated attendance the Sunday previous, Evening Service only), Parish Church, over 600; St. John's, 200; Mission Hall, 100; making a probable total of over 900 people in attendance on an ordinary Sunday evening. *Communicants* on Easter Day, 167. *Confirmed* in March, 75. *Baptisms*—Adults, 14; infants, 140. *Associations:* Young Men's and Young Women's Friendly Societies, together 220 members. *Sunday Bible Classes* (Young Men and Young Women), 90 members. Aldercar *Men's Bible Class*, 35. *Sunday Schools* (1) Heanor, 404; (2) Aldercar, 190; (3) Langley, 80; (4) Albert Hall, 60; making a total of 734 children, with 73 teachers. *Mothers' Meetings* at Old School, at Langley Mill, and at the Albert Hall, 100 members in all. *District Visitors* altogether, 46. *Communicants' Union*, 40 members. *Day Schools*, 1,450 children, with 30 teachers. But as time pressed, the Rector did not enumerate the *Choirs* at the two churches, the hard-working band of *Mission Workers* at the Albert Hall, nor the increasing members of our *Band of Hope* and Temperance Societies, both at Aldercar and Heanor. With such numbers we surely have need to "to thank God and take courage," and yet at the same time to remember that they bear but a small proportion taken in connection with the immense mass of our population, many of whom "go nowhere" and "do nothing." "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."

At the Social Tea, addresses were also delivered by Mr. F. Beresford Wright, who was very warmly received, and who expressed his great gratification at being amongst us once more; by the Rev. E. M. Robinson and Rev. J. Hawkins, in returning thanks for the encouragement of the resolution; by Mr. T. Mayfield (Sidesman), and by Mr. T. D. Bailey, who, as superintendent of the Sunday Schools, gave some encouraging accounts of the work of the schools under his charge, which were making, as he said, such steady increase, and were gathering in the children who went to no other school; and also by Captain Stevens, who described his work amidst hearty applause, and earnestly pleaded for more helpers and more interest; while we were also glad to hear a few words of encouragement from our old friend, the Rev. W. Woolley.

Thanks for the success of the Social Tea are due to the ladies' committee, who made such admirable arrangements, and amongst them, perhaps, most especially to Mrs. Burton and Miss Poundall; to the ladies' who presided at the trays, of whose names we subjoin a list, which we trust is complete; to Mr. Brelsford and Mr. Holland, for singing; as also to Mr. Baker, Mr. Marchbank, and Mr. Oscroft, who had also promised to help in this way if required; to Mr. J. Shrewsbury, who is always to the fore when tea is required; and to the bell-ringers, who opened the proceedings in an appropriate manner with the hand-bells.

Heanor.]

The third popular *Concert* arranged by Mr. Bulman, in aid of the fund for cleaning the Parish Church, took place in the Town Hall, on Friday, December 9th. Heanor people are not likely to have the opportunity given them very frequently of hearing such first-class music as is being produced in these series of concerts. Madame Clara Gardiner, from Nottingham, was well heard in her excellent songs, "Nobil Signor" (Meyerbeer), and "Let me dream again" (Sullivan); Mr. Chadfield (Diplomatist Leipsic Conservatoire), in his piano solos; and Mr. Newbould (Professor of Music, Derby), on his violin, afforded a rare musical treat; while Miss Brentnall and Mr. Brelsford afforded local talent; and Mr. Ling (Derby), in his songs, "They all love Jack" and "The Bugler," was in capital voice. No expense had been spared to make this, concert a success; but unfortunately, partly owing to the charges being kept so low, and partly owing to the night being a bad one, no pecuniary results accrued, but rather a small loss. Our friends would do well to render more encouragement to Mr. Bulman in his laudable efforts, who, we learn, will produce another Concert of equal first-class merit during the present month.

The Annual Concert and Distribution of Prizes at the *Boys' School* took place on Dec. 13th. Mr. Wilkes had engaged the services of the well-known Royal Prize Hand-bell Ringers, and brought forward an excellent choir of his boys, who went through a first-rate programme. But here again, owing to the terrible state of the weather, we have to record another financial failure. The attendance, however, was very considerable, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The Rector, who presided, referred to the excellence of the education which was being provided at such a marvellously cheap rate, and urged all parents to avail themselves of it. If any were absolutely unable to pay, there were means provided for helping them, to which no loss of vote or disgrace of any kind attached, and the School Attendance Committee of the Local Board is appointed to see to these matters. The prizes for good attendance, which are given by Mr. Towson, were distributed by Miss Corfield. Repeated mention was made of the admirable work which is being done by Mr. Wilkes and his assistants in this school, and the Rector is very sensible of the hard work which is being done by the teachers in all the schools with such praiseworthy results.

The *Reading Room for the Workmen on the New Railway* is now open at the Albert Hall every evening, and many of the men are attending our services and meetings. Illustrated papers and good books of all kinds should be sent to the room for the use of the men, who would gratefully acknowledge any kindness.

A beautifully illuminated list of the Rectors and Vicars of Heanor has been presented to the Parish Church by Mr. Churchwarden Eagle. The list dates back for many hundreds of years, and forms an appropriate ornament for the walls of the vestry.

Mrs. Sebastian Smith has a *Clothing Club* for parishioners who live at Marlpool. A *bonus* is given on each shilling paid in. Payments should be made at Mrs. Hodges, on Mondays, from 3 to 4 p.m.

A beautifully bound and illustrated Bible has been given to an aged parishioner, by the trustees of the "Quiver" *Order of Merit for long Service.* The recipient is *Isaac Moore* of Langley Lane, who has been in one situation for 58 years.

The ladies who so kindly provided trays at the Social Tea were as follows :— Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Browne, Mrs. J. Browne, Mrs. Bosworth, Mrs. Burton, Miss Corfield, Mrs. Eagle, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Heald, Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. W. Robinson, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Turton, Mrs. Wilkes and Mrs. Woolley.

The *Langley Mission Sunday School* had an entertainment on Dec. 7th, when a large number of prizes were distributed by Miss Corfield (Superintendent) for good attendance. The following teachers were present—Miss Marshall, Miss Richards, Miss Holbrook, Misses Calvert, Miss M. Graham, Mr. Ludlow and Mr. Butlin. Miss Woodhouse being unavoidably absent. Efficient help in the entertainment was given by Mr. and Miss Beresford, and an address was delivered by Mr. J. D. Bailey. Excellent work is being done in this school.

Heanor *Young Women's Christian Association* Annual *Tea* took place on Dec. 17th. There was a good attendance of members, over 170 being now on the register. Books were given by the Rector for work and good attendance, and an excellent address was delivered by Mrs. Jebb, of Derby.

In our extracts from Parish Registers will be found the name of an old and valued member of our congregation. We feel that we cannot do better than subjoin the following extract from a local paper :—

Funeral of Mr. Fletcher Draper.—This sad event took place on Saturday, Nov. 26th, amidst tokens of the deep respect in which the deceased was held. He had for nearly forty years been choirmaster of the Parish Church, and for some years was also one of the churchwardens. His death on the afternoon of the 22nd, after a very brief illness, cast great gloom over the town, and in particular over the congregation of the church in which he had done such noble work. At two o'clock on the Saturday, the funeral *cortege* left his home, headed by Mr. Eagle and Mr. R. H. Robinson (Churchwardens), Dr. Woolley, and Mr. Wilkes (Organist), Mr. R. Gribble, Mr. Bowley, the whole of the choir, and many others. Before proceeding to the cemetery, the body was met at the church gates by the Rector, the Rev. C. E. L. Corfield, and the Rev. J. Hawkins, Curate, and was carried into the chancel and placed in the midst of the choir. Mr. Corfield read the opening sentences in a most feeling manner, and as the body was borne up the aisle, Handel's sublime music, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was softly played by the organist, and then the choir chanted the 90th Psalm in a subdued tone of voice so becoming to the occasion. The lesson followed, and was read by Mr. Hawkins in a very impressive manner. Then the hymn, "Hush! blessed are the dead," was sung; and as the body was carried out of the church, the solemn tones of the "Dead March" from Saul fell upon the ear; and while the procession re-formed muffled peals from the tower, on which waved a flag half-mast high, added to the solemnity; and thus the grave was reached and the service concluded by the Rector, after the choir had sung the hymn; "Days and moments quickly flying." The respectful demeanour of a large crowd of people, old and young, the beautiful wreaths which covered the coffin, all told of the deep regard in which the deceased was held, and of heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved widow and sorrowing relatives. And as for the departed one himself,

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God."

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

Dec. 1. Mary Ann, daughter of John and Ruth Hannah Eyre.
„ 4. Mabel Lilian, daughter of George and Sarah Hannah Winfield.
„ „ Sarah Ann, daughter of Joseph and Eliza Flint.
„ „ William, son of Joseph and Eliza Flint.
„ „ Arthur, son of Joseph and Elizabeth Ann Brown.
„ „ Mary Jane, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Ann Brown.
„ 8. Mary Betsey, daughter of William and Eliza Marriott.

FUNERALS.

Nov. 26. Fletcher Draper, aged 64 years.
„ 28. Robert Levers Horseley, aged 4 years.
Dec. 14. Mary Hardy, aged 33 years.

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ONE PENNY.

FEB., 1888.

AS FOR ME
AND MY HOUSE,
WE WILL
SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."

THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner.]

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

FEBRUARY 15th being *Ash Wednesday*, or the first day in Lent, there will be Divine Service in the Parish Church, at 10.30 a.m., and also at 7.15. The Commination Service appointed for this day will be read in the morning.

During the *Season of Lent*, special lectures will be given at the Parish Church, on Thursday evenings, at 7.15. Among the preachers will probably be the Rev. Tycehurst Corfield, B.A., the Rev. John Plumptre, B.A. (Nottingham), and the Rev. W. H. Arkwright, M.A. (Cromford). It is earnestly hoped, in view of the trouble and expense which is involved in arranging these lectures, that all the regular members of the congregation will endeavour to be present and to bring their friends—"Blessed are they which *hunger and thirst* after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

The visit of *the Rev. G. W. C. Ward, M.A.*, one of the leaders of the Church Army, which took place at the beginning of last month, was a very happy one to all concerned. Mr. Ward works very hard on behalf of this Society, which aims at bringing Comfort and Life to the masses of our people. He works, too, entirely at his own charges, and his bright manner and earnest words will ensure him a very hearty welcome when he can find the opportunity to revisit this parish.

We believe that the actual sum cleared by the *Christmas Tree* and Sale of Work at the Albert Hall will amount to nearly £20. The Rector and Captain Stevens desire to thank all the readers of the *Heanor Parish Magazine* who have contributed to the result by their earnest efforts and self-denying work. Now that relief has been experienced with regard to financial difficulties, a new impetus will be given to the *real work* of the Mission.

The *New Sunday School* at the Albert Hall is making good progress, and a large number of children are now under instruction. We should be glad to welcome *more teachers* here, and especially teachers for the boys. At present we have only five gentlemen: Mr. Burton, Mr. Case, Mr. Holland, Mr. Hayes, and Mr. Kerry. Mr. Stevens, Mr. Parr, Mr. Smith, and others can only come in the morning. The School opens 9.45 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

Last month we mentioned the beautiful gift which Mr. Eagle had made to the Parish Church. It is very pleasant to have to record another instance of regard for the House of God. Two very chaste and handsome book-rests for the Holy Table appeared for the first time on Christmas Day. They are the gift of Mr. G. Burton, Mr. Southey, and Mr. J. Burton.

Missionary Sunday, at the Sunday Schools on Jan. 15th, produced over nineteen shillings. Langley School had contributed its mite the Sunday previously, and the Albert Hall School gave 2*s.* 4*d.* to its own Mission. The Rector would be glad to give *Missionary Boxes* to young people who will make use of them. The box-holders have a quarterly Tea and Meeting, at the Rectory.

Collections were made on Jan. 15th in aid of *the Society for Employing Additional Curates*. The Rector asked for £10, in order to ensure a grant from the Society towards the Curates in this parish, and £7 17*s.* 8½*d.* was contributed. This sum was, however, next day made up to £10 by two regular members of our congregation, who, we expect, gave a considerable part of the original sum. There is *no endowment whatever* to maintain the two excellent clergymen (Rev. E. M. Robinson, and Rev. J. Hawkins), who are labouring so well in this parish. Such grants as the Rector can get from Societies are only given for a year; and, in spite of bad trade and many calls, our readers will, we feel sure, endeavour to do their utmost to retain the services of the clergymen now in the parish.

With regard to *Town Matters*, we see that there is a proposition to *alter the boundaries* in connection with the Union and the administration of relief to the poor. We feel sure that the Local Board will give a very careful consideration to this matter. The establishment of a new workhouse at Ilkeston would mean an increased rate for a time, but it might be in many ways a help to the poor of this parish. Guardians are elected to *guard* the adminstration of the Poor Laws, and at the same time to see that they are made a *real help* to the poor. Better provision, for instance, might be made for those who are unable to pay their school fees.

We have reason for deep thankfulness in that, although the terrible disease of *small pox* visited our parish, it was prevented from spreading and all danger has passed away with regard to this attack. This fact speaks well for the healthy character of our town, and also for the energy and foresight of our medical men and local authorities.

We owe a debt of gratitude also to those who had the misfortune to be attacke l with the disease, for the great care which they exercised in order to prevent infection. We would express a hope that every precaution may be taken against any further visitation of a similar character. Prevention is always better than cure, and cleanliness is next to godliness.

A successful *Children's Concert* was given at the Albert Hall on Saturday, Jan. 14th, in aid of the Mission Funds. The following were among the performers:—Albert Soar, Percy Keeling, Wm. Wright, Fletcher W. Grainger, Lydia Musson, Christina Johns, Elizabeth Ackroyd, Edith Cauldwell, and Clara Sutton.

The members of the *Parish Church Choir* held their Annual Tea and Social Gathering at the National Schools on Jan. 7th, and spent a very pleasant evening. Many hopeful remarks were made about their future work, and hearty thanks were accorded them by the Rector, for their services during the past year.

Among the other *Christmas Festivities*, we must note the annual supper of the *Young Men's Friendly Society*, which took place on New Year's Eve, when a ventriloquial entertainment was given by Mr. Hasluck, of Birmingham. The Society meets each Monday, at 7.30, at the old school, under the presidency of the Rev. E. M. Robinson. Good lectures, lively debates, and discussions on subjects of interest to young men, are the order of the day.

Our excellent *Band of Hope*, which is doing such good work under the guidance of Mr. Mayfield, Mr. Bowley, Mr. Holland, Mr. Warren, Mr. Bramley, and other friends, held their *Annual Free Tea* on Dec. 27th, when there was a large attendance. The expenses are met by Mr. Mayfield, whose earnest efforts on behalf of Temperance principles are worthy of all praise and more support.

NOTICE.—Confirmation Classes are being held as follows: for *Young Women* on Wednesdays, at the National School, at 7.30, also on Fridays, at the Rectory, at 7.30. For *Young Men*, at Mr. Robinson's, on Fridays, at 7.30. For *Men* on Saturdays, at the Rectory, at 6.30. For *Women* as arranged. Parents are asked earnestly to beg their young people to make use of these classes. "Next year" may be too late. "Come, for all things are *now* ready."

The offertories at the Parish Church for Dec. showed a gratifying increase, and amounted to £9 15*s*. 10½*d*.

£4 4*s*. 3*d*. of this sum went to the Poor Fund, and £5 11*s*. 7½*d*. to the Church Expenses.

An error has been pointed out to us in our December Number last year. In the account of the Albert Hall Funds, £7 15*s*. 10½*d*. was mentioned as the "*result*" of the Harvest Festival. This should have read *remainder*, after paying several weeks' expenses. The actual result was as stated in a former Number.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 26. William Fearn, of Basford, and Elizabeth Browne, of Heanor.
„ 30. William Calladine and Sarah Ann Armstrong, both of Heanor.

BAPTISMS.

Dec. 14. Catherine Foxall, daughter of William and Sarah Noon.
„ 22. Alfred Arthur, son of William Henry and Georgina Rose Stevenson Bradbury.
„ 25. Jonathan, Walter, Joseph, and Sydney, children of William and Alice Brough.
1888.
Jan. 1. William, son of Edward and Agnes Earnshawe.
„ „ William, son of John and Sarah Ann Dodsley.

FUNERALS.

Dec. 25. William Henry Hibbert, aged 7 years.
„ 29. Mary Webster, aged 41 years.
„ 31. Emma Saxton, aged 57 years.
Jan. 15. Mark Abbott, aged 37 years.

LANGLEY MILL AND ALDERCAR.

Special Lent Services will be begun in St. John's Church on Ash Wednesday evening, Feb. 15th, at 7 o'clock, and continued *every Wednesday* in Lent.

The following sums have been received for the *Church Missionary Society:* Miss Slater's box, 4*s.* 6*d.*; Miss Argiles, 14*s.* 7*d.*; Miss Chambers, 5*s.* 1*d.* Sunday School Boxes—Girls', 8*s.* 9*d.*; boys', 4*s.* 4*d.* Mr. Hawkins will be glad to supply Missionary Boxes to any others willing to aid this noble work. We hope to be able to have sermons for the Society in March.

The circulation of the *Parish Magazine* in the Aldercar and Langley Mill district has *doubled* this month. This is due to the extra efforts of the District Visitors. It is hoped that the circulation of this bright little monthly may be still further extended. Miss Eagle has kindly consented to act as Magazine Secretary for this part of the parish.

The Offertory on Dec. 25th amounted to £2 1*s.* for Church Expenses.

The *Young Women's Association*, which meets at Aldercar School on Wednesdays, has recommenced holding its classes. All young women are invited. Miss Brentnall, of Dunstead, is the secretary.

BAPTISMS.

Dec. 18. John William, son of Job and Emma Williamson, of Langley Mill.
Jan. 15. Annie Matilda, daughter of John and Mary Ellen Smedley, of Aldercar.
„ „ George Arthur, son of Frank and Sarah Slater, of Aldercar.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 24. William Boam and Mary Ann Groves, of Heanor.
„ 26. George Allen Purdy, and Annie Elizabeth Lovegrove, of Langley Mill.
Jan. 15. Thomas Bancroft and Ada Booth, of Heanor.

FUNERALS.

Dec. 24. Clara Slater, of Wood Lincoln, aged 7 months.
Jan. 12. Ann Parkes, of Langley Mill, aged 35 years.

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ONE PENNY.

MARCH 1888.

AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS



HEANOR Parish Magazine.

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

Our readers will be glad to learn that more favourable accounts have recently been received from our dear friend and *former Rector, the Rev. C. W. G. Corfield.* He will sail (D.V.) this month for *home, and our prayers* are asked on his behalf. We regret, however, to record that the *Rev. G. M. Robinson* has been seriously ill, and is afraid that the strain of this great parish may be too great for him to continue amongst us. Surely our readers will endeavour to render as much help as possible in the working of the parish when they see their clergy one after another becoming overpowered.

Note the following important Meetings and Services :—

March 4th. The *Church Missionary Sermons* will be preached in the Parish Church and at Aldercar on *March 4th,* by the *Rev. Edwin Eardley,* formerly of the Fall, Heanor, and hon. association secretary for the Society at York. No doubt many of our readers will be glad to hear an old friend, and will do their best to support the claims of this noble Society. There will be a Missionary Address to the children in the afternoon.

March 27th. The *Annual Meeting* in aid of the Church Missionary Society will be held in the National School on *Tuesday, March 27th,* when an address, which we anticipate will be full of interest, will be given by *Mr. Edmund Wigram.* Mr. E. Wigram has recently been round the world visiting the various C.M.S. stations in company with his father, the Hon. Sec. of the Society, Rev. F. Wigram. Will our readers kindly make a note of this date? They should not fail to be present to enjoy a real intellectual treat, while at the same time they show their interest in a great cause, and welcome a nephew of one of our kind friends and patrons, Mr. F. B. Wright.

March 13th. A great *Temperance Meeting* will be held at the National School, on March 13th, when addresses will be given by the Rev. T. C. Hills (Vicar of Bolsover), Rev. J. Hawkins, Mr. Wm. Smith (Langley Mill), Mr. T. Mayfield, and a Temperance Advocate from Nottingham. Temperance songs and melodies will be given.

March 30th, being *Good Friday,* there will be service in the Parish Church at 10.30 a.m., and also at 7 p.m. It is earnestly to be hoped that this holy day, which has been set apart from the earliest times for the service of Christ, may not be spent in the service of the world. The day is one on which Christian people are especially reminded of the sacrifice and death of Christ, whereby alone they obtain remission of their sins, and are made partakers of the Kingdom of Heaven. Shall we not, therefore, assemble in the House of God, that we may praise Him for His great mercy, and learn to "glory in the Cross of Christ, whereby the world is crucified unto us, and we unto the world."

During *Holy Week* there will be service in the Parish Church *each day,* at 10 a.m.

Easter Sunday is one of the great festivals of the Church of Christ. The services on this day will, we trust, be especially well rendered, and large congregations ought to assemble. In order that every one may have an opportunity to partake, the *Holy Communion* will be administered *three times,* viz., at 8.15 a.m., at the close of Morning Prayer and after the Evening Service.

March 21st. In view of every sincere communicant in the parish wishing to come to the Lord's Table on Easter Sunday, there will be *a special gathering of all the communicants* at the National School on March 21st, in preparation for this service.

The *Annual Teachers' Tea* took place at the close of last month, when a large number of teachers and their friends put in an appearance, representatives coming from all four of our Sunday Schools. After tea, an address was delivered by the Rector, who thanked the teachers most heartily for their earnest work during the past year, and also dwelt upon the following as some of the most important duties expected of each teacher :—(1) To make every effort to attend punctually and regularly, and if absent to provide a substitute. (2) To attend all Teachers' Meetings. (3) Always to prepare the lesson beforehand, making use of the excellent lesson papers which were supplied. (4) To visit the children in their homes, and especially note absentees. (5) To seek by prayer, example, and effort, to *win the souls of the children for Christ.* (6) And that they might effectually "feed the lambs of Christ" they must themselves look for the Bread of Life, and keep themselves in the love of God. Mr. J. D. Bailey (Supt.) followed with a practical and happy address on "Thoroughness," after which the Rev. E. M. Robinson addressed a few earnes' words to the teachers.

Our readers will be interested if we subjoin a list of the teachers in the various Sunday Schools connected with the Parish Church:—*Heanor* (*Boys*). Mr. J. D. Bailey (Supt.), Mr. T. Mayfield (Bible Class), Mr. E. Turner, Mr. J. Turner (Secretary) Mr. N. Ball, Mr. W. Warren, Mr. T. Hickingbottom, Mr. A. Briggs, Mr. T. Beresford, Mr. E. Beresford, Mr. L. Peabody, Mr. W. Marchbank, Mr. J. Lilley, Mr. H. Gillott, Mr. J. Weston, Mr. J. Ball, Mr. A. Hodges, Mr. B. Marchbank, Mr. Fearn, Mr. Walker, Mr. E. Browne. *Girls.* Mrs. Hodges (Supt.), Miss Hunt (Bible Class), Miss Browne (Bible Class), Miss Brentnall, Miss Beresford, Miss Buxton, Miss Creswell, Miss A. Clarke, Miss Eagle, Miss Heald, Miss A. Heald, Miss Hodges, Miss A. Hunt, Miss M. Hardy, Miss Inger, Miss Meakin, Miss Nailor, Miss Robinson, Miss Turton, Miss Thorpe, Miss G. Thorpe, Miss E. Woolley, Miss Walker, and Miss Hodgkinson (*Infants*). In all, 46 teachers.

Aldercar Girls' School : Miss Annable (Supt.), Mrs. Hollingsworth, Miss Argile, Miss Tucker, Miss L. Grainger, Miss Raynor, Miss M. A. Blyth.

Boys : Mr. Mayhew (Supt.), Mr. Worthington, Mr. Floyd, Mr. G. Floyd, Mr. Wallace, Mr. H. Jackson, Mr. G. Foster, Mr. R. Brailsford, Mr. S. Raynor, Mr. W. Grainger, Mr. T. Fletcher. In all, 18 teachers.

Langley School : Miss L. Corfield (Supt.), Miss Woodhouse, Miss K. Marshall, Miss Richards, Miss E. Hunt, Miss E. Hicking, Miss L. and Miss D. Calvert, Miss Holbrook, Miss M. Graham, Mr. Butlin, Mr. Ludlow. In all, 12 teachers.

Albert Hall (*Girls*) : Mrs. Thorpe (Supt.), Miss Burton, Miss Briggs, Mrs. Osborne, Miss Slater. *Boys :* Mr. Case (Supt.), Mr. W. Burton, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Haynes (Sec.), Mr. Holland, Mr. Kerry, Mr. Marriott, Mr. Parr, Mr. Smith, and Mr. A. Stevens. In all, 16 teachers.

Thus, adding all the schools together, we have a grand total of 92 teachers, several classes having two teachers—one for the morning, and one for the afternoon.

The Quarterly Meeting of the *Church Council* took place on February 13th, when the Rector gave interesting details about the parish generally, and earnestly urged the importance of the Council undertaking more work, in order that the Clergy might be relieved, and also in view of a change in the Incumbent, that the

work might be made continuous. The working of the parish must be the duty of the congregation as a body, and not merely be left to the Clergy, who were subject to change. Resolutions were carried to the following effect—(1) Thanking the Choir Master and Members of the Parish Church Choir for their earnest endeavours to make the service worthy of the church, and suggesting that they should co-operate in forming a choir fund for organist and choir expenses. (2) Postponing the question of having a Bazaar until efforts had been made to raise a fund by *subscription* for the purpose of cleaning the church. (3) Suggesting that the Churchwardens take immediate steps to test the heating apparatus; and if inefficient, the Council pledged itself to make every effort in order that the Churchwardens have power properly to heat the church.

At a meeting of the *District Visitors,* held on Feb. 16th, it was decided that a *Trained Nurse* and Bible Woman should be employed in the parish, provided the people should welcome such help, and be willing to contribute something to her support. The nurse would devote herself to the poor in cases of sickness, and would assist in Mothers' Meetings and the work amongst women and young women generally.

A *New Missionary* has been appointed to work amongst the *navvies* in the person of Mr. White. He has excellent credentials, and is likely to be of real service. May God prosper the work in his hands.

On Feb. 24th the Prizes for good attendance at the *Sunday Schools* in Loscoe Road were distributed by Mrs. Mundy, of Shipley Hall. All our young people who attended over 70 times during the year are entitled to a prize irrespective of classes. Of the Boys, J. Lacey and Fred Peabody had attended every time, and had received full marks, 624. The following had also received over 600 marks, viz.:—Herbert Bramley, Thomas Creswell, John Lacey, W. H. Birks, Thomas Ball, and Henry Browne. Over 550 marks were, W. Lacey, Charles West, Wm. Bancroft, A. Wright, Joseph Birks, T. H. Bramley, George Peabody, J. Creswell, T. Watson, E. Beresford, W. Cogging, and Frank Wright. Of the Girls: Alice Lacey, Annie Beresford, and Emma Bryan received full marks. Over 600 were, Bertha Riley, E. Beresford, Agnes Cogging, M. Barks, Lizzie Peabody, M. H. Thorpe, R. Birks, S. Lacey, E. Banks, and H. Boam. Over 550 were, Mary Shrewsbury, Martha Lacey, Edith Bramley, Susan Whale, A. Thornhill, A. Soar, L. and M. Kirk, J. Stretch, C. Barks, M. Parkins, P. Cogging, Anna Thornhill, May Thorpe, L. Bosworth, Lizzie Inger, C. Meakin, A. M. Pounder, A. Creswell, M. Gilman, C. Hunt, M. Clarke, B. Hibbard, Mary E. Bailey, C. Lea, G. Baker, M. Dodsley, L. Hunt, K. Wright, Mabel Keeling, and Amy Collings.

Sunday Bible Classes for Young Women.—Miss Hunt recently entertained the former and present members of her Bible Class—about 50 in number—together with a large number of friends, at a very pleasant evening's entertainment at the National School. Miss Browne and Miss Brentnall followed suit, and entertained their Bible Classes on Shrove Tuesday.

Heanor Y.W.C.A.—The Members of this Society have made a very pleasing presentation to the Rector, together with the following address, numerously signed:—

"Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned Members of the Heanor Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, beg you to accept the accompanying testi-

(*Continued on page 5 of cover*).

monial as a small token of our gratitude and appreciation of your great kindness to us, and of your earnest interest in our spiritual welfare. We unite in heartily thanking you, and remain, yours respectfully," etc.

The Rector is having £5 worth of matting put down, at his own expense, in the seats occupied by the children in Church, in order to insure quiet during the service. Will any one follow suit, and put some down in the aisles?

The Offertory for the month of January amounted to the goodly sum of £15 13*s.* 0½*d.*, of which £7 17*s.* 8½*d.* went to the Curates' Fund; £6 7*s.* 8*d.* to the Churchwardens, and £1 7*s.* 6*d.* to the sick and needy.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Jan. 19. *Harbottle.* Nellie, daughter of Thomas Richard and Mary Ann Harbottle.
,, 26. *Longdon.* Lucy, daughter of Sarah Ann Longdon.
,, 29. *Peace.* William Henry, son of Henry and Elizabeth Ann Peace.
Feb. 2. *Gilman.* Charles Henry, Alfred Ernest, and James Ardwick, children of John and Martha Gilman.

FUNERALS.

Feb. 13. Sarah Pynegar, of Marlpool, aged 75 years.
,, 18. Eliza Horseley, of Loscoe Road, aged 2 years.

LANGLEY MILL AND ALDERCAR.

The Annual Meeting of the Public Library was held on Tuesday evening, Feb. 7th, when the following officials were elected for the year:—President, Rev. J. Hawkins; Secretary, Mr. Woods; Treasurer, Mr. Chambers; Librarian, Mr. George Foster; Committee, Messrs. Mayhew, Worthington, Floyd, Hollingsworth, and Hartley. This excellent Institution should be better known and used. Considerable changes have lately been made—a number of the little-read books having been sold, and £6 worth of new books added. The subscription is only one penny a month, or a shilling a year.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 14th, a large gathering assembled at the Schoolroom to hear Dr. Craig, of Eastwood, on the interesting question of "The Use and Abuse of Alcohol and Tobacco." The Lecturer dealt with the subject from the medical stand-point most ably and completely, and demonstrated that the chief value of alcohol was as an exceptional and temporary expedient.

All friends are welcome at these fortnightly lectures in the Schoolroom.

The Wednesday Evening Services, so acceptable to many of our friends as a spiritual help and refreshment during the week, have been resumed, and will be continued through Lent. Mr. Hawkins is delivering a course of lectures on the "Fasts of noted Scriptural characters.

The monthly Offertory for Church Expenses (Jan. 29) amounted to £2 7*s.* 8*d.* The Offertory for the Poor (Sunday, Feb. 5th) was 14*s.* 10*d.*

ALDERCAR REGISTER.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 22. Bowdler Sumner and Lydia Mason, of Aldercar.
Feb. 7. Thomas Fletcher and Ellen Rawson.

FUNERALS.

Jan. 28. Elizabeth Sperry, of Aldercar, aged 61 years.
Feb. 7. Charles Shelton, aged 7 months.
„ 14. Benjamin Reeves, aged 60 years.
„ „ Laura Woolley, aged 1 year and 8 months.
„ 15. Susan Brown, aged 56 years.

Vol. XVIII. No. 4. ONE PENNY.

APRIL, 1888.

AS FOR ME
AND MY HOUSE,
WE WILL
SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."

THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR
Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner,] [Frome & London.

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

THERE seems some probability of our seeing a *Heanor Market Place* after all. We would earnestly counsel our fellow-townsmen to show public-spirited patriotism on the question. Every man cannot possibly have his own way. Want of union and the absence of a self-sacrificing public spirit will prevent Heanor from being a large and prosperous business place. It is likely soon to become so if only all parishioners will pull together, and try to work for that which is best for all.

The *Site of the Market*, as set forth in the scheme called "No. 3," certainly seems as good as any other. We should be sorry to see the old Hall trees cut down, but the long line of blank wall in the front of the Town Hall seems to give such a straggling appearance to the whole place. We want to see the old market place twice as wide as it is at present, and a good line of shops erected in front of the Town Hall. Heanor will then have a *centre* and a heart as a place of business, and every one of the outlying streets will reap a benefit. Any enterprising builder would then make a good thing by erecting some good shops or villas (as at Long Eaton) instead of the unsightly mounds of earth which remain in front of the Wesleyan Chapel. If this were done West Valley would become *united* to the new Market Place, and the whole form one good business town.

The *Heanor Parish Magazine* has now reached a circulation of 700 copies a month. Ask your neighbour if he gets it and *reads* it.

Will all subscribers who have not sent in their *subscriptions for last year* kindly do so at once. We wish to make up the Magazine account, and fear a loss of several pounds.

We must chronicle the first *Tea in connection with the Albert Hall Sunday School.* This took place on March 14th, and was most successful. Considerably over 200 were present, including the parents and teachers. The viands were provided by the Rector, but all the arrangements were carried out by the superintendents Mr. Case and Mrs. Thorpe, who were most energetically seconded by Mr. Stevens and all the teachers. Addresses were delivered by the Rector, Mr. Murray-Robinson, and Mr. Brocksbank (Oxford), and an excellent programme was rendered by the children and teachers, the Buxtons, F. West, and J. Eyre being especially well heard in their recitations. The usual votes of thanks were moved by Mr. Haynes, Mr. Clarke, and Mr. Marriott, and earnest expression was given to the hope that the school might soon prove to be one of the largest and best conducted in the town.

A *Confirmation* was held in the Parish Church, Sandiacre, by the Bishop of the Diocese, on March 20th, when some young men from our parish were confirmed. The main body of the candidates from Heanor and Aldercar (about fifty in number) will be taken in conveyances to the Confirmation at *Ilkeston, on April 30th*, at 7.30. We would again ask for the earnest prayers of the readers on behalf of those about to confess Christ and Him crucified. May they indeed receive pardon and life from God our Father through faith in Christ Jesus, and through the aid of the Holy Spirit be enabled to fight manfully against sin, the world, and the devil, that they may remain Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto their life's end.

Heanor Y.W.C.A.—Miss Morley, one of the owners in the firm of Messrs. I. & R. Morley (proprietors of the factory in Loscoe Road), takes a deep interest in the work of the Y.W.C.A. She hopes to be present at a *Tea* to be given to the Members on April 23rd, to which all the young women who work in the factory will be invited. Miss Morley is most anxious that all should, if possible, become members, and enjoy the privileges and benefits of this useful society.

The Heanor *Young Men's Friendly Society*, which meets each Monday, at the Old School, has been going through a capital programme last month. Mr. J. D. Bailey opened with an excellent lecture on "Thrift." Mr. Mayfield and Mr. Ludlow followed, and opened discussions on the "Norman Conquest" and "The Reformation," respectively. Mr. Hawkins delivered an admirable address upon "The Revolution of 1688," the anniversary celebration of which will take place this year; and the month closed with a lecture by one of the President's brothers, who is a Barrister in London.

On Tuesday, March 13th, a united *Temperance Meeting* was held in the National Schoolroom. In spite of many counter-attractions, a large number met together to show their interest in, and devotion to, Temperance work.

Amongst those present were the Revs. C. E. L. Corfield (Chairman), Rev. T. C. Hills (Vicar of Bolsover), Rev. A. T. Corfield, Rev. J. Hawkins, and Messrs. Mayfield, W. Smith, H. Smith, J. Bowley (Sec.), Fines, Fearn, Doar, S. Towson, Elliott, Bramley, and A. Stevens.

The Rector opened the meeting with prayer, and after a few earnest words, called on Mr. W. Smith to speak. He urged the great necessity there was of appearing definitely, at all costs, on the Temperance side, and hoped many would come forward and take the pledge.

The Rev. T. C. Hills met with his accustomed welcome from the Heanor people, and in a long and vigorous speech, exhorted all his hearers not only to become teetotalers themselves, but, by their loving sympathy and persevering efforts, to endeavour to bring many others over to their side. The motive power of our work must be love. It always has been, it always will be, the most effectual agent in any reforming work.

Mr. H. Smith then offered himself as a specimen of teetotalism, in order to show that there was no necessary connection between bodily weakness and total abstinence.

Mr. Eagle came forward, and said that he had decided to change his Moderation Card for that of a Total Abstainer. His example emboldened eight others to declare themselves on the Temperance side. The meeting closed with the Doxology.

The *Annual Meeting* of the Heanor branch of the *Church Missionary Society* took place at the National Schools on March 27th, when a most interesting address was given by Mr. E. Wigram, who has recently been on a tour round the world with his father, the Hon. Sec. of the Society. The Rector read the Report, from which we take the following items: *Sermons:* Parish Church, £4 10*s.* 8*d.*; Aldercar Church, £2 17*s.* 7½*d.*; Mission Hall, 6*s.* *Sale and Meeting*, £5; Miss L. Corfield's *Missionary Basket*, £3 10*s.*

Heanor.]

Subscriptions :

Rector and Miss L. Corfield, £1 7*s.* 6*d.*; Mr. G. B. Gregory and Mr. Mayfield, 10*s.* each.

Rev. E. M. Robinson, Miss Gregory, Mr. Gribble, and Mrs. Turton, 5*s.* each.

Mr. Calladine, 3*s.*; and Mr. J. D. Bailey, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Mrs. Robinson, Mr. T. Browne, Mr. J. Browne, Miss Woodhead, Miss Poundall, Mrs. Draper, 2*s.* each.

Mrs. W. Beresford, Mrs. Holbrook, Mrs. Mason, Miss Spray, Mrs. Flint, Mrs. L. Browne, 1*s.* each.

Sums under 1*s.*, 2*s.*

The whole amount raised in the parish this year for the great and noble work of the Church Missionary Society will thus reach the goodly sum of £34 10*s.*

The C.M.S. *Boxes* have much improved upon last year, and produce over £11, as follows :—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Parish Church Sunday Schools	4	1	5½
Aldercar „ „	0	13	1
Langley „ „	0	10	7
Mission Hall „ „	0	4	5
Miss Hunt's Box	1	11	3½
Miss L. Corfield's Box	0	15	2
Miss Eagle's Box	0	13	3½
„ Robinson	0	11	7
Master Howard Shardlow	0	11	0
Miss E. Woolley	0	10	11½
„ Frances Lane	0	6	0
„ Florence Ward	0	4	2
„ Browne	0	2	6½
„ Fanny Fancourt (one quarter)	0	2	3
„ Pollie Stirland	0	2	3
„ Kate Marshall	0	2	1
„ Sellars	0	1	9
„ Pollie Shrewsbury (one quarter)... ...	0	1	6
„ Lilly Graham (one quarter)	0	1	3
Rectory Visitors' Room	0	2	0
Rectory "Sunday Eggs"	0	3	6

Several members of the Church Council not seeing their way clear to raise £2 each towards the cleaning of the church, the District Visitors have expressed their willingness to undertake a *Bazaar about the end of July*. We trust that this gathering will be as enjoyable and successful as the one last year.

In the recent Examination for *Pupil Teachers* we note the following results in our Schools :—

1st Class : Miss A. Hunt, Mr. Walter Grainger, Miss L. E. Grainger (Aldercar).

2nd Class : Miss C. Pruder and Miss Ruth Beresford.

3rd Class : Misses J. Tucker, F. A. Thorpe, M. A. Hunt, E. G. Thorpe, M. E. Soar, L. M. Thorpe.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Mar. 1. John Blount, son of Samuel and Caroline Weston.
„ 4. Ernest, son of Robert and Mary Elizabeth West.
„ „ Ethel, daughter of John William and Ada Elizabeth Beresford.
„ 7. Nellie, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Wright.
„ „ William Edward, son of John and Sarah Stirland.
„ 17. Albert Edward, son of Alfred and Eliza Dorrington.
„ 22. Eliza, daughter of Arthur and Sarah Ann Smith.
„ „ William Frederick, Henry, and Samuel, children of Thomas and Mary Garton.
„ „ Mary Ann, daughter of John and Martha Smith.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 20. John Boughen, of St. Swithin's, Lincoln, and Mary Redgate, of this parish.
Mar. 3. Joseph William Morley, of Codnor Park, and Mary Jane Webster, of Langley Mill.

FUNERAL.

Feb. 22. Herbert Shardlow, aged 3 months.

The offertory for February amounted to £8 2*s*.—£1 3*s*. 8½*d*. of which went to the Poor Fund, and £6 18*s*. 3½*d*. to Church Expenses.

LANGLEY MILL AND ALDERCAR.

The *Annual Tea* was held on Monday, Feb. 27th, and was a very successful gathering. The Schoolroom was quite crowded for the public meeting. The Rector took the chair, and after a satisfactory financial statement had been submitted by Mr. Salthouse, addresses were given by the Rev. R. P. Hills (Ironville), Mr. F. B. Wright, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Mayhew. Mr. Hills spoke of the various duties—social, educational, and religious—now expected to be discharged by clergymen, and urged laymen to greater co-operation in all good works. Mr. Wright was most heartily welcomed as an old friend, and many were glad that in his interesting speech he alluded to brighter trade prospects in this district. The choir rendered good service during the evening.

Mr. Hawkins reviewed the work of the year and the various organizations formed, speaking gratefully of the kind and ready help he had invariably received. The organization—including District Visitors' Association, Mothers' Meeting, Men's Class, Young Women's Class, Band of Hope, Teachers' Meeting—is now fairly complete. Our great lack still is the want of a Young Men's Sunday Bible Class. This want, we trust, will soon be met.

Mr. Mayhew brought before the meeting the claims of the Sunday School and the Public Library. To this latter institution attention was called in last month's Magazine. The committee will shortly spend another sum of money in the purchase of new books.

Nearly fifty persons partook of the Holy Communion on Sunday evening, Mar. 4th. On Easter Sunday the Communion will be administered after the morning *and* evening services, to give all an opportunity of joining in this most important and helpful means of grace.

The offertories for the month are £2 0*s*. 2*d*. (Church Expenses), and £2 17*s*. 7½*d*. for C.M.S.

ALDERCAR REGISTER.

BAPTISMS.

Feb. 19. Percy, son of Stephen and Annie Shelton.
" " Florence Ann, daughter of James and Martha Brailsford.
" " Albert and Harriet, children of John and Sarah Pearce.
" " Walter, son of Isaac and Mary Jane Bullock.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 25. George Henry Buxton and Sarah Ann Calladine.
" 27. John Sellars and Catherine Allen.

FUNERALS.

Feb. 20. William Brazier, aged 64 years, found drowned.
" 22. Charles Caulin, of Aldercar, infant.
" 25. Mrs. Moss, Stoneyford.
Mar. 1. William Ash, of Langley Mill, aged 22 years.
" 7. Charles Williamson, Langley Mill, infant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 5. ONE PENNY.

MAY, 1888.



AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.



HOME WORDS



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."

THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

[Frome & London.

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

Easter Vestry.—A Vestry Meeting of the parishioners of Heanor was held in the Old School, at 7 o'clock, on Easter Monday, when there was a fairly good attendance.

The chair was occupied by the Rector, who was supported by the Rev. E. M. Robinson, the Churchwardens, Sidesmen, and other officials. Messrs. E. Eagle and R. H. Robinson, the retiring *Wardens*, were thanked for their services during the past year, and were re-elected. Messrs. G. B. Gregory, A. J. J. Woolley, T. Mayfield, and J. Holbrook were re-elected *Sidesmen*.

Mr. Eagle produced the accounts for the past year, which showed the following results and were passed :—

Receipts.	£	s.	d.
Offertory	90	7	0½
Sale of Work	42	15	1
Subscriptions	45	17	0
Interest	0	2	3
Deficit	1	16	3¾
	£180	17	8¼

Expenditure.	£	s.	d.
Deficit, Easter, 1887	2	6	10¼
Church Expenses...	122	10	9¾
Removal of Organ	20	0	0
New Stops for Organ	36	0	0
	£180	1	

The *Church Council* was duly appointed as follows :—

Ex-Officio Members.—The Clergy : Rev. C. E. L. Corfield, Rev. E. M. Robinson, J. Hawkins.

The Churchwardens : Messrs. E. Eagle and R. H. Robinso

The Sidesmen : Messrs. G. B. Gregory, J. A. A. Woolle Mayfield, and J. Holbrook.

Elected Members.—Nominated by the Rector : Messrs. J. D. Bailey, N. Ball, J. worth, J. Bowley, J. Calladine, B. Hardy, H. Flint.

Nominated by Vestry : Dr. Woolley, Dr. Turton, Messrs. R Casse, W. R. Burton, J. Browne, J. Hodges, R. Wilkes.

A discussion having been raised with regard to the *heating of the Churc* energetic protest was made by Mr. J. Browne about the unsatisfactory conditic the temperature of the Church, especially during morning service, and the Chu wardens undertook to give the matter prompt attention.

The Churchwardens were also requested to see that the *Churchyard walls* we once repaired by the proper authorities, the *pathways* and approaches to the Ch improved, the *belfry* attended to, and the *cleaning of the Church* better done.

A resolution was also carried at the Vestry requesting the Rector to agree t *Choir* at the Parish Church wearing surplices. The Rector said that he would the matter careful consideration. He was willing to agree as far as he possibly with the wishes of his parishioners as then expressed at a public meeting; but he very anxious that *every one should be consulted.* The Parish Church was for *all* he only hoped that those who were so eager in pressing forward this matter really considering what was best for every one.

"*Where does the Money go?*"—We give again, as last year, the items of ex diture which Mr. Churchwarden Eagle presented to the Vestry. The amounted to £180 17*s.* 8¼*d.* Of this, £56, as shown above, was for the new

Among the names in the Register of Burials will be found the name of *Sarah Ann Flint*, a dear little child of 5 years, who was one of the brightest and happiest of the infants in our Sunday School. She was burnt to death at her own fireside, after having been trying, in her sweet childish fashion, to "get father's breakfast." The Rector made touching reference to the sad loss of this little one in his sermon on the Sunday following. May our Heavenly Father help our parents and teachers to do what they can that the little ones may be "safe in the arms of Jesus."

"Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me."

Mr. Mundy has very kindly granted the use of the *cricket ground at the Hall* for the Heanor Young Men's Friendly Society. He has also given a sovereign towards the funds of the Club. A most interesting Lecture, illustrated by a magic lantern, was given before the Society, on April 23rd, by Mr. Bemrose, of Derby, on "The Moon."

The offertory for the month of March showed £5 10*s*. 8*d*. Church Expenses, £4 10*s*. 8*d*. Church Missionary, and 17*s*. 7½*d*. Poor Fund.

ALDERCAR AND LANGLEY MILL.

The *Vestry Meeting* for the district of Langley Mill and Aldercar was held at 6.30 on Easter Tuesday in the Vestry of S. John's Church, the Rector presiding. There were present the Rev. J. Hawkins, Messrs. Salthouse, H. G. Gregory, Hollingsworth, Toplis, Walker, Slack, Chambers, Worthington, Hartley, Fletcher, N. Floyd, G. Floyd, Mayhew, and Slater. Mr. J. G. Salthouse, Rector's Warden, submitted the accounts of the year, showing an expenditure of £20 3*s*. 2*d*., and receipts from offertories of £22 16*s*. 4½*d*., leaving a balance of £2 13*s*. 2½*d*.

Mr. Hawkins supplemented the Churchwarden's statement, reporting that the congregation at Aldercar had also contributed £8 13*s*. 11½*d*. to the Poor Fund, £6 4*s*. 6*d*. to the Sunday School, £5 15*s*. 4½*d*. to the Choir, and £2 17*s*. 7½*d*. to the C.M.S. The total receipts for the year, therefore, amounted to £46 7*s*. 10*d*.

The question of the better warming of the Church was discussed, and it was decided to have the gas lighted for two hours before the morning service during the winter months. After further discussion on various matters connected with the fabric of the Church, the painting of the outer woodwork, leakage from the bell-turret, etc., the statement of accounts was put to the meeting and passed.

The Rector again nominated Mr. Salthouse his Warden for the year, and Mr. H. G. Gregory was unanimously elected people's Warden. Both gentlemen signified their acceptance of the office and their willingness to do all in their power to further the good of the Church.

It was unanimously agreed to have offertories during the year to raise £10 towards the Curate's Fund.

The Rector suggested the desirability of having a small council or committee at Aldercar whom he might consult on matters affecting the Church as representatives of the congregation. He thought this want might be met this year by appointing two Sidesmen, who, together with the Churchwardens, might form such a Committee. Mr. Corfield nominated Mr. Boddy as his Sidesman, and the Vestry elected Mr. Walker. Messrs. Salthouse and Gregory were elected Lay Representatives for the Ruridecanal Conference.

and the removal of the Organ, and towards which Mr. Mundy contributed so handsomely. The remaining £122 10*s.* 9¾*d.* was apportioned as follows :—

Organist (2 years), £40; *Gas*, £21 8*s.* 8*d.*; *Cleaning, Firing, etc.*, £16 3*s.* 3*d.*; *Choir*, £9 4*s.* 6*d.*; *Coals*, £5 13*s.* 5*d.*; *Repairs* (Mr. Oldershaw and Mr. Doar), £5 14*s.* 4*d.*; *Bellringers*, £5 12*s.* 6*d.*; *Winding Town Clock*, £2 10*s.*; *Insurance*, £2 7*s.* 6*d.*; *Ringing Twelve O'clock Bell*, £2 12*s.*; *Printing*, £2 5*s.* 6*d.*; *Mr. Hardy*, £1 15*s.*; *New Surplice*, £1; *Diocesan Temperance Society*, £1; *Gas Fittings*, 16*s.* 4*d.*, Miss Woodhead's account, 16*s.* 5*d.*, which, together with the Verger's salary and several smaller sums, makes up the total, £122 10*s.* 9¾*d.*

The Services *on Good Friday and Easter Day* were well attended, but we earnestly trust that as the years go on an ever-increasing number may assemble on these great Holy Days of the Christian Church.

On Easter Day the *total number of Communicants* throughout the Parish amounted to 225, over 50 of these being at Aldercar. We are thus very thankful to be able to record an increase of 70 on last year. Last year there was a large increase on the year previous. May God's Holy Name be praised for these members; but what are they among so many? Let it be our earnest prayer that *many more than* 70 may be added each year, and that God may grant a great awakening in our parish. "For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us" (1 Thess. v. 9).

On Easter Monday a very largely attended Tea took place at the *Albert Hall*. In fact the attendance was almost *too* large for the resources of our friends. Abundant proof was, however, given of the goodwill of the people towards Mr. Stevens, and of their thorough appreciation of the good work he is doing in the parish. The meeting, which took place afterwards, was one of the largest which has been held since the opening of the Mission Hall, and was most enthusiastic throughout.

The *Hon. Gertrude Kinnaird* spoke some most helpful words to the 350 young women who assembled at the Tea in connection with the Heanor Young Women's Christian Association on April 23rd. The tea, which was provided by the generous liberality of Miss Morley, was of a most sumptuous character, and Miss Morley hopes to be able to pay us a visit herself at no very distant date.

The *Rev. C. W. G. Corfield* sailed from Australia on April 13th, and if all be well he will reach England during this month.

Mr. A. Stevens, our energetic Lay Reader and Evangelist, should, by the rules of the Society to which he belongs, be moved to another station. In consideration, however, of earnest petitions, he will remain among us, we trust, for a good time longer.

The Diocesan Inspector sends the following *excellent report of the Heanor National School.* "Good work has been done during the past year, with *very satisfactory* results throughout. The two highest classes deserve particular commendation." Of *Langley School* he says, "This school is in *very good order*, and passed, *as usual*, a very creditable examination."

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Mar. 22. Annie, daughter of Arthur and Sarah Ann Smith.
,, 28. Lizzie and Arthur, children of Thomas and Hannah Earnshaw.
,, ,, Gershom, Betsey, Harriett, Albert, Gertrude, and Louisa, children of William and Hannah Henshaw.
,, ,, Betsey, Willie, and Arthur, children of Frank and Sarah Sharley.
,, ,, Nellie, John, Edith Hannah, Elizabeth, and Sarah, children of John and Sarah Mayor.
,, ,, Alice, daughter of John Thomas and Sarah Page.
,, ,, Annie, daughter of John Herbert and Elizabeth Whale.
,, ,, Thomas and Sarah Jane, children of Thomas and Sarah Brough.
April 1. John and Frances, children of Thomas and Mary West.
,, ,, John, Sarah, Mary Elizabeth, and Emily, children of Samuel and Louis Vickerstaff.
Frederick and Gilbert Henry, children of Elizabeth and Louisa Froggatt.
Jonah, son of Samuel and Hannah Walker.
George, Thomas, Ruth, Louis, and Margaret, children of Louis and Mary Jane Peabody.
Harriett, Herbert, Mabel, and Albert, children of Erasmus and Emma Parkin.
Annie Rebecca, Robert, James George, John Raynor, and Arthur, children of Joseph and Fanny Oxley.
,, ,, Gertrude Emily, daughter of Joseph and Sarah Barks.

MARRIAGE.

April 3. Levi Noon to Isabella Elizabeth Elsden, both of Heanor.

FUNERALS.

Mar. 26. Thomas Allen, aged 78 years.
April 6. Hannah Rawson, aged 47 years.
,, 9. Sarah Ann Flint, aged 5 years.
,, 18. Albert Edward Dorrington, aged 2 months.
,, 19. William Thompson, aged 35 years.

ALDERCAR REGISTER.

BAPTISMS.

Mar. 18. Violet Victoria, daughter of James and Emma Walker.
,, 30. Isabel Jose Twentyman Stopford, daughter of Robert F. S. and Mary E. S. Taylor.
April 15. Violet Elizabeth Alice, daughter of John F. W. and Alice Smith.

MARRIAGE.

April 3. James Searson and Mary Ann Gillott, of Heanor.

FUNERALS.

April 4. Beatrice Minnie Barks, aged 2 months.
,, 9. Mrs. Dring, of Wood Lincoln, aged 64 years.
,, 12. Mrs. Slater, of Stonyford, aged 60 years.
,, 14. Helen Andrews, of Aldercar, aged 9 years.

VOL. XVIII. No. 6. ONE PENNY.

JUNE, 1888.

AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."

THE HEART HAS MANY A DWELLING-PLACE

BUT ONLY ONCE A HOME.

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner,] [Frome & London.

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

Our friends are all hard at work for the *Bazaar* and Sale of Work in aid of the Cleaning of our beautiful Parish Church. The Bazaar will probably take place about the end of July. Every one should try to make *something*. Let that something be *useful*, and made to be sold cheaply.

On Sunday, *June 10th*, Sermons will be preached in the Parish Church by the *Rev. J. G. Rogers, M.A.* (Cambridge), the Secretary of the Navvy Mission Society. Mr. White, the Agent of the Society, is doing a good work amongst our friends who are making us a railroad, and bringing, as we trust, more trade and prosperity to Heanor. The Scripture tells us to be "not forgetful to entertain *strangers*." Let us, therefore, do our best to help the Society which the railway men value so much, and to encourage Mr. White in his hard but useful work. Most of the children of these men on the new railroad come to our Sunday Schools, and are most praiseworthy in their attendance and conduct.

The *Rev. W. B. Dearden* paid us a visit on Whit-Sunday, and gave a good help to the Albert Hall Mission. We are much indebted to our friends who helped so energetically in the singing. Mr. Stevens is also most anxious to express his hearty thanks to the kind friends who have provided us with a harmonium.

The Rector gave a Tea to the parents of the children of the *Langley Sunday School* on May 23rd, when a goodly number assembled, and an address was given by Mr. J. D. Bailey, the Superintendent of our Central Sunday Schools. The following children, among others, took part in the entertainment:—W. Butlin, G. Horseley, W. Boothe, W. Harvey, Geo. Geeson, Lizzie Newton, Sarah Gillott. The teachers worked with characteristic energy, and we are indebted, as usual, to Mr. Swann. A *Bible Class for Young Women* is being arranged for at this Sunday School.

A Tea will be held shortly at Langley, in order to raise funds to put the *Clock* at the School once more in working order. It is evident that Langley does not wish to be behind in the matter of a Town Clock.

The Junior *Communicants' Union*, which now numbers about 60 members, will take their Annual Outing at the close of this month. It is intended to drive to *Dale Abbey*, and the Rev. J. Philipps will give a short address in the quaint old church.

The *Confirmation* at Ilkeston, on April 30th, added 59 new members to the Communicants' Roll of this parish. It was a beautiful and soul-stirring sight to see so many come forward to testify to their faith in Christ Jesus. We look to *Him* to "confirm them *unto the end*." There was a *foreign* appearance about some of the ornaments and officers of the Church, but the service is in itself so beautiful and scriptural, that our thoughts can only be (1) of *praise* to God, who, in His great mercy, is found of all that seek Him, and (2) of *prayer*, that each one may "Be diligent to make his calling and election *sure*."

All our Sunday School Teachers are invited to a Gathering at the Rectory, on June 20th. Miss Corfield is also inviting the members of the *Junior Girls' Friendly Society* to a Tea and Garden Party, on June 19th.

Mr. R. H. Case, the Superintendent of the *Sunday School at the Albert Hall*, with the help of the teachers, got up an interesting and lively little Entertainment on May 15th, the proceeds of which were for the benefit of the School. Miss Burton, Miss Bramley, and Miss Jowett, together with Mr. Holland, Mr. Turner, Mr. Pender, and Mr. Whitehead, were among those that took part. Mr. Calvert and Miss Robinson accompanied, while Mr. W. Bryan and Mr. Turner greatly helped with their brass and other instruments. A glee party, under the leadership of Mr. Holland, rendered efficient aid, and some of the girls in Mrs. Osborn's class closed with the round "Good-night."

The children of the Mission Sunday School are now practising, under the care of Mr. Ludlow, for the services and sermons which will shortly be held for the further help of this useful School.

The Annual Sermons at the Parish Church, in aid of the Sunday Schools generally, will be preached next month, probably on July 17th.

The *Young Men's Friendly Society* has played some interesting matches during the past month. On May 12th they scored 102 against Codnor's 39—H. Inger getting 44, and W. Butler 29. On May 5th the 2nd Eleven scored 48 against Eastwood's 44—J. T. Hibbard scoring 12, and S. Moore 11. The same day the 1st Eleven suffered defeat at West Hallam, although Mr. Robinson got 23 in the second innings.

The *Offertory* for April, which included the Easter collections, amounted to £9 15*s.* 2*d.* for Churchwardens' Expenses, and £3 14*s.* 4*d.* for the Sick and Needy.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

April 19. Mary Elizabeth Mason, daughter of Walter and Amy Bryan.
" 22. Sarah Ann and Mary, children of William and Sarah Ann Bullock Flint.
" " Mary Jane, daughter of Joseph and Hannah Johnson.
" " Willie, Mary Ann, Joseph, George, and Sarah Alice, children of Jacob and Harriet Bullock Flint.
" 26. John Richard and Bertha, children of Samuel and Mary Alice Richards.
May 3. Agnes, Everett, Samuel, and Lily, children of Everett and Catherine Coging.
" " Hannah Eliza, daughter of Christopher and Hannah Noon.
" " Mary, daughter of John and Eliza Wright.
" 6. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of George Henry and Elizabeth Briggs.

In addition to the above, Holy Baptism was administered to 12 adult persons previous to the Confirmation.

MARRIAGES.

May 17. Ebenezer Hunt, of Chaddesden, to Ada Elizabeth Hodges, of Marlpool.
" 19. Thomas Martin to Harriet Flint, both of Heanor.
" " Albert Briggs to Amanda Shepherd, both of Heanor.
" 21. Thomas Raynor to Ann Bower, both of Langley.

FUNERALS.

April 26. John Clay Glazebrook, of Langley Mill, aged 68 years.
„ 27. Annie Hunt, of Langley Mill, aged 59 years.

ALDERCAR AND LANGLEY MILL.

At the Confirmation at Ilkeston, on April 30th, fourteen candidates were confirmed from Aldercar. Most of these communicated for the first time on Sunday, May 6th. It is hoped that they will continue to use this means of grace regularly.

The last of the Public Lectures in connection with the *Men's Bible Class* was given on Tuesday, May 1st, by Mr. J. C. Wing, of Sheffield. There was a large attendance. Mr. Wing lectured on the North American Indians, and illustrated his remarks by a very extensive assortment of articles of Indian dress and manufacture. The lecture was deeply interesting throughout.

Mr. Hawkins finished his course on the Life of St. Paul on Tuesday, May 15th. The Class concluded for the season with a Tea and Entertainment on Saturday, May 26th, when an address, together with a beautiful gold pencilcase, was given to Mr. Hawkins as a token of the high appreciation which the members set upon his work, especially in this connection.

The Diocesan Inspector reports thus favourably of the Scripture instruction in the Aldercar *Day Schools*:—

Girls' Department (Miss Wright, Head Mistress).—"The girls are in very good order, well-taught, and passed a highly satisfactory examination."

Infants (Miss Annable, Head Mistress),—"The infants present at the examination showed that careful teaching continues to be given, the answering of the elders being especially praiseworthy."

We wish to inform all our friends that the Aldercar Sunday School Sermons will (D.V.) be preached on Sunday, June 10th, on which occasion we invite their presence and help. The Sunday Schools depend financially upon the collections of that day.

The Offertories for the month are:—April 29th, £2 4*s.* 8*d.* (Church Expenses); May 6th, £1 5*s.* 10½*d.* (Poor Fund).

ALDERCAR REGISTER.

MARRIAGE.

April 30. (By license) Robert Moore to Lucy Mary Hogg.

FUNERALS.

April 18. Sarah Ann Bennet, of Stoneyford, aged 17 years.
May 15. Frank King, of Langley Mill, aged 1 month.

ONE PENNY.

JULY, 1888.

AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS



HEANOR Parish Magazine.

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HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

THE *Sunday School Sermons* will be preached at Heanor Parish Church, on July 22nd, by the Rev. Canon Hamilton, M.A., Vicar of Doveridge. The Holy Communion will be administered at 8.30, at which all the teachers and elder scholars will endeavour to be present. Canon Hamilton will preach at the morning, as well as the evening service. All the children from our various Schools will be present at the church at 3 o'clock, when the service will be of a specially interesting character. The day being one of *great interest* to the children, the parents, and the people of Heanor generally, we hope, with God's blessing, to see very large congregations. We trust also that the offerings may be such as shall enable our superintendents and teachers to carry on, in a worthy manner, their good work amongst so many hundreds of the children of our parish. The children's Annual Sunday School *Tea* will take place shortly.

The Grand *Bazaar and Summer Fête* will be held in the Grounds of Heanor Hall on Friday and Saturday, July 27th and 28th. A large number of ladies and gentlemen in the neighbourhood have promised to be present. Brass bands, tents, flower stalls, cricket match, tennis, refreshment stands, living chessmen, conjurors, flags, etc., will make a gay display; while the things sold at the Sale of Work, while being actually artistic in themselves, will no doubt be thoroughly good and useful in their character. If the weather be only favourable, the Heanor people should come in crowds to see a pretty spectacle, buy useful articles, and improve their beautiful church.

Heanor is certainly to be congratulated upon the beautiful site for the *Market Place*, which has been so generously given by Mr. Mundy. The influential and crowded meeting at the Town Hall some time ago, which so enthusiastically accepted Mr. Mundy's offer, seemed to show that there is plenty of spirit and enterprise amongst us, if it can only be fully aroused. Let all Heanor people now try to buy their goods in their own place, and avoid all those constant journeys to Nottingham. Give our Heanor tradespeople a fair chance, and they surely will compete fairly with those of any other town.

At a recent Meeting of the *Church Council*, the question of at once introducing a *Surplice Choir* was carefully debated. A majority of those present were in favour of the change, and an influentially signed memorial was presented to the Rector, asking him to give his consent. Strong expression was given to the opinion that a surplice choir would add to the dignity of the worship, and make the service more in keeping with our fine church, and might be the means of drawing many to the house of God. In view, however, of the difficulties about ways and means, objections to too many changes, and his own earnest preference for heart worship rather than *mere* outward ceremonial, the Rector asked that the matter might be postponed for a time. At the same time he stated plainly that surplice choirs need no longer be opposed as leading in any way to Ritualistic teaching. His own former Vicars, Archdeacon Wilkinson, at Plymouth, and Bishop Cheetham, at Rotherham, had surplice choirs, and they were both firm upholders of the Protestant character of our Church.

The members of the Council all seemed anxious to express their confidence in the Rector, and their willingness to support the good work now being done at the church, in whatever way the matter might be ultimately decided.

A large congregation assembled at the *Albert Hall*, on June 17th, to bid farewell to *Mr. A. Stevens*, who has left us for another sphere of work at Liverpool. We have been privileged to keep Mr. Stevens for a longer time than is generally allowed by the rules of his Society, and now that he must perforce leave us, he goes away with the good-will and esteem of a very large circle of friends. We feel deeply thankful for the good work which he has, under God, been enabled to do amongst us.

Mr. Hoare has been appointed as the *new Evangelist* and Lay Reader to the parish. He will, in course of time, be duly licensed by the Bishop of the Diocese, and comes to us with the very highest credentials and recommendations. He is accompanied by a hearty worker and help-meet in the person of Mrs. Hoare, and we expect to see the work of God go forward with renewed vigour at the Albert Hall, Langley School, Marlpool, and throughout the parish generally. "Brethren, pray for us, that the word of God may have free course and be glorified."

Bad weather marred the Rector's Tea for the Sunday School Teachers on June 20th. It was, however, an interesting gathering, and much good advice was given. Reference was made to the necessity for the teachers to visit absent scholars. In *one* department alone thirty-six young girls had left the School during the year. Most hopeful views, however, were taken of the work generally. The children in our four Schools now number nearly 800, with 90 teachers. "It is not the will of My Father which is in heaven that *one* of these little ones should perish."

Mothers' Meetings are held as follows :—

(1) Old School, Mondays, 2.30.
(2) Albert Hall, Tuesdays, 2.45.
(2) Langley Mill, Coffee House, Tuesdays, 2.30.

Miss Corfield asks all the members to Tea at the Rectory, on a day to be fixed in this month, when addresses will be delivered by the clergy and friends.

The offertory for May amounted to £7 14*s.* 8*d.* for the Churchwardens' Expenses, and £2 1*s.* 8*d.* for the Sick and Needy.

A pretty *Service of Song*, entitled "The Roll Call," was well rendered in presence of an appreciative audience on June 4th, Mr. T. Mayfield in the chair. The proceeds, after paying expenses, amounted to £1 10*s.* 6*d.*, which will be devoted to a fund which is being raised to make the Old School better adapted for a *Young Men's Institute* and as a *Parish Room* for church councils, vestrys, classes, mothers' meetings, etc. The following ladies and gentlemen formed the choir, under the direction of Mr. Holland: Miss L. Corfield, Miss Burton, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Osborn, Mrs. Bestwick, Miss Barber, and Miss L. Peabody, together with Mr. and Mrs. Marchbank, Mr. E. Turner, Mr. J. Turner, Mr. J. Browne, Mr. A. Bowley, Mr. J. Bennett, and Mr. Ludlow.

The *Rev. C. W. G. Corfield* has reached Butterley safely; but he is very weak, and fears that the strain would be too much for him to come to Heanor at present.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

May 24. John Henry, Albert, James Walter, Ellen, and Alice, children of William and Elizabeth Bramley.
June 3. Frederick James, son of Cornelius and Mary Ann Russell.
" " William Oldershaw, son of Edwin and Hannah Elizabeth Evans.
" " Herbert Arthur Fochan, son of William and Fanny Wilson.
" " Edith, daughter of Walter and Alice Browne.
" " Frank Holman and Edith Winifred, children of John Thomas and Annie Georgiana Hunt.

FUNERALS.

May 23. Nehemiah Pynegar, aged 58 years.
" 30. Emma Lee, aged 38 years.
June 4. Benjamin Hardy, aged 49 years.
" 20. Fanny Riley, aged 27 years.

ALDERCAR AND LANGLEY MILL.

The *School Sermons* were preached on Sunday, June 10th, to large congregations. The Rev. W. Robinson, of Kimberley, preached in the morning on Prov. x. 1. In the afternoon Mr. Murray Robinson addressed the children on "Prayer," and at night Mr. Hawkins spoke of the lessons to be learned from child-nature. "Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst, and said, Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 4). The services were very successful, the collections being greater than on any previous occasion. The hymns were very agreeably rendered, and much credit is due to Messrs. Pender, Mayhew, and Jackson for their pains in the training of the children. The offertories for the day amounted to £7 10*s*.

The members of the Men's Class have formed themselves into a *Rambling Club* for the summer. Fortnightly pedestrian expeditions are made on Saturday afternoons to places of interest in the neighbourhood. Codnor Castle, the Monument, and Dale Abbey have been visited. Hardwick Hall, Matlock, Crich Stand, etc., will be taken in due course.

BAPTISMS.

May 20. Frederick, son of Isaac and Edith Wootton, Langley Mill.
" " Constance, Anne, and Samuel, children of Samuel and Eliza Potter, Langley Mill.
" " Edward, son of George and Sarah Rebecca Floyd, Aldercar.
" " Alice, daughter of Samuel and Mary Turner, Langley Mill.
" " Clara Jane, daughter of Thomas and Jane Smith, Wood Lincoln.

MARRIAGES.

May 19. Alexander Hardy and Ellen Austin, of Heanor.
" 20. John Martin and Harriet Wagstaff, of Heanor.
June 2. James Saxton and Elizabeth Foulks, of Heanor.
" 10. George Brewin and Harriet Prince, of Heanor.

FUNERAL.

June 16. Sarah Straw, aged 59 years, of Langley Mill.

ONE PENNY.

AUG., 1888.

AS FOR ME
AND MY HOUSE,
WE WILL
SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native
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The bulwark of our land."

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HEANOR
Parish Magazine.

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HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

THE WAKES.—Sunday, August 12th, is "Wakes," or "*Feast Sunday.*" It is really what some people now call the "Anniversary" of our Parish Church. The Feast has been kept for hundreds and hundreds of years in commemoration of the opening and dedication of the Church of St. Lawrence in this parish. Long before the Roman Catholic religion had any hold over any people in this country, the church was built at Heanor, and Christian worship, as taught by the apostles, was offered in it. As we look back over past years and think of the blessings in religious worship which we now enjoy, and of the handsome church which we now possess, let us indeed "*keep the feast*" with sincere thankfulness—thankfulness to God for His preservation of our faith, His care for our Church, His Word preached, and the reverent and Scriptural services of our Book of Common Prayer.

On "*Wakes Sunday*" our readers will make every effort to bring their friends to the "Anniversary Services" at the Parish Church, and to recall to their minds the original intention of the Feast. The services on that day will be of a special character. At the Morning Service the Holy Communion, the great memorial feast and thanksgiving (Eucharist) service which Christ Himself has instituted, will be celebrated. In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, a service attended by all the children of the Sunday Schools, and by many Nonconformists, will be held in the Market Place. In the evening the Rector will preach with reference to the Feast, and to the life and death of the martyr St. Lawrence, whose name is borne by the Parish Church.

The *Sunday School Sermons* were preached, as announced, on July 22nd, by the Rev. Canon Hamilton, M.A., Vicar of Doveridge, with very gratifying results. We trust that his earnest words will long be remembered and bear much fruit. The congregations were large, and there was a goodly number of teachers and elder scholars at the Holy Communion. The offertory amounted to £20. Last year it was only about £8. A new feature was introduced this year by giving some of the scholars a place in the chancel. Great credit is due to the choir, as well as to the children, for the excellence of the singing. Thanks are especially due in this respect to Mr. Wilkes and to Mr. Turner for the great pains and trouble they have taken. The teachers will be glad and thankful that now instead of a sum of about £6 being owing to their kind treasurer, Mr. Mayfield, he will have in hand a sum of over £13.

Mr. J. D. Bailey, our energetic Superintendent, is certainly to be congratulated upon the splendid muster of scholars on the occasion of our Sunday School Anniversary. In the afternoon the church was almost quite filled from end to end with the Bible Classes, young people, and children. The Girls' School, under Mrs. Hodges' care, mustered in strong force, and Miss Hodgkinson succeeded in bringing up nearly 100 from her large infants' class. Langley School assembled in larger numbers than ever before, and Mr. Case brought a good contingent from the Albert Hall with a strong body of teachers. It was indeed a soul-stirring sight to witness all this array of young people. May it only be granted to our teachers in God's mercy to win them all for Christ, and then there need be no room to fear for the cause of truth and godliness in this parish and town!

The Annual Sunday School Treat will probably take place on August 25th. There will be a procession of the children through the streets headed by the brass band, and the children are asked to bring flags and banners. A short service will be held at the church at 2. The Tea will be at the Schools, and the games in the Rectory Fields.

At the June Quarterly Tea, at the Rectory, for *Church Missionary Box-holders*, the following sums were paid in :—Miss Hunt, 10*s.* 2½*d.*; Miss L. Corfield, 5*s.* 2½*d.*; Fanny Fancourt, 4*s.* 1*d.*; Miss Eagle, 3*s.*; M. Bancroft, 2*s.* 6½*d.*; Miss Robinson, 2*s.* 4*d.*; Rachel Birks, 1*s.* 8*d.*; C. Johnson, 1*s.* 8*d.*; Miss E. Woolley, 1*s.* 8*d.*; Anna and Emma Thornhill, 1*s.* 4*d.*; and Annie Wright, 1*s.* 1½*d.* Total, £1 14*s.* 10*d.* This is a very considerable sum, and represents a considerable amount of effort on the part of our good friends, especially when we remember that the boxes are now opened each quarter. A few more boxes at the Rectory will be given to suitable applicants.

The members of the *Communicants' Union* much enjoyed their pleasant drive and excursion to Dale Abbey last month, and we were favoured with beautiful weather. Cannot some one be found bold enough to organize an *annual excursion* for the whole of the members of the *congregation?* Such an excursion would be a very happy mode of uniting us more firmly together in the bonds of Christian fellowship.

"*Well, Heanor is changed!*" Such is the frequent remark of old friends returning to visit us at holiday time. Certainly Heanor is making wonderful progress in buildings and improvements, and we earnestly hope for a time of prosperity for our town. May God only grant that as the town grows *larger* it may grow *better*, and that as we change, we may change only for good. Leaving any habits which are bad, we may hold fast to good old habits of Christian charity, brotherly kindness, industry, sobriety, and thrift, and thus each one in our own way do what we can to merit, even if we cannot command, "success to Heanor."

The offertory for June amounted to £11 16*s.* 5*d.*, of which £4 14*s.* went to the Navvy Mission Society, 10*s.* 2*d.* to the Poor Fund, and £6 12*s.* 3*d.* to the Churchwardens.

The *Parish Church Choir* took their *annual trip* to Scarborough on Saturday, July 21st, and had an enjoyable and beautiful day. The following are our present members:—Mr. R. Wilkes (organist and choir-master), Mr. E. Turner (assistant choir-master), Messrs. W. R. Burton, E. and J. Beresford, W. Beresford, A. Bowley, T. Holland, J. Marchbank, J. Oscroft, S. Richards, and J. Turner; Misses H. and R. Beresford, M. and E. Hunt, B. Hibbard, H. Lomax, E. Peabody, and K. Shrewsbury. *Boys:* J. T. Hibbard, C. and W. Bryan, F. Bowley, H., W. and T. Bramley, J. and A. Boam, W. Grainger, J. Cresswell, G. and T. Peabody, W. Johns, E. Webster, A. and J. Parkin, J. Brough, W. Freeston, and J. Lacey.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

July 1. Alice, daughter of Thomas and Ann Kirk.
" " Dorcas, daughter of Mark and Elizabeth Farnsworth.
" 8. Thomas, son of William and Sarah Jane Cooper.
" 19. William Watson, son of James Edward and Hannah Harvey.
" " Sarah Ann, daughter of John and Sarah Ann Smith.
" " Ethel May, daughter of Edward and Lucy Ann Rylatt.

FUNERALS.

June 26. Susannah Lacey, aged 21 years.
" 29. Fitzhenry John George Coghil Ray, aged 34 years.
July 12. Martha Gilman, aged 43 years.
" 21. Edmund James Stretch, aged 44 years.

ALDERCAR AND LANGLEY MILL.

The *Sunday School Treat* in connection with the Aldercar Schools was held on Saturday afternoon, July 14th. The sky was overcast all day, but no rain fell until the evening. After tea in the Schoolroom, the children and friends adjourned to the large field beside the Hall, and in spite of the threatening weather, and occasional showers, enjoyed themselves immensely. Before breaking up, hearty cheers were given to Mr. Meakin for the use of the field, to Mr. Adams, Mrs. Adams, Miss L. Adams, Miss Gregory, and Mr. Slack for kind gifts of sweets, nuts, toys, etc., to the Rector, who was unavoidably absent, being away from home, but who will distribute the prizes some Sunday afternoon soon, and to the superintendents and teachers for their labours throughout the year.

The choir and teachers went to Scarborough this year for their annual trip on Saturday, July 21st.

The offertories for the month were:—Sunday, June 24th, £2 9*s*. (Church Expenses); Sunday, July 1, 19*s*. 2*d*. (Poor Fund).

REGISTER.

BAPTISM.

July 15. Nellie, daughter of William and Emma Ratcliffe, of Aldercar.

MARRIAGE.

July 15. Arthur Sharpe and Rose Smith, both of Heanor.

FUNERAL.

July 5. John Beardsley, of Aldercar, aged 59 years.

Vol. XVIII. No. 9. ONE PENNY.

SEPT., 1888.

AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand:
The honour of our native place,
The bulwark of our land."

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HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner.]

HEANOR PARISH NOTES.

The Harvest Festival Services, on Thursday, Sept. 27th, and on Sunday, Sept. 30th, will be at the Parish Church, when we trust that the sacred edifice will be as beautifully decorated and as crowded with earnest worshippers as last year. The Rev. C. Lea-Wilson, M.A., the well known Vicar of Radford, near Nottingham, and the Rev. Eubule Evans, B.A., Rector of Kirk Hallam, both of whom are eloquent and earnest clergymen, have been asked to preach. Canon Andrew is unable to come this year.

The *Rev. E. Murray Robinson* leaves us this month. As announced in a former number of our *Magazine*, Mr. Robinson feels the ceaseless strain and anxiety of this great parish too much for him, and he is going to relinquish parochial work for the present. He will carry away the earnest good wishes of every one in the parish, and we hope to hear of his speedy restoration to health; and we feel sure that he will always meet with a hearty welcome whenever he can return to see us.

The *Young Men's Friendly Society* will especially feel the loss of Mr. Robinson, who has worked so assiduously on its behalf. We trust, however, that one result of his good work will be that the society is now strong enough to take care of itself. Mr. Mundy, who is a good friend to the Y.M.F.S., is inclined to fence round and relay the *cricket ground* at the Hall, and at a largely attended meeting recently held, the members decided to become permanent tenants of the ground. They were encouraged in this course by the Rector, Mr. Mayfield, Mr. Bailey, Mr. J. Browne, Mr. N. Ball, and others, who seemed to think that there would be no difficulty in raising the required funds. The Rector also announced his intention of making the Old School into an *Institute for Young Men*, and it is thought that the *St. Lawrence Cricket Club*, with its beautiful ground, will ultimately become *the* cricket Club of the town. Mr. N. Ball, our energetic secretary, has in hand the syllabus of debates, lectures, and classes for the coming winter session.

The young men of the parish are also fortunate in having a good friend in Mr. Bowley, the energetic secretary of our Band of Hope, who has in hand a scheme for forming a *Brass Band*, composed of the senior members of our Temperance Society.

The *Young Women's Association* will commence meetings on Oct. 1st. Lectures will be given on Cooking, Dressmaking, and other useful subjects.

The *Bazaar* in aid of the Church Cleaning, which took place at the Hall, on July 27th and 28th, was in many ways most successful. A very large quantity of pretty and artistic goods was got together in a very short time, and an immense amount of good work was done and hearty good will shown. Our only difficulty was the *weather*, which certainly gave a *damper* to our expectations. We had arranged for an *outdoor fête* on a large scale, expecting to give pleasure to large numbers of our fellow-parishioners, and at the same time gathering a considerable amount of gate-money. As it was, the tents, tennis, sports, etc., had to be abandoned, and an almost wholesale adjournment made to the Town Hall. Here the sale proceeded briskly, and as will be seen from the statement below, we have now £68 in hand towards the decorating of the Church. For this result we have to thank the generous donors of so many gifts, our kind friends who came to buy in spite of the wet, the members of our various committees, the ladies who took charge of the stalls, and all our good friends who provided amusement and help in so many ways.

In the *Cricket Match*, Heanor proved victorious over a strong team from Hallam Fields, but we suffered defeat from Eastwood in the *Tennis*. The *Chess Tournament* was as pretty as last year, and Mr. Bailey had admirable pieces in his *Waxworks*. Mr. Case was indefatigable in many ways, and met with tremendous success with the *Minstrels*, who packed the Town Hall with people from end to end. The *Sale of Work*, including the *Children's Stall*, realized considerably more than last year, while the ladies who superintended the *Flower Stall* and the *Refreshment Stalls* worked with most commendable zeal and met with great success. The Heanor *Brass Band* also played with customary skill.

We cannot leave the subject of the *Bazaar* without expressing further our thanks to Mr. Turton for the free use of the grounds, and to the District Visitors, whom it may be helpful to our readers to know in the order of their districts.—*Heanor proper:* Mrs. and Miss Burton, and Miss Gregory. *Marlpool:* Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Flint, Mrs. Wood, Miss Browne, and Miss Clower. *Langley:* Mrs. G. Gregory, Mrs. Holbrook, Miss Brentnall, Miss Spray, and Miss Wilks. *West Hill* (and adjoining streets): Mrs. Turton, Mrs. Case, Mrs. Haynes, Miss Gribble, Mrs. Thorpe, Miss Thorpe, and Miss Marshall. *Loscoe Road* (and adjoining streets): Mrs. Mayfield, Mrs. J. Browne, Miss Hunt, Miss Heald, Miss Turton, Miss Poundall, Mrs. E. and Mrs. J. Turner, Miss Inger, Mrs. Browne, and Mrs. Marchbank. *Langley Mill:* Miss Eagle, Miss Millington, and Mrs. Ward. Most kind help was also given at the Sale by Miss Corfield, Mrs. and Miss Woolley, Mrs. Bailey, Misses Calvert, Mrs. Towson, Mrs. Creswell, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Marriott, Mrs. J. Thorpe, Mrs. Boam, and others who do not take districts, Mr. Oldershaw, Mr. J. Calladine, Mr. Peat, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Haynes, Mr. J. Butler, Mr. Hibbard, Mr. McKee, and Mr. J. Bestwick gave a large amount of their time and worked hard in various ways, but want of space forbids us to make further mention of those who did their utmost to insure well-deserved success.

BAZAAR AND CHURCH CLEANING FUND.

Received.	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions:—			
Rev. C. E. L. Corfield	1	0	0
F. C. Corfield, Esq.	1	0	0
Peveril Turnbull, Esq.	1	0	0
Mrs. Schwind	1	0	0
Mrs. Arkwright	1	0	0
A. J. Woolley, Esq.	2	0	0
J. Wheeler, Esq.	0	10	0
Mr. Hancock	0	10	0
Mrs. C. W. G. Corfield	0	5	0
Mrs. Prince	0	5	0
A Friend	0	7	0
Mr. Widdonson	0	1	0
Concerts:—			
(Per Mr. W. B. Bulman and Miss L. Corfield	8	18	3
Bazaar:—			
Work, Flower, and Children's Stalls ...	36	19	4
Gates, etc....	6	13	4
Tickets Sold	5	19	9
Mr. Towson	0	10	0
Photograph Stall (Mrs. Case)	2	13	5
Refreshment Stalls	11	9	10
Minstrels (net profit)	2	5	1
Waxworks	1	3	0
Organ Recital:—			
Per Mr. Chas. Wilks	1	0	5
	£86	10	5

Expended.	£	s.	d.
Band	4	0	0
Printing (Bazaar)	2	7	0
,, (Minstrels)	0	15	0
,, (Cricket)	0	6	6
Advertising, Posting, Boards, etc.... ...	1	7	6
Stuffs for Chess	1	4	6
Tents...	2	15	0
Town Hall	1	0	0
Oldershaw, for Tables	1	4	0
Cricketer's Brake	0	16	6
Ground Man for Cricket	0	7	0
Watchmen	0	17	0
Police...	0	5	0
Mr. Briggs	0	4	0
,, Lomax	0	3	6
Town Crier, Bellman, Boys, etc.	0	8	8
Mr. Bestwick (Tables)	0	5	0
Balance in hand	68	4	3
	£86	10	5

C. E. L. CORFIELD, Treasurer.
E. EAGLE, Churchwarden and Auditor.

Further Subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer as soon as possible.

An *Organ Recital* was given in Heanor Parish Church, on Aug. 8th, by Mr. C. Wilks, and an offertory was taken for the Decoration Fund, which amounted to £1 0*s*. 5*d*.

On "*Wakes*," or "*Feast Sunday*," a very large congregation assembled at the Parish Church in the evening, but it is hoped that in future years more successful efforts will be made to make the occasion more worthy of its original intention, as the *Dedication Festival* of our Parish Church. In the afternoon the Rector addressed a crowded gathering in the *New Market*, and formally dedicated the place to the service of the town in the name of the great Giver of all prosperity.

In spite of the notice of the Local Board for the protection of the trees in the Market Place, some have already been cut down. Some people seem to think that more water falls off a tree than falls on to it; others think that while Nottingham and other towns are spending large sums in *planting* trees in the streets, it would show wisdom on our part to cut away those grand works of nature, which we can never in our day replace. Such people little know that trees are among the best preservatives of health in a town, and are as valuable for this reason as for their beauty.

The *School Treat* took place on August 25th, when a very large number of young people were made happy. The Rector was absent on a mission to Lord Fitzwilliam's tenants in Ireland.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PARISH REGISTERS.

BAPTISMS.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

July 26. Bertie William and Edward, sons of Benjamin and Eliza Jane Phillips.
Aug. 2. Beatrice, daughter of Ferdinand and Hannah Beecroft.
„ 5. Lily, daughter of Josiah and Mary Weston.

MARRIAGE.

Benjamin Hancock and Emily Singleton, both of Heanor.

BURIALS.

Aug. 4. Sarah Allen, aged 74 years.
„ 7. James Albert Bestwick, aged 1 year.
„ 9. Beatrice Beecroft, aged 3 months.

The offertory for July amounted to £27 13*s*. 1½*d*. £20 going to the Sunday Schools, 18*s*. 10*d*. to the Poor, and £6 14*s*. 3½*d*. to the Church Expenses.

ALDERCAR AND LANGLEY MILL.

On Sunday afternoon, Aug. 5th, the Rector presented the prizes to the scholars who had attended best during the year. The following obtained prizes :—

Girls' School : 1st class, G. Blythe, Pollie Renshaw, M. A. Critch ; 2nd class, E. Harbottle, Mary E. Pearce, A. Potter ; 3rd class, F. Knowles, E. Ratcliffe ; 4th class, A. Pearce, A. Renshaw ; 5th, A. Morse, E. Smith ; 6th, E. Fell, E. J. Walker, 7th, M. A. Lovegrove, M. Renshaw ; 8th, J. Mayhew, and M. A. Floyd.

In the *Boys' School* prizes were awarded in the first class to J. Harbottle, E. Moss, and W. Shaw ; 2nd class, A. Renshaw, A. Pearce, C. Shaw ; 3rd, F. Morse, C. Harbottle ; 4th, G. Smith, Lewis Morse ; 5th, W. Norris, and J. Fell ; 6th, B. Toplis, H. Moss ; 7th, F. Foster, C. Fell ; 8th, S. Walker, W. Floyd ; 9th, J. P. Brown, F. Fletcher. Miss Annable, superintendent of the Girls' School, also kindly gave three prizes for attention and good conduct in Church. These were awarded to A. Grainger, M. Potter, and A. Smith.

About 100 new volumes have been added to the Aldercar Public Library this month. It is hoped that before the winter there will be an increased number of subscribers.

REGISTER.

BAPTISMS.

Aug. 12. Bertha, daughter of George and Lucy Galley, Langley Mill.
„ „ Amelia Elizabeth, daughter of George Henry and Caroline Alice Wood, Langley Mill.

MARRIAGES.

July 17. Robert Cockburn, of Hill Top, to Annie E. Bowes, of Langley Mill.
„ 28. Richard Grainger, of Codnor, to Elizabeth Ann Clarke, of Aldercar.
Aug. 4. James Swain to Kate Hardy, both of Heanor.
„ 11. William Daykin to Sarah Annie Riley, both of Langley.
„ 12. Samuel Robinson to Georgiana Hart, both of Heanor.
„ 13. Thomas Straw to Anna Brown, both of Langley Mill.

FUNERALS.

July 26. Sarah Shelton, of Langley Mill, aged 56 years.
Aug. 1. Harriet Slack, of Aldercar, aged 44 years.
„ 3. George Parkes, of Langley Mill, aged 6 months.
„ 8. James Wright Greensmith, of Langley Mill, aged 4 months.

ONE PENNY.

OCT., 1888.

AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS

HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Butler & Tanner,] [Frome & London.

On August 30th, after five years of sickness, borne without one word of complaint, God called home to Himself *Conyngham William George Corfield*, for seven years rector of this parish. On September 1st he was laid in the beautiful cemetery at Bournemouth, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life." He died as he had lived, calm and sure in his faith, ready to go wherever his Heavenly Father should call. How short the time is since he came to this parish, in all his manly strength of body and mind, and now he has passed away. Only thirty-seven, and his work on earth is done. Certainly the time is short. We must work the work of Him that sent us, while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work. Born in 1851, the late Rector spent his school days at King's School, Canterbury, where he showed that earnest piety and manly integrity of character which won the respect and affection of those who knew him. In 1871 he went to St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1874. His first curacy was that of Stockbridge, Hants, from whence, after three years of earnest work, he removed, in 1877, to Carlton, a district of the parish of Gedling, Notts, where he built the present church, and where he has many friends whom he helped towards the truth, who will mourn with the people of this parish over the loss of a true man of God. In 1879 he came here to be gladly welcomed as Rector by those who saw in him so much to remind them of his father, one of the best men and truest Christians who ever breathed. A large sphere of usefulness seemed open before him in this great parish, but after two years' work, the signs of the terrible malady of consumption became too plainly visible, his work to a great extent had to be laid aside, and the years that followed were passed in seeking for a renewal of that health which it was not the will of God that he should find. And now he has been called from our midst; gone, as he said, a few minutes before he died, to see his father again. It is ours to thank God for the grace given to his servant, to try to carry on the work which he tried to do in this parish, and to pray for grace to follow him as he followed Christ.

The *Rev. E. M. Robinson* took leave of us on Sunday, September 16th, and in his farewell sermon earnestly pleaded that as the clergy were one by one being removed by sickness or death, the work of those who filled their places might be lightened by prayerful sympathy and hearty work.

The *Rev. J. H. Brooksbank, B.A.*, of Oxford University, who comes amongst us with very high credentials, is a friend of Mr. Hawkins, and although we can hardly expect him to be *as* his friend, we feel sure that he will meet with a hearty welcome, and many prayers will be offered that he may come in the "fulness of the Gospel of Christ."

Mr. H. B. Barnett, of Christ's College, Cambridge, has also come to the help of the cause of Christ and His Church in this parish, and has already made many friends, and done good work amongst us.

The *Annual Parish Tea and Social Gathering* will be held, if all is well, on Thursday, November 1st, in the Town Hall, as arranged at the recent meeting of the District Visitors. The Tea will be preceded by a Service at the Church, and followed by the usual gathering, in which addresses will be given with reference to topics of great interest to the parish, and a musical programme rendered by the the choir and friends. The Rev. R. Hey, M.A., Vicar of St. Andrew's, Derby, will be one of the chief speakers.

The *Band of Hope* commences its Meetings, in the National School, on October 16th. Mr. T. Mayfield is the President of the Society, with a strong Committee, and the Rev. J. H. Brooksbank and Mr. J. Bowley as Secretaries.

Temperance Meetings will be held *every Tuesday*, at the National School, the Adult Society meeting alternately with the Band of Hope. It is hoped that good *Entertainments* and *Popular Lectures* will be arranged, and the *Brass Band* is proving a great attraction.

Hard work is being carried on in the *Albert Hall*, where much kind help is being rendered by Mr. Barnett and Mr. A. Leyland. The *Sunday School* is increasing and becoming very orderly, and Mr. Case is organizing a Club for the senior boys. The Rector hopes ultimately to be able to build a regular *Church* in this part of the parish. In the meantime, there is plenty of room for earnest workers. We require a good set of prizes for the children at the tea at Christmas.

Great *improvements* has been made at the *National Schools*, from plans drawn by Mr. John Holbrook, one of the managers, and carefully carried out by Messrs. W. Oldershaw & Sons. A spacious yard at the back has been added to the playgrounds, two good additional classrooms have been erected, and the grounds and premises generally put into first-class condition. About six hundred children are in attendance, with an excellent staff of teachers, and the school is classed as one of the best in the district.

At a *Meeting of the Church Council*, held on September 13th, plans were submitted for *the decoration of the Parish Church*, prepared by Mr. Gascoyne, of Nottingham, under the direction of Mr. Long, the Vicar of Tibshelf. Mr. Eagle (Churchwarden), undertook to see that the water was prevented from penetrating through the joints. A resolution was passed that the fires should be kept in throughout the week during the winter months. Mr. T. Mayfield undertook that the Local Board should as soon as possible improve the public approaches to the Church. A deputation of the Churchwardens was appointed to wait upon the Burial Board with reference to the state of the graveyard walls. A resolution of sympathy was also passed with reference to the death of the late Rector and a proposed memorial.

Mrs. Clarke kindly entertained a number of the members of the *Young Women's Association* at a very pleasant *Tea*, in the gardens at the Hall, on September 22nd. Those invited had attended the special class for sewing and dressmaking. Prizes were given for the best work.

Heanor.]

The Members of the *Heanor Young Men's Friendly Society* held a Special Meeting, at the Institute, on September 18th, to say good-bye to Mr. Robinson, who expressed his great pleasure in knowing that the Society was becoming so prosperous. The new Cricket Ground at the Hall would be a great source of strength to the Club. A capital programme is arranged for the next session, and several new members have joined. A handsome inlaid writing desk was presented to Mr. Robinson, together with an Address, beautifully illuminated, by Mr. N. Ball, signed on behalf of the members by himself as Secretary, as well as by the Rector, Mr. T. Mayfield, and Mr. J. D. Bailey.

About thirty of our Teachers, from Heanor and Aldercar, attended the annual gathering of *the Sunday School Teachers' Institute*, held this year at Nuttall, under the presidency of the Rev. R. Holden, the Rural Dean. The pretty grounds of Nuttall Temple having been visited, an excellent sermon was preached in the beautiful Church by the Rev. Nigel Madan, Rector of West Hallam, and it was a most encouraging sight to see the Church quite filled with teachers. The *Tea* took place in the Rectory grounds, and the *Conference* was held in the School, the Rev. W. Cawtley, of London, taking the model lesson. The day, including the drive, was most enjoyable and profitable, our only cause for regret being that such a very large number of our teachers could not attend, as they wished to be present at the demonstration at Heanor Hall on the same day.

The *Heanor Magazine* has now a circulation of 720 copies monthly in Heanor and Langley Mill. About *eight thousand five hundred* copies were distributed last year. The Magazine thus forms an excellent *medium for advertising*, and as there is now a *debt of over* £10, we should be glad if some of our readers would help themselves and us by sending advertisements for insertion to Mr. Fines, West Valley.

Cemetery Notice.—Children are forbidden by a Bye-Law of the Burial Board to enter the Cemetery, unless they are in charge of competent persons. As complaints have been made about the interruptions in the Service, it is earnestly hoped that parents will see the advisability of doing their utmost to keep their children from attending funerals unless in proper care. The distress of sorrowing friends at such sad times deserves all sympathy and respect.

In order to make the interior of the Church as worthy as possible of a House of God, members of the congregation are asked to see that all carpets, stools, or cushions are kept in good order, as any that have become unsightly are liable to be removed.

The *Harvest Festival* took place on Thursday, September 27th, and the Sunday following. The preachers were the Rev. C. L. Wilson, Vicar of Radford; the Rev. H. Jukes, Vicar of Newark; and the Rev. J. Hawkins. The Church was beautifully decorated, and large congregations assembled.

The Offertory for August amounted to £7 14*s.* 11½*d* for the Churchwardens Expenses, and £1 6*s.* 3½*d.* Sick and Needy Fund. The collections on Sunday evenings show a gratifying increase.

REGISTER.

BAPTISMS.

Aug. 19. Annie Lizzie, daughter of William and Patience Pounder.
„ „ Sarah Hilda, daughter of William and Emily Flint.
Sept. 12. John William, son of Samuel and Eliza Finney.
„ 14. George Henry and Florence Matilda, children of Henry John and Mary Ann Thorley.
„ 16. Nathan Clarke, son of Samuel and Jessie Ball.

FUNERALS.

Aug. 28. Frank Brough, aged 2 months.
„ 29. Abraham Saxton, aged 56 years.
Sept. 5. Elizabeth Eley, aged 70 years.
„ 10. George Kirk Hall, aged 4 months.

LANGLEY MILL AND ALDERCAR.

The *Sunday School Teachers* from Aldercar attended the Conference of all the teachers of the Association in this district, which was held at Nuttall, on September 6th. We also had a pleasant excursion to the woods at High Park, on Saturday, September 22nd, accompanied by the elder scholars.

The *Harvest Festival* will be held at Aldercar Church, early in October, when we trust that the sacred edifice will be as beautifully decorated, and that the congregations will be as large as last year.

The *Class for Men* will commence shortly for the Winter Session, but Mr. Hawkins, having been away for a short holiday, further details and, the usual statistics for the Magazine, from this part of the parish, are withheld until the next issue.

Vol. XVIII. No. 11 ONE PENNY.

NOV., 1888

AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.

HOME WORDS



HEANOR Parish Magazine.

Pullen & Tanner]

NOTICES AND NOTES OF HEANOR NEWS.

The Bishop of the Diocese has been asked to hold a Confirmation in the Parish Church in the ensuing Spring. The Rector will be glad to receive the names of candidates as soon as possible.

Sermons in aid of the Hospital will be preached during the present month.

It is intended to have special services and sermons in the Parish Church in aid of the *Choir* and Organist's Fund. The services (of which further notice will be given) will probably take place on the 3rd Sunday of November, and will be of a specially attractive character, the preacher probably being the Rev. Nigel Madan, M.A., Rector of West Hallam, and Rural Dean. The church will then be *re-opened* after the decoration and cleaning.

Bible Society.—The Annual Meeting of the Heanor Branch will be held in the Town Hall on Wednesday, November 21st, at 7.30. The Rev. W. Lee, Missionary from India, will give an address, and the Rev. G. Avis and J. Pinkney hope to attend. The Rector will take the chair.

The first meeting of the *Heanor Temperance and Mutual Improvement Society*, under new auspices, was held in the National School on Tuesday, October 16th. The Rector occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by Mr. T. Mayfield and the Rev J. H. Brooksbank. Mr. J. D. Bailey gave a reading, Mr. Holland, Mr. Enstock, and Mr. Turner, songs. Miss Burton, Miss Robinson, Miss Beresford, Miss Peabody, and Mr. Beresford also took part in the entertainment. Meetings will be held on *alternate Tuesdays*, and it is expected that they will have to be of an enjoyable character. Historical lectures are promised by the Rector, and Mr. Hawkins has been secured for his admirable illustrated lecture on the Bible. Mr. J. Bowley is the Secretary of the Society. New members are invited, and asked to help to promote education, Temperance, and their own mutual improvement.

Heanor Boys' School.—The Government Inspection has just taken place in this and the other regular Day Schools of the parish. Notices of the reports will be given in our next issue, but parents will be interested to know that Mr. Wilkes *passed over* 91 *per cent.* in the highest standard, over 86 per cent. in other important standards, while only one standard fell below 82 per cent. in number of passes.

Aldercar Girls' School.—The number of passes in this School have shown it to be in good hands. Miss Wright has an average of between 85 and 90 per cent. of passes, and the Infants' School, under Miss Annable, will have maintained its high character for excellence. The Annual Concert will be held at the School before Christmas, when the prizes and certificates will be presented to the successful candidates. Miss R. Beresford and Miss J. Tucker, who have completed their course as Pupil Teachers, have been re-engaged as Assistant Mistresses. Miss Thorpe and Miss Grainger have also now become qualified as Mistresses by four years of good work in these Schools.

Heanor Young Men's Institute.—The opening of the Old School in Marlpool Lane, as an Institute for the young men of the parish was celebrated on October 8th by a supper given to the members by the Rector. Eighty-five sat down to an excellent repast, after which addresses were delivered by the Rector, Mr. T. Mayfield, Mr. J. D. Bailey, and Mr. N. Ball; songs and recitations being given by Mr. H. B. Barnett and Mr. A. Layland.

The following officers were elected :—

President—Rev. C. G. L. Corfield, M.A., Rector.

Vice-presidents—E. M. Mundy, Esq., J.P. Rev. J. Hawkins, B.A. Rev. J. H. Brooksbank, B.A. Mr. G. B. Gregory, Mr. T. Mayfield, Dr. Woolley, Dr. Turton, Mr. J. K. Fletcher, Mr. J. D. Bailey, Mr. J. J. A. Woolley, Mr. A. Layland, Mr. W. Sutton.

Committee—Mr. R. H. Case, Mr. W. Butler, Mr. A. Bowley, Mr. J. Browne, Mr. G. Browne, Mr. J. Ball, Mr. J. Bennett, Mr. A. Hodges, Mr. H. Inger, Mr. J. Wright.

Hon. Secretary—Mr. N. Ball. Assistant Secretary—Mr. F. Wright.

In his address to the young men the President stated that the *object of the Institute* was the advancement of all young men of the town, morally, physically, and intellectually; the *means* to promote this end being Bible Classes, Scientific and Historical Lectures, Debates, Social Gatherings, Cricket and Football Clubs, and Libraries.

Among the *Lecturers* on the programme, in addition to those who are officers of the Society, are the following :—Mr. W. Greaves, Rev. C. Harrison, Rev. R. P. Hills, LL.B., Mr. Grassby, Rev. J. M. Mello, M.A., F.G.S., and Mr. Barnett. Mr. W. H. Calvert contributes a paper on "Art;" and there are *debates* on such exciting topics as "Home Rule" and "Fair Trade."

Mrs. Wodehouse, of Gotham Rectory, gave a most interesting and practical address to the members of the *Young Women's Association* at the National Schools on Monday, October 15th.

The following are the names of members who recently received prizes (given by Mrs. Mayfield, Miss Gregory, Mrs. West, Mrs. Howitt) for Sewing and Fancy Work, viz. :—M. Walker, Bertha Riley, E. Shaw, M. A. Browne, Sarah Ann Flint, Rachel Lilley, M. J. Harrison, and E. Beresford.

The Annual Tea will be in December.

At the *Vestry Meeting* recently held, Mr. John Holmes, Mr. D. O. Simpson, and Mr. T. W. Fines were elected members of the Burial Board, the two former being re-elections.

A *Penny Bank* has been opened in connection with the Y.W.C.A. Members may pay in on alternate Mondays. Interest will be given.

The *Library* at the National Schools, of which Miss Poundall is the energetic Librarian, is open for taking out books each Monday, from 6.45 to 7.30. Many interesting new books have been added.

No Fees need be paid to the Rector for Funerals at the Cemetery when the friends are poor. There is no fee at all for Baptism.

Heanor.]

Mr. Batley, C.A., has come to take charge of the work at the Mission Hall, and to act as a Lay Evangelist for the parish. We regret to say that Mr. Hoare has been laid aside by severe illness. Mr. Battey is most energetic, and much good work seems likely to be done if kind friends will only continue to attend the services and give their hearty support.

For the information of those who might be inclined to think that Church Army Evangelists undertook the work for ease or for money, we might state that Mr. Hoare gave up for this work a good situation as head gardener at a nobleman's house, where his wife was head laundress. They earned between them more than twice as much as they can now receive in the work to which they have given themselves. The idea of the Church Army is to provide Working Men Evangelists to gain if possible the working men to the cause of Christ.

Miss Corfield entertained the members of the various *Mothers' Meetings* in the parish at tea at the Old School on October 2nd, when addresses were delivered by the Rector and the Rev. J. Hawkins. A large number of members were present, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The Annual Meeting in aid of the Derby Institution for the Deaf and Dumb was held in the Town Hall on October 11th, when the children from the Institute gave ample proof of the marvellous manner in which they have been instructed. They may actually be said to be able to speak and to *hear*, though deaf and dumb. The collection amounted to rather more than £7; great credit attaching to Mr. J. D. Bailey, who acts as Hon. Sec. for Heanor. Mr. Row, the energetic and earnest Master is himself a Heanor man and always meets with a hearty reception when he comes amongst us.

Our facetious correspondent wishes to know if the *Jubilee Fountain* is being kept for the Queen's next Jubilee! We believe we are right in stating that the fountain is ready, but, owing to the rapid extension of works at Heanor, the Local Board has been at present unable to prepare for its erection.

The total amount collected at the Harvest Festival at the Parish Church was £12 19*s.* 0½*d.* The whole of the fruit, vegetables, and bread was given to the poor of the parish.

The Offertory for the month of September, including the sums given at the Harvest Festival, amounted in all to the goodly sum of £22 0*s.* 2*d.* Of this, £15 3*s.* went to the "Church Expenses" Fund, which is expended by the Churchwardens on the necessary items of heating, lighting, cleaning, music, etc., and of which a full account is always given at the Easter Vestry, and in the pages of the Magazine in reporting that Vestry.

£4 17*s.* 2*d.* was devoted to the Poor Fund, and £2 was the offering of the Sunday Schools on the afternoon of the Harvest Festival, which is given to the poor children of the parish when sick and needy.

Heanor Harmonic Society.—A Musical Society has been formed at Heanor under the leadership of Mr. Holland, which seems to promise well. There is a considerable amount of musical talent in the neighbourhood, which, if concentrated in a good

Society, should be of real service to the public, and provide at the same time recreation and mutual improvement.

Mr. R. H. Case has succeeded in forming a *Football Club* for the young men at the Albert Hall Sunday School. The thanks of the members are due to Mr. J. Walker for kindly granting the use of his field.

HEANOR PARISH REGISTER.

BAPTISMS.

Sept. 30. Harold and Beatrice, children of William and Elizabeth Cope.
" " Lily Bertha,
" " Albert Edward,
" " Florence Ada,
} children of Willis and Hannah Beresford.
" " Lily May, daughter of Albert Edward and Lucy Naylor.
Oct. 4. Annie Elizabeth, daughter of George William and Elizabeth Jane Story.
" " Francis Edward, son of John and Sarah Boam.
" " Annie,
" " Elizabeth,
" " Kate Winifred,
} children of Peter and Elizabeth Stirland.
" " James William,
" " Mary Ellen,
" " Henry,
" " Edith,
} children of John King and Sarah Walker.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 29. Elijah Hobson and Mary Ann Boam, both of Marlpool.
Oct. 10. William Barnes and Mary Clay Glazebrook, both of Langley Mill.

FUNERALS.

Sept. 20. Ann Turton, aged 59 years.
" 26. Mary Ann Tredwell, aged 22 years.
" 28. Mabel Parken, aged 10 months.
Oct. 4. Mary Thornhill, aged 63 years.
" " George Thorpe, aged 8 months.
" 13. Ann Thorpe, aged 40 years.
" 18. Reuben Gillott, aged 60 years.

ALDERCAR AND LANGLEY MILL.

The *Harvest Festival*, with its record of swiftly passing time and its reminder of the final harvest at the end of the world, has come and gone, and again we have to thank the large band of friends, and workers who, by their enthusiasm and goodwill, have made it a great success. The Church was even more tastefully decorated

than last year, the parts being generally allotted to the same persons as before. Mrs. Salthouse had charge of the E. window, Miss Jowitt and Mr. Jowitt of the smaller windows in the E. end. The Misses Gregory, assisted by Miss Eagle, decorated the pulpit and reading desk choicely and richly; and Mrs. Boddy, with Mrs. Newall, the communion rails. The first pair of windows Miss Argile took in hand, assisted by Miss Robinson and Mr. Wallace. Messrs. Slack, Toplis, and Walker, with Mrs. Toplis, Miss Slack, and Miss Dodson, decorated the next pair of windows, filling them with large supplies of bread, fruit, and vegetables. Miss Annable, Miss Millington, and Miss Woodhouse had the remaining windows, with the exception of the large W. window, left to the care of members of the choir, Messrs. Pender, Mayhew, W. and G. Floyd. Miss Wright decorated the font very chastely with white flowers and maiden hair fern. General help was afforded by Mr. Hartley, Mr. Shelton, and other friends. Kind gifts of fruit, flowers, bread, and vegetables, besides gifts from those already mentioned, were sent from the Hall, the Hall Farm, Mrs. Brentnall, of Dunstead, Miss Brentnall, of Cocker House, Miss Gregory, of Heanor, Mrs. Eagle, Mrs. Towson, Mrs. Froggatt, Messrs. Bardill, Raynor, and others. Sermons on the Sunday were preached by the Rev. Joseph Mawson, Ironville, the Rector, and Mr. Hawkins. The offertories for the day amounted to £6 8*s*. 6*d*.; viz., £5 3*s*. 3*d*. for the Choir Fund, and £1 5*s*. 3*d*. for the Poor. The distribution of bread, etc., was made on Tuesday morning to over fifty persons.

The *Men's Tuesday Evening Class* has resumed its meetings for the winter. To the fortnightly lectures all are invited.

On October 21st, in compliance with a wish many have expressed, a *Young Men's Bible Class* will begin to be held *on Sunday afternoons*, from 3 to 4. The Class will meet for the present in the Aldercar School. Mr. Hawkins trusts that this Class will be made widely known to the many young men in Langley Mill who find the Sunday afternoon hang heavily on their hands.

The Monthly *Offertory* on September 30th amounted to £2 12*s*.

REGISTER.

BAPTISMS.

Aug. 19. Annie Mary, daughter of John and Elizabeth Bartlam.
„ „ Mabel Annie, daughter of Alfred and Elizabeth Hooper.
Sept. 16. George William, son of George and Elizabeth Alice Hardy.
„ „ Harold, son, and Isabella Anthony, daughter of Stephen and Hannah Walker.

FUNERALS.

Aug. 18. Matilda Holling, Aldercar, aged 45 years.
Sept. 8. Samuel Thompson, Aldercar, aged 35 years.
„ 25. Jane Elizabeth Plackett, Langley Mill, aged 5 months.
„ 27. James Riley, Langley Mill, aged 43 years.

HEANOR PARISH NOTES AND NOTICES.

We wish all our readers a *Happy Christmas*. May peace and goodwill be amongst us at this happy and holy season. Let the fathers and mothers make a real Christmas rejoicing for their little ones in their own homes around the family hearth, and let each seek to make others happier than themselves. The offertories on Christmas Day are always given to the poor, who have few comforts of their own. Let us learn to help them, and pray that the time may soon come when all drunkenness and misery may be done away, and room may be found for Christ in *every heart* and in *every home*.

The *Services in the Parish Church on Christmas Day* will be as on Sundays. The Holy Communion (the true Christmas feast for Christian people on this holy day) will be administered *twice*, viz., at 8.30, and again at the close of Morning Prayer. The Rector will give an Address to children and young people, at 3, and there will be our beautiful service of Evening Prayer, with Sermon, at 6.30.

The *Annual Tea* and Conference in connection with the *Heanor Parish Sunday School Teachers' Association*, will be held at the National School, on Saturday, December 15th, at 4.30. Papers will be read by the Superintendents of the various Schools, including Aldercar, and a discussion will take place. Teachers are earnestly invited to attend the Teachers' Meeting, each *Wednesday*, at the National School, at 7.45, conducted by Rev. J. H. Brooksbank.

Advent Lectures are being given each Thursday, at the Parish Church. The preacher for December 6th is the Rev. C. R. Round, of Ripley.

A *Christmas Tree* and Sale of Work will be held at the Albert Hall on Christmas Eve, and on the Wednesday following Christmas Day.

The *Heanor Parish Almanack*, of which 2,000 copies have been ordered, is given by the Rector to each householder, at a cost of six or seven pounds. The illustrations this year are beautifully done in colours. Our readers' attention is especially called to the notices of the various meetings, and they are urged to *use* the text appointed for each day.

A handsome new *Silver Chalice* has been presented to the Parish Church by Mr. F. C. Corfield, of Butterly Car, as a thank-offering and memento of the baptism of his son, Frederick Alleyne Corfield.

Sunday Bible Classes.—Mr. Mayfield would gladly welcome *new members* at his class for *Men and Young Men*, in one of the new Classrooms, each Sunday, at 2.30.

Miss Hunt has a large Class for *Young Women*, in the other new Classroom, also at 2.30 p.m.

Lectures.—Excellent Lectures are being given on alternate Tuesdays, at the National School, under the auspices of the *Heanor Temperance and Mutual Improvement Society*. Mr. Layland's Lecture on "Burns," and Mr. Sutton's on "Mining," being especially interesting. The admission is open and *free*.

Heanor.]

The Lectures at the *Young Men's Institute* have also deserved *far* larger audiences. Mr. Greaves' on "The History of a Lump of Coal," and the Rev. C. Harrison's on his "Tour in Kent," will not soon be forgotten, while the Rev. R. P. Hills gave a most interesting and instructive account of the "Catacombs." The Rector would earnestly urge the attendance of the Teachers and members of the congregation at these Lectures, which are also free and open.

The *Langley Sunday School* held their second Anniversary, on Sunday, November 25th, when Addresses were given in the afternoon by the Rev. J. B. Brooksbank and Mr. Layland. The Sermon in the evening was preached by the Rev. J. Hawkins.

The *Choir Festival,* at the Parish Church, on November 18th, was most successful. Overflowing congregations assembled in the afternoon and evening, and in the morning the attendance was good. The Choir acquitted itself admirably, considering the short notice, and deserves great credit for the pains and trouble bestowed. The preacher in the afternoon was the Rev. Ashley Corfield.

A beautifully illustrated "Commentary on the New Testament" has recently been given in the Loscoe Road Sunday School, to *Mr. E. Beresford,* in recognition of nearly thirty-five years' work in these Schools.

Every one seems pleased with the present beautiful appearance of the Parish Church. The hand-painting has been well executed, and the roof is especially well done. About £30 is still required. Subscriptions should be paid in at once to the Rector. Recent receipts:—Mrs. Oakes, £1; His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, £1; Rev. E. M. Robinson (promise), £5.

On Thursday, November 1st, the *Heanor Annual Parochial Gathering* was held in the Town Hall. About 250 sat down to a good Tea, which had been provided under the able management of some of the ladies of the congregation. The following ladies took trays:—Mrs. Bosworth, Mrs. Bramly, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Caley, Miss Corfield, Mrs. Eagle, Mrs. Heald, Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Marriott, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Mayfield, Mrs. Oldershaw, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Robinson (Fair View), Mrs. Robinson (Marlpool), Miss Spray, Mrs. Turton, Mrs. Wilkes, and Mrs. Woolley.

After Tea, the Parochial Meeting was opened with Prayer, by the Rector. Mr. Churchwarden Eagle having made a touching reference to the death of the late Rector, the Churchwardens' Accounts were read by Mr. R. H. Robinson, and the necessity for more liberal offertories pointed out. Dr. Turton, in well-chosen words, moved a resolution pledging the meeting to earnest support of the Clergy and Church-workers in the good work going on in the parish. This was seconded by Mr. J. Browne, and carried in the heartiest manner. The Rector then spoke at length on the outlook in Heanor Parish. He told what efforts were being made in order to win men and women for our Master, and what institutions and classes had been formed for that purpose, and for the purpose of improving the mental, moral, physical, and social well-being of all classes. The difficulties which are met with in Heanor, such as a scattered and varied population, ought to make us the more earnest in our endeavours to push forward any good work, and call for all the help which each one of us is able to give. But we have much to encourage us, for the numbers of our Communicants, Sunday School scholars, and members of the Bands of Hope, etc., steadily increase.

Mr. J. D. Bailey, the energetic Superintendent of the Sunday Schools, gave some statistics of Sunday School work in the parish, and while thanking the parishioners for their generous assistance, called for more pecuniary assistance to further this good work. The Rev. J. Hawkins spoke of the departure of the Rev. E. M. Robinson, and read extracts from a letter which he had received, showing the interest which he still took in everything that belonged to Heanor. He then spoke of the value of this Annual Meeting, as a sort of review of our forces. We are enabled to estimate what powers we have with which we may enter on our work, and Mr. Hawkins especially urged the necessity for prayer for the power and presence of the Spirit of God.

The Rev. J. H. Brooksbank thanked the people of Heanor for the kind reception which they had given him at this great gathering and in their own homes. He hoped that nothing would arise to break the spirit of brotherhood and goodwill. He spoke also of the need there was of infusing enthusiastic earnestness into our efforts for the furtherance of our Master's Kingdom in Heanor, and of each doing his or her best, however small that best might be, in making the work of God move mightily in this parish.

The Choir sang at intervals three anthems, which they rendered with much taste, viz., Stainer's "What are These," Calcott's "Hymn of Praise," and Macfarren's "The Lord is my Shepherd." They fully deserved the vote of thanks which was accorded to them, both for the part they had taken in the evening's entertainment, and for their work in the Parish Church during the year.

A vote of thanks, on the motion of Mr. W. R. Burton, seconded by Mr. Wilkes, was also passed to those ladies who had so materially contributed to the comfort of the evening in preparing the tea and in taking trays. Altogether the annual gathering was one of the most successful which has ever taken place in the parish, and would seem to augur well for our future work.

Among the *Football Matches* which the *Young Men's Institute* have played, one was against the Students at Aldercar Hall, whom they succeeded in defeating after a spirited game. Unfortunately Mr. Arthur Wright, who had come to the help of Aldercar, was badly hurt. He is, however, now almost quite well again.

The *Church Missionary Boxes* for last quarter realized as follows:—Miss Hunt, 9*s.* 2*d.*; Fanny Fancourt, 4*s.* 3*d.*; Miss Corfield, 3*s.* 8*d.*; Rectory Kitchen, 2*s.* 8½*d.*; Lily Graham, 2*s.* 1½*d.*; George Peabody, 2*s.* 1*d.*; Miss Robinson, 1*s.* 5*d.*; Polly Stirland, 1*s.* 1*d.*; Hannah Thornhill, 10*d.*; Rachael Birks and Annie Wright, 7*d.* each.

The *Offertory* at the Parish Church for October was as follows:—Church expenses, £6 10*s.* 11*d.* (which is nearly £2 below the required amount), and £1 3*s.* 9½*d.* for the Poor Fund.

Her Majesty's Inspector's Report. *Langley School.*—Headmistress, Miss Brown.—"The children have been *well taught* in elementary subjects. Object Lessons and Needlework are *good.* Simple occupations were *well done.* Discipline, Marching, and Exercises were pleasing. The School is progressing favourably."

Heanor Parish Register.—Baptisms. Oct. 18th, Ethel, daughter of Benjamin and Rebecca *Javes.* Oct. 25th, Kittie Conyngham, daughter of Frederick Channer and Agnes Rebecca Augusta *Corfield.* Nov. 15th, Thomas, Sarah Jane, Willie, and Elizabeth Ann, children of Samuel and Elizabeth *Mee;* Ann, Elizabeth, Joseph

William and Lily, children of Fred and Hannah *Crossley;* Alfred, son of Alexander and Ellen *Hardy;* Louisa and Arthur, children of Robert and Sarah Ann *Noon;* Robert Edward, son of Robert and Mary *Austen;* John Henry, son of Joseph and Ellen *Noon;* Florence, daughter of Richard and Betsey *Thornhill;* Betsey, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth *Stirland.*

MARRIAGES.—Oct. 27th, William Musson and Mary Ellen Hand, both of Heanor; Nov. 7th, Walter Gunn, of Heanor, and Elizabeth Ann Donson, of Langley Mill; Nov. 15th, William Slater, of Langley Mill, and Harriett Manners, of Eastwood.

FUNERALS.—Nov. 7th, Dorothy Hunt, aged 67; Nov. 7th, Sarah Sutton, aged 32.

Aldercar.—In connection with the Band of Hope, which now contains over one hundred members, a Temperance Committee is being formed, and an effort will be made this winter to get up one or two good Temperance Meetings and Entertainments for adults. The Rev. T. C. Hills, of Bolsover, the popular Temperance Orator, has promised to come early in the new year.

Some time about the middle of this month, all being well, the offertory for the Curates' Fund will be taken, in accordance with the resolution of the Easter Vestry. Special Sermons will be preached. Particulars announced later.

Baptisms.—Oct. 21st, Emma, daughter of James and Emma Slater, Wood Lincoln; Bertha, daughter of William and Elizabeth Stewart, Aldercar; Nellie and Hannah, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Watson, Aldercar.

Marriages.—Oct. 20th, Samuel Lancashire and Elizabeth Critch; William Morris and Georgina Stirland; William C. Harriss and Elizabeth Buckley; Oct. 30th, William Harriman and Harriet Orrell; Oct. 31st, Owen Smedley and Elizabeth Frost.